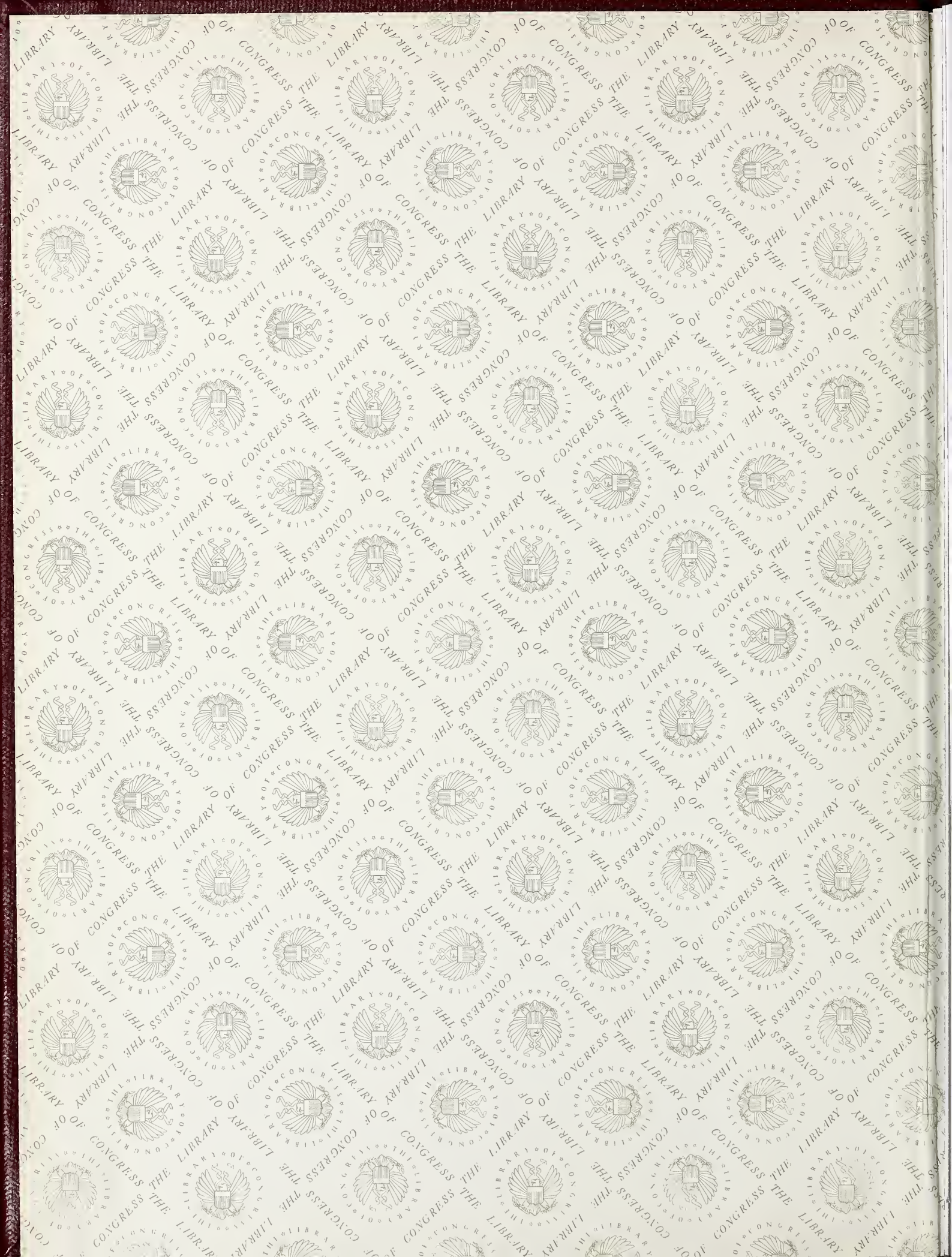

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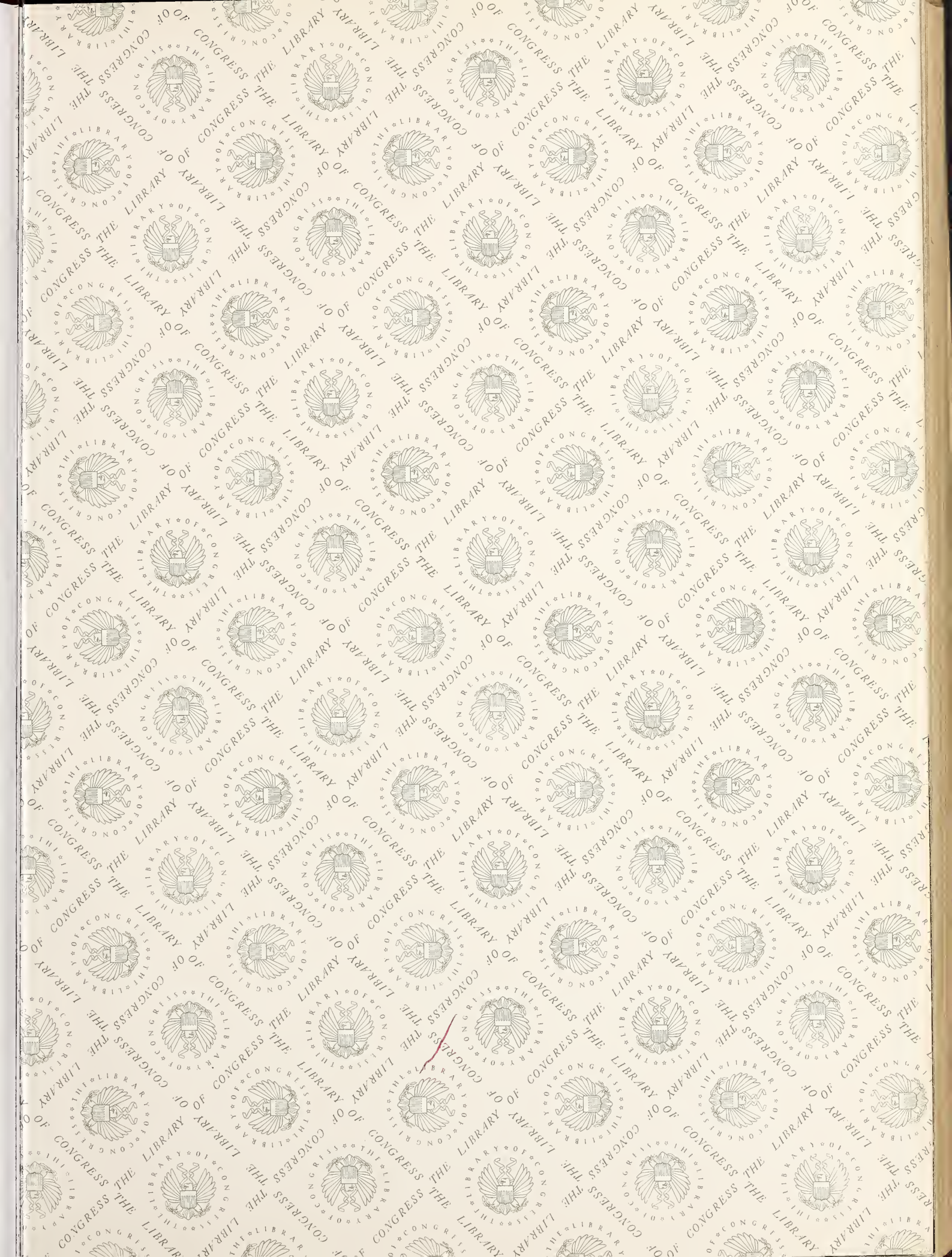
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NORMA SHEARER

NOTED DIRECTORS
EXPOSE
TOP RANKING STARS!



It's easy to dress and live smartly, if you don't have to consider the cost. But to have chic clothes and a gracious life on a modern income, you must plan well and follow expert guidance. That's why FASHION was born.

By showing you clothes and accessories that are in the best of taste, of excellent value and still moderately priced, FASHION is a guide to buying.

By telling you about the latest trends in beauty, entertaining, travel, fun, people and living, FASHION keeps you up-to-date.

By helping you adapt these trends to your requirements, FASHION adds charm to the business of living.

If you wish to dress and live with distinction, follow FASHION every month.

• Do you want to be an *Evening Star?* November FASHION is full of suggestions for gay evenings—dresses, jewelry, shoes, wraps and accessories.

• Are you thirty and unmarried? Whether you are or not, you'll enjoy the amusing article which describes the difficult problem of choosing a husband.

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• Have you thought of giving a different look to your Thanksgiving dinner table? Then you'll want to duplicate one of the original centerpieces designed exclusively for FASHION. They are easy to make, cost next to nothing and are unbelievably beautiful.

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PN 1993
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Lady Esther says "You're Invited to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"



Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin . . . waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise to *you* . . . and a scientific *fact*. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror . . . every hour of the day and night a *new skin* is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your *old* skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from looking smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know...says Lady Esther...that you can make your years of beauty *longer* if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (62)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

No matter who is elected, there is no doubt about the People's Choice.



★ ★

Perhaps you should know some few facts about your favorite screen candidate. As follows:

★ ★

In the last 17 annual polls of the nation's critics, M-G-M produced 53 of the 170 best pictures.

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Of the 100 leading stars and featured players in the movies, 48 are under contract to M-G-M.

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These include—in alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Marx Brothers, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Ann Sothern, James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few.

★ ★ ★ ★

The M-G-M studios in Culver City are the world's largest. They occupy 157 acres and employ 4000 people.

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Among the outstanding films M-G-M has produced are THE BIG PARADE, BEN-HUR, THE MERRY WIDOW, THE FOUR HORSEMEN, BROADWAY MELODY, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE BIG HOUSE, TRADER HORN, GRAND HOTEL, THE THIN MAN, SMILIN' THROUGH, DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, SAN FRANCISCO, THE GOOD EARTH, CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, BOYS TOWN, TEST PILOT, THE CITADEL, THE WIZARD OF OZ, BABES IN ARMS, GOODBYE MR. CHIPS, NINOTCHKA, NORTHWEST PASSAGE, BOOM TOWN, STRIKE UP THE BAND, and ESCAPE. *How many have you seen?*



For November we announce two outstanding productions. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". And Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

★ ★ ★ ★

When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Modern Screen

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Cover Girl: Norma Shearer, natural color photograph by Erbit—Varady Studios

PEARL H. FINLEY ● Editor

ALTHEA RICKERT ● Fashion Editor **OTTO STORCH ● Art Editor**

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Sweethearts



Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld's memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you'll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE NELSON

MacDONALD · EDDY

in NOEL COWARD'S

Bitter Sweet

Photographed in Technicolor with

GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART

Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Songs: "THE CALL OF LIFE" "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN" "WHAT'S LOVE" "TOKAY" "DEAR LITTLE CAFE" "LADIES OF THE TOWN" "ZIGEUNER"

KNEE HIGH TO AN "OSCAR"

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Gloria's following right in the tracks of her Award-winning idols!

THIS year, when Gloria Jean went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, she conquered the capital like the British in 1812.

Mrs. Roosevelt fell in love with her at once and led her all around by the hand. The President himself told her his famous stories. She was shown their private quarters—a rare privilege; she had lunch in the dining room; she was toasted in Washington's great hotels and J. Edgar Hoover even escorted her through the government offices. She was fêted and fussed over by famous national figures on every side.

When Gloria got back to Hollywood, someone asked her what had thrilled her most. She sighed soulfully.

"Tyrone Power hugged me!" she breathed.

Yes, Gloria Jean Schoonover thinks she is the luckiest girl in the world and she probably is.

Less than two years ago she was living in a cheap New York rooming house with her ambitious mother, trudging the flinty city pavements hunting a break. Nobody had ever heard of her except a few folks in her home town, Scranton, Pennsylvania. They knew her as a talented, pretty little thrush billed at local benefits, shows and song festivals as "Baby Schoonover."

Today Gloria Jean's name is known wherever movies are shown. She is warm and well fed, golden from the California sun and, while not exactly rich, at the rate she's going she will be before long. She scored a solid hit in her very first picture, "The Underpup;" she co-starred with Bing Crosby in her next one, "If I Had My Way;" and she's starring all by herself in her third, "A Little Bit Of Heaven." She's following right in the fabulous footsteps of Deanna Durbin, guided by the same movie magician, Joe Pasternak, who made Deanna what she is today. All in all, Gloria is a cinch for a fat Hollywood future.

But that's not why Gloria Jean thinks she's lucky. Fame and fortune are things which just don't make her vibrate at all yet. She simply doesn't understand them applied to herself. When she travelled back to Scranton for the world première of "The Underpup," a newsbutcher hopped on the train before they arrived with a stack of Scranton special editions that had Gloria's picture plastered over every page. She flipped right through them without a glance and concentrated on Flash Gordon in the funnies! At the height of the welcome parade which passed her house, Gloria abandoned the cheering throngs to greet her mutt dog, "Wimpy."

The fact is, it simply doesn't occur to Gloria Jean that she's a star. What makes her pinch herself every now and then is the realization that she is actually in Hollywood, walking and talking with her own movie idols; hob-nobbing with Academy Award winners!

One day, while Gloria was making her first picture, Charles Boyer wandered over to her set to see someone or other. Gloria gazed in awe at the romantic Charles and finally was led up and introduced. She stood on tiptoes and quavered in his ear, "Oh, Mr. Boyer—will you do something for me? Will you just walk down the street with me alone, please?" Puzzled but smiling, Boyer offered Gloria his arm, and together they strolled up and down the "New York Street" on Universal's back lot, as all the other little girls in "The Underpup" cast gazed in rapt envy.

"Thank you," sighed Gloria Jean dizzily when the stroll was over. "Now," she said, "I don't care how many autographs you sign, Mr. Boyer. I've had you all to myself!"

The first time Gloria Jean met Deanna Durbin, one of her very special private idols, she stared awestruck and blurted, "Gee, but you're beautiful!"

I could have said the same thing quite easily the day I dropped in on Gloria Jean (*Continued on page 81*)


"I wish
I could say
I was sorry..."
BETTE DAVIS
in WARNER BROS.' glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
The Letter
with
HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frieda Inescort • Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD'N
Screen Play by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Bob Warren, Albany, N. Y. Too bad you live so far away—for Helen Parrish is no longer engaged to Forrest Tucker. She's free-lancing and loving it! Rand Brooks is about her most constant suitor at present, but it's not a bit "serious," they say. At seventeen, Helen's a movie veteran, having débuted at the age of three. She's made dozens of pictures, but we hear her next one—"Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga"—is definitely her best. Helen, who's lately being dubbed "the girl with the Petty legs," (they're exactly like those of the famous "Petty girls") can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

M. Lehocky, Blue Island, Ill. Did you know that if it weren't for a girl named Doris, "Gary Cooper" would probably be just a signature under mediocre cartoons instead of a top-billing name on theatre marquées the world over? It all began when Gary entered Grinnell College's art department and looked into the eyes of the above-mentioned changer of destinies. Their lines crossed, however. Her ambition was to go to California; his major aim—a career as a cartoonist and a home in the mountains of his native Montana. They quarrelled and compromised. Gary, sketch book under his arm, set out for Los Angeles, promising to send for Doris when he was famous. His cartoons failed to impress the Gold Coast, so just for a lark, he tried the movies and succeeded right off the bat. Almost overnight he was Hollywood's man of the hour, and Doris was a thing of the past. Today, more than a dozen years later, Gary's still doing all right. He's one of the busiest men around, but still finds time for sketching, riding and big-game hunting —to say nothing of night-spotting with his lovely wife, Sandra Shaw, and romping with his cunning little daughter. Statistically speaking, he's six feet two and one-half inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and was thirty-nine on May 7.

Clare Green, St. Mary's, Penna. We think it's grand that you have one favorite 'round whom to center all your interest, and who could be a better choice than lovely Ginger Rogers! She's exactly five feet four in her stocking feet, and has the enviable combination of flashing green eyes and red-gold hair. Her own name is Virginia McMath. There are flourishing fan clubs for both her and Paulette Goddard, so drop us a line if you'd like to know how to join either or both. If you'd like to start a club for a star who's not yet so honored, just say the word and we'll send you full instructions as well as a list of prominent "clubless" stars.

Jean Rogers, Cleveland, Ohio. Jeffrey Lynn was born Ragnar Godfrey Lind in Auburn, Mass., on February 16, 1909. He is not married and may be reached at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California. . . . Tony Martin's thirty-first birthday falls on Christmas Day, and he always demands both birthday and Christmas presents. His divorce from Alice Faye became final on March 22 of this year. Tony, who was discovered by no less a personage than Darryl Zanuck himself, was christened Alfred Morris, and may be reached at Columbia Pictures, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Helen Weidaw, Delaware, Ohio. Spencer Tracy, that man who manages to be tough and tender all in one breath, first saw the light of day in Milwaukee, Wis., on the fifth of April, just forty years ago. He was educated in Milwaukee and Kansas City schools until World War I and enlistment in the Navy interrupted his junior year of high school. At the war's end, he continued at Ripon College, where in school dramatics he was first bitten by the "stage bug." Following his studies at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, Spencer gained invaluable experience touring with stock companies before his screen début in "Up the River." Unassuming in spite of two Academy Awards, he'd much rather talk about his charming wife, Louise Treadwell, and their two children, Johnny and Susy.

Virginia Black, Arlington, Mass. Leave it to the women to be curious about the ages of the stars! But we can't blame you, really, because it is so difficult to guess just how old most of Hollywood's

(*Continued on page 85*)

You just can't stump us! Write in for a personal reply

TURBULENT ADVENTURE...SET AGAINST THE RICH, ROMANTIC TAPESTRY OF EARLY ARIZONA!



The story of lovely Phoebe Titus, titan of a woman, and her love for dashing Peter Muncie, Sergeant, U. S. A.! Mighty spectacle! Tempestuous stampedes! War! Lawless raids! Intrepid men and women! At last, in all its wild, brave magnificence, the motion picture drama of Arizona's birth!

Created by a great picture maker... at incalculable cost ... with a superb cast of thousands ... in especially re-created Old Tucson!



Wesley Ruggles' ARIZONA

starring

JEAN ARTHUR

with

WILLIAM HOLDEN

WARREN WILLIAM · PORTER HALL
and a cast of thousands

Based on the Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Clarence Budington Kelland
Screen play by Claude Binyon · Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Columbia Picture

WATCH FOR THIS HIT PRODUCTION . . . AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE



MOVIE REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

Garland and Rooney clown in "Strike Up the Band."

Cooper and Goddard in "North West Mounted Police."

★★★½ STRIKE UP THE BAND

Though this picture has very little to recommend it except youth, it has so much of that—vital, exciting, exuberant youth—that you'll probably go for it! And the antics of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney won't make anybody mad, either.

Do you remember "Babes in Arms?" Well, this could be called another version of it with different songs and different dialogue. It's the same basic plot—but Metro probably figured it was good the first time, so why not try it again? Okay, Mr. Metro, do it a third time as long as you keep Judy Garland in it! To our way of thinking, Judy is just about the *ne plus ultra* of all time. The kid's got everything. She can sing a song like a trouper, she can peddle a line with the best of 'em, and she can do a Conga that'll positively astonish you.

The story concerns the difficulties of an ambitious drummer-boy, Mickey Rooney, in organizing a band. It's not all plain sailing, but eventually he gets his band together for a radio contest and wins a prize offered by Paul Whiteman. Thus ends the plot of the tale, but the entertainment doesn't stop there! You'll love the dances and ditties, especially one swell song entitled "Our Love Affair." Directed by Busby Berkeley.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *A year from the day production began on "Babes in Arms," Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland started the first scene in "Strike Up the Band," directed by Bus Berkeley and produced by Arthur Freed. The same quartette have a date for 1941, to make "Babes on Broadway" . . . Mickey practiced his drum solo for the "Drummer Boy" number two hours a day for a month and two days. While waiting to have it shot, he began picking out the tune on a xylophone that was handy and wound up playing both in the picture . . . Mickey's dad, Joe Yule, who has played in a burlesque house in Los Angeles for a number of years, appears with his son for the second time. First time was in "Judge Hardy and Son" . . . Nine different orchestras are used in the film—a new high for a single picture . . . The miniature band made from various fruits and vegetables, seen in the "Our Love Affair" number, took a crew one month to complete and six men to operate . . . Mickey uses make-up for the second time since his mother applied burnt cork to make his hair suitable for the Mickey McGuire roles . . . During production of "Strike Up the Band," Judy celebrated her eighteenth birthday and her graduation from high school . . . Judy revives "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," the song that laughed every sentimental popular ballad off the market back in the days when Marie Dressler made her greatest stage hit . . . Paul Whiteman's "fatherly talk" to Mickey in the picture is virtually the story of Whiteman's own life.*

★★★½ NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE

Pictures come, stars go, worlds change, but Cecil B. DeMille goes on forever. Here is another of those DeMille specials with his usual can't-miss formula—lots of action, lots of excitement, a terrific cast of stars, some top-notch and thoroughly excitable scenery—but this time it's all wrapped up in a cellophane bundle of beautiful Technicolor! It's a lot of movie, and all of it's swell.

You've probably heard the story many times about the North West mounted policeman who always gets his man. Well, DeMille has to go that yarn one better, of course, so he reminds you that the Texas Rangers used the same slogan. And when both Preston Foster, the Canadian, and Gary Cooper, the Texan, go out to knock off the same meanie, said meanie (George Bancroft) should know enough to give up right away. But he doesn't—the die-hard—not until the grand finale.

To complicate things just a little, both Preston and Gary fall in love with Madeleine Carroll—not that any one blames them—and the picture finishes with one of the boys getting his man and the other getting Madeleine. Now you can have yourself some fun guessing which gets who.

That's not the whole story, of course. There are lots of undercurrents caused by the fact that Madeleine's brother, Robert Preston (don't get the Prestons mixed up), is in love with a blue-eyed half-breed—Paulette Goddard, who is secretly Bancroft's daughter. Walter Hampden, as an Indian chief, Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman provide the humorous element, such as it is, and there are a half-dozen other well-known actors and actresses in the picture.

It's not one of those films that we intellectuals are likely to rave about, but it's a good movie. Some of the dialogue is pretty bad, and you have never heard quite such a collection of strange accents, but what's the difference?

The key to this film's success lies in the fact that it is two hours long and not a minute of it drags. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *Over 1,000 persons are in the cast, and there are 153 speaking parts . . . This is DeMille's 64th production as he enters his 28th year as a producer-director; this is his first all-Technicolor production although he was the first Hollywood producer ever to use color in a film (in 1917) . . . The Royal Canadian Mounted Police opened its official records to the filmers for research purposes and helped to drill DeMille's "troops". . . Walter Hampden underwent the most unusual bit of make-up for this film ever attempted. Blue-eyed Indians are out of the question, so the color of his eyes was changed to brown by way of invisible contact lenses; first time this has been done*



Cagney loves Sheridan in "City for Conquest."

Basserman, Robinson, Best in "A Dispatch from Reuter's."

THERE'S A NEW HIGH IN HOLLYWOOD HITS BOUND TO PLEASE ALL YOU FLICKER FANS

for any film . . . Madeleine Carroll drives a team of half-wild horses in the picture; she did this difficult stunt herself, did not use a double . . . The scene that Lynne Overman got the greatest pleasure out of (plus a goodly number of scratches and black and blue marks) is the one in which he engages in a hand-to-hand fight with Paulette Goddard.

★★★½ CITY FOR CONQUEST

It has been many years since this particular reviewer of films has been so thrilled and excited by a movie. That, of course, is what is jokingly referred to as climbing out on a limb—but any way you want to look at it, in his opinion it is a sock, a smash, a click, a whiz, or whatever else you can think of.

The film gives you Heartbreak Town without missing a beat. It's a story of flying fists and twinkling toes, of gangsters and gals, of guys and goofs. It's everything that's good and everything that's bad. It's hokum and hilarity. It's New York.

There's acting in this picture and writing and direction. And all of it is first-grade. Jimmy Cagney is a prize-fighter who almost becomes a champ in spite of the fact that he hates prize-fighting, because he wants to be as much of a success as his girl, Ann Sheridan. And Ann wants to dance; she wants to be a star and see her name in lights. But that's not in the cards, and she winds up in a burlesque house, broke and hungry, at about the same time that Jimmy, blinded, begins to peddle papers for a living.

Well, it tears your heart out to see Jimmy as the blind newsboy towards the finish of the film. But it isn't sad. That's the strength of this picture. Jimmy, with his awful finish, and Ann, with all the kicking around she's gotten, learn something. They learn that New York has a heart, too—and music, a symphony. And there are good things in the big town. Jimmy's kid brother studies hard at his piano throughout the film, and it's Jimmy's hard-earned coin that helps put the kid through. At the windup he plays a big symphony at Carnegie Hall.

Now, let's hand out the laurels. Cagney and Sheridan are topnotch, and there are two brand new film actors whom you'll hear a lot from in the future—Elia Kazan and Arthur Kennedy. You didn't expect Anthony Quinn to be as good as he is here, and there's a honey of a small bit by Lee Patrick. The director is Anatole Litvak, who's become accustomed to taking bows, and he deserves a lot of them.

And let's not forget young Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother; this marks his first appearance as a film producer, but not his last; the kid knows his stuff. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *This is Cagney's 52nd film fight but it's the first he's lost . . . Practically entire cast, as well as author, scenarist and associate producer, are New Yorkers. Even Josephine, the monkey used in the East Side hurdy-gurdy scenes, is one . . . Picture employed a number of unusual-job men; among them, a "piano-untuner," a "razor-duller" and a "wallpaper smudger" . . . Carnegie Hall set cost $12,000 . . . The Madison Square Garden set, including the rings, tunnels, lobby, aisles and dressing-rooms, cost $18,000 to build . . . Authentic scenes, photographed in New York, include Coney Island at night, approach to Williamsburg Bridge, tenements, hospitals, water front and lonesome street corner at 2 a.m. . . . Aben Kandel, author of original novel from which the film was adapted, described New York noises to composer, Max Steiner; result is the seven-minute symphony, "Song of the City," heard in the picture; 92-piece symphony orchestra plays it . . . Ann Sheridan is part Cherokee; her dancing partner, Tony Quinn, part Aztec . . . Three pairs of hose were kept on tap for Ann Sheridan at all times . . . Boxing gloves worn by Cagney and his opponents weighed only 4 ounces. The reason for not using the heavy regulation type was to prevent arm fatigue on the part of the actors.*

★★★½ A DISPATCH FROM REUTER'S

You'd never forgive yourself if you let the title of this one keep you away, because here's a film which completely escapes the tedium of most pictures based on facts. Besides, there's a warm, deep, human love story that you will remember for a long time.

Eddie Robinson opened a lot of eyes when people saw what a fine and intelligent actor he was in "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet." Silly, of course, because he played Shakespeare and practically everything else before he ever came to Hollywood; and again in this picture he handles a role completely different from anything he has attempted on the screen before, that is—a genuine, warm, and exhilarating character.

Maybe you've already heard the story of Julius Reuter (Robinson), founder of the first international news-gathering service which still covers the world and is as well-known in Europe as our own Associated Press or International News Service.

It is an exciting newspaper yarn with a lot of thrilling historical background showing how Reuter originated the idea of sending messages by carrier pigeons; how he got the idea of gathering and selling news to papers for the first time. When telegraph outmoded pigeons, he was the first man to send a news story over the telegraph. He scooped the world on the occasion of Emperor Louis Napoleon's settlement of peace in Europe and scooped Europe at the time President Lincoln was shot.

It's not just thrilling excitement that makes this an outstanding film, but the heart-warming (*Continued on page 15*)

In the light of Coming Events



Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.



1



3

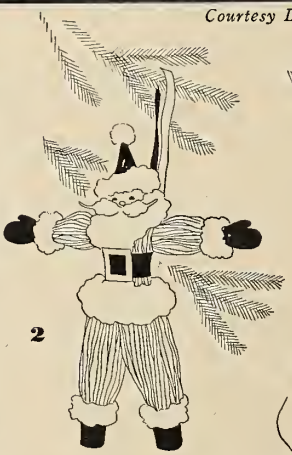


Start Now for a More Festive Yuletide

Don't you realize that it will be here before you know it! What will? Why Christmas of course. And it's none too soon to start planning and plotting for those important little things that pay such valuable dividends. We mean artistic gift wrappings, merry holiday decorations for your hearthside and gay trimmings to hang on the Tree.

You can get started immediately by simply filling in and mailing to us the coupon on the opposite page. In return, we'll send you, promptly and without cost, a detailed description of how to make (1) the wistful little angels and (2) the jovial Santa you see pictured here. There are so many different ways you can use them to decorate your home. For instance, let the angels spread glad tidings in a duet on the mantel, in a solo on each window cord or in mixed chorus with other décor on the dinner table. And you can put Saint Nick on the outermost limb of the tree. The older children will just love to make these figures, but they may find it even more fun and lots easier to fashion the tree ornament and package decorations shown on this page. These are made out of such familiar things as cellophane glassips, sealing wax, notarial seals, gummed labels and stars and both transparent and colored Scotch tape, all of which you can easily pick up at the stationery and gift counters of your local variety store. Get started now! Don't forget to mail the coupon on the opposite page for the instructions for the angels, Santa and gift wrappings.

For the other decorations pictured here, follow the



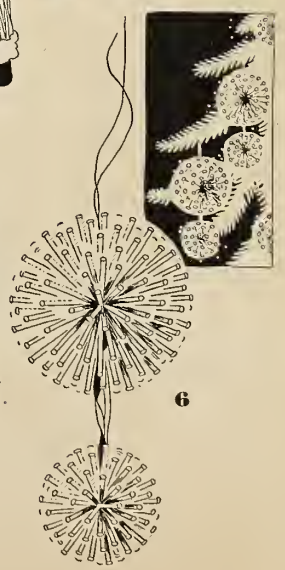
2



5



4



6

BY MARJORIE DEEN

directions below. You can't go wrong, especially with these cute Dennison sketches to guide you.

CLOWN'S HEAD (3)

Use a metal-rimmed tag for the head, and red and black gummed dots for the eyes and nose; red lawyers' seals form the mouth and cheeks. For neck ruff, fold two large notarial seals in half and fasten to head. Decorate with bow of silver ribbon. For the hat roll a notarial seal around your finger and join edges together. Slip a loop with a knot through hat before fastening it to head.

STAR ORNAMENT (4)

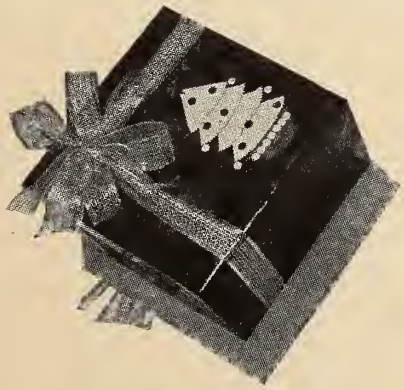
Place a length of silver ribbon between two notarial seals. Moisten two large gummed or silver stars and place one on each side of seal. Decorate loop with a bow of silver ribbon or cellophane. Make flocks of these single units for the tree; or fashion them into long garlands to loop over the branches or from one side of a window to the other.

MINIATURE TREES (5)

Make each tree out of a large colored tag (they are available in several colors). Measure up from the bottom three-quarters of an inch and draw a horizontal line from side to side. Measure in three quarters of an inch from each side and draw two vertical lines from the horizontal line to the lower edge of the tag. Cut out the two corner squares, thus formed, leaving the small center strip to form the trunk of the tree. Now draw a diagonal line from the center of tag, above the trunk, to both outer edges of the horizontal line. Score these lines with the point of the scissors and bend sides back to form a triangle. Fasten sides together in back with transparent Scotch tape. Decorate front with gold stars and use gold seals for tree base.

GLASSIP POMPONS (6)

Cut 25 glassips into three-inch sections. Top both ends with sealing wax—white wax on blue, red or other colored sippers, blue, silver or gold wax on the colorless sippers. Group the wax-tipped glassips together, ends even, and wind spool wire twice around the center. Pull hard on wire, fasten firmly with a twist and knot. As you pull on the wire, the glassips will spread out into a pompon. Leave an end of surplus wire for a loop of ribbon.



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MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free directions for making Santa Claus, Christmas Angels and fancy packages as illustrated.

Name .....

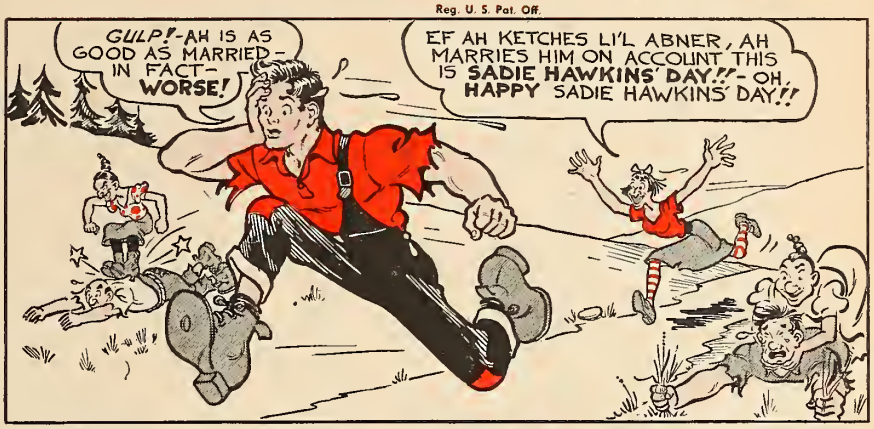
Address ..... (Street, Number)

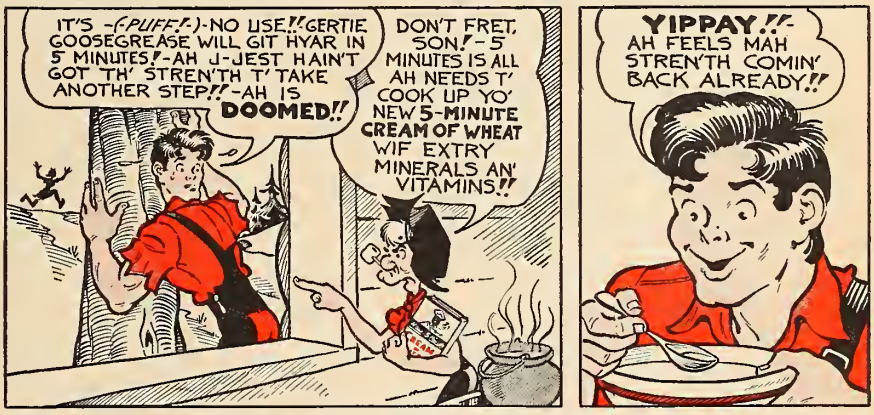
City ..... State .....

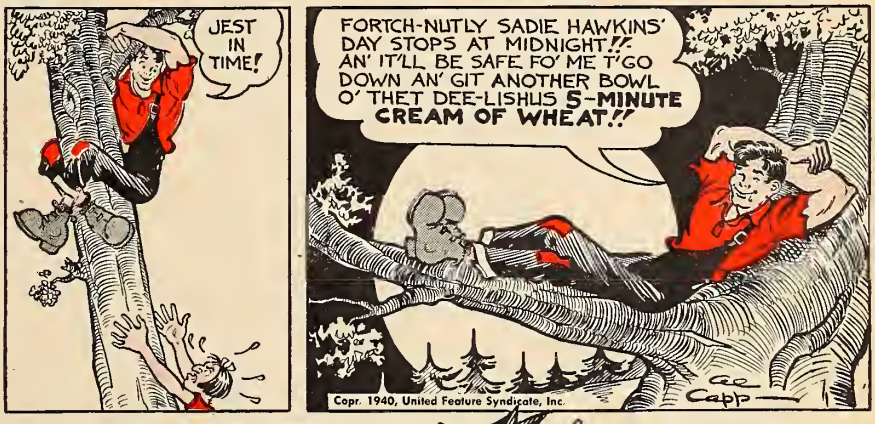
(Paste coupon on postcard)

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.









MIXED-UP BY MAKE-UP? . . JUST

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



ARE you going wild trying to find YOUR OWN shade of lipstick among the thousands of shades on the market? Use TANGEE NATURAL...actually the lipstick of a thousand shades...for Tangee changes as you apply it to your lips, from orange in the stick, to the ONE shade of red JUST RIGHT for your skin-coloring! For perfect make-up harmony, match your lips with Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Creme or Compact Rouge.

You'll find Tangee Natural helps END THAT PAINTED LOOK. And, once you've applied Tangee, the special cream base will keep your lips smooth and soft for hours and hours!



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SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co. Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

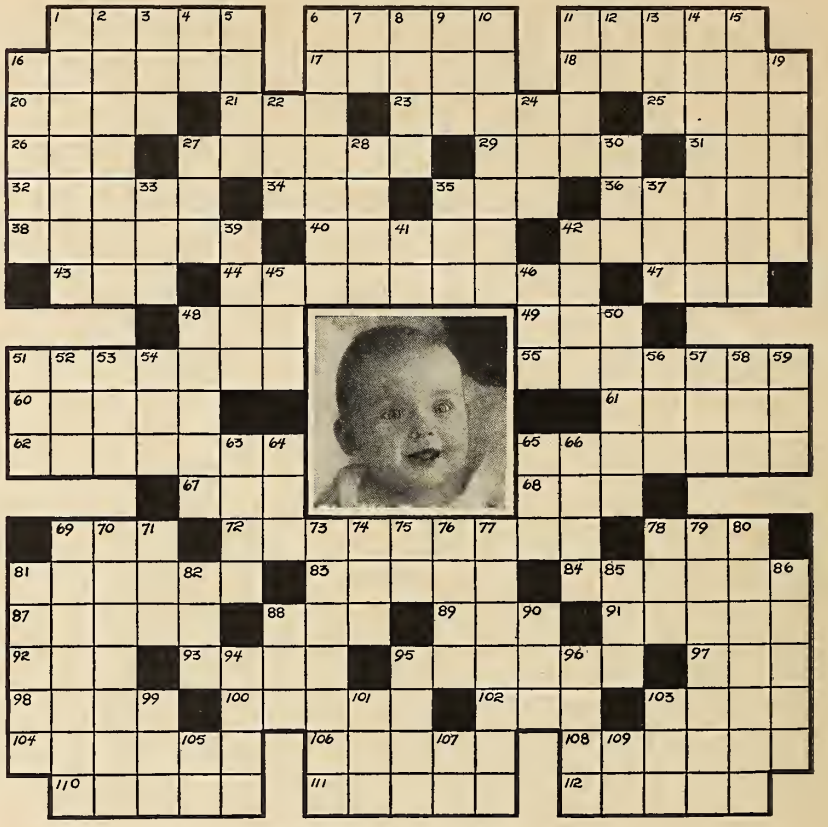
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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(Please Print)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ MM120

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 83

ACROSS

1. Hero of "Boom Town"
6. Dominant feature
11. Male lead of "Little Bit Of Heaven"
16. Michael - - - - - -
17. Femme in "Dance, Girl, Dance"
18. He stars in "The Californian"
20. Instrument Anita Louise plays
21. Shirley Temple's birthmonth: abbr.
23. Countess in "Escape"
25. Malt beverages
26. V- - - Zorina
27. Actress in "Lucky Partners"
29. - - - - Brooks
31. Jack - - - ie
32. "Lillian Russell"
34. Star of "I Married Adventure"
35. Fondle
36. Girl in "Brigham Young"
38. Right of holding
40. Duchess in "All This, And Heaven Too"
42. Dennis Morgan's former name
43. Fix firmly
44. Wife of Tyrone Power
47. Organ of hearing
48. Three: prefix
49. B - - - Lugosi
51. Heroine in "Virginia"
55. Star of "Wyoming"
60. One of the archangels
61. Star of "Diamond Frontier"
62. Overhanging
65. Femme lead of "Flowing Gold"
67. With Colbert in "Arise My Love"
68. Poetic for "evening"
69. Birthmonth of 72 across: abbr.
72. Popular actress pictured above
78. Sheep
81. Who starred in "Dr. Syn?"
83. William Powell's wife
84. Comic in "When The Daltons Rode"
87. Stems
88. A little child
89. High explosive: abbr.
91. Open country
92. Mad girl in "They Drive By Night"
93. Star of first "Way Of All Flesh"
95. First name of our star
97. Bud Abbott's comic partner
98. She's fun in "Pride And Prejudice"
100. Hint
102. Gr- - - Garbo
103. Encircle
104. Veteran in "Dr. Kildare Goes Home"
106. Employer
108. "Information, - - - - - -"
110. Sea eagles
111. Icelandic poems
112. World War battlefield

DOWN

1. "The Great Dictator"
2. Opposite "Foreign Correspondent"
3. Lofty mountain
4. The "Nancy D - - w" series
5. Evelyn - - - - p
6. Spanish girl in "Rangers Of Fortune"
7. "- -, Johnny, How You Can Love"
8. Zest
9. Stars meet at C - - -'s
10. Wise-cracking comedienne
11. Hal Roach's sad comic
12. "The Great McGin - -"
13. Constellation
14. He's in "Comin' Round The Mountain"
15. Bread mixer
16. Grain
19. Glacial ridge
22. For
24. Jessie - - - thews
27. Hindu weight
28. - - - - Bryant
30. Unclaimed fan letters go here: abbr.
33. Director's call to end scenes
35. Buster Keaton's missile
37. Anger
39. Newcomer in "River's End"
41. Initials of a ventriloquist
42. Actor in "Girl From God's Country"
45. Nothing
46. "Dr. Kildare"
48. Sidney - - - - -
50. "There's Magic In His Eyes" is his next
51. Mug
52. Exist
53. Dog, - - - Tin Tin
54. Ann Sheridan's nickname
56. - - - Chaney, Jr.
57. Aide-de-camp: abbr.
58. Letter in alphabet
59. "Forty Little Moth - - -"
63. Scolds
64. Norse god of war
65. Edith - - - lows
66. Actor: Phillip - - - -
69. Boy in "Swiss Family Robinson"
70. M-G-M dancing star
71. Command
73. Actor in "Turnabout"
74. Tiny insect
75. Southern state: abbr.
76. To the inside of
77. Falcons
78. Actress Arden
79. He's in "Those Were The Days"
80. Sanction
81. Elaine Barrie was called this
82. Compass point
85. Great dramatic actress
86. Musical exercise
88. RKO's new western hero
90. Small horse
94. Wire measures
95. He filmed North Pole scenes
96. A signal for soldiers
99. Girl's name
101. Cover
103. Jewel
105. "These Thr - -"
107. Actor in "Johnny Apollo": init.
109. Behold

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 11*)

love story as well. You can't imagine Robinson in a romantic mood? Well, then, just look at him here in the scene where, as a young man, he is madly in love with Edna Best but is afraid to tell her so. You will want to take them both in your arms and hug them, they are so lovable.

Though the leads are in the hands of Robinson and Miss Best—and capable hands they are—much of the credit is due Albert Basserman, the 72-year-old gent who has been making a habit of running away with pictures; Eddie Albert, perfectly cast as Reuter's younger brother, a dreamy, flibberty-gibberty youngster who would rather write poetry than attend to business; Gene Lockhart, Otto Kruger, Nigel Bruce and Montagu Love. Directed by William Dieterle.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: The actors and actresses, on an exact reproduction of the Ford Theatre stage in Washington, speak their lines from "Our American Neighbors" just as they were delivered the night Lincoln was assassinated . . . Carrier pigeons used in the film knew how to fly one way only—home—so sets had to be reconstructed at their owner's ranch, duplicating those built at the Burbank studio . . . Largest set of the picture was the wild, wind-swept Irish coast, where laborers struggle to complete the last section of Reuter's private telegraph wire . . . Robinson's make-up, less elaborate than that used for "Dr. Ehrlich," still required an hour and a half to apply . . . In honor of his tenth anniversary of employment at Warners, the crew presented Director Dieterle with a bronze-covered book of off-stage and production stills from his old pictures.

★★★ Spring Parade

A few years ago this film would have led the field without any possible quibbling. It is Deanna Durbin's newest film and should rank right along with the marvelous septette that preceded it. But, unfortunately, it bumps up against a strange psychological factor. It is gay, happy, full of life and fun—but it is set in pre-war Vienna. Consequently, the gayer it gets, the more happiness and life it exudes, the sadder you feel, sitting there in the theatre knowing that that carefree, wonderful way of life is dead and gone.

Joe Pasternak, the magician of Universal City, produced it, and it has all the usual Pasternak touches; impeccable taste, charm, vivacity. But for once, I am afraid, Mr. Pasternak guessed wrong. There was no reason to transport Deanna to Vienna; she's a good American girl and there are plenty of good American stories that don't have that overtone of tragedy.

Having gotten all of which off our chest, let us proceed to an examination of the many things about this film which are excellent. The story is a scatter-brained little item about a peasant girl (Deanna) who falls in love with a soldier-drummer (Robert Cummings). His trouble is that he wants to be a composer but nobody will let him, and her trouble is that she is just a country-maid who can't get used to city ways. It is that last which saves the day for both of them, for Deanna, with refreshing disregard for convention, goes directly to

(*Continued on page 17*)

JOAN BENNETT IN THE EDW. SMALL FILM "THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"



JOAN BENNETT
chooses the easy way to alluring skin . . . a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

Joan's hairdresser advises bed-time care with Woodbury Cold Cream, as told to
Louella Parsons
Noted Movie Columnist



1. Recently, Joan's hairdresser exclaimed, "At the hairline, your skin is dry as paper!" He advised a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Now at bedtime Joan cleanses with Woodbury Cold Cream. Pats on a light film to soften skin overnight.



2. As her hairdresser predicted, Joan's Woodbury Beauty Nightcap helps keep her skin like velvet. At a "kid party" some weeks later, Joan took the bow when a toast was raised "To the girl who looks as young as her 'get-up'."

Night Time is "Beauty Refreshment" Time

Your skin has its best chance to grow refreshed while you sleep. So every night at bedtime use 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. 1. It *cleanses* . . . safely. 2. It *lubricates*, releasing rich oils to soften dry skin. 3. It gently *invigorates* the skin, cooling and refreshing as it cleanses. Get a jar of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream today! So little in cost . . . so much for your beauty! Only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ a jar.

CLEANSES safely
Smooths as it LUBRICATES
INVIGORATES



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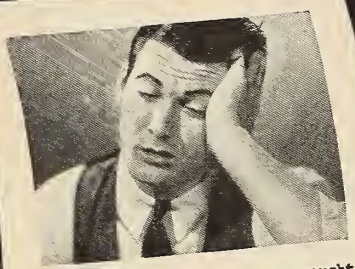
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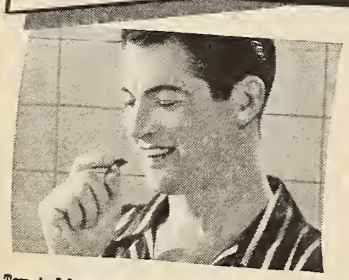
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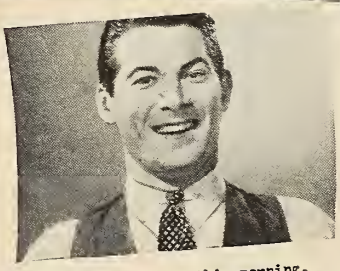
Mr. R--- makes a Confession



Almost got fired today. Boss caught me napping at my desk. The trouble is I need a laxative. But I hate to take the awful stuff.



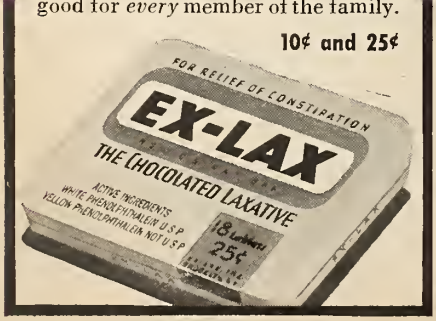
Tom told me to try Ex-Lax and I bought a box on my way home. Took some before turning in for the night. A cinch to take - it tastes just like chocolate!



Feel like a million this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine. Didn't upset me or keep me awake last night. Boy, watch me tear into my work today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)	C 4★
Alias the Deacon (Universal)	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M)	2½★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M)	3★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners)	2★
Anne of Windy Poplars (RKO)	2★
*Argentine Nights (Universal)	3★
Babies For Sale (Columbia)	2½★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal)	2★
Beyond Tomorrow (RKO)	2½★
Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)	3★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount)	3★
Black Diamonds (Universal)	2★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbia)	2★
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal)	3★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Brother Orchid (Warners)	3★
Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount)	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Captain Is a Lady, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
City for Conquest (Warners)	3½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO)	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Cross Country Romance (RKO)	2½★
Curtain Call (RKO)	2½★
*Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
Dark Command (Republic)	3★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
*Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners)	3½★
Dr. Christian Meets The Women (RKO)	2★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount)	C 3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)	3½★
Dr. Kildare Goes Home (M-G-M)	3★
Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia)	3★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M)	3½★
Flight Angels (Warners)	2½★
Florian (M-G-M)	2½★
Flowing Gold (Warners)	3★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists)	4★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M)	2½★
Four Sons (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount)	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl from God's Country (Republic)	2★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gold Rush Maisie (M-G-M)	2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
*Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Half a Sinner (Universal)	2★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hidden Gold (Paramount)	2½★
Hired Wife (Universal)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Hot Steel (Universal)	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universal)	2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia)	3½★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I Love You Again (M-G-M)	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3★
In Old Missouri (Republic)	2★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Island of Doomed Men (Columbia)	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It All Came True (Warners)	2½★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jahnny Apolla (20th Century-Fox)	3★
La Conga Nights (Universal)	2★
Ladies Must Live (Warners)	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia)	2★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
Mad Men of Europe (Columbia)	2★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal)	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Man Wha Talked Toa Much, The (Warners)	2½★
Maryland (20th Century-Fax)	3½★
Men Against the Sky (RKO)	3★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Money and the Woman (Warners)	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Mummy's Hand, The (Universal)	2½★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO)	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners)	3½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists)	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
*North West Mounted Police (Paramount)	3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
No Time for Comedy (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
One Crowded Night (RKO)	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
Our Town (United Artists)	4★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia)	2½★
Out West With The Peppers (Columbia)	C 2★
Parole Fixer (Paramount)	2½★
Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia)	2★
Pastor Hall (United Artists)	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO)	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Pop Always Pays (RKO)	2½★
Prairie Law (RKO)	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Private Affairs (Universal)	2½★
Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Quarterback, The (Paramount)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Ragtime Cawboy Joe (Universal)	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO)	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramount)	3★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount)	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Is a Lady (Universal)	C 2½★
Saturday's Children (Warners)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic)	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
South to Karanga (Universal)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Stanley and Livingston (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Strange Cargo (M-G-M)	3★
Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO)	3★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Rabinsan (RKO)	C 3★
Tear Gas Squad (Warners)	2★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
Thase Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Faces West (Republic)	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Thundering Frontier (Columbia)	2★
'Til We Meet Again (Warners)	3★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Torrid Zane (Warners)	3★
Tower of Landan (Universal)	2★
Turnabout (United Artists)	3★
Twenty Mule Team (M-G-M)	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia)	3★
Two Girls on Braadway (M-G-M)	2½★
Typhaan (Paramaunt)	3★
Untamed (Paramount)	2★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)	3½★
Way af All Flesh, The (Paramount)	3★
*Westerner, The (United Artists)	3★
We Wha Are Young (M-G-M)	3★
When the Daltans Rode (Universal)	3★
Women in War (Republic)	2½★
Women Withaut Names (Paramount)	2½★
Yau Can't Fool Yaur Wife (RKO)	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Yaung People (20th Century-Fax)	C 2½★
Young Tom Edisan (M-G-M)	C 4★

(*Continued from page 15*)

the Emperor with her problems, and he is so kindly, sweet and understanding that everything turns out swell. (But here, too, Mr. Pasternak, just a word of reproach; there was no need to gush so much about what a lovely old gent the Emperor was; some of us can remember back twenty years or so, you know.)

Deanna is darling, of course. She grows histrionically with every film. Here she is a flirtatious and charming young vixen, with more poise, more appeal than ever before. And Cummings, opposite her, is an excellent choice, too. There are very few young men in town who can play a daft youngster quite as well as Bob.

Next acting bow goes to S. Z. Sakall, the Hungarian actor who was known in pre-Hitler Europe as one of the top players. He doggone near steals this film.

Anne Gwynne is another girl who is destined to go places. She reminds one a little of Marion Davies in her prime with that roguish twinkle in her eye. Her future depends on the kind of material she's given in the next few pictures.

There are a couple of lovely dance routines, some beautiful photography and four exciting songs, best of which is perhaps "It's Foolish But It's Fun." Directed by Henry Koster.—*Universal.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This is the eighth picture to star Deanna Durbin, all produced by Joe Pasternak . . . It is the fifth Durbin picture to be directed by Henry Koster . . . Three of the songs in the film were written by Robert Stolz, who made history with "Two Hearts in Three Quarter Time" . . . This is the first time Deanna has appeared in costume; also the first time she does any dancing to speak of; it took her (and 48 dancers) two weeks to learn the strenuous czardas dance which she does with Mischa Auer . . . The scenes inside Emperor Franz Josef's palace were made on the largest interior set ever constructed at Universal; 800 dress extras, garbed in authentic costumes of the period, are in this scene.

★★★ The Westerner

This is a swell, rip-roaring movie and you'll enjoy it. But here's a shock! Gary Cooper is the star—but Walter Brennan runs away with the acting honors in his

(*Continued on page 87*)



Sweet 'n' smooth are Nancy Kelly and Vera West's designs for "Caribbean Holiday," her latest stint.

PRESENTING

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SERVICE WARE

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Three-Piece Service only **$20**

• This distinguished new Lakewood* pattern Service in Tudor Plate* includes coffee or tea pot, creamer and sugar. Tray, $10. Also available in the Haddon pattern.



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The new Trousseau Service for eight is an outstanding value in quality silverplate. On budget terms in four popular patterns (*June* pattern illustrated*). Includes eight each of teaspoons, knives, forks, oval soup spoons and a butter knife and sugar spoon. Wearproofed guarantee assures extra years of service.




TYRONE
POWER
Exciting as never before . . . in the most famous of all screen roles!
THE MARK OF Zorro
with
LINDA
DARNELL
and
BASIL RATHBONE
GALE SONDERGAARD • EUGENE PALLETTE • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
ROBERT LOWERY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN
MONTAGU LOVE • JANET BEECHER
Associate Producer RAYMOND GRIFFITH • Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote • Adaptation by Garrett Fort • Based on the story "The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley
A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
A masked adventurer . . . the jagged mark of his sword striking terror into every heart but hers!



Myrna Loy

A fugitive from wifedom, Myrna's a fashion editor in M-G-M's romantic comedy, "Third Finger, Left Hand"

Gary Cooper

You'll love him in Paramount's "North West Mounted Police" — he's terrific in Technicolor!



Carole Lombard

She's a mail order bride in RKO's new comedy-drama, "They Knew What They Wanted"


ENGSTEAD-HIGGINS

HURRELL



Errol Flynn

At his swashbuckling best as Jeb Stuart in Warner's colorful, pre-Civil War adventure story, "Santa Fe Trail"

HOLLYWOOD HEART TREATMENT!



Texas Ranger Gary Cooper gets his man, but loses his heart to Madeleine Carroll in "North West Mounted Police."



Exciting Paulette Goddard plays havoc with the heart of that gallant "Mountie" Robert Preston.



"Arise, my love, and fly away with me!" Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert, partners-in-love in Paramount's "Arise, My Love!"

Dear Joan--

Got your note about the difficulties you are having with Bill. That Reno-vation stuff is the bunk. I've a better idea. Take him to the moving pictures! Crazy? Not a bit of it. I've just glimpsed two of the most powerful demonstrations of the power of love even my experienced orbs have ever seen. First, Paramount's amazing new Cecil B. DeMille Technicolor drama of the big open spaces, "North West Mounted Police." The old master has managed to weave into his yarn about the gallant red coats not one but two of the most convincing love stories I've ever seen on the screen. Gary Cooper in his best, and I mean best, role to date and Preston Foster compete for the love of Madeleine Carroll in a romance that'll have Bill dewy-eyed. And Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston unravel a love story that would send an iceberg into thermostatic ecstatics.

If "North West Mounted Police" doesn't succeed in mellowing him, and I'm sure it will, you don't need to worry. Paramount's "Arise, My Love" is just about the answer to the lovelorn's prayer. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland make this Mitch Leisen combination of the laughter of "Midnight," the heart appeal of "Farewell to Arms," into THE love picture of the decade. It's tender. It's titilating. It's terrific. Bill'll be holding your hand before the end of the first reel...kissing you by the fifth.
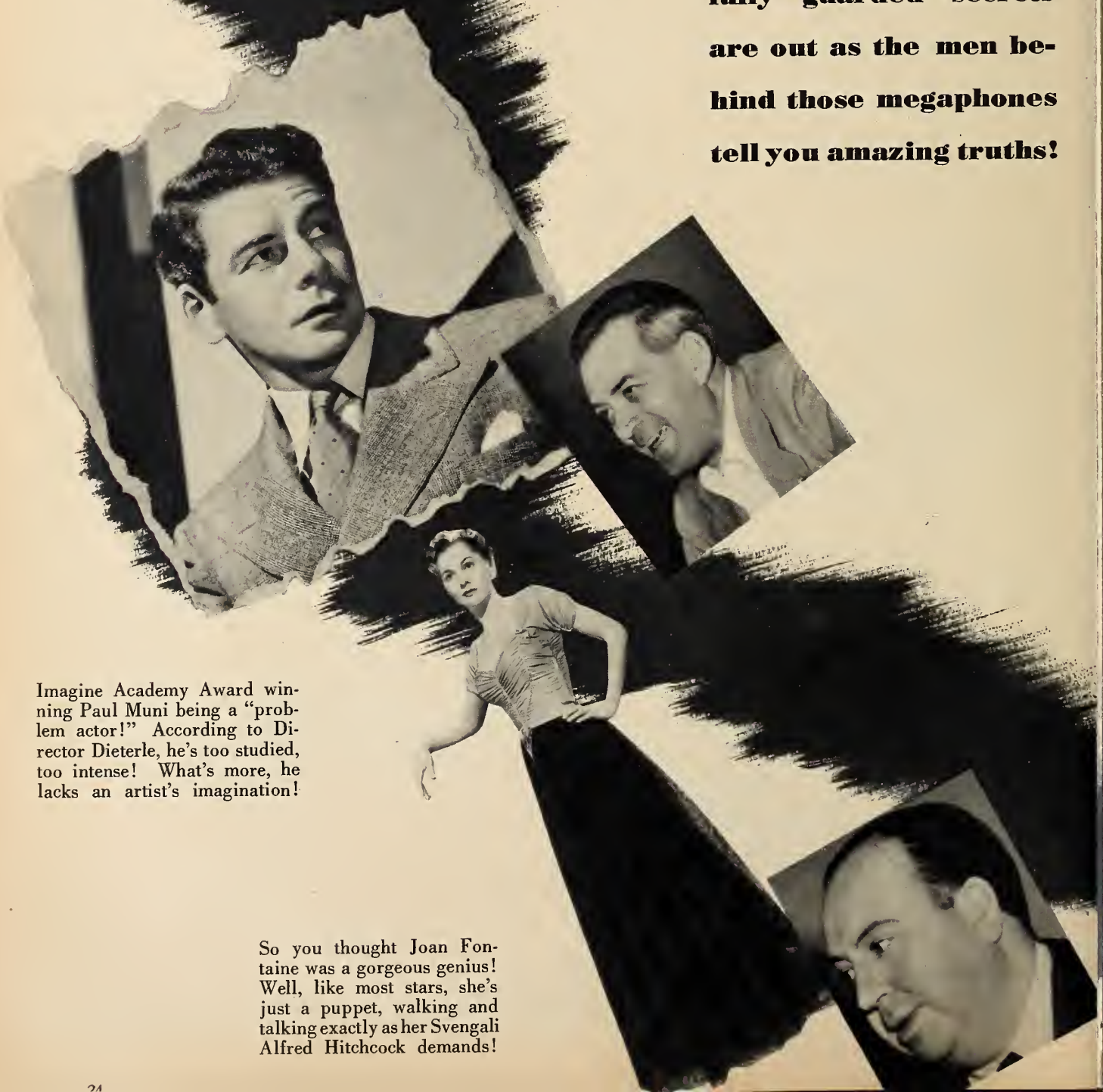
But you get the idea...so watch for these two great love pictures...collect Bill...and watch 'em knock Reno foolishness out of both your heads.

Yours helpfully,

Sallie

EXPOSING
weaknesses of top ranking stars

Hollywood's most carefully guarded secrets are out as the men behind those megaphones tell you amazing truths!



Imagine Academy Award winning Paul Muni being a "problem actor!" According to Director Dieterle, he's too studied, too intense! What's more, he lacks an artist's imagination!

So you thought Joan Fontaine was a gorgeous genius! Well, like most stars, she's just a puppet, walking and talking exactly as her Svengali Alfred Hitchcock demands!

Director Al Hall was simply frantic. The cameras stood poised. The bit players and extras waited. The technicians hovered nervously.

For three hours the big scene in "Little Miss Marker" had been delayed. In this scene, Shirley Temple was supposed to burst into tears, which was simple enough except for one minor obstacle—Miss Temple wasn't in the mood.

"You've got to cry!" begged Director Hall for the two hundredth time.

"But I don't want to cry," replied Shirley brightly. "I feel happy."

Director Al Hall retired to a corner and, resembling Rodin's Thinker, brooded. In a moment he emerged, a sly smile on his face. An inspiration had been born. He asked Mrs. Temple what family possession Shirley liked most. Mrs. Temple mentioned the new car the family had recently bought. Director Hall smacked his lips.

Five minutes later the phone rang. Director Hall put the receiver to his ear and listened intently.

"What did you say, Mr. Temple?" he bellowed into the phone. "What? Your new car? Smashed to bits? Wrecked? In a ditch?"

Hall's quavering voice boomed through the quiet sound stage. He hung up the receiver and turned to Shirley. Her smile and dimples were gone. Her lips were tight. Tears welled in her brown eyes. Suddenly she sobbed, then began crying in earnest—and in that precious moment, Director Hall propelled her before the prepared cameras—and shot the scene!

After that historic example, if you still think that movie stars make the movies great, if you still suffer the illusion that Cary Grant or Vivien Leigh had more to do with the success of their last flicker than their *directors*, well, come with me, children, out of the valley of incredulity—and meet and listen to the men who really make the movies.

To begin with, meet that blubbering, lethargic idea-machine, that magician of mystery and suspense, soprano-voiced, 290-pound Alfred Hitchcock. Now meet him again. It always takes two introductions, there's so much of him.

While the great man settled himself into a chair like a dirigible easing into a hangar, we reviewed rapidly what we knew about him—that he was forty years old; that he'd started Herbert Marshall in pictures, saved Madeleine Carroll from obscurity by putting her in "Thirty-Nine Steps," helped give Robert Donat a name, proved Joan Fontaine was an actress; that his only exercise was walking up flights of stairs; that he once sent four hundred smoked herring to a friend on her birthday; that he ate steak and ice cream together; and that, after consuming tea, he threw the empty cup over his shoulder because it amused everyone.

And now, sitting opposite us, Hitchcock gave, in tabloid form, his philosophy of picture-making.

"My technique? Why, all I try to do is tell a story," explained Hitchcock, rubbing his third chin thoughtfully.

But the Hitchcock trade-mark is familiar. In one picture, he sent his camera, in a single motion, down the staircase of a hotel, across the lobby, into the dining room—to finish with a close-up of a man's eyes! In his first success, "The Lodger," he had the camera follow a pair of white hands down bannisters, flight after flight, until those hands tightened around a woman's throat! At another time he got into a battle with Sylvia Sidney because she wanted to be seen in her big dramatic moment when she was to stab her husband, and Hitchcock decided to photograph only her fingers and the knife!

"Those are my favorite scenes, the ones I like most to make," Hitchcock admitted. "Best of all, I like to photograph a man's mind, all of his mental processes told purely through his expressions. I directed Edmund Gwenn, as the assassin, in just such a scene in 'Foreign Correspondent.'"

A cup of coffee materialized. Hitchcock downed it in a gulp and began speaking of personalities.

"I find it difficult to direct former stage stars. They're often very bad, because they think only of projecting their voices instead of facial expressions and pantomime. I should like very much to work with Spencer Tracy. I don't think he has any bad camera habits, and I think he could play any character on earth without too much directorial effort.

"And you know, I've learned your glamour girls here aren't so glamorous. Whenever I see them, they seem to be eating hot dogs. I remember working with Joan Fontaine. She was quite eccentric. Always seemed to be eating. A fine girl though. Brilliant future. (*Continued on page 62*)

BY IRVING WALLACE



According to Ben Hecht, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is ashamed of acting! He thinks it's just child's play, and has to swallow his pride before he can really give out!



The most maligned woman in Hollywood

She's daring! She's whacky!

But she's terrifically honest—

so when Hepburn dishes the

dirt, you can bet it's on the level

BY JAMES REID

Cary Grant said hotly, "If anybody's entitled to say anything about Katharine Hepburn, I am. I know what she's like, for I've made three pictures with her; this is my fourth. And I say she's the most maligned woman in Hollywood history! As an actress, she's a joy to work with. She's in there trying every minute. There isn't anything passive about her; she 'gives.' And as a person, she's real. There's no pretense about her. She's the most completely honest woman I've ever met."

Glowering darkly, Cary added, "The trouble is, people who know her don't write stories about her. The stories are all written by people who don't have the faintest idea what the girl's like, people who have never even met her."

It sounded as if he had the notion that writers had avoided meeting Hepburn for the past four or five years. Didn't he know that, as far as the Press was concerned, the lady was unapproachable?

"Tommyrot," said Cary.

It was barely possible that he was right and the Press wrong. Or that she had changed. So I asked for a Hepburn interview.

Back in her RKO days, such a request was greeted with morose head-shakings by the entire publicity department; the answer was that Hepburn talked only with God. M-G-M blithely took the request in stride. Sure, she'd talk. Just when, they didn't know. Maybe not till she finished "The Philadelphia Story," because she was working every day. But she'd talk.

And she did! What's more, she made a special trip into the studio to be interviewed—Hepburn, the unapproachable.

I had been warned that she was painfully shy and self-conscious with strangers. The warning was belied by her greeting: a cheery "hello," a straightforward handshake, a warm smile.

Until this meeting, I had seen her only at a distance. Consequently, I didn't know what to expect in a close-up, minus make-up. I found a tall girl, very slight, not given to curves. At least, the white slacks and white open-neck shirt she was wearing didn't reveal any. Her face was thin, ascetic and covered with freckles—unashamed, tomboyish freckles. Her hair, worn in a long loose bob, was dark auburn. Her eyes were either bluish-green or greenish-blue, and alert.

Watching Katharine as she talked, I thought of Cary's description: "She gives." Her face was expressive, not a mask. She spoke quickly, definitely, without hesitation. She left no doubt that she meant what she said.

I proffered her a cigarette. She started to take it, then noticed the brand, and said, "Thanks, but I think I'll have one of my own." This phenomenal Hepburn woman is definite even about what she smokes.

After our cigarettes were lighted, I told her that I was there to check up on—and, perhaps, correct—a few illusions of what she was like.

She laughed. (She has an odd, short laugh.) "That sounds ominous," she said. "It reminds me of a fan I once had. This boy developed a violent crush on me after seeing one of my pictures. To him, if to nobody else, I was Glamour Girl No. 1. He lived for the day when he could see me in person. And one day he did see me. Someone pointed me out to him. And what he said was, 'I don't know who that is, but it *ain't* Hepburn!' "

In other words, she never knew what reaction to expect from people when they learned the truth about her—but she was prepared for anything.

How did she explain her hermit tendencies? Was she "painfully shy," as rumored?

She frowned comically. "Call me anything but 'a shy actress.' Everyone's sick of the species. Shyness has been used to excuse too many sins. It has become the popular explanation for every kind of conduct. Everyone is becoming so shy, you don't know how they get on at all.

"My father says, 'I don't understand shyness in the young. None of *my* children ever wanted to go to a party unless they were going to be either a bride or a corpse.' And I'm afraid he's right.

"I'm not leary of other people. The explanation for me is I'm leary of myself. I get frightful nervous indigestion. Practically everything or anything can give it to me. But especially throngs of people. At parties I'm in agony. Maybe"—she laughed again—"maybe I'm terrified I'll be neither the bride nor the corpse.

"All this isn't something new with me. I've been cursed with it all my life. As a youngster, whenever (*Continued on page 67*)



Cesar Romero, 33, stunning ond a mognificent dancer. Wonderful sense of humor.

Desi Arnoz, 25, typicol glomour boy. Prosperous, goy. Divine Sponish occent.

Robert Preston, 23, sparkling conversationalist, good sport. A mighty fine catch.

HOLLYWOOD, that perennial cry-baby, is in the throes of the weeps again. Tears are flowing copiously and earnestly. It seems this time, that there just are not men enough to go around—either professionally or socially. Movie moguls, movie gals and the movie socialites are all in a panic. No men! And what are they going to do about it?

Well now, actually, the question is not what are they going to do about it, of course. First, the question is—how come? Is this something new? And if so, why?

Thinking about this for a moment, we realize that socially, the man market in Hollywood is considerably more complicated than it is in a normal city. A male star doesn't simply find a nice girl and marry her. When he starts his career he hasn't the money; when he has the money he can't find the girl—largely because he doesn't trust most of them. His pride prevents him from dating a star who earns more than he does, while he is on the road up. Once he has arrived, his snobbery prevents him from dating a girl who is beneath him.

Put yourself in the kid's position for a minute. His studio, his agent, his publicity man and his business manager all have something to say about his heart murmurs. And you, his fans, have a great deal to say about the girl he chooses to be seen with, too. Every time he buys a girl an ice cream soda he literally puts his career into jeopardy.

Hollywood prefers bachelors. But they must be good boys and not get into trouble or the newspapers. The result is that the marriageable men take refuge in a sort of implied engagement to a girl, or an engagement that implies eventual marriage. The ones who are married but are not working at it remain married legally in order to protect themselves from a too swift and ruinous re-marriage. Such tangled ties and vague but still threatening undercurrents surround every otherwise completely eligible man. You could safely say, in fact, without fear of contradiction that there are few really eligible bachelors in this movie town.

You don't believe it? Look at the list for a moment and study some of the outstanding cases.

Cary Grant: He has been rumored serious about Barbara Hutton. For years he kept Phyllis Brooks as a wall between himself and predatory females. He is definitely in the higher social brackets and not in the general run. He is also pretty usually a one-woman man.

Jack Carson: Just bursting through to success after his click in Ginger Roger's new picture, "Lucky Partners," although he's been around a long time. Married to Kay St. Germaine. Screen future swell. Socially, nil, unless you want to invite the missus, too.

Richard Carlson: Matured, the quiet, intellectual type, getting a break in "Too Many Girls" and "The Howards of Virginia." Has not progressed as rapidly as he might have; maybe because he handpicks his roles and hopes to quit acting altogether as soon as he can get himself started as a director. Practically useless, socially. Served as a publicity escort once for Janet Gaynor. Had a short and swift romance with Ann Sheridan. Then married a New York model and settled down.

Vaughn Paul: Definitely a good marriage bet, on his way to becoming a Universal producer, but tied hook, line and sinker to Deanna Durbin.

Howard Hughes: Supposedly going to marry Ginger Rogers. Has escorted Gene Tierney and numerous others, including Madeleine Carroll, but is pretty cagey. Definitely not a guy a girl could call up in a pinch.

John Payne: Newly arrived in "Maryland" and "The Great Profile." Married to Anne Shirley and father of a baby daughter. His domestic tranquility, his well-bred intellectual personality, have kept him from overnight success. Now he's on the ascending path, a credit to the industry, but a total loss to lonesome gals.

Dennis O'Keefe: A good marriage bet, but almost exclusively the property of Steffi Duna..

Richard Greene: Tagged romantically by the English star Virginia Field, for more than a year. Then came the war

Hollywood's bachelor brigade is lovely to look at, but impossible to put in a marrying mood!



Bob Sterling, 24, ambitious, irresistible smile. Seldom dates for financial reasons.

Jeff Lynn, 31, interested in almost everything, but hates night clubs. Good listener.

George Brent, 36, mature, intriguingly unpredictable. A confirmed cynic. Moody.

Bill Holden, 22, bland Viking type. Whalesome, appealing, unspailed by fame.

The man hunt is on!

BY JAMES CARSON

Jimmy Stewart: Set for a high place in the film capital. Also seems to be set for marriage with Olivia de Havilland.

Laurence Olivier: A welcome addition to Hollywood from a screen-casting standpoint, but tagged by Vivien Leigh before he ever set foot in the place. Local girls didn't have a chance.

Bob Preston: A newcomer with box office appeal; flamed into romantic print with Dorothy Lamour; supposed to be engaged to Kay Feltus; future not really jelled yet. A possibility here for some smart girl who knows the ropes, but she'll have to be clever!

Dave Rose: A musical arranger with a good career ahead of him in pictures. Received considerable publicity through his marriage to and divorce from Martha Raye. Recently has been escorting Judy Garland. In the market for marriage.

Randolph Scott: Has a well-furnished niche in Hollywood's Hall of Fame, but legally married in spite of anything you may hear to the contrary.

Richard Ainley: Just arrived from Eastern Little Theatre. Exclusive property of Constance Bennett as this was being written. (These arrangements have a way of changing, you know.) Definitely unavailable for general escort service for the time being.

Gilbert Roland: Stock somewhat up cinematically at the moment. Severed from la Bennett. An accepted escort, but fairly choosy. He picks the gals, they don't pick him.

George Raft: *Still* married. After Norma Shearer, who has the courage to try to get (*Continued on page 90*)



Victor Mature, 28, sophisticated, a sender of archids. Southern accent. Conceited

Bill Lundigan, 26, shy, chivalrous, intelligent. Is definitely an idealist. Dimples!

Robert Wilcox, 31, flashy, glamorous. Has a vaguely sinister look. Philanderer.

Love and



Here for the first time, you have the real story behind the break-up of the tempestuous Artie Shaws!

BY HERBERT RADDEN

There was nothing wrong with the Lana Turner-Artie Shaw marriage, they say in Hollywood, that a good miracle wouldn't have cured. In a town where stars divorce so frequently that most of them have charge accounts in the divorce courts, this particular bust-up stood out like a sore thumb. What's more, it gave countless "I told you so-ers" a corroborative status they'd never had before. There was scarcely a soul in the film colony, at the time of the hectic elopement, who didn't foresee the marriage's early end, with guesses as to its duration ranging from two to six months.

But while everyone felt the break was inevitable, no one knew what would cause it. Few know even now! But before lining up the causes for the break, let's flash back to the events leading up to the wildest, most contradictory romance of any Hollywood year.

Lana and Artie met for the first time in 1939 during the filming of "Dancing Co-ed" when they immediately discovered they had something in common—an intense dislike for each other! To him, she was simply another "jitterbug chick" he'd heard or read about. To her, he was just a

Lana

Their Valentine's Day marriage got off to a gay start, but six months later Lana was tired of laughing at Artie's old jokes, wearing subdued colors (he hated red—her favorite), and being called "Turner" and "Carrots."



band leader with a head as large as a bass drum. Columnists generally made the most of this delightful feud, particularly since it wasn't studio manufactured.

Lana at the time was very happy with Gregson Bautzer, young Hollywood attorney. They were the most talked of, most photographed, most widely written about couple in town. They enjoyed doing the things they liked together, and maintained a sensible balance of night clubs, outdoor life and intellectual diversion. And, what was very important to both, they were extremely popular with the press and photographers covering the Hollywood front.

Artie, during the corresponding period, was cavorting around with Betty Grable (who carried torches in both hands when he eloped). When Shaw was not busy seeing Betty, he found time to make the word "jitterbug" synonymous with "moron," in appreciation of all that jitterbugs had done to put him where he was. As far as marrying into any popular press relationship, Shaw preferred being a bachelor.

To understand the next stage in the Shaw-Turner horror-scope, you must know the individuals. Those close to him say that Shaw is one of the swellest persons you could ever meet—if you only have to meet him once! After that he's an act. Friends regard him as a would-be intellectual. In all matters concerning Shaw and society, Shaw gets first billing. If it's not given to him, he takes it. He is the ultimate in egotism; he likes good conversation, but to him good conversation begins and ends with Shaw. He's like the actor who said to a friend, "Oh, I've been talking about myself for hours. Let's talk about you now —what do *you* think of my pictures?"

Shaw has had a substantial education and is basically well-read. But when he's in the company of anyone with an admittedly inferior background—he is the first to take advantage. He delights in tantalizing such people by paving the way for them to say something insipid.

He hates corny musicians. He hates autograph seekers and won't sign his name to anything. It probably hurts him to sign his name to a check. Intimates say he does not have the first dollar he earned, but only because that large-type bill has since been withdrawn from circulation! In all business matters, he's (*Continued on page 83*)



Who said that crime doesn

Celluloid Black Sheep Hum

words. for the road to rui

Beware of a hubby with a hobby, says Mayo Methot. Last year she gave "The Bogeyman," as she calls Humph, a camera for a birthday-Christmas present (he was born Dec. 25, 1900) and he's been working her and Butch, the dog, overtime ever since!

Bad

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

"There must be a little guy somewhere named Yehudi, sort of watching out for me," says Humphrey Bogart, talking out of the corner of his mouth that's twisted upward in an ironic grin.

This is his explanation for his sudden rise to stardom after all these years. The Big Event takes place in "High Sierra," the picture over which Warners and Paul Muni parted company. Muni walked out. Bogie stepped in.

Now the wags are calling him Humphrey "Weisenfreund" (Muni's real name). Wig manufacturers and purveyors of false beards, egged on by pranksters, are sending him samples of their wares. Everyone's wondering if he's going to start stealing Muni's stuff.

The answer is no. The make-up department has greyed his black hair slightly at the temples, but otherwise his appearance is unchanged. He still looks like a hard citizen. He's still carrying the prop revolver he has carried since way back. In fact, he's still playing a killer. But this time, the role is the biggest, juiciest one in the picture—meaty enough for an Academy Award winner!

Bogie doesn't mind that they originally thought of it as "something different for Muni." All that matters to him is that they eventually got around to thinking of it as something different for Bogart—a chance for bad boy to make good.

"An awful lot of things had to happen before I could get that role," he says. "But they did happen and that's why I think there must be a busy little man somewhere named Yehudi, who sort of plans things.

"Warners wanted me to go East and do six weeks of personal appearances with 'They Drive By Night.' I thought I ought to do it, just for practice. But Yehudi didn't think so. He made me haggle over terms. While I was still haggling, they sent George Raft instead. Then Muni walked out of 'High Sierra.' If George had been here, they would have given the role to him. As it was, they handed it to me.

"It's a funny thing about me," he mused. "Any time I think it's wise to do something, that turns out to be the one thing I shouldn't have done. The things I feel I *shouldn't* do always turn out for the best. It's been that way all my life. I'm getting around to the idea there's a pattern to it."

He shakes his head over the strange unreliability of his hunches.

"Why, I'm the guy who thought 'They Drive By Night'

pay, and the wages of sin is death?

phrey Bogart's making them eat their

has led him straight to stardom!



Boy Makes Good

would be a lousy picture and that the script for 'The Roaring Twenties' was no good!"

Mrs. Bogart (Mayo Methot), who's having lunch with us at the Lakeside Country Club, chimes in to say, "Warners ought to put Bogie on the advisory board that decides what stories would make good pictures. All the stories he doesn't like should be produced immediately."

"Yeah," says Bogie, appreciatively. "One time on the stage, I had a choice between a Joe Cook show and a little play called 'The Cradle-Snatchers.' My wisdom and my inclination said, 'Pick the Cook show. It has a big name for a star, it's a musical, and it will probably run a long time.' I still don't know why I picked the other. All I know is that the Cook show died on its tryout, never even got to Broadway, and 'The Cradle-Snatchers' ran two years.

"Another time, I hadn't worked all season. I said, 'I've got to get a little dough, if I want to go to Maine this summer.' So I stopped being fussy and took a role in a 'whodunit' mystery that I hoped nobody I knew would ever see me in. That's how much I thought of it. I played a heavy—something I'd never done before. I pulled wings off flies and led the audience to suspect I was the murderer. They didn't find out till the end of the third act that Rex O'Malley was the guilty guy!" He grinned reminiscently.

"Arthur Hopkins, the producer, came to see somebody else in the show. He remembered me in it. A few months later, when he was getting ready to produce 'The Petrified Forest,' he sent for me. When I dropped into his office, Robert E. Sherwood—who wrote the play and who was a friend of mine—was there. Hopkins said to me, 'I've got a good role for you. A gangster role.' Sherwood spoke up and said, 'Why, you must be crazy. He doesn't fit that part at all! What he ought to do is the part of the football player.' They argued back and forth, and I thought Sherwood was right. I couldn't picture myself playing a gangster.

"So what happened? I made a hit as the gangster. When Warners bought the play, they hired me to repeat my role on the screen. That's how I happened to get into the movies. And I've been busy ever since. Typed as a bad guy, yes. But busy."

He knocks on the table, to call Yehudi's attention to the fact that he's appreciative. Then he turns his own attention to his lunch for a few minutes. When he's ready to talk again, he says:

"I wasn't even responsible for (*Continued on page 70*)

Confidentially yours..

Throwing some light on a beautiful subject—Linda Darnell

Scotch plaid coat would indicate a wee bonny lassie. Not so—Linda's pure French with Monette Eloyse for middle names!

Bob Shaw makes the most of his privileged date—taking her to exclusive night spots and showering her with giant gardenias.







The other day, on the set of "Chad Hanna," Linda's mother and small brother and sister were busily occupied, keeping an eye on "Weedy!" Weedy is Linda's pet rooster, son of a pink-tinted Easter chick given her last Easter-tide by Ty Power, and he's making his acting début in Linda's new film. Weedy's toe-nails and beak are lacquered with red nail enamel. He walks around Linda's house exactly like a pet dog or cat and he comes when you call his name. Linda also has three turtles of the native Texas variety which she has taught to swim fancy strokes in the bath-tub. She thinks it would be fun to be a lion trainer!

When she flew to Salt Lake City for the premiere of "Brigham Young," she had her first realization of what it means to be a star. 150,000 people were on the streets; 150,000 pairs of admiring eyes were focused



And ice cream it shall be. Cro's desserts are Linda's ambition for the evening.

She really does paint! Far from being a mere dabbler, she does so well that her portraits decorate the homes of many stars.

BY JEANNE KARR

on her; frightening applause rang in her ears. The responsibility of stardom suddenly took form and shape. To keep faith with all these people, she thought, is a task not to be taken lightly.

Linda has never been kissed—off the screen. She believes that kissing a man is part of being engaged. "They all ask me to kiss them," she admits, "but I always say, 'Let's wait a couple of months and see how we feel then.' At the end of two or three months, I—well, I'm glad we didn't."

Her hobby is drawing, and Linda specializes in pastels. She did one of Peverell Marley, her cameraman, which Pev's wife has hanging in the Marley living-room. She did one of Tyrone, one of Walter Lang, who directed her in "Star Dust," and one of a cunning black and white cocker spaniel which has merited the highest praise from accredited artists.

The studio calls her "The Little Hays Office" because she is that particular about her clothes, her stills and the things she does. Modesty is her watchword. She recently taught Frank Swann a new jitterbug step, and the lessons were photographed for a magazine layout. Feeling that the step revealed more of one shapely young limb than was quite seemly, Linda "killed" the sitting. She is considerably perturbed because in her latest picture she has to wear a cotton frock without a petticoat!

Linda is scared to death of radio microphones. She doesn't like anything she can't see and touch, such as the unseen audience of the air. And she's also afraid of the dark. So that she won't have to come home to a darkened house, Linda always leaves the lights on in her bedroom.

Her mother's pet name for her is "Tweedles." She calls her mother "Mama." When you see her playing with the neighborhood children and their pets, you realize how young she is. Rabbits are her favorite pets but, ironically, they give her hay fever!

"A Dream Come More Than True" is the way Linda describes her year and a few months in California, for Hollywood has held no disillusionment for her. She never had to fight for good parts. Seven "plums" have been literally laid in her lap. Everyone has helped her and seemed eager to do it, she says. There have been no headaches, no hindrances. "It's been pure Heaven," Linda adds happily.

A home movie-making maniac, Linda cuts her pictures, develops them, prints them and processes them from start to finish herself. She spends more time behind the camera than in front of it while on the sets and on location trips. During the making of "The Mark of Zorro," Tyrone wanted to know whether he was starring in a Darryl Zanuck Production or in "Darnell Pictures, Inc!"

Pev Marley says she is the most flawlessly beautiful girl in pictures. Every angle is perfect. She couldn't look anything but beautiful, he says, even if she made faces.

Her full name is Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell. She was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 16, 1923 and is the third from youngest in a family of four girls and two boys. Linda claims, "Being one of a big family is wonderfully helpful. It certainly knocks conceit right out of you!" She is five feet, four and three-quarters inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, has night-black hair, brown brilliants for eyes, golden tan skin and tooth paste ad teeth. She's never had a permanent, never dyed her hair and never uses any make-up outside the studio. Not even lipstick. She doesn't need to, for Nature, prodigal with Linda, gave her naturally scarlet lips, too.

"I'd like to say one special thing to girls," she told me. "It's this: don't you believe that 'opportunity knocks but once.' It's not so. If you just keep your chin up and your ears pasted to the door, you'll hear opportunity knocking again and again." Linda, you know, had to come to Hollywood three times before she was asked to stay.

Reading in bed at night is her favorite indoor sport. She can't read

(*Continued on page 85*)

He hates parties, rhumbas and cocktails. A dyed in the wool sour-puss? Far from it! Just Bob Cummings, a guy with different ideas who's found a new and thrilling way of life

Fun is where you

This is, let me sound the warning right at the start, a different kind of story because Robert Cummings is an unusual sort of fellow. He doesn't talk about any of the things that actors commonly discuss, but about flying, about conscription, about the fact that Hollywood is not a democracy, about his theory of how peace will come. In everything he said, there were overtones of a different perspective, a new awareness of what is important and what isn't.

We were lunching at Eaton's Ranch the day we talked, driving the few miles from the studio to the Ranch in Bob's dark red sports job (top down) which has, amazingly enough, the right-hand drive, English-wise.

"Made for the English market," Bob explained. "Now, of course, they're not shipping them over and have a lot of them on their hands. Consequently, I was able to get this one for $600 less than the regulation price." Smart? Yes. Very.

BY GLADYS HALL



Bob says he has two pets, Spinach III, his plane, and Susie Q, a ring-tailed monkey.

We lunched in the enclosed patio at Eaton's, and Bob, to my astonishment, ordered nothing but fresh fruits and vegetables!

"Ha," I said, "gastronomically abnormal, I see! I'm used to red-meat-eating actors. Bob Taylor always eats steak for luncheon; George Raft does, too; Clark Gable—"

Bob laughed. "I lead the clean life! Matter of fact, we are vegetarians, Viv and I," ("Viv" being Mrs. Robert Cummings, née Vivian Janis, these past five years) "except when we have guests. Then we join them over the fatted calf or barbecued beef, feeling like cannibals. And we're dyspeptic for days thereafter!

"We really do lead an abnormal life. We never go to night clubs except under pressure from the publicity department, and we only succumb to that a couple of times a year. Then we go to the Victor Hugo and have a whirl at doing a kind of a rhumba. We don't know what the inside of Chasen's looks like, or Ciro's. That's being abnormal, in Hollywood! We're not chummy with very many picture people. Most of our friends are fliers and my best friend out here is my lawyer and manager. I don't drink, ever. I smoke very seldom. We rarely go to the movies. We never go to the races or to the polo matches. We spend all of our spare time flying.

"Viv is as abnormal for a girl as I am for a man. She can't be persuaded to buy a piece of jewelry or even a new dress, except when actual necessity dictates. She'd rather spend her time making out a chart for our week-end trip. Just how much baggage we'll be carrying, how much time we'll spend here or there, exactly what minute of what hour we should be flying over this or that river or mountain range, visibility, ceiling, head winds and cloud conditions—all that sort of thing must be written down in easy, legible form



"Viv," his wife, studies rushes from "Caribbean Holiday" and seems to approve!



Bob was once a caddy, grew to hate the sight of a club, but plays occasionally now.

find it



Took up flying right after Lindy's famous flight—when he was in his teens.

before taking off. That's fun for us. Flying somehow makes us realize how important time is, so that we who fly learn not to squander it on things that don't really matter to us.

"The fact that I am able to say 'us' about everything," Bob said gratefully, "is very significant. Only marriages based on mutual interest and understanding can work out successfully today. I was married once before, you know, to a little girl from my home town of Joplin, Missouri. She was very sweet, very young, but she'd never been far away from home and couldn't understand the theatre or its people. We had such a hard time, living in one room, no money, all that sort of thing, that in the end, with no malice on either side, she went home to her mother.

"But to return to the question of our abnormality. We are not blue stockings, recluses, intellectuals or any of the popular types that shun the pastimes of the younger set. It's just that our interests and pleasures lie in other directions.

"I suppose the fact is I have two careers, flying and acting. And one is as important to me as the other. I love bomb-sites, controllable propellers and my blind flying instruments as well as I do scripts, cameras, sound stages, make-up boxes and the sight of my name in electric lights. Funny thing, though," mused Bob, "when you're up there, ten or fifteen thousand feet high, seeing your name in electric lights just doesn't seem very important."

Bob's flying is no mere hobby. He has been at it for more than ten years and is a lieutenant in the Reserve Air Corps. He holds not only a pilot's license but one with Instructor's Rating, the only license of its kind to be held by an amateur pilot. He is, in addition, a licensed radio operator with a station in his own ship (a Cessna, four-passenger, cabin monoplane) complete with a radio transmitter and receiver.

"Flying," Bob was saying, "minimizes the importance of a lot of things. For example, I could become very annoyed with Hollywood; it's not a democracy but a dictatorship. When you realize that the $16.50 a day 'dress' extras wouldn't dream of associating with the $5.00 a day 'crowd' extras, you know we live in a rigid caste system here.

"Not only that, but we are under control every second and have nothing to say about anything we do. Take my own case. If I go on the radio, I have to give 50% of what I make to the studio. If the studio doesn't want me to go on the air, I can't go on the air! The studio dictates the whole policy of my life. It can even tell me where to go evenings!

"I could work up a healthy little inferiority complex because Allan Jones, let's say, (he and Irene are good friends of ours) has a swimming pool, stables, a way of living I can't hope to compete with. This might make me miserable if greater causes and effects didn't remind me that it really doesn't matter too much.

"There are other bogeymen in Hollywood; one of them is the mistaken reputation we get of having great wealth. Salesmen of lots, bonds and diamond mines waylay you at every turn, and you have to learn to say 'no' in every language!

"Then there is the sure knowledge that when we're through in this business there is almost no other occupation open to us. Let me (*Continued on page 78*)

BRENDA MARSHALL was still new on the Warner Brothers lot when she entered the studio's Green Room one day for luncheon. Over there in the far corner she espied a shining white empty table. She seated herself and was ordering, when in came Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh who pulled up chairs to join her.

They were wonderful, Brenda found; treated her just like one of themselves! How nice and chummy of them, she thought, to come over and sit with me when they might have taken a less secluded table. And here I am an unknown and not even acquainted with them yet! After all the stories she'd heard, too, about stars and actors being uppity to strangers. Brenda felt warm and friendly all over.

Later, she learned she had barged in on Cagney's reserved table, the one at which he'd been taking lunch for years! Cagney and the others had been polite enough not to mention the fact that girls traditionally never sat at that particular table!

Brenda still blushes furiously whenever she thinks of the episode. But that was only one of many embarrassing moments in her rise to stardom! Becoming a star, she's learned, has taken its toll. It isn't all glory.

Take the evening she attended a Warner's preview, for instance. On the way out of the theatre, she signed her name to fifteen or twenty autograph albums pushed into her hands. This was fun, being recognized and asked to sign your name, better by far than ordering about the natives on your father's plantation in the Philippines.

A moment later, dismay suffused her. She heard a fan shout, "There's Olivia de Havilland! Let's get her autograph." And immediately the fan, followed by two others, charged over to Brenda and held out autograph books!

Shortly after being placed under contract by the studio, Brenda received instructions to drop over to the photographic gallery for a sitting, her first on the lot.

Instantly, there flashed into her mind the glamorous portraits she'd seen of other players, in swanky evening gowns, smart afternoon and sports attire; exotic shots which spelled allurement and romance. She arrived at the gallery practically breathless at the prospect of turning into a glamour queen. This, she thought ecstatically, is the life!

Poor Brenda! She was put into some kitchen things, handed a pumpkin pie, and—horrors—was told to ride a turkey! All the studio wanted were a few Thanksgiving pictures, and not one solitary glamour pose was shot.

One evening during the run of "Espionage Agent," her initial picture, Brenda made a personal appearance in conjuction with the film at a beach town. Arriving home late from the studio, she barely had time to change and rush into a blue crêpe dress before a studio car called for her. She hastily pulled on an old coat and hurried out to the automobile, feeling far from smart.

But her horror and embarrassment knew no bounds when she stepped out onto the stage and discovered that in her hurry, she had put on her dress inside out!

Her young daughter was responsible for one of Brenda's more harrowing moments. She had taken the little girl for her first visit to the studio, where a dramatic scene from "The Sea Hawk" was being enacted before the camera. They stood in the background, but close enough so that the small one could see everything that went on.

During the rehearsal of the scene, the whole stage had been lighted, behind the cameras as well as on the set itself. When the actual "take" was called, however, only the set was illuminated, the other lights dimming.

Just as the players were swinging into action—Errol Flynn walking down the throne room to where Queen Elizabeth, in the person of Flora Robson, sat on the dais, and with all else dead quiet—Brenda's infant, terrified by the whole thing, gave a blood-curdling yell which carried over the entire stage. The "take" was completely ruined, and Brenda didn't linger on after the commotion died down.

One of Brenda's most embarrassing moments occurred during a visit to New York when, with a friend, she met Errol Flynn in a night club.

Now, she knew Errol only very slightly, but she did know she was to be his leading lady in "The Sea Hawk." What distressed her, however, and threw her into a perfect panic, was the fact that, when she saw him approaching her table, she didn't know whether it was proper to introduce him as Errol or as Mr. Flynn. She managed to mutter something unintelligible, Errol acknowledged the mumble-jumble graciously and all ended happily. But it was certainly a terrifying moment! (*Continued on page 80*)

HOLLYWOOD GANGS UP ON



If you, too, are a puller of boners, you'll appreciate these blushable high spots of Brenda's career!

Twenty-five-year-old Brenda claimed she was "through with men forever" when she filed suit for divorce, but Bill Holden (3 years her junior) has changed her mind!



BY WHITNEY WILLIAMS

"Half Pint" (that's Bill's name for her) is such a kid at heart, it's hard to believe she has a two-year-old daughter. She adores ice cream cones, picnics, low heels and hair ribbons, and admits she's afraid of the dark.

It's a matter of give 'n' take in thrills, as Hollywood's gay blades turn out for this premiere on ice



Irene Dunne beams now that husband Francis Griffin has given up his N. Y. practise. Up to now, he's been commuting to his Manhattan dentist's office!





Ronnie Reagan, who spends his spare moments modeling for the art students at U.C.L.A., played hookey for the occasion. The former sports announcer never misses an event like this—and he doesn't mind the autograph hunters a bit.



▲ Dancer George Murphy and wife take lessons in skating the light fantastic from the Follies retinue on opening night. Tempted to swap his dancing pumps for a pair of skates, George went around backstage after the performance was over to find out just exactly what the chances were.

A bleacher seat at the World Series may be somebody's idea of heaven, but we'll take a box at the Ice Follies for our money! Sonja Henie, who's no slouch on skates herself, enjoyed it so much she went practically nightly. So did the Harold Lloyds. And a certain Hollywood playboy fell so hard for one of the Folliettes, he attended forty consecutive performances!

On opening night, silver fox jackets and mink coats were a dime a dozen, and even the majority of sports jacket-loving males were resplendent in evening clothes. Jane Withers, who has more formals than Hedy Lamarr, was probably *the* fashion plate of the evening in a décolleté gown, a white fitted wrap and a huge camellia corsage.

During the intermission, almost everyone went outside to ogle and incidentally to thaw out numb tootsies. However, Bill Powell, feet wrapped in a blanket, stayed inside in a pseudo-sulk, because the skaters could do tricks he couldn't, and Jane Wyman—soon to become a mama—sat and ate peanuts and signed autograph books till the second half began. Part two, incredibly, was even better than part one. Comedians Frick and Frack rolled the customers in the aisles, and the finale had everyone yelling for encores.

Everyone, that is, but Cesar Romero, who could hardly wait for the whole thing to be over so that he could tear back stage and arrange for a few quick skating lessons. (From that cute little redhead, Evelyn Chandler, we betcha!)

By Jean Kinkead

Follies of 1941



Jeanette MacDonald and spouse, Gene Raymond, arrived half an hour late to watch the frozen frolics. Maybe they purposely snuck in under cover of darkness to hide Gene's newly-dyed coiffure. Since his movie comeback, ▼ he's been sporting jet black locks.



▲ Follies stars, Bess Ehrhardt's and Evelyn Chandler's explanations of "Arabian cartwheels" set Jane Withers to giggling. A whiz on her radio-equipped bike, Janie's a flop (and we do mean literally) on the ice.



Lewis Stone and ➤ his youthful wife No. 3, lovely Hazel Woof, roar at the antics of Comedians Frick and Frack. The Stones were in summer attire, but brought along a blanket for their feet.

Photos by Jules Buck


a DAY to remember

A girl who can talk herself out of a ticket for speeding is worth knowing, especially if she happens to be lovely Laraine Day!

A low slung coupé, red, slightly battered, with fenders twisted, bumpers askew streaks down the road like a flash of lightning, burning the concrete at eighty plus.

There's a shrill whistle as a motorcycle spins out of ambush!

A couple of miles and seconds later, the coupé pulls over to the side of the road, stops with a scream of breaks. The officer of the law mops his brow, leaps off his panting machine, a figure of furious determination. And then what happens? He deflates like a pricked balloon and puts the summons back in his pocket. He gulps, clears his throat, tries to deliver a few harsh words of warning, but ends by smiling fatuously at the young lady inside.

"You shouldn't ought to go that fast," he says apologetically. The young lady nods a mop of blonde curls in humble agreement.

"That's what everyone says."

"Well," the officer sees the innocent blue eyes, the black lashes waving hello. "Weee-el,—the next time,—" She smiles a "thank you," slips the car in gear and is gone.

"Whew!" The officer mops his brow again. What a looker, he thinks. And that smile! Wasn't there something familiar about that? Hasn't he seen her somewhere before?

Of course! He remembers now. He's seen her in the Kildare series as a student nurse; he's seen her in "My Son, My Son" as Maeve, a young actress; and in "Foreign Correspondent" as the girl Joel McCrea keeps afloat after the plane crash.

The lady, as you may have guessed, is none other than Laraine Day in her favorite role of speed demon. Miss Day, you see, is just naturally in a hurry. Speed is in her blood! She loves airplanes, and the dizzier and higher and faster they fly, the better. She pedals a bicycle like a householder rushing to save hearth and home from a three-alarm fire. And as a hiker, she'd make a swell cross-country track star! When Laraine and her twin brother, Lamar, set out for a cross-country walk of a quiet Sunday morning, there's no dawdling for them. They take it on the lam!

Speed is the keynote of her career. Remember that this Day dream is only nineteen years old, and you'll realize that she has been in a hurry ever since she was born. Just look at her! Not only does she rate a juicy contract with Metro, but Maestros Small and Wanger bid for her services in gilt-edged pictures; Alfred Hitchcock says she's a wonder to direct, and the critics thumb the dictionary for fresh adjectives to do her justice.

She and Lamar were five years old when they decided, quite seriously and firmly, what work they intended to do in this world. Lamar said he was going to be a printer. Laraine said she was going to be an actress. Father and Mother Johnson—Johnson is Laraine's real name—took the statements with a grain of salt. Frankly they were not impressed. They figured that the twins, like other children, would change their ambitions with the seasons. But they didn't realize that Lamar and Laraine were such full-speed-ahead hellions! Here they are though! A couple of years this side of voting age, and both well launched on their careers; Lamar a master of type-setting, and Laraine a brilliant young actress with a terrific future!

Like the traffic cop, we mop our brow and say "Whew!"

Laraine did not spend her school days dreaming about her career. Quietly determined and bluntly practical, she started to prove her versatility in this acting business in kindergarten. She was an angel in a Christmas play and one of the evil spirits in Pandora's Box. In grade school she was Cinderella, Beauty and The Knave of Hearts. In high school she earned all the dramatic club's best parts. Word flew around that a whizz of a young actress was knocking audiences for a loop at a high school in Los Angeles, and that's how Laraine got a crack at tiny parts with The Players Guild.

Count one, two, three, and there's Laraine leading lady of this professional group, while at the same time she keeps up her high school studies and fetches home straight A's so the parent Johnsons can't find cause for just complaint.

Cross two months off the calendar, and look who's here. A talent scout! Result? A couple of walk-ons, bit parts and then the Day was cast as Maeve in "My Son, My Son."

The studio sent Laraine a script at five-thirty of a Tuesday afternoon. Wednesday at nine A. M. she was plunging headlong into a tense scene with Brian Aherne. This was just her speed. She knew her lines cold. She'd figured out Maeve's character and reactions to a T. She played the part with assurance, warmth and deft eloquence. Overnight, Laraine was well on her way to picture stardom. No two ways about it, the girl is uncanny!

But don't, on any account, think of her as a "greasy grind," the graphic college term for a student who crams and works and frets and stews. Don't imagine that Laraine hasn't a second to give to anything but her work. Nothing could be farther from the truth. She can utilize minutes so fully, do things so quickly and so thoroughly, that she has more time for play and fun than anyone we know.

She manages to spend a good many hours a week lolling on the beach and playing in the ocean. She and Lamar take their sports seriously, and keep their swimming, tennis and golf up to scratch no matter how arduous their working schedules. Consequently, Laraine's skin is a bright nut brown and contrasts vividly with her sunny hair and her blue eyes; her figure is slender, strong and graceful, and there are never any unhappy dieting problems in her active, strenuous life.

Laraine eats, she'll tell you frankly, like a horse. Her favorite food is a big, juicy hamburger on a soft toasted roll. The "a" is a miracle of understatement, for Lamar says he once observed his little sister toss off eight of them, without batting an eye! "Of course," Laraine apologizes, "that was after an active day." And when Laraine calls a day active, you can bet your boots it was downright hysterical!

In the Johnson's large, casual house in Cheviot Hills, the ice box is always well stocked with hot dogs and hamburgers, ginger ale and milk. At almost any hour of the day or night, Laraine and Lamar are likely to show up with a group of their buddies in tow,-all of them practically starving. Laraine rolls up her sleeves, greases the grill and goes to work. She piles the hamburgers high with onions, relish and catsup, and the group guzzles. Then they play games: hop scotch, charades, darts, ping pong, and a number of wild novelties they have invented. The Johnson parents are prepared for almost anything.

One night not long ago, for instance, the senior Johnsons were returning from the neighborhood theatre where they had gone to see one of Laraine's pictures—they refuse to attend previews, wait calmly for daughter's shows to come to them. As they approached their house they heard weird shrieks emanating from the interior. They opened the front door to find the place pitch (*Continued on page 79*)

BY MARY HAMMAN

A Skin that Men Adore

Whoever started that yarn about sleeping beauty didn't know much about modern girls. You've got to be awake, alive and alert these days, morning, noon and night —most of all at night. You may be a careerist all day long, but come evening, and the man in your life has a way of expecting to see you gay and glamorous, and if you don't look that way you certainly aren't going to feel it. That's a tall order, you may say, for a girl who's been cooking or typing or reciting lessons most of her day.

But if you want to persuade the man of the moment that you can be the girl of his dreams, it's well worth your while learning a beauty trick or two that will stand you in good stead come five o'clock of a winter's evening. And the happy truth is, it can be done. That has been demonstrated over and over by girls from coast to coast, and particularly by your favorite movie heroines. There's the lovely Joan Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Nan Grey, Jane Wyman, Claudette Colbert, Anne Shirley, Jean Arthur, Diana Lewis, Ida Lupino, Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Fontaine, for example, who are successful careerists by day, happy and beautiful wives at home.

Then don't forget the bright young members of the unmarried set who make Hollywood history from 9 to 5, are the life of the town by night and still manage to be sparklingly beautiful no matter when you see them. Mary Beth Hughes, Twentieth Century-Fox's engaging young star, Betty Grable, Mary Healy, Judy Garland, Peggy Moran, Rosalind Russell, Madeleine Carroll, Helen Parrish and Brenda Joyce are just a few who manage to be as distractingly lovely after five P. M. as they are conspicuously successful during "business" hours.

There is one big asset which these girls have in common, and which you, too, can have—and that is a clear, radiant, beautiful complexion. If, after long fatiguing hours of work in grease paint, under hot lights, subject to continual nervous strain and emotional tension, these lassies of the lenses can still look fresh and clean and lovely, we maintain that any girl anywhere can do the same.

If you work all day, a small but completely equipped kit full of complexion aids tucked away in a desk drawer or locker shelf will do the trick of erasing tired lines and that "working girl look" in time for that big date with your best boy friend. You may be a modern young realist who says to yourself some evenings, "Oh, I'm tired. If he really loves me, he won't care how I look." Well, all we know is what we've heard our beaux say on the subject and we'll pass that along for whatever it's worth. One man, perhaps more articulate than the rest, summed it up brutally but frankly when he said, "I don't know anything more abominably conceited than the girl who thinks that she can look like a scarecrow and still expect men to be devoted to her. Most men don't want their women to be elaborately turned out, but they do yearn for a charmingly feminine companion who shows by her good taste and grooming that she considers the feelings of the man who devotes his attentions to her." The consensus of opinion is that no young man wants to see his girl look wan and bedraggled. And in these days—and evenings—there's too much competition around for any girl to risk deliberately flying in the face of a yen as easily met as that one.

So in your desk or locker keep a cake of mild soap, a jar each of cleansing and foundation creams, a box of compressed cotton, a little bottle of fresh scented cologne or skin freshener, rouge, powder, lipstick and eye make-up. At the stroke of five, cleanse your skin as thoroughly as possible, first with soap and water, then with cream. A finishing fillip with the cotton dipped in freshener gives you a sense of positive luxury. Now, on with your foundation, rouge, powder, lip stick and eye beautifiers and watch his eyes light up when you appear fresh and lovely. Dust and city soil make any girl appear uninteresting, but a clean, clear skin makes her look both gay and charming.

Of course, you have to know how to give your skin the basic home care it needs as well as the last minute emergency touches. It must be cleansed, stimulated and softened regularly if that final flourish is going to be effective. You see, a skin, to be beautiful, must be healthy, and to be healthy, it must be clean. A warm bath, topped off with a cold rinse, should be as regular as rations at your house. Keep a special cake of mild soap for your very own use. Bath salts, a long-handled brush or a friction mitt are helpful accessories, too. But at least be sure to use a thick, coarse wash cloth, for you can't have cleanliness without friction. Clean, heavy Turkish towels are also a decided bath and beauty aid. If you can follow your toweling by a brisk all-over rub-down with cologne or dusting powder, so much the better. Your skin is a hard-working organ of elimination, you know, besides being a protective sheath and a basic necessity for your (*Continued on page 74*)

BY CAROL CARTER





Mary Beth Hughes, 20th Century-Fox's beauteous new blonde starlet, guards her skin with creams and lotions, and breathes deeply to keep that sparkling glow of youth and good health.



The languorous age of Sleeping Beauty is past. You have to be alive, alert and awake these days—and evenings too!

Our snooping snapster, Jules Buck, takes hot to the trail of skylarking stars and shoots 'em night-lifing in Hollywood lairs!



Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine are such fight enthusiasts, they're even staging them at home. Just lovers' quarrels, we hope!



The Fred MacMurrays temporarily abandon their adopted adored one, 4-months-old Susan, to appear at another war-relief party.



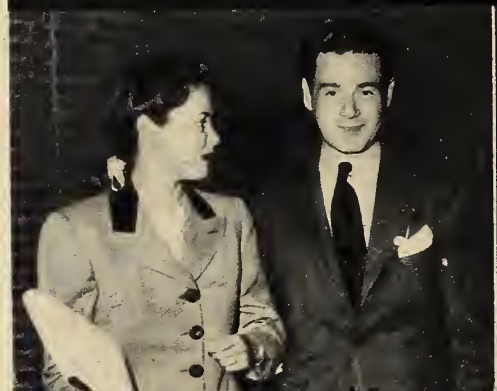
Table-hopping Roz Russell leaves escort Freddie Brisson to tweak the Montgomery chin at Ciro's.



Bob and Babs Taylor tear themselves away from their home on the range for a ballgame and Ciro's.



Now that John's completed his 2,500 flying hours, he and Mrs. Payne are buying a ranch from which they'll commute by plane.



Gene Tierney, who made such a hit in Broadway's "Male Animal," once-a-weeks with agent Barron Polen.



Fay Wray nabbed Al Hall on the Lucille Ball rebound, and it seems she's made a very happy substitute.



Buddy Rogers is congratulated by wife Mary and Elsa Maxwell on his decision to give up his band to direct and act in the movies.



Hollywood's No. 1 bachelor, Greg Bautzer, reportedly's giving up a cherished independence for L'Amour.



The Dick Hallidays took the marriage knot literally. No one's ever seen their hands unclasped.



Elusive Edgar Bergen, famous for Charlie McCarthy and impregnable bachelorhood, keeps current lady, Josephine Heller, guessing plenty.



Now that Gracie's presidential aspirations are in the past, she and George Burns relax and toast the Harry J. Browns' 7th anniversary.



Rog Pryor hears about Ann Sothern's latest yen—to sing in her next film! Her 250-lb. mother, a voice instructress, is the Coach.



Ginny Simms, Kay Kyser's girlfriend, expects big roles as a result of her nose-innovation.



While Chaplin's away, Goddard will play. Here she is dining at Ciro's with Director Litvak.



Alice Faye deserts Cesar Romero and dazzles Greer Garson with her egg-size sapphire ring and breath-taking diamond bracelet.



Solacer Peggy Moran cheers Joe Pasternak after a sad adieu to his Brooklyn fiancée at the airport.



Betty Grable is jubilant as she pinch-hits for absentee Lucille Ball, in the rhumba with Desi Arnaz.



Rumor has it that Judy Garland and Dave Rose will make an altar trek any time now. They've been dating nightly for ages 'n' ages.



Ad-libber Fields does it again as he puckers lips to give Mrs. Spitz a peck of birthday wishes.



'Tis rumored the Bill Powells will soon be focusing their attention upon an adopted junior Powell.



'Tisn't just crêpe suzettes that makes the Herbert Marshalls beam. They're sparkling in expectancy of a Third Marshall sometime soon.

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Chitchat to tickle your funnybone and keep you Hollywood-wise!

VIC(TORY FOR) MATURE

The Lana Turner-Vic Mature coupling is the hottest item in Hollywood's romantic fires, but we don't believe anyone's reported how it all began. For the records, then, here goes: Vic was at Ciro's with a party, one evening, when Lana, accompanied by her agent, came in and sat at a table near the men's "powder" room. Vic had never met Lana but, as soon as he spotted her, he realized two things—that she was a girl he'd have no trouble going for, and that he knew the man she was with. That was enough for Vic. He promptly jumped up from his own table and bee-lined for the "room." On the way there, however, and on the way back, he paused at the Turner table for a little chat with the agent and each time, with as much subtlety as a dive bomber, angled for an introduction to the beauteous Lana. No luck at all. However, that didn't discourage Mr. Mature! Ten minutes later and a dozen times after that, he repeated the routine—the Turner table, the "powder" room, the Turner table and home—but absolutely no dice. That night Lana and Vic went their separate ways, technically strangers. However, an honest man always finds a way. The following morning, Vic all but choked Lana's phone number out of a mutual friend and—well—just reread our opening sentence!

FIT TO BE TRIED

Cutest twist to the Turner-Mature romance is the pair's "Mike-and-Ike-they-look-alike" gag. Lana and Vic, early in their "friendship," bought duplicate swim suits and play clothes but, now that they know each other better, are expanding their wardrobes to include tailored suits made of identically the same fabrics and cut along similar lines—and there's no assurance they'll stop there. The other afternoon, we ankled into Gladys Parker's swank dressmaking establishment and came upon Lana clad in straight pins, basting stitches and something skin-hugging and décolleté which answers to the name of evening gown. You guessed it. We marched into the next dressing-room looking for Mr. Mature! He wasn't there, we are sorry to say, but the middle-aged woman who was, put us in our place by remarking sarcastically that we "might find him at Adrian's."

NAMES'LL NEVER HURT YOU!

Many men find Lucille Ball disturbing—but not in the same sense Orson Welles does. To Orson, Lucille's curves and appeal are as negligible as Elsie the Cow's. He'd be happy if he never laid eyes on the lady again, and is conscious of her only as the female who transformed him from a Plain Genius to a Mad Genius. Addressing the mighty Mr. Welles as "Stinky" one day, Lucille discovered it made him furious—and discovered, at the same time, that making Mr. Welles furious made her feel fine! Consequently, she now follows him all over the RKO lot, pounces on him in the commissary and even hunts for him when he ducks her, just to hurl her "pet" name and watch him squirm. Orson's begged her to stop, but Lucille's having too much fun and, unless something's done about it, Orson, who recently found himself laid up with a broken leg, may soon find himself laid up with apoplexy!



THE FABULOUS INVALID

But don't let Orson's allergy to unflattering nicknames disillusion you. He's really a very wonderful guy—as evidenced by his performance at Ciro's the other evening. Still "suffering" from that broken leg, Orson hobbled into the cafe, supported by crutches and Dolores Del Rio. Motioning for a waiter, he permitted himself to be helped across the room to his table, and lowered gently into his chair. Then, to the astonishment of everyone, he handed his crutches to the waiter, rose unassisted and, with Dolores on his arm, made a dash for the dance floor and a rhumba! And that isn't all! When he was ready to leave, he demanded the return of his crutches and, with face absolutely expressionless, he limped calmly across the dance floor, out the door and into the night.

HERE COMES THE GROOM!

Arleen Whelan probably knew it all along, but we've just learned that when the 26-year-old redhead eloped to Las Vegas with Alexander D'Arcy, her on-again-off-again heartbeat of many months standing, she took unto herself more than a mere male. *She* married the "world's best-dressed man!" The smooth and handsome Alex, a 31-year-old French-Egyptian, was handed the title recently by a noted Movietown designer who cites as proof, the actor's 130 suits, 61 pairs of shoes, 42 hats, 37 sports ensembles and a few hundred other assorted items. And, as though that were not enough, Arleen's groom is also known as "Hollywood's Numba One Rhumbamaniac!"

KNOCK BEFORE YOU LEAP

The funniest story to come out of Hollywood in a dog's age is the one Claudette Colbert's telling on herself. It's one of those embarrassing moment tales, but don't let that scare you. This one's different. . . . It all happened when Claudette's house was being redecorated for the winter. Claudette had moved down to the beach with some friends but, one day, agreed to pose for a magazine photographer in the garden of her own home. Forgetting there were people working in the building, she drove up to the house, let herself in with her personal key and went directly to her dressing-room, closing the door, behind her. Within a few minutes she had laid out a fresh costume and, after peeling off her clothes piece by piece, stood clad in —nothing. She was just about to slide into a negligée when the door opened and in strode a man! "He was there less than a moment," Claudette relates, "and I think he was even more scared than I. At any rate, he found his legs first and bolted like a shot. I found out later he was one of the house painters, but he never came back to finish his job! As far as I know, he's still running!" Away from what, may we ask?

HIS PLACE IN THE SUN

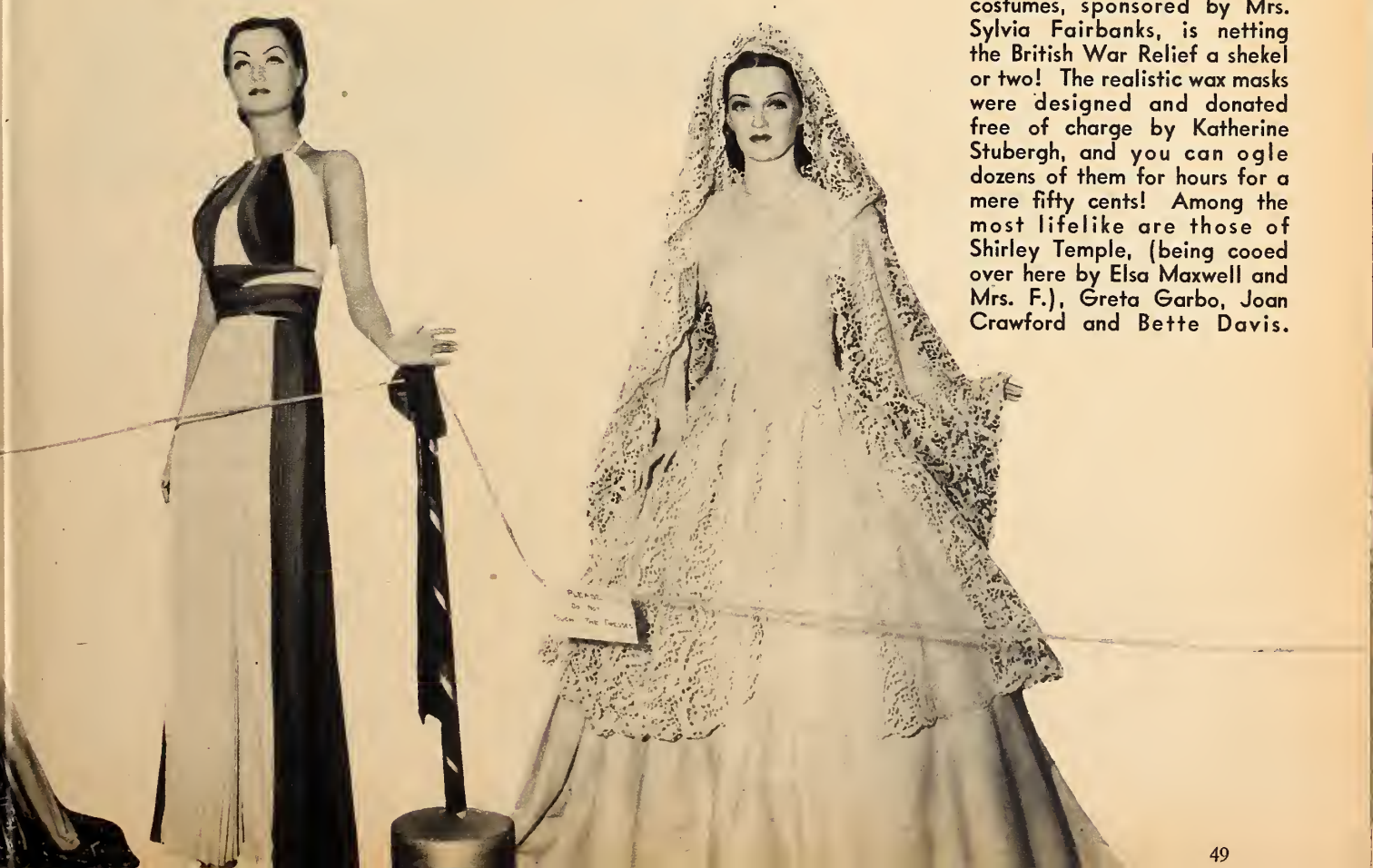
Anecdotes linking W. C. Fields with a certain beverage, referred to as scotch and soda, are slated for extinction. Fields has actually grown sensitive about them and about the legends which surround his stop-light nose. It's tough to believe, but we're convinced since we learned that the morning W. C. was scheduled to begin wardrobe fittings for "The Bank Dick," he woke up with a flaming red schnoz and flatly refused to go to to the studio! "I got this firecracker at the beach," he swore, "and I'm not going down there and let everyone say Fields was plastered before he even started!" P. S. Fittings were held up until the nose had returned to its own lovely pink.

JUDY DONNING ROSE-COLORED GLASSES?

M-G-M's bulging with the tender emotion these days, what with Lana and Vic, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, Norma Shearer and George Raft, and Mickey Rooney and Dolly Thom all apparently on the verge of something serious. The Metromancer closest to the altar, however, is little Judy Garland. Intimates insist that Judy and musician Dave Rose are so in love they can't see straight and that despite the objections of her advisers, Judy will become Mrs. Rose as soon as Dave's divorce becomes final in May. Of course, Judy's still very young and older people who want her to contradict her own heart have her slightly mixed up at the moment. Nevertheless, she and Dave are a bright pair and you can bet your bankroll that the matter will be wound up in whatever way makes *them* happiest.

CONSERVATIVE CROSBY

More important to a script writer than food is material for good gags—and Bing Crosby's script writers are starving! There's nothing funny about Bing anymore! For one thing, he's sold all but one of his thirty poky race horses which were always good for a



The exhibition of original movie costumes, sponsored by Mrs. Sylvia Fairbanks, is netting the British War Relief a shekel or two! The realistic wax masks were designed and donated free of charge by Katherine Stubergh, and you can ogle dozens of them for hours for a mere fifty cents! Among the most lifelike are those of Shirley Temple, (being cooed over here by Elsa Maxwell and Mrs. F.), Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis.

GOOD NEWS

laugh and, for another thing, he's turned Beau Brummell! Yup, nightmare shirts and hats a milkman's nag would disdain will never again adorn Mr. Crosby! Last week a friend read a nasty crack about Bing's sloppy attire, clipped it and sent it to Bing with a note. Bing proved that he could take a hint, and the next morning he went out and bought himself an entirely new and very elegant wardrobe!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

We're not trying to start a new influx of females to Hollywood's already overcrowded pastures, but we've just learned of a job in town that's good enough to lure many a young femme to the Cinema City. We're talking about waiting on tables at the Brown Derbys. Most visitors to the restaurants sympathize with the girls who serve them there, feeling they must be discontented with their lot and consumed with envy every time they plant a pork chop or a hot fudge sundae in front of a famous face. The laugh, of course, is on the visitors. The girls are perfectly well satisfied—and who wouldn't be, earning from $60 to $75 a week, *every* week! We're not kidding. Their basic salary combined with fat tips adds up to that sum and the only expenses they have in connection with their jobs are the costs of a weekly hair set and manicure which the Derby management insists upon, plus an average of at least three pairs of stockings a week, because they are asked never to serve at tables with as much as a single snag in their hose.

THE CORRECT THING

Emily Post, who has been telling befuddled folks for lo, these many years, not to eat peas with a knife or drink out of fingerbowls, would have fallen over in a faint had she been present at the home of the Chico Marxes one night last week. Chico, it appears, invited some friends over for a bite of supper and a game of gin-rummy, which was perfectly conventional. What wasn't conventional, though, was the sight of Mr. Marx ushering his assembled guests into the dining room at precisely the same moment Mrs. Marx was ushering herself out the front door, headed for the Brown Derby and *her* evening snack! The reason for this curious Hollywood etiquette? Mrs M. is getting a divorce from Mr. M. and, though she still shares her husband's roof, she didn't want to be in his way at the party!

ANNIE KEEPS IT CLEAN

Remember when the Harvard "Lampoon's" nasty cracks about Ann Sheridan being the "least likely to succeed" spattered the front pages of the country? Well, one of the school's graduate students has just penned a humorous sequel to the incident. He's written to the star and asked permission to use her as the subject of his Ph.D. thesis! Annie has a hunch it's a gag but will nix the proposition personally, nevertheless. Says she slyly: "No Harvard man's going to drop a blot on *my* good name!"

DATA AND DISA

The engagement ring and wedding band Greg Bautzer purchased for Lana Turner are locked in his bank vault, awaiting Dotty Lamour's "Yes" . . . Mary Livingstone's new nose cost $1,000 . . . "Love me, tolerate my cocker spaniel," says Constance Bennett who never turns up on a set without the beige-colored pup which reputedly set her back $1,500 . . . Attention, Screen Actors Guild! The ranch home of Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck is in the movie business, too. It'll be the background for most of the Jane Withers picture, "Golden Hoofs" . . . Six-year-old Casey Johnson's stand-in in "Little Men" is a thirty-two-year-old midget who spends his leisure moments puffing away at a big, black cigar . . . Music-loving Eddie Albert owns well over two thousand phonograph records, and among them are many discs of French, Russian, Italian and Austrian folk songs . . . New High in Modernism: Herbert Marshall and his ex-frau, Edna Best, played opposite each other in a recent Hollywood production of Noel Coward's "Still Life" . . . The wedding bands that Bob Young and his wife wear are identical, except that hers is platinum and his is gold . . . Andrea Leeds is yanking all available strings in order to cancel her contracts with Sam Goldwyn. She and Bob are expecting an heir to the Howard fortune, and she'd like to retire from the screen forever and devote herself to wife-and-mothering . . . Laurence Olivier tied Vivien Leigh to him with a wedding band that's a half-inch wide!

FILM FUN

Shemp Howard, whackiest of the Three Stooges, was Universal-contracted the other day, and handed one of those form questionnaires which all newcomers fill out for publicity purposes. These questionnaires snoop as far into a player's personal life as the law allows, and seldom bring up anything lively. But leave it to a Stooge! The following excerpts from Shemp's questionnaire will give you a hint of what Universal's up against. Q. Any of your ancestors or members of your family distinguished in any field of endeavor? A. My brother, Curly. He was the first in the family to get a divorce. Q. Are any of your children theatrically inclined? A. God forbid! Q. What is your educational background? A. I attended the Brooklyn Plumbers' College. Q. List degrees received. A. Third degree burns. Q. Describe highlights of your early youth. A. I'll need about eight more pages for that. Q. How do you keep in condition? A. By sleeping and acting nervous at fights.

NEGATIVELY SPEAKING

When Barbara Hutton was stricken with a siege of the flu recently, local photographers were overjoyed. They've nothing against Barbara—in fact, think she's a grand girl. But ever since she rode into the Hollywood scene, they've been unable to flash-bulb Cary Grant! Seems Barbara got her fill of candid cameras long before she cut her first tooth and has asked all the Hollywood lens hounds to snub her completely and train their little black boxes on Gloria Glamour, instead. The boys respect her wish but, since Cary seldom appears without her, shots of Grant at play are growing scarcer than peace on earth! Naturally, when Cary squired Virginia Field to an important movie the other night, the camera boys rushed at the pair only to find a new obstacle in their path of duty. Virginia, whose British fiancé Richard Greene—now seeing service overseas—is still very much on her mind, feared that her date with Cary might be misconstrued and refused to pose at his side! Not until agent Johnny Maschio and Lady Moore, who was visiting Barbara Hutton at the time, had been sandwiched between them, would she face the birdie!



John Barrymore recently immortalized his hands, feet and profile in cement at Grauman's Theatre.



He had planned to use a cast of his face for the dirty work, but Sid insisted upon the real McCoy.

ALLEN A PINCH-PENNY?

Fred Allen is a plain guy. Night clubs bore him and show-offs give him a pain in the neck, but there's not one Hollywood wiseacre who can understand that. The wags interpret Fred's passion for simple living as stinginess and, all through the Allens' Movietown stay, had a fun-poking field day because Fred and the Missus cold-shouldered Ciro's and lived in a small apartment where Mrs. Allen did all their cooking. When word leaked out that Fred, preparing to leave for the East, had smashed his knuckles trying to help an expressman get his trunk through the door, the quipsters roared themselves silly. Fred came through all this ribbing completely unruffled, but not unaware and, when he got to New York, he made up his mind to lay it on even thicker. Hustling ever to the radio station from which he broadcasts, he dug out the station-owned story of his life and wrote the following addenda: "Regarding my marriage to Portland Hoffa, we had no extended honeymoon, but we did spend a few days in Waterbury, Connecticut, to make it seem longer!"



Mary Beth Hughes (his wife in "The Great Profile") made him beautiful as 2,000 fans cheered.

The finished product! John first signed his name "Jon," and had to do the whole thing over again.

GREER'S MR. THAU

Can you conceive of any man escorting a beautiful film star to the theatre, and then smuggling her out a side door to prevent people from seeing him with her? Seems kind of strange, in fact, slightly on the screwy side, doesn't it? But that's exactly what publicity-shy Benny Thau does when he dates Greer Garson. Thau, as you may know, is the man Greer's name's been linked with so persistently, of late. He's a small person, fortyish, acting assistant to Louis B. Mayer and nephew of Metro's president Nicholas Schenck. Greer's known him about three years—ever since the evening he and Mayer wandered into a London theatre and beheld her, for the first time, in a play called "Old Music." And, though rumor has it they'll be altarbound any moment, from a source close to Greer, we hear that whether or not Mr. Thau has any such idea, Miss Garson, who's still recuperating from a very unhappy marriage, has not!

SHORT SHOTS

Note to Ann Sheridan: A marine painting, presented to George Brent by Greta Garbo, is still hanging over George's mantelpiece . . . Katharine Stevens, who plays Ginger Rogers' friend in "Kitty Foyle," is the daughter of Sam Wood, who's directing the picture . . . Fred MacMurray gifted Cesar Romero with a watchdog, but the dog gets lonesome for Fred and keeps running back to the MacMurray home . . . Ex-child star, Mitzi Green, owns over 1,500 pictures of Jimmy Stewart and is plenty upset over the Olivia de Havilland menace . . . Australia has banned two Joan Crawford pictures, "Strange Cargo" and "Susan and God." No reason's been given . . . Students enrolled for the art and composition courses at Hollywood High's night school have Olympe Bradna for a classmate . . . They're featuring a new sandwich in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, called a "Jack Oakie." Its ingredients are ham and limburger . . . Just about every star in Hollywood donates 1% of his salary to the Motion Picture Relief Fund . . . Dan Topping, Sonja Henie's groom who owns the Brooklyn Football Dodgers, is rumored to have a weekly income of $15,000 . . . And have you heard Bob Hope's newest complaint? Says he: "I have so many bags under my eyes, my nose resembles a pack horse!"

GOLDWYN STORY

Now it can be told. Before Gary Cooper's "The Westerner" was released to the public, Producer Sam Goldwyn called for an immediate showing of the picture and summoned Director William Wyler, Writer Jo Swerling and his 14-year-old son, Sam, Jr., to his private projection room to view it with him. The picture had been running for about ten minutes when Goldwyn suddenly ordered it stopped. "It's terrible!" he bellowed. "It's all mixed up! I don't understand what it's all about! *No one* could understand what it's all about!" Wyler and Swerling promptly protested. The action was so smooth, they declared, even a child could follow it. But Goldwyn was stubborn. The picture must be changed. Wyler and Swerling bravely stuck to their guns. "Look, Mr. Goldwyn," they pleaded. "Here's your son. Let's ask him. Sam, did *you* understand the picture?" Young Sam snickered. "Of course I did," he said. "It's simple." Wyler and Swerling were relieved. "See, Mr. Goldwyn?" they said. "Even the kid understood it!" "What!" roared Goldwyn. "That makes it even worse! What are we doing now? Making pictures for children!"

STRANGE CARGO

Nothing in Hollywood's bag of tricks can get a raised eyebrow out of RKO's new Swedish importation, Miss Signe Hasso. Signe bid a temporary farewell to an engineer husband and a six-year-old son to take a crack at a U. S. movie career and, due to war conditions, arrived in the film capital by way of Russia and Japan. En route, she enjoyed every danger-fraught and unique adventure this frenzied world can offer and, as a consequence, finds Movietown antics mild, kindergarten stuff by comparison. What, after all, could top her Pacific crossing? According to Signe, she made the entire trip with an Oriental, male variety, as her cabinmate! The Japanese, it seems, think nothing of assigning a man and woman to the same stateroom and, when a slanty-eyed gent marched in and told Signe that the room she thought was her own was his, too, there was nothing she could do but grin and share it!

TAMING OF THE SHREW

Maybe it's true, and maybe it's not, but word's going round that fiery Miriam Hopkins has at last met her match. For years, Miriam's been known as one of the screen's most difficult actresses because she persists in directing her directors, but Kurt Bernhardt, who's megaphoning her "Lady With Red Hair," is said to have discovered how to humble her. After a single week of enduring his star's overbearance, Bernhardt strolled up to the belligerent Miss Hopkins with his salary check in hand. "Here," he said. "You take it. You earned it!" The sarcasm was not lost on Miss Hopkins. She gulped and stalked away, but we hear she's scrapped the dictatorial manner and has been obedient ever since.

UNDERCOVER WORK

Hollywood's due for the shock of a decade when the divorce of a top-ranking director finally clears the courts. The reason behind the action is not his wife's "mental cruelty" as was charged, but a certain South of the Border spitfire who's dating another man heavily just to throw the gossips off the track! Among her friends, however, the spitfire's playing another game. She's betting cold cash she'll be the director's wife immediately after he's freed!

(*Continued on page 75*)



Dennis Morgan and Ginger were pals from the start, as both have a wide mischievous streak!

Ginger chats with Jim Craig—said to be a cross between Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant!

Another sensational best-seller has been nabbed by the movies!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S novel, "Kitty Foyle," was published in November, 1939. In December it was bought by RKO at a cost of $50,000. By February, 1940, 100,000 copies of the book had been sold and to date, more than 250,000 people have paid $2.50 to read about the adventures of the white collar girl, Kitty Foyle.

The script, which took three months to prepare, was written by Dalton Trumbo, himself a novelist and author of the best-seller, "Johnny Got His Gun," and Donald Ogden Stewart, well-known screen writer. To make the screen play pure enough to pass the Will Hays Office the story had to be changed in part. The picture opens showing Kitty in New York, unable to decide between a marriage with Mark, a young interne played by James Craig, or a life as mistress to Wynnewood Strafford VI (Dennis Morgan). The film then cuts back to Philadelphia, showing Kitty when she was fifteen and takes her through her love affair with Wynn and her career in New York, ending with her decision to marry Mark.

To portray Kitty at the age of fifteen, the wardrobe department outfitted Ginger Rogers in a blue middy and black cotton stockings and the make-up department plaited her hair (golden red for this picture) into long braids, tied by bows. The rest of her wardrobe consists of clothes that any stenographer or secretary might own. Only expensive gown that Ginger wears is an evening dress fashioned of gold lamé imported from France at a cost of $24 dollars a yard. Because the material used in the gown was the last of its kind to come out of war-torn France, Bonwit Teller, exclusive New York store, wired the studio asking for it. RKO refused to yield the cloth, preferring to gown their star in it.

To assure authenticity of the sets, a large amount of research was done for the film. Photographs of the exterior of the Philadelphia Bellevue-Stratford Hotel were made and sets were later reproduced from the photos; the original 21 Club in New York was used as the model for Giono's Speakeasy in which Kitty and Wynn met often; and the shabby Frankford house on Griscom Street in Philadelphia was reproduced exactly, down to the sun-baked yard in the front and the outhouse in the back.

The casting of the female lead was not difficult since Producer Henderson had had Ginger Rogers in mind when he bought "Kitty Foyle," but the male leads caused the studio enough headaches to make an aspirin factory prosperous. Practically every male star in Hollywood was asked to play the role of Wynn, but because of other studio commitments all were forced to refuse the part. Dennis Morgan, Warner Brothers star, was finally borrowed after several days of dickering with his home studio. Morgan, who has played in several unimportant Warner films, gets his first chance to play a leading role in a top-budgeted picture. The role of Mark, the young interne, was given to James Craig, handsome six-footer who was last under contract to Universal, where he appeared in minor roles.

Strangely enough, the real lives of Morgan and Craig parallel those they play in "Kitty Foyle." Dennis really comes from a family of Wisconsin lumber kings, while Jim has worked as a truck driver, newspaper vendor and gasoline station attendant.

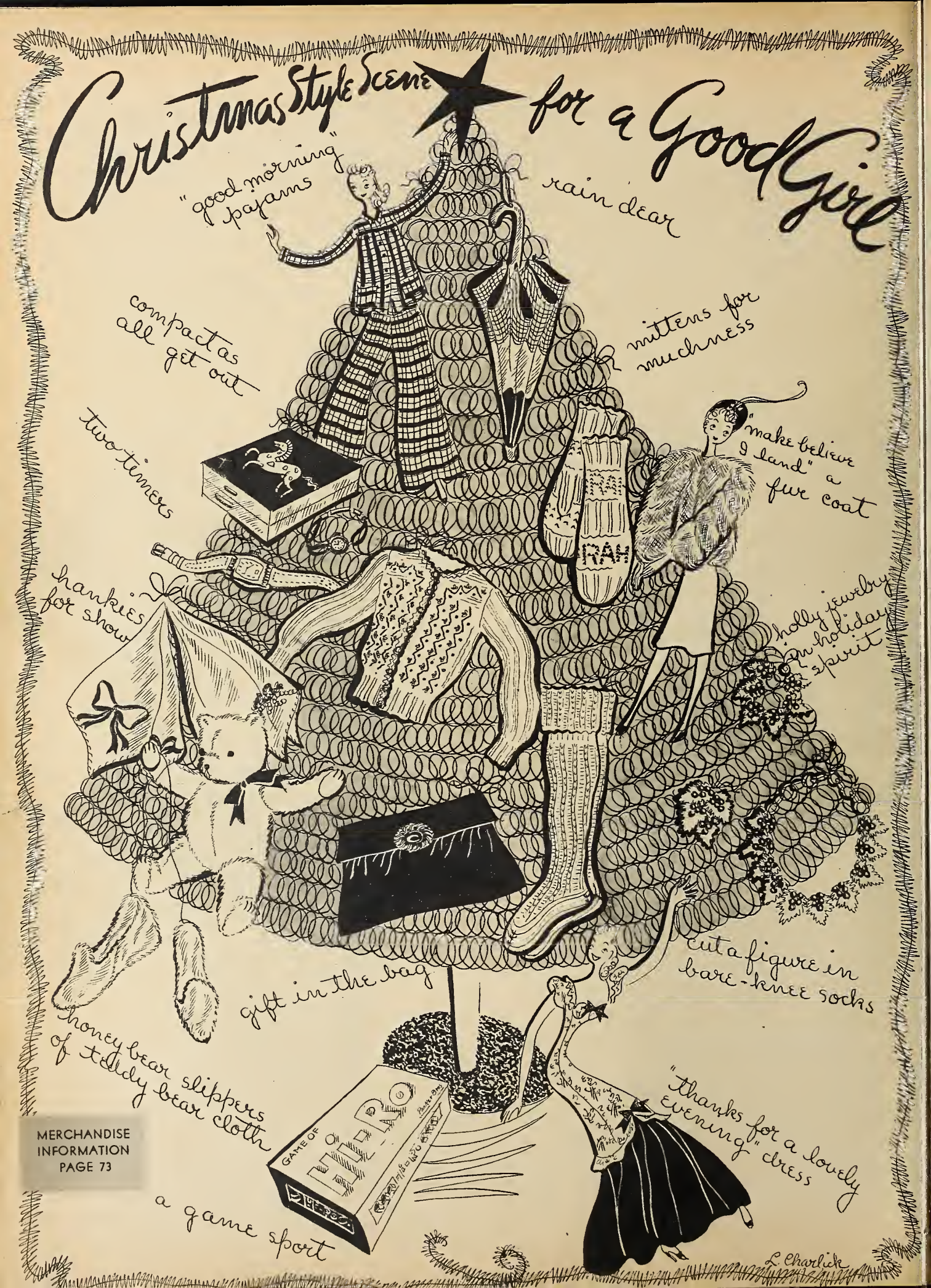
Katharine Stevens, who plays Kitty's roommate, has her first chance to sink her teeth into a good role. However, she has appeared in pictures before. When she was three years old, she had a small part in "Peck's Bad Boy," a picture directed by her father, Sam Wood. Upon graduation from high school, she changed her name (to avoid charges of cashing in on her father), played in summer stock, and eventually landed the role of understudy to Martha Scott in the Broadway production of "Our Town."

On the set, the technicians and crew are divided into two camps—Willkie boosters and Roosevelt boosters. Each group resents working with the other and both break into very frequent heated arguments to the annoyance of long-suffering Director Wood.

NIGHT *and* DAY FASHIONS



Bright green or red velveteen adds a dash of glamour and glory to yoke and hood. The crisp rayon taffeta lining is matched in the same gay tones. $19.95. Lord & Taylor's second floor. New York.



MERCHANDISE INFORMATION PAGE 73

ALL DRESSED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE . . AND HEADING OUT IN HOODS!







LEADING lady dazzles her public in a charming formal taffeta with pin-point waist. Rhinestones sparkle flirtatiously on straps and pockets. Sizes 9-17. $10.95. Saks at 34. New York.

White angel goes glamorously to dinner in rayon jersey . . . multi-colored sequins stud the halo hood. Sizes 10-18. $7.95. Ohrbach's. New York.

Late dater in her party-going wrap . . . white galyak fur-cloth top, velvet skirt. A charmer and a warmer. Sizes 10-18. $14.95. At Stern's. New York.

1. . . and 2. . . and 3. . . and 4. . . and 5. . .



Short and sweet! The fur jacket you've always craved and thought you couldn't afford, at a believe-it-or-not price. Skunk-dyed or sable-dyed Opossum. Sizes 12-20. Only $38. At I. J. Fox, New York.

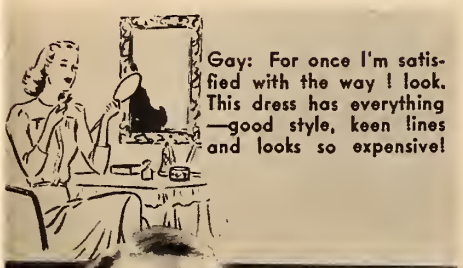


Rise and shine at the office in this sueded rayon jersey—with self buttons and buttonholes all over the place! Heavenly colors, too! All for $3.98 in sizes 12-18. Sold at McCreery, New York.



Who's just a fair weather friend? Your rumpus coat frolics with you rain or shine. Water-repellent cotton gabardine, red collar and hood lining, zipper pocket. Sizes 12-20. $4.94. Macy's, New York.

and 6 add up to stay under *Seventy-five dollars*



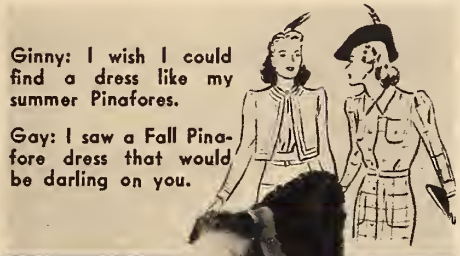
Gay: For once I'm satisfied with the way I look. This dress has everything—good style, keen lines and looks so expensive!



Like an expensive English classic with its impeccable tailoring, soft wool and cashmere jersey, ribboned cardigan front. A natural for year 'round wear. Sizes 10-20. $7.95. Lord & Taylor, New York.

Ginny: I wish I could find a dress like my summer Pinafores.

Gay: I saw a Fall Pinafore dress that would be darling on you.





P stands for pinafore frock, pleated ruffs 'n' pockets a-plenty. In other words, Perfection! Delicious shades of crêpe, contrasting graduated buttons. Sizes 9-17. $10.95. McCreery's New York.

Butch: What an evening dress! I love it.

Ginny: It's day-time, too, when I wear a short skirt.





Wait till he sees you in this! The all-important gold-embroidered dinner blouse, startling in scarlet with black skirt. Blouse sizes 32-38. $3.98. Skirt sizes 12-18. $3.98. Franklin Simon, New York.

PROP SHOP



PRETTY PENNY is mighty busy these days scouting for extra special Xmas values! She calls them "nifty-gifties" and she'll have lots more next month.



DASHAWAY
. . . *for daytime*

Ask for football colors in this casual and thoroughly grand Year Rounder of fleece-finished felt. $1.99. Available at Gimbel Bros.



POMPONS
. . . *for madcaps*

Puff-balls go to your head making a witty hand-crocheted wool yarn hat. Adjustable for all sizes. $2.95 at Bloomingdale's.

RINGS
. . . *and earrings*

New! These silver loyalty rings for friendship. Nice! These decorative plated beauties for pretty ears. $1 each. Saks at 34.



BOWKNOTS
. . . *and flutterbys*

Tiny glamorous novelties made of ribbon, lace and flowers. Bow'n earring set $1.39; posy comb 47c; butterfly 94c. Macy's.





MAGIC
. . . . *for misses*

Yankette, a slip that becomes *your* length by a *yank* at a thread. Crown-tested Seraceta rayon. $1.69. James McCreery.



A MUFF
. . . . . *for stuff*

To protect your paws and hold all of your gadgets. Surprise! It's a pocketbook, too. Persian fur fabric on cloth. $3 at Gimbel's.

LINES
. . . *for waistlines*

Stunning stone-studded gold or silver mesh belt. $1.95. Macy's. Daytime suedester with tiny ring trim. $1.00 at Altman's.



CLASS
. . . *for classmates*

Kayser's glove "Good News" and Joyce's bucko oxford "Knave" ensembled for campus or sports. Glove $1. Kayser Shops.

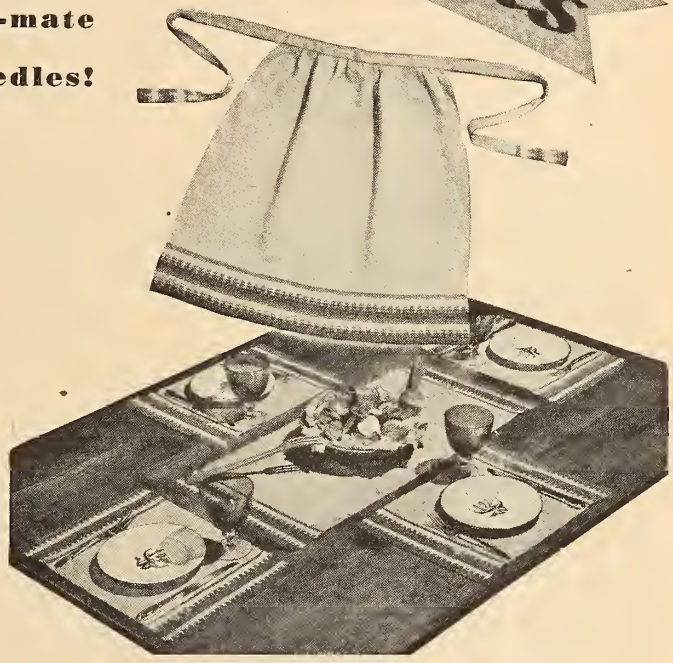


For information concerning fashions write to the Fashion Editor of MODERN SCREEN magazine.

Crocheted matchmakers

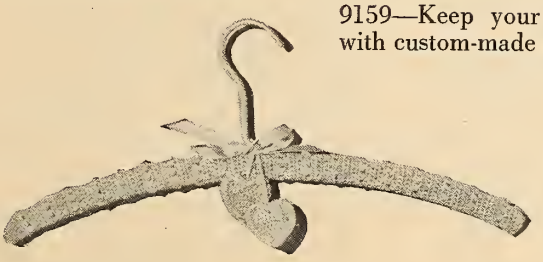
It's fun to match-mate your wits and needles!



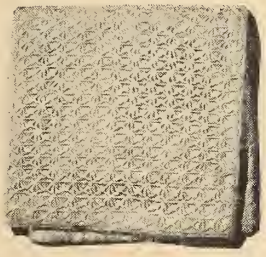


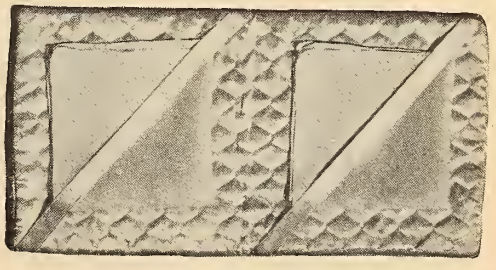
7205—Don a cute crochet-bordered apron and set your table with table mats and matching glass jackets.

9159—Keep your closet up to snuff with custom-made hangers and sachets.



9168—This crocheted satin case is as swish as your best hankie inside.





Send in the coupon below with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Instructions are absolutely free.

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149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Directions for No. 7205.....

Directions for Nos. 9159-9168.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope

Name .....

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Use your heads! Use your hands! What your needlework needs is more imagination. Crocheting is all very fine and delicate and ladylike just by its lonesome, but hooking it to ideas like the ones above is positively a stroke of genius! But you don't have to be a genius to do it, it's that easy! And good news to you career girls, you can accomplish all this in your spare moments on your spare change.

In whipping up a firelight supper on holiday eves, add a note of whimsy to your background with a crash apron and table mats, both trimmed with a crochet pattern that matches the glasses' "jackets." Just watch this sparkling combination whet your guests' appetites! They're simple to make and bound to impress the ultra ultra of visiting notables.

To solve that problem of the gift for "the girl who has everything," sharpen your wits 'n' needles and give her a bit of fact and fancy—a crocheted handkerchief case with dress hangers to match. They're everlastingly useful, and she'll love owning 'em!

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH "VIRGINIA"

Hollywood comes to the serene old South and produces this vivid, romantic love story



Just stepped out ➤ of a bandbox? No, a trailer—which served Madeleine Carroll as a dressing-room on the set of "Virginia."



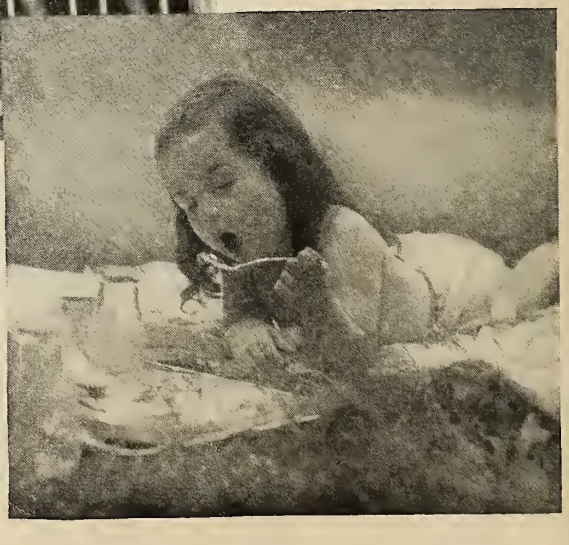
➤ Madeleine's not peering at Fred MacMurray's molars—she's helping him with his make-up. It must be absolutely perfect, for this film's in Technicolor.



➤ Turn about is fair play! Miss Carroll, looking like the 20th Century instead of the 18th, turns the lenses on a bevy of syndicate photographers, who obligingly give her an inviting "cheesecake"—leg picture to you.



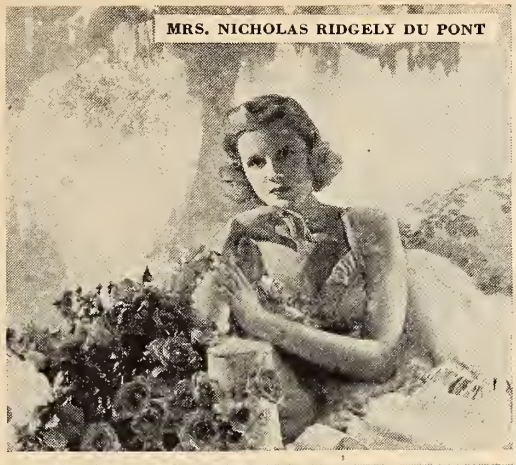
➤ Marie Wilson, known for long eyelashes and humorous parts, plays her most serious role to date—a comedy part with an undertone of seriousness. This marks her comeback after a two-year absence from films.



On the set of "Virginia," the cast ate, lived ➤ and acted outdoors. In bad weather, covered sets were used. Here's Carolyn Lee (the only cast member who didn't lose pounds on location) taking a snack in the sunlight between scenes.



MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III



MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.

AMERICAN GIRL 1941

Eyes bright as stars . . . Hair brushed to shining . . . Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose . . . Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

BATHE the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. *Spank* its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

SPANK again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

COOL with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

MASK your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.



BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

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MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . . MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . . members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries, are almost an American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual

EXPOSING WEAKNESSES OF TOP RANKING STARS

(*Continued from page 25*)

Another fine one is this Laraine Day. She'll go far. She has a good range, a retentive memory. I can go over the script with her, mention a pause in a certain bit of dialogue and a week later, when we get to that dialogue, she'll remember the pause!

"I'd call Robert Donat the easiest man I've ever worked with. His Mr. Chips was mere child's play. Why, once on the stage in London, I saw him enact, in successive scenes, a lad of eighteen and an old man of eighty! Match that!"

Returning to his own methods, Hitchcock said that he mapped out the movies he directed entirely in advance; made quick pencil sketches of each scene and never deviated from his original plan. He revealed how he got the most out of his players. He indulged in trickery!

THERE was the time, in "Thirty-Nine Steps," when Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat were to be handcuffed and devote hours to dragging each other up and down hills, over meadows—and even spend a night at an inn.

To make matters even more interesting, they didn't know each other. They came to the set one morning at nine and Hitchcock, in his own amiable manner, introduced them and immediately handcuffed them together. Neither had had breakfast. Neither was exactly the chummy type. Yet Hitchcock kept them shackled for two hours.

"Take these darn handcuffs off!" wailed Madeleine.

"Can't," sighed Hitchcock. "Lost the key."

After four hours, the handcuffed stars hated each other, hated the world. Hitchcock turned to his cameraman. "Twirl 'em!" he shouted. The camera rolled. The scene was realistic. It created a sensation.

"You have to be tricky and sometimes even cruel," said Hitchcock. "In 'Foreign Correspondent,' there's that big scene where the airplane is shot down, and the players have to hang on to a wing in the water while the waves break over them. I never warned them when the waves were coming, and so their reactions were real. That $160,000 scene took ten days to film! I knew that the stars would grumble about being in the water a week and a half, so I applied a little psychology. I hired a sixty-nine-year-old lady, Miss Gertrude Hoffman, to go into the water with the others. As long as a woman her age didn't complain, well, Joel McCrea and Laraine Day couldn't either. And the scene went off smoothly. Not bad, eh, what?"

Not bad at all. But, before leaving Mr. Hitchcock, we must repeat a story we recently heard about him.

It seems that a few weeks ago Hitchcock was lured to a swank dinner party. All of Movieland was there—producers, actors, relatives, everyone. After the coffee and dessert, the guests grouped off to play poker. Hitchcock, not being familiar with the game, promptly settled himself into a nearby easy chair and fell asleep.

After a couple of hours Mrs. Hitchcock came over and shook her husband until he opened his eyes.

"Wouldn't you like to go home, Alfred?" she asked.

"Oh, heavens no," murmured Hitchcock. "Why, that would be rude!"

Which, we feel, explains enough about the pudgy Englishman—so that we can now go over to a white house on the side of a hill, and chat with a giant German.

The German, a self-educated, ex-shepherd named William Dieterle, slumped in his wicker chair and stared out over Burbank below and the Warner Brothers studio, where he had manufactured his great hits on Pasteur, Zola, Ehrlich and the Hunchback. We gazed upon Dieterle with respect. He had given the movies something more than pretty legs. He had given the movies brains.

Now, he straightened his lank, strong body and, speaking in a curious, slow mixture of Teutonic-accented English and American slang, he analyzed some of the stars whose names he had made household words.



Priscilla Lane, youngest and smallest of the Lanes, steals Santa's stuff. Imagine finding her under your tree!

"The best actress I've ever worked with? Bette Davis. By far. She's so flexible, so intelligent, a thoroughbred who reacts to the most subtle of suggestions. Of course, she isn't perfect—she has nervous habits like fluttering her eyelids and clasping her hands, which must be watched.

"It is more difficult for me to select the best actor I've ever worked with. Most men, I find, are extremists. Either totally empty, with nothing to give, or too intellectual. Both types are difficult to work with.

"Perhaps Paul Muni comes closest to my ideal. However, I sometimes think he carries his thoroughness to extremes. I understand that for 'The Good Earth' he worked on a Chinese farm in California to get in the mood. I don't think such experiences are necessary to understand a role. An artist's imagination should be sufficient.

"Very few people know it, but there are two Paul Munis. The one who, as Emile Zola, stands in front of the camera speaking and acting, and the other who stands behind himself constantly and critically whispering in his ear, 'No, no, Muni, that's not right. Zola wouldn't have done it that way. Try it again. Try it again.' This constant looking at himself as he acts, this too intellectual approach often hampers Muni.

"In fact, to keep him spontaneous, I often print the first take of his big scenes. I'll let you in on a secret. Remember the famous seven minutes speech Muni made to the jury in Zola? I put three cameras on him and told him to run through it. He did—but as usual—wasn't satisfied. I permitted him to do it over three or four times but, between us, I used the first take. It was the jerkiest—but the most natural. And now it's famous."

Dieterle, renowned for his eccentricity of directing pictures while wearing white gloves, now passed his big, bare hands over his semi-bald head, settled back and mentioned a fellow eccentric.

"Charles Laughton is the most eccentric person I have ever met," admitted Dieterle. "But in his case, it's an asset. Laughton, nervous, hyper-sensitive, is really a Feast for Freud, a 365 day experiment for a psychologist.

"He's full of unusual ideas about his scenes. And you have to hold the reins on him, or soon you find him not only acting in his pictures but also directing them. He never plays a scene the same way twice. And because the only time he relaxes is at rehearsals, I feel he often gives his best performances then when. unfortunately, the camera isn't looking.

"Laughton has one curious quirk. Whenever I approach him to begin a scene, he replies, 'I am not in the mood.' This, I learned, is not temperament, but fear. He actually has an inferiority complex about getting in front of the camera. He always thinks he just won't be good enough. Yet he's touched with genius

ONE more thing about him. Like Muni, he, too, believes he must feel and experience an emotion before he can portray it. When we were shooting the final scene of 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' Laughton was supposed to be on top of a 350-foot cathedral, looking down. Naturally, we intended to fake the shot, by shooting a close-up on the ground, with Laughton on a platform ten feet high. Well, before the scene, Laughton strolled up to me and said, 'Bill, I can't feel the scene. I've got to experience it. I've got to get up on top of that 350-foot cathedral for a few hours and get the feeling. Then you can fake it, after I'm in the mood.' I knew better than to argue with him. So Laughton began climbing up the 350-foot structure. A big eater, he had just completed an enormous lunch, and when he had climbed halfway up, I saw him waver, look down, sway—and suddenly he was ill to his stomach. We helped him down and put him on a cot. And take it from me, sir, Mr. Laughton didn't have to feel the scene that afternoon. He was happy to have it faked!"

William Dieterle, with ten years of guiding the professional emotions of Hollywood stars behind him, wound up the

(*Continued on page 64*)

I was petrified!

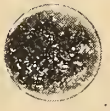


FROM across the room his eyes flashed a dare I could not accept! My heart responded! But I ran away. He must not see that dandruff kept me from being lovable. That was two months ago, before a beauty operator advised me to use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo each week. I discovered that beauty operators depend on the Fitch guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application, and on the evidence of the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. They know that Fitch Shampoo reconditions dry, oily and normal hair, because it penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings. If you're worried about dull lifeless hair, and humiliated by dandruff, ask for a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your favorite toilet goods counter, as I did. And I hope you have as good luck as I did — we're being married in June!



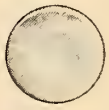
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GOODBYE DANDRUFF



1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.





3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural lustre of hair.

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural lustre of the hair.



- ***After and between Fitch Shampoos, use Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. It stimulates the scalp, and keeps the hair neat and good looking!***

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interview by discussing actors in general.

"Many actors are difficult creatures, refusing to submerge themselves into a role. They fight for the lens, for close-ups. But many are gentlemen, and Edward G. Robinson is one of these. He's a great man who can take criticism well, but even he has one bad habit. In his portrayals of Ehrlich and Reuter he was like a thousand-armed Buddha, gesturing much too much. I told him about it, and he toned down.

"Personally, I like actors who will fight. I don't like people who 'yes' me and who are too easy to get along with. I need opposition to produce my best, and criticism keeps me on my toes.

"But all things considered, I love actors. They're crazy and harassed—but interesting."

AT this point, he led us into his private study, walls lined with books printed in German, French and English. He showed us one of his working scripts—with pages upon pages of notations, scribbled out in advance, and an outline of the movement of the picture.

"This outline, however, is only a blueprint," explained Dieterle. "I try to keep my mind open to any new suggestions or inspirations that may come up. For example, that scene in Ehrlich where the blind boy gets his sight back, where the unfocused lens of the camera becomes clearer and clearer to show the return of his sight, was purely inspired. There are no special scenes I prefer to shoot. Because I love the complexity of life, I also love all types of scenes.

"My ambition," he concluded, "is to make the intelligent A pictures of today the ordinary and accepted B pictures of tomorrow. Then, at last I'll know we've advanced."

Having left the outspoken Mr. Dieterle among his books, we moved over to a huge sound stage at M-G-M, where two-fisted Woody Van Dyke was directing Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Bittersweet."

This was unusual, and we sensed it. After all, Woody Van Dyke, a marine who had shot a charging rhino in Africa, who had quelled a mutiny in Alaska, who had thrown Max Baer into a swimming pool—Woody Van Dyke directing a musical—well!

"I suppose it does seem crazy," Van Dyke confessed, when we pointed it out "But hell, I've directed musicals before Of course, I don't know a darn thing about music except the scale—you know, do-re-mi—but I've got an ear, I know what sounds good, so what the devil!"

Today, at the age of fifty-two, Woodbridge Strong Van Dyke, as he was originally christened, could look back upon an exciting, topsy-turvy career. He first became interested in dramatics at the age of five when he appeared in "Ruth, The Blind Girl." He was Ruth.

During his teens, Woody Van Dyke took an active part in politics, wandering up and down the Pacific coast giving fiery talks on Socialism. On three different occasions he was jailed as a radical. Finally, his famous uncle, Dr. John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers University, hearing of his escapades, wrote to Seattle and asked relatives to stop Woody from ruining the renowned family name. Immediately, Woody's grandmother replied to the protesting uncle, "Dear John: You better let the kid alone with his radical ideas. When you were his age you had no ideas at all!"

Meeting Van Dyke, we realized that he hadn't changed since his youth. He was still a radical—in the sense that, in a city of pretentions, he had none. We had heard that once he was scheduled to do some re-takes with Greta Garbo. He was warned that Garbo wasn't in the best of humor, and that he had better treat her with kid gloves. Whereupon Van Dyke breezed onto the set, spotted the great Garbo, clapped her on the back and exclaimed, "Hiya, kid!" (P.S. She loved him for it.)

"Aw, there's a lot of nonsense written about stars," Van Dyke told us, "and most of it is bosh. They're just regular folks Take Wallace Beery. Before being assigned to one of his pictures, I was warned that he was tough to work with, that he wouldn't do a lick of labor on Sundays and that he liked to sleep until ten in the morning. So, the first day on location, I went up to him, stuck out my chin and said, 'Wally, we work seven days a week on this picture, and that includes Sundays. And we start in at seven-thirty in the morning. Does that suit you?' Beery grinned, 'Woody, that



Hedy Lamarr, victim of two unfortunate marriages, is beginning to think that dog is man's best friend.

suits me fine.' And after we'd had our understanding, there was never a better guy to work with."

Van Dyke nodded toward a big fellow wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. "Now Nelson Eddy over there is really easy to direct. That's because he's serious, only interested in singing. Though, when he gets too serious, I kid around with him and he relaxes. My favorite feminine star is Norma Shearer. She's like putty Reacts to the slightest bit of direction.

"Part of a director's job is understanding peculiarities of the stars, no matter how minor. Take Bill Powell, for instance. I always call him a half hour before I need him, and then he shows up on time because, by the clock, he's always a half hour late. Jeanette MacDonald always takes coaxing to get on the set. She's invariably powdering.

"I think the biggest problem I ever faced was Hedy Lamarr. After 'I Take This Woman' was shelved, she was at the crossroads of her career. I was scheduled to re-shoot the picture, and Hedy was a stickler. Directors didn't seem to be getting the most out of her. Finally, I figured it out. I learned that the trouble was they were giving her too much dialogue at once, and it confused her. You see, when Hedy reads or hears an English word, she thinks it out in German and then slowly translates it into English again. Too much dialogue gives her mental indigestion, so I fed her the stuff in small pieces—and she turned out swell!

"My credo is never to try to change the personality of a star. I let them all be themselves, remembering that's exactly what made them famous."

Studying this man of whipcord and steel, we remembered the picture that, overnight, lifted him to the summit of fame. It was "Trader Horn." M-G-M asked Van Dyke to lead a Hollywood expedition into the matted green of the Belgian Congo and there shoot the film. Taking thirty-eight white men and women, two hundred African blacks, ninety-two tons of luggage, fourteen small trucks, two seven-ton sound wagons and a nine-ton generator machine, Van Dyke traveled nine thousand miles through the heart of Africa! There, for twenty-five cents worth of salt and olive oil, he hired pygmies to turn thespian. There, he was acclaimed a great warrior because the natives found 250 human skulls in his trunks (not knowing they were cardboard skulls from the M-G-M prop department!)

"Trader Horn," of course, elevated Woody Van Dyke to the genius class, and "The Thin Man" series solidified his lofty reputation.

We asked Van Dyke how he worked.

I DON'T break down a script. Hell, I read it over once and forget about it. Then, when the picture starts, I walk on the set, look at the scene I'm supposed to shoot and shoot it. I'm prejudiced in favor of nice, sweet love scenes. I don't like risqué ones, because I never know how far to go with them. Whenever I make a borderline scene, I think of how the Parent Teachers' Association, my favorite organization, will look at it, and shoot accordingly. . . . Advice to those who want to be actors or directors? Simple enough. Figure out how you would naturally do a thing and then do it naturally some other way!"

For a session with another picture pilot, we invaded Columbia and found 47-year-old Ben Hecht, once labeled "Pagliacci of the Fire Escape," straddling the top of a ladder, chewing gum furiously, and guiding the emotions of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Rita Hayworth and Thomas Mitchell in a little thing called, "Before I Die."

This was Ben Hecht's fifth crack at directing an opus, his best previous effort having been a minor classic, "The Scoundrel" with a gent named Noel Coward. Hailed variously for authoring a book, "Erik Dorn," and a play, "The Front Page," Ben Hecht had also made a reputation by calling Hollywood the "Mecca of Moronity" and the "Palace of Platitude," and by writing this poem, with Charles MacArthur, for his picture, "Soak the Rich".

"We're the gents that wrote the yarn
And here's what it's about.
Class ideas don't mean a thing
When Love Kicks 'Em Out!"

We coaxed Ben Hecht, his moustache and his battered brown felt hat down from the directorial ladder, and led him

to a nearby chair. We asked him about personalities.

Hecht was curt, but colorful.

"Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is by far the best actor I've ever worked with in Hollywood. Why listen, he can take a scene cold, and in fifteen minutes he'll not only have it memorized, but he'll understand the character backwards. Also, he's the finest mimic in town, though no one realizes it. I'll tell you one inside fact about Fairbanks. It's his only fault. He's ashamed of acting! He thinks it's child's play, and he feels he has too much brains for this kind of hocus-pocus. But when he swallows his pride, he's magnificent.

"The only other person who'd compare with Fairbanks on the screen would be Noel Coward, who is really a synonym for polish."

At the time we saw Hecht, his antics had Columbia in a bit of an uproar. He had his picture nine days ahead of schedule, a thing unheard of; he persisted in playing the violin before crucial scenes; he insisted on insulting his players too. But—cardinal sin!—in an interview, he had called all producers nitwits. This prompted the studio owner, Mr. Cohn, to call Mr. Hecht on the carpet.

"What's the idea calling all producers nitwits?" he demanded. "I'm a producer."

"Naw, you're not a producer," grunted Hecht, "you're a money-bag!"

And Hecht wheeled and left, returning to his violin, which gave rise to the now classical saying in Hollywood, "Hecht fiddles while Cohn burns!"

But back to the interview, and to a potpourri of exclusive Hechtisms:

"I don't believe in working on a script in advance. It ruins spontaneity. I work on a movie as if it were a play. Rehearse a scene cold and then shoot it. This makes performances more realistic . . . I don't believe in fancy close-ups and all the artistic trimmings. They detract . . . The only shots I don't like to direct are those involving extras, because they take too much time to organize. I believe in only two takes to keep a scene natural . . . I believe the big trouble with actors is that they are too insanely serious about their face-making . . . If you wish to be happy in Hollywood, you've got to have a sense of humor."

And having concluded his speech-making, Ben Hecht left us, left the picture itself in charge of his cameraman, and



Old smoothie Adolphe Menjou is a slap-happy comedian in his latest film—Hal Roach's side-splitting "Road Show."

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wandered off to listen to some new Paul Robeson records.

Slightly in a daze, we decided to chat with one more director to prove our original point—that sense of direction is the most important single factor in celluloid production.

We went to Universal and visited Tay Garnett, a slight individual, bearing a resemblance to Roscoe Karns. With such successes as "One Way Passage," "Trade Winds," "Eternally Yours," and Marlene Dietrich's thrilling new picture —"Seven Sinners"—behind him, Garnett was in a talkative and mellow mood. He opened the top of his trick cane, propped himself on it and repeated our first query.

"How does it feel to be a movie director?" Garnett grinned. "It feels this way: years ago I was making "Our Gang" comedies out at Hal Roach Studios. One day I was summoned off the set for a long telephone conversation, and when I returned I found the duskier member of "Our Gang," little Sunshine Sammy, sitting in my director's chair ordering the others around. I walked up to him, scratched his kinky head and said, 'Well, Sammy, I suppose you're going to be a director when you grow up?' Sunshine Sammy rolled his big black eyes, flashed his white teeth and snapped back, 'Shucks, no, Mr. Garnett, it's tough enough being colored!' . . . Which should answer your question."

We asked Tay Garnett about some of the stars he's worked with. He admitted that Bill Powell and Kay Francis were probably the most able and the most cooperative. "They work so hard and they're such nice people," was the way he put it. We pressed Garnett for more info.

He massaged his cheek thoughtfully and then spoke.

"I'm finding Marlene Dietrich good to work with. You know, she thinks it's bad luck to be late on a set, and as a consequence she's always hours early, just sitting around waiting. Jean Harlow used to be like that, too. I remember Ann Sothern for her violent enthusiasm over her job. She was almost through when I played a hunch and put her in 'Trade Winds'—which put her back among the stars. After the picture was released, she took an hour's drive to my place, burst in while I was asleep, shook me out of bed and exclaimed, 'Poppy, you did it; M-G-M just signed me to a new contract! I'm a star again!' There aren't many stars as appreciative."

We wondered if Garnett ever had to employ trickery to get the most out of his charges. Garnett admitted he did.

I REMEMBER directing a scene in which Joan Bennett was meant to look horrified. In the picture her sister was to have been killed or something like that. But Joan wasn't in the mood, and I couldn't make her register horror. Finally I applied the old gray matter. I got the camera rolling, zoomed it down for a close-up of her, and then screamed, 'Joan, I just heard, your daughter's been hit by a truck!' Her immediate reaction was a thing to behold, the horror on her face exactly what I wanted. It was a cruel lie, but necessary."

Turning the interview inward and speaking of himself, Garnett added:

"My ambition today is to make the best picture of the year every year. But I want to make each picture for the people, those who read movie magazines and not for the critics. I think Frank Capra is the one man in Hollywood today doing the proper job—mixing entertainment with worthwhile Americanism. He's not a preacher but a magician. My one ambition is to do a modern up-to-the-second movie on national defense."

A technician interrupted us and handed Garnett a tumbler bubbling with champagne. Garnett licked his lips. "This is Joe Pasternak's one eccentricity. At the start of each picture he opens a bottle of excellent champagne and insists that everyone from the prop boy to the star take a sip. Even being a director has its compensations."

And so there we have interviewed our five representative picture pilots. And in chatting with them, we have learned that a director must have the courage of a lion tamer, the nerves of a brain surgeon, the mentality of a mathematician.

FURTHERMORE, each director must be an individual with an independent mind. To prove how directors differ, we would like to show you how each of the five men we interviewed would attack one historic scene.

The Scene: William Tell has refused to bow to the tyrant Gessler's hat in the public square. For this crime, he has been arrested, and to save his life he must take bow and arrow and shoot an apple off his son's head. Now let each of the five directors film this famous scene.

Alfred Hitchcock: "I would shoot this without a word of dialogue. It would all be camera angles. I would show the confidence of the son in his father's aim. I would show the hands of the father, the eyes of the son, the apple itself. I would film William Tell inserting the arrow in the bow, slowly pulling the bow back. I would obtain suspense by having the arrow quiver up and down in the bow, unnerving the audience into feeling it was not being aimed right. And then, for the final shot, I would place my camera behind the boy's head, with the arrow driving toward the camera."

William Dieterle: "So much depends on who would play William Tell. I would direct Albert Basserman or Paul Muni or Spencer Tracy each differently. I think, on the stage and in acting, this scene has been wrecked by overplaying, by making William Tell a big hero instead of a mere human. I would handle it naïvely with Tell an easy-going peasant man. Will Rogers, in my opinion, would have been the perfect William Tell, a jolly, homey fellow. I don't think I'd want Paul Muni in the lead. He wouldn't be good. You see he just would never shoot the apple off his son's head, because he would think too much and never hit the apple. I would handle the entire story in folk-lore fashion, remembering that the big issue of the picture must be the Swiss fight for liberation, with this particular scene a dramatic highlight."

Woody Van Dyke: "Frankly, I don't know what I'd do with this scene until the minute I stepped on the set. I think, though, I'd make it grim and hardboiled."

Ben Hecht: "I would play the entire thing for comedy. Sure. After all, how can the shooting of an apple off someone's head possibly be serious? It's always struck me as extremely funny. Besides, I've always thought William Tell a lousy story, and you can quote me!"

Tay Garnett: "I don't think it should be played straight. I can only visualize it with 'Babe' Hardy, as William Tell, shooting the jumpy apple off Stan Laurel's noggin. That's my picture of the scene."

Which, citizens, gives you an idea of how five famous film physicians operate. And all of which, in summary, shows you how the men who do the dirty work think and toil.

Incidentally, do you still think actors do most of the work in making a movie?

THE MOST MALIGNED WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 27*)

I was invited out to dinner and wanted desperately to create an impression, I'd sit there tongue-tied with self-consciousness, physically unable to talk. Sooner or later I'd have to get away from the table, go somewhere and lie down. I'd be ill. I made up my mind then that I was going to find a kind of life for myself where I'd never have to go to dinner.

"People can't seem to understand how, if I really am self-conscious (which they doubt), I could become an actress. And I can't understand why they can't understand. It is the most natural thing in the world. Acting, I can get out of myself. No other profession offers me such an exciting way of escape."

She interrupted her rush of words to smile persuasively.

"Most people on the stage," she continued, "have a curious kind of self-consciousness. Playing a part, you have smart lines to say, or dramatic lines, or amusing lines—and you move around in a pink spotlight, which flatters you, glamorizes you. But when you step out of the spotlight, you're just an ordinary person. Your looks aren't spectacular, you play lousy tennis, and you don't say clever things. You have to have a colossal ego, or be a colossal ham, not to be self-conscious."

THERE were tales that she took acting more seriously than any other actress alive. How about those reports?

"I deny them," she said airily, crushing out her cigarette for emphasis. "I submit in evidence the fact that I limit my acting to stage and screen. I don't carry it over into private life. I relax after working hours.

"As a job, I take acting seriously, yes. There's no other job I'd rather do. There's a tremendous sense of excitement about it. And I'm hyper-critical of myself as an actress; that story is true. But I also give myself praise when I think I deserve it. When I watch something I've done, I'm very cold-blooded, very impersonal. Almost everyone is, who has terrific ideals, who cares desperately how a thing comes out, and how everybody comes out in it. I admit I care."

But she doesn't care to be a Glamour Girl, or she wouldn't wear slacks. Or would she?

"A Glamour Girl—with my long, scrawny neck?" she demanded. She shook her head. "I have definite ideas about what looks well on me and what doesn't, but glamour doesn't enter into it. Before I go into a scene, I try to look as well as I can; then I try to forget my appearance. Unless I'm comfortable, God spare everyone.

"As for my much-mentioned slacks"—she raised her eyebrows—"I just loathe wearing skirts. And I'm so uncomfortable in a short one, I can't think. I go mad. All rumors to the contrary, I don't have as many as most of the men out here. I have seven of these"—she indicated the outfit she was wearing—"and four slack suits. I did have only one but the Department of Sanitation objected." She paused, then added provocatively, "I have a street dress, too, believe it or not!"

There were two conflicting stories about her first descent on Hollywood. One had it that she lay awake nights, thinking of ways to get her name in print;

Between my husband and his mother ...I was going crazy!



1. When Jim and I were married, and his mother came to live with us, I had my fingers crossed. His mother is full of old-time ideas. We don't see eye to eye on lots of things. But we hit it off great and everything was swell till little Judy was born.



2. That's when the fireworks began! Morning, noon, and night my mother-in-law was fussing. "You'd think that child was a hot-house flower," she kept raging. "Special diapers—special foods—good glory, even a special laxative! That baby gets so mollycoddled, it's a crime."



3. Then *Jim* began to side in with her! Said his mother was bringing up babies before I was born! Boy—did I see red! Did I tell him! "*This* baby is *my* baby and she's going to be brought up the *modern* way. Nobody's going to tell me what to do for her except the doctor!"



4. Finally it got so bad, I had to do something to make mother stop stirring up trouble. "I don't want to hurt your feelings," I said, "but the doctor's orders are orders. He says a baby's system is delicate—you can't treat it like an adult's."



5. "*That's* why I wouldn't dream of giving the baby anything but Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially *and only* for infants and children. It's safe—there isn't a harsh drug in it. The doctor says you couldn't want a better laxative than Fletcher's Castoria for a child."



6. "And golly, mother, you've seen how pesky Judy acts when she has to take *any* medicine. But she *loves* the swell taste of Fletcher's Castoria." Well, just then the baby smiled and settled it! We haven't had a squabble since.

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the other, that she was emphatic about not wanting any publicity whatever. Which was correct?

"I wanted absolutely no ballyhoo," she said. "I didn't want the public to be told that a great creature had arrived when that great creature might very well lay an egg. Before I had started my first picture, RKO agreed not to mention me till it came out. And as soon as I finished my part, I headed for Europe. When the picture was previewed, nobody knew anything about me except that I was 'an heiress to $17,000,000', a marvelous bit of misinformation. It made a friend of mine, who actually *was* wealthy, perfectly furious. She had never been credited with more than $11,000,000, herself. Hollywood found it easy to believe I was an heiress. Only someone very rich would dare to dress as badly as I did, or look as horrible," she laughed.

Did she know in advance that she was going to do "A Bill of Divorcement," or was that first break a lucky accident?

"Oh, I knew what I was going to do all right. For two years I had been getting screen offers, and turning them down because they didn't promise me any specific part. I was holding out for a leading role. Or, at least, a very good part, one that would give me a chance to do something. That was very, very definitely arranged before I ever headed for Hollywood.

I HAD the best deal was ever given to an unknown. Only a very ignorant person would have done what I did. I asked for everything. And I was so definite about what I wanted, they were appalled. So I got everything. Now that I know more about the business, I too, am appalled by what I asked. And amazed that I got it."

Perhaps she didn't want any publicity *before* her first picture. But *after* it was a hit, didn't she do everything possible to convince people that she wasn't the usual type? Like wearing overalls to work. And sitting on studio curbstones, reading her mail.

She took time to light another cigarette before she answered. "I've been guilty of a lot of things," she said, "but one thing I can't be accused of is thinking up stunts to attract attention. I don't have the right kind of stomach for that sort of thing. Remember my nervous indigestion. Nothing brings it on so fast as a feeling of being conspicuous.

"But—there's a large amount of stubborn Yankee in me. If I'm criticized for doing something that seems natural to me, nothing can make me stop doing it—no matter how conspicuous it makes me, or how much bicarbonate of soda I have to swallow.

"It seemed natural to me to wear overalls to work. I had been doing it for years and nobody had ever criticized me for it. But now, suddenly, my overalls were horrible examples of what no girl should wear. So were my dungarees. They weren't 'feminine.' They were 'mannish,' 'affected' and 'ridiculous.' If I wanted to wear something in the line of trousers, why didn't I wear women's slacks? For the simple reason that women's slacks weren't comfortable. In those days they had crotches down to the knees. Now they're tailored like men's slacks. And every girl in her right mind wears them. I was simply ahead of the times.

"As for my sitting on curbs, that seemed natural, too. Studios don't put benches along their sidewalks. They aren't like college campuses. And I couldn't do all my sitting indoors. I had a two-by-four dressing-room guaranteed to give anybody claustrophobia. Not to mention out and out melancholia.

"People who drove around in town cars, as if this were New York, accused me of putting on an act because I drove around in 'a truck.' That's what they called it. Now they all drive station wagons.

"The story went out that I was acting in my stocking feet. No explanation went with it, so people assumed there wasn't any. Here was more proof of the fact that Hepburn was a freak, if not a maniac. No one bothered to explain that I was five feet seven and had to do *something* to look shorter than my leading man."

When it first became apparent that she didn't intend to mingle with Hollywood society, she was accused of "trying to pull a Garbo." Did she resent that?

"No," she said bluntly. "It was nice to be compared to Garbo. It sort of hitched my wagon to a star. Even if the two of us couldn't be more different."

Didn't it ever occur to her that it might be smart politics to attend Hollywood parties?

"I didn't—and don't—have anything against Hollywood parties in particular. I just loathe all parties; whisking from one person to another, engaging in glassy-eyed conversation with people with whom I have nothing in common. And I don't believe in politics. I don't like people who aren't sincere, so why should I expect people to like me if I'm not sincere, myself? It isn't too difficult to be nice to people. But to be *calculatedly* nice is exhausting, and it has a horrible effect on you finally. If you set yourself to please others, God help you. You can't be true to yourself at the same time.

"I was perverse enough to think I might fall for the racket if I started listening to the flatterers and eager advisers. That explains why I was rather belligerent to people, when it would have done me more good to be sweet and helpless.

She laughed at a sudden thought.

THEY told me I should do this or that, because people expected it from Hepburn. One time I went to Catalina with a small group of friends in a motorboat. Just outside the breakwater at San Pedro the motor cut out and we started drifting. Nearby, the battleship Maryland was riding at anchor and we started drifting toward it. An officer shouted over, 'Don't come alongside.' We shouted back, 'We can't help ourselves.' He called back, 'Throw out your anchor.' We had an anchor, but no rope to attach to it. I conveyed that information to the officer. 'Don't you have a mechanic who could fix our motor?' I yelled. He came over, finally, in a small boat with an engineer and a mechanic. I wanted him to be impressed with our gratitude. So when I thanked him I added, 'I'm Katharine Hepburn.' He took one look at me—with no make-up and my hair done up. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I'm Greta Garbo.' That was the only time I ever tried to make my name do any good. And"—she smiled self-deprecatingly—"where did it get me?"

Heading for Catalina in a small motorboat wasn't the safest, surest way of getting there. But then, wasn't it true that she had never had a double in any picture, and had done every physically difficult stunt, herself, including that swimming rescue of Natalie Paley in "Sylvia Scarlett?"

"I don't know if I have a talent for acting," she said, "but I do have a talent for sports. I have a terrific urge for athletic exploits. It's a holdover from trying to keep up with a couple of brothers as a youngster. I had to prove that I could do anything they could. Now I have to prove—to myself, if to nobody else—that

I can do anything a double might. So far I've done all my stunts, myself. And I'm proud of it.

"But Natalie Paley was the courageous one, making that scene for 'Sylvia Scarlett.' She didn't know how to swim a stroke, yet she wouldn't hear of using a double. She trusted me to take care of her. Both of us had to go into the water fully dressed, and the water was the Pacific in November—freezing cold. The camera had just started turning when a big wave hit us and threw us both against a rock. She banged her head and was completely knocked out. I managed to get her part way to shore, and Cary Grant took her the rest of the way. When she came to, she said, 'Shall we try again?' That's my idea of courage."

How did she prepare for a role?

"It's a long process. I have the script on my mind for weeks, sometimes months. First I read it over once—quickly. I don't attempt to remember every scene accurately. I turn my imagination loose and try to picture what each scene should be like. I build up from my hazy recollection of what I've read. I do that until it's almost time to start work. Then I read the script slowly and carefully, and find out what each scene is really like. That way, I make myself super-conscious of what the author put into each scene; and once in a while I find I've thought of something that he hasn't. That's how I did 'Morning Glory,' 'Alice Adams' and 'Stage Door.'

SHE won the Academy Award for "Morning Glory." But what role had she enjoyed most?

Without a second's hesitation, she said, "'Alice Adams.' I had more of a hand in that than in any of the others. I feel as if I know her better than any other character I've ever played. For one thing, I grew up in a small city, just as she did. And for another, there are so many people like her—people who have a terrific desire to create impressions, who don't realize the importance of being comfortable. Girls exhaust themselves making conscious efforts to be terribly popular with men, and they exhaust the men too. They don't let men relax or give them a chance to know them as they honestly are."

What would she tell a young girl who wanted to be an actress?

"I'd tell her to remember that acting rules are made to be broken. No two people are alike and the rules which apply to me may be the very ones which she should ignore. I'd tell her that she can learn more about acting from directors than from actresses. And I'd tell her that the greatest asset is a well-developed sense of discernment. It's more important than a well-developed figure. Believe me! Beginners invariably get ninety per cent bad advice, and ten per cent good advice. It takes discernment to sort out what applies to you, personally, and what doesn't. The way most people start acting is by imitation—but it takes discernment to know what to imitate, and how much, and when."

Something most people, especially writers, couldn't understand was why she had avoided talking for publication for so long. What made her so allergic to interviews?

"The interviews," she said, quick as a flash. "The first ones. After 'A Bill of Divorcement,' as I said before, I went to Europe, and I went steerage. Why should I pay $500 to throw up, first class—when I could go steerage and throw up for $400 less? I was in Vienna when a cable caught up with me: 'Come back at once. You are a spectacular hit.' I had a hunch that I'd better come back first class, be-



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cause if by any chance reporters met the boat and found me in steerage, it might be catastrophic. It's lucky I followed my hunch, for both reporters and photographers covered my arrival. I checked into a hotel and the place swarmed with interviewers. They asked questions that seemed to me to have no bearing on the fact that I was an actress, which was, presumably, their reason for interviewing me. How many times had I been married? How many children did I have? There was a facetious note in their questioning, so I put a facetious note in my answers. I might have said, 'I'm sorry, but I don't want to answer that,' and they would have thought, 'What a dreary girl!' So I replied humorously—or so I thought. I told one interviewer that I was a rabid old maid, and another that I had seven children. But they printed my answers dead seriously, with the result that I sounded as if I were just one jump from a lunatic asylum. When I reached Hollywood, I gave a few more interviews, and again I was misinterpreted. So I gave up for a while.

AND then I got in bad with the press because I wouldn't let them take my picture indiscriminately. I didn't mind at premières and other public functions. But when I was trying to be a private individual, I loathed being made conspicuous, with flashlight bulbs attracting attention I didn't want. They didn't seem able to understand that, so I started running. And they didn't understand that. They said it was an act. After they said that, I couldn't stop running. The old Hepburn integrity was at stake."

Now that she had squelched all her critics with her tremendous success on the stage in "The Philadelphia Story," and had been welcomed back to Hollywood with open arms to do the screen version, what was she going to do next? Marry and retire? Or do another play?

"I'm going on the road for twelve weeks. After that, I have no definite commitments. I'm going to try to go back and forth between the stage and screen—combine the two. Change of scenery, I've always heard, does things for a person's vitality. And I place a high value on vitality."

But where are her ambitions leading her? What is her goal?

"I can't tell that," she said, smiling. "I know, but I can't talk about it. I'm afraid if I discuss my plans they'll never get accomplished. Just as a writer with plans for a story never gets it written if he tells it to someone else first. The element of surprise is gone."

That is Katharine Hepburn, 1940 A.D.

BAD BOY MAKES GOOD

(*Continued from page 33*)

my becoming an actor in the first place. That was Yehudi's doing, too.

"There wasn't a drop of theatrical blood in me. My father was a doctor and my mother was an artist. I never played theatre as a kid, and I didn't like boys who did. They were sissies. One time I portrayed Columbus in a school play, but I tripped on my sword and fell flat on my puss. They never asked me to act again.

"I remember being taken to the theatre just once. That one time, I saw Eva Tanguay and those legs—a rather frightening experience for a child. It might have marked me for life.

"We lived in New York. Next door lived William A. Brady, the theatrical producer. But we didn't know the Bradys, and they didn't know the Bogarts. We were typical New York neighbors—till one time Mr. Brady had a touch of ptomaine and called in my father. After that, I started playing with young Bill. Every day, from the time I was ten till I was about fifteen, we played together. Evenings we used to go over on Riverside Drive, where there was a lot of construction going on, and shoot the globes out of red lanterns with air rifles—which our families didn't know we had. We had secret hideouts for the guns, secret signals to warn each other of the approach of cops. That was the kind of fun I went for as a kid. Adventure stuff.

"When I was about fifteen, some escapade or other—I've forgotten which one—caught up with me. I was sent away to prep school, with the family devoutly hoping I'd be able to keep out of the Reformatory. I lasted there till I thought it would be a good idea to duck an assistant prof, a very unpopular gent, in a fountain. There was a whole gang of us in on the plot, but it was a dark night, and he didn't recognize anybody but me. The school asked me to leave. If that hadn't happened, maybe I wouldn't have joined the Navy. Or maybe I would have. Anyway, I did, and saw two years of war.

"When I came out of it I was eighteen, and I wanted a job; it didn't matter what kind. At young Bill's suggestion I asked his father for one, but he couldn't use me. I finally went to work in a brokerage house 'way downtown. But I got tired of getting up so early. Every few days I'd have Bill call up, imitate my father's voice, and tell them I was 'sick.' After a while they decided they didn't need me any more, and again I began hitting Mr. Brady for a job. He put me to work as an office boy and I worked up to stage manager.

I WENT on the stage the first time as a gag. I'd been kidding Neil Hamilton about the soft life of an actor. 'Acting doesn't look very hard to me,' I'd said. The funny thing—typical of Bogart—was that that was what I actually thought. The last night of the play, he dared me to go on in his place. I took the dare, and it was all a horrible fiasco. In one scene, an actor was supposed to be mad at me, and I thought he was really mad; he scared the hell out of me. It was the first time I had been face to face with actors at work. I didn't realize how convincing they could be!

"After that experience, I thought, 'Never again.' What changed my mind was finding out I'd never get rich as a stage manager. I was twenty and I wanted to get ahead in the world, so I went to Mr. Brady and told him my problem. He said, 'Why don't you become an actor? Actors earn good money.' So, to make a fortune, I became an actor."

He turns to Mayo. "Honey, do you know how long I've been trying to get enough money together for a boat?"

"Yes, dear," she sighs, as if the subject is very old-hat, indeed. "I know—years."

Sometime or other, couldn't he have muscled into the Front Office and said, in his most tight-lipped gangster manner, "I want more dough, or else!"

"Yeah," Bogie says, "but I wouldn't have scared anybody. I'm not a big name

—yet. Besides, I'm known as the guy who always squawks about roles, but never refuses to play one.

"That's for two reasons. I admit I'm no picker of what's good for me, and I don't believe in taking suspensions. When you go on suspension for refusing a role, you go out of circulation. And what usually happens when you go back? You get the same part in another picture.

"I've never forgotten a piece of advice Holbrook Blinn gave me when I was a young squirt and asked him how I could get a reputation as an actor. He said, 'Just keep working.' The idea is that if you're always busy, sometime somebody is going to get the idea that you must be good."

To keep busy, Bogie has had to make ten to fourteen pictures a year. ("It has been like doing one long picture with different characters walking in.") But it has started to pay dividends. It started, in fact, with "It All Came True." That was originally offered to George Raft—who decided he'd rather do "House Across the Bay." Looking around for a substitute actor, the studio wondered if Bogie wouldn't do.

"Yehudi—there's that man again—was right on hand that time. And he certainly was looking out for me when 'High Sierra' came up!"

In the picture, you'll see Humph doing several things he hasn't done before—for example, making violent love to Ida Lupino. He used to say that love-making was something he'd never be seen doing on the screen. Now he may have to eat his words.

HE asserts, "They won't make a Great Lover out of me if I can help it." However, there is evidence to support the contention that he has sex appeal. The Career Girls' Club of Hollywood recently voted him the actor they would most like to marry if they could!

He's also going to put up a fight against being a glamour boy, now that he's a star. "I'm allergic to glamour. It's all they can do to keep shoes on me. I have exactly three suits. It's my stand-in who has eighteen."

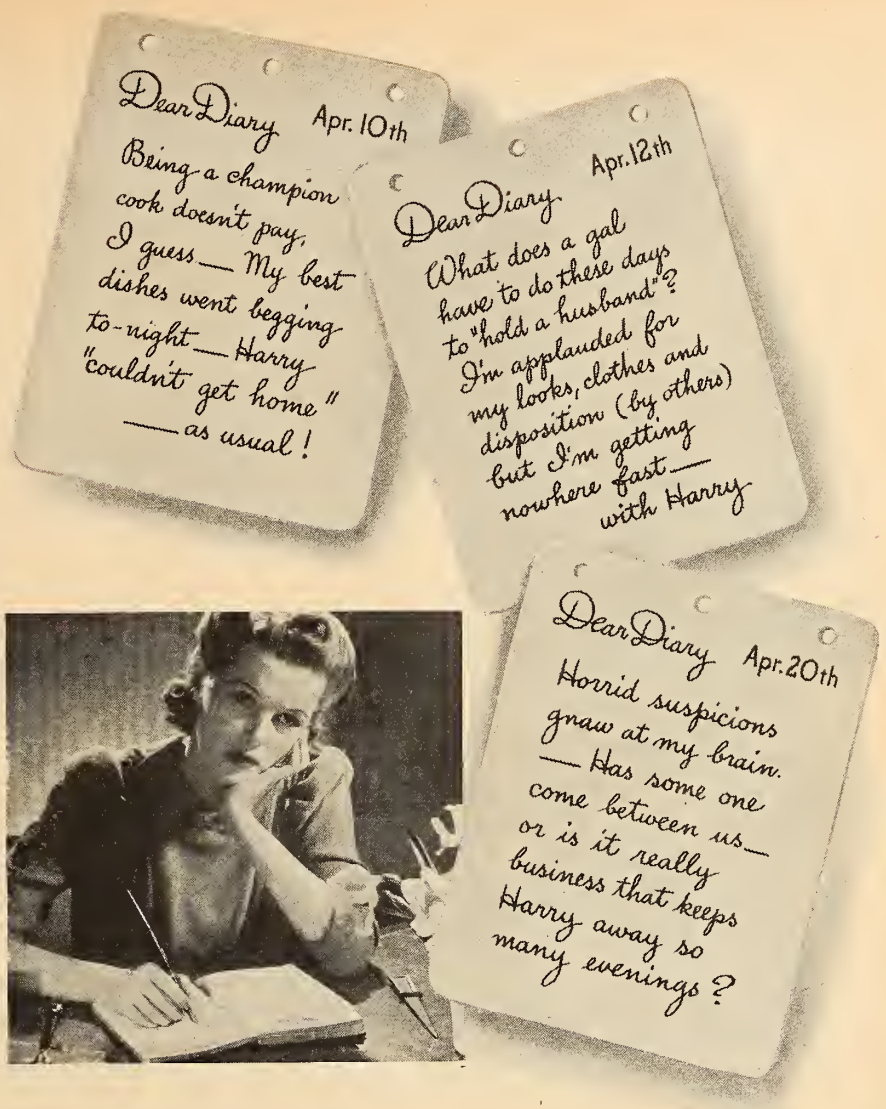
And stardom isn't going to make him more dignified—if he has anything to say about it. "Where's the fun in being dignified?" he demands. "Remember that old phrase 'going Hollywood?' What people meant was 'putting on false dignity.' That's gone out of fashion. A few years ago, everybody tried to be dignified, and everybody was bored stiff. Nobody dared to take a drink, nobody dared to do anything a producer might not like. Nowadays, if people don't like producers, they walk up and sock 'em on the nose. And they still have their jobs next day, too."

There isn't any danger, either, of his going "arty" now that he has taken over a role intended for Muni. Not so long ago, he was working with a young actress who will be nameless. She resented the speed with which the director was getting scenes on film. She finally said to Bogie, "Everything's going too fast. There's no time to work up a mood. And the picture will probably be a sensational success. . . . Sometime, wouldn't you like to do an artistic flop?" His answer was typical—a thunderous, "Gawd, NO!"

What *is* his goal in life?

"To own a boat. It doesn't have to be a big, super-colossal yacht. It can be just one size larger than a dinghy. After I get it, I suppose my goal will be to find time to use it.

"I don't have any great acting ambitions. I just want to do a good job, if possible. I bump into people on sets who have seventeen other things on their



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WEE WALKERS for the *wee* walker

minds. They're thinking about how to get in better with the director, how to get more close-ups, or about some party tonight. A lot of people think I'm a stuffed shirt, think I don't have any fun because I don't party when I'm working. But I can't bat around at night lapping up champagne cocktails and do good work the next day. Which is the thing I want to do most. As far as I'm concerned, work is not just a dull interlude between parties."

He also suspects that a lot of people think he's a sour-puss. "They've seen me with my face set hard for gangster roles and don't stop to think that maybe there's a trick to setting it hard, and that I can unset it, too." He gives an exaggerated, toothsome grin to illustrate. "Anyway, even a sour-puss can have a sense of humor. That's what I liked about 'It All Came True.' It gave me a chance to prove it. Mind you, I'm no wit. I've got to have some very brilliant man write me devastating things to say. I'm no clown, but a lot of things strike me terribly funny."

ONE of the things is—that he has to work hard on the screen to prove he's tough and has to work hard off the screen to prove he isn't. "You should see me working in my garden when the photographers come around!" he says. "Somebody from some big garden magazine interviewed me at the studio one time, and I told him about the petunias I'd grown. 'Six feet tall,' I said. He said, thoroughly awed, 'Amazing!'"

Mayo interrupts to say, "I nearly died when he came home and told me what he'd said to the man. You know how close to the ground petunias grow!"

He wishes that some kind soul would assure the public that he doesn't say "dese" and "dose" except in the movies.

As a rule, he's easy-going, but he really boiled over when he was charged with being a Communist. And he's still mad.

"A screwball, who was branded by Dean Landis of Harvard Law School as a 'pathological liar,' told a Los Angeles County Grand Jury that I was a Communist. He named some other actors, too. Without even giving me a chance to deny the accusation, the politically ambitious District Attorney of Los Angeles made the charge public. It was the worst blow I have ever had in my life.

"I was fighting mad—determined to right this injustice. And in a hurry. I happened to see that Congressman Martin Dies, head of the Congressional committee investigating un-American activities, was in Los Angeles. I called him that night, told him the situation and asked him if he would give me an immediate hearing. At 10 o'clock the next morning I appeared before him, answered all his questions, and my business manager also took the stand and testified that I have never contributed any money to any political cause whatsover.

"Congressman Dies not only exonerated me completely but he said that during his committee's three-year investigation of un-American activities, my name had never been mentioned. That's something. But I'm still burned that my whole future was jeopardized by one man's charge that I was a Communist—and that I had to request a hearing to clear myself. I consider myself a citizen of Los Angeles. I own a home here, and I maintain my mother in a home here, and my sister in another. I pay taxes like any other citizen. And I consider myself entitled to the same rights as any other citizen."

The home he refers to is on a little dead end street at the edge of Beverly Hills, just off Sunset Boulevard. He and Mayo call it "Sluggy Hollow." He's partial to the word "sluggy." It's one of his pet names for Mayo.

He also likes being interviewed. Says, "It's like being psychoanalyzed."



Just ta hurry 1941 alang, Baby Sandy dresses up ta greet it weeks ahead of time. She has such a big future ahead af her that she'd just as soan skip the intervening years entirely!

CHRISTMAS TREE SUGGESTIONS

(*Continued from page 54*)



Pajamas
In plaid cotton flannelette by Kayser. Butcher-boy top may be worn as blouse with ski-trousers, too.

Compact
A Volupte snuff-box in black enamel adorned with a decorative horse.

Watches
Styled for men and women by Raleigh. Natural yellow rolled gold plate; non-tarnishable metal backs; jeweled movements.

Handkerchiefs
Hand-rolled, pure silk chiffon for evening. One is sequin-trimmed; the other has set-in velvet bows.

Slippers
Joyce wedgie mules in teddy-bear cloth. Pink, blue or white.

Hiro
Exciting new game for indoor sportsters and distracted hostesses.

Bag
Soft suede envelope by Wilder, with startling jeweled clasp. In black or brown.

Sweater
Gay "Swissie" cardigan, colorfully embroidered.

Evening Dress
Important dance frock in white rayon brocade with deep black velveteen flounce.

Socks
Knee-highs by Kayser, for winter sportswear. Of extra-heavy pure wool.

Jewelry
Martha Sleeper's new creation—"Holly Wreath"—in green and red light-as-air plastic. Bracelet, pin and necklace set.

Fur Jacket
Waist length with swirl sleeves. In skunk-dyed or sable-dyed Opossum.

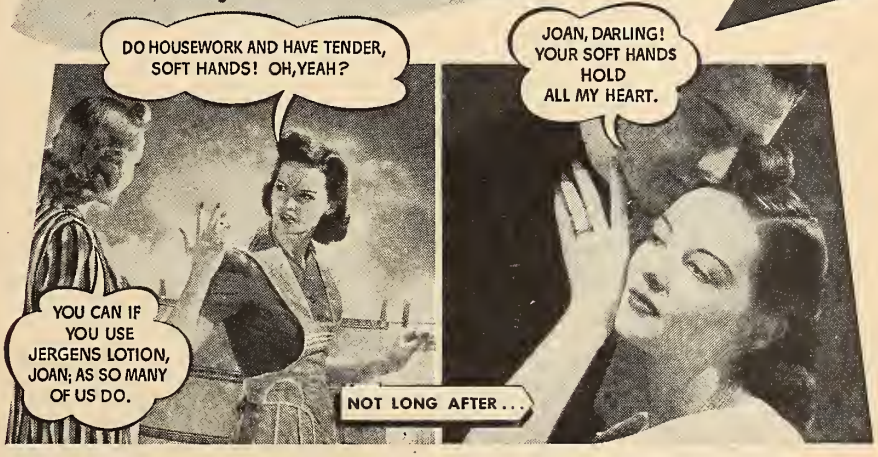
Mittens
All wool made to look like hand-knits, by Wear-Right. In children's sizes, too.

Umbrella
Waterproofed Celanese rayon taffeta in gay colors and handles.



*Arleen Whelan and George Montgomery —romantic featured players for 20th Century-Fox Films.

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Brush Away
Gray Hair
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EXTRA SOFT!
YET THEY COST NO MORE



Betty Lou
POWDER PUFFS
AT ALL 5-AND-10¢ STORES

A SKIN THAT MEN ADORE

(*Coninued from page 44*)

beauty, so treat it with the kindness and care it really deserves.

In winter, winds and fluctuating temperatures—dry artificial heat one minute and damp blustery cold the next—water, soil, everything seems to conspire to roughen and redden your skin as well as to generally ruin its comfort. So arm yourself with a generous supply of rich emollient creams and lotions. Before and after every exposure protect your skin with a filmy application of one or the other. Use a foundation cream under your make-up and, at night, after a thorough cleansing, massage one of the richer creams into your face and neck.

KEEP a cream or lotion, not only on your dressing table, but also on the shelf above your kitchen sink, in the bath-room and at your place of business. Don't forget it when you go traveling, too. You need such beauty pick-ups more than ever when you get away from your old familiar brand of water, weather, food and sleeping habits.

Fine, fluffy, non-drying face powder is an important winter beauty accessory, too. Pat it on lightly—never rub it on as if it were so much lacquer.

And don't be tempted to leave off eating fresh fruits and vegetables just because they are a little harder to get in winter. There's nothing so disastrous to a beautiful complexion as a steady diet of heavy meats, starches, pastries and canned fare without a proper balance of fresh beans, tomatoes, oranges, apples and all the other vitamin-laden farm products that you can get your hands on. Sleep is a real ally to a lovely complexion, too, and so are copious quantities of drinking water, outdoor exercise, deep breathing and all the other health-promoting practises.

When you massage your face—and you should frequently—always use a lubricating cream and stroke up and out with deep, firm, rotary motions, never down or inward. But remember this, that wrinkles which come from worry, "nerves," poor circulation or even poor lighting cannot be erased by any amount of massaging. They must be attacked at a very different source. Relax, be gay, alert and active, both physically and mentally. Let your pet peeves and worries go and watch the subtle change that comes over your complexion. Never before in our history have we had such truly wonderful cosmetics to guard that first line of beauty's defense—our priceless complexions. But be sure you give your own an equal chance to profit by the application of these aids to nature. Then you will indeed have the kind of skin that men adore.

It's funny how a blot of ink is more conspicuous than all the clean paper that surrounds it and, similarly, how a rough, red hand will distract your attention from a face that may, in itself, be perfectly lovely. You won't ever have to worry about that, though, if you're smart enough to keep a jar of that remarkable Barrington Hand Cream on your dressing table and another at your place of business—whether that's an office, hospital, shop or just the kitchen sink. For Barrington is one hand cream that actually does more than its makers claim. It not only softens, whitens and protects your skin. Barrington really soothes rough, chapped, even cracked, hands—and works in double quick time, too. Considering its consistent effectiveness we're constantly amazed at its modest price. Barrington Hand Cream is something to write home about any time of year—but, with the chapping season now getting into full swing, it's a simple necessity for skin health and beauty.

By the way, the makers of Barrington Hand Cream are now presenting an excellent new all-purpose face cream which not only cleanses but softens and protects, and can even be used as a make-up foundation. It is delightfully smooth and delicately fragrant. Although it is new to the market, this fine cream has been tried, tested and improved in the laboratory until its makers believe it to be practically perfect. Ask for Barrington All Purpose Face Cream the very next time you go shopping.

When your mother was a girl we'll bet two to one that she used—and got good results from—a remarkable deep pore cleanser called Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Well, that same old beauty stand-by is still winning friends and influencing the younger generation. Made of 70% milk, this unusual cream brings dirt and grime simply rolling out of clogged-up pores, leaving your skin silken smooth and radiantly clean. Mother knew a thing or three about cleansing and protecting her complexion for, after all these years, we must agree that neither she—nor you—could make a wiser choice than this same delicately smooth, efficient cleanser still known as Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Look for it in your neighborhood store and see if you aren't delighted with your discovery.

AFTER a winter's bath, did you ever give yourself a rub-down with Woodbury's Almond Rose Lotion? No? Then you have a real treat in store. All that dry, itchy skin that tingled for lack of moisture will become soft and velvety—and besides, the fresh, clean scent is too lovely and luxurious for words! Apply Woodbury's Almond Rose Lotion generously to arms, elbows, knees, heels and ankles and, of course, use it freely on face, neck and shoulders. Woodbury's Almond Rose Lotion smooths into your skin evenly, without a trace of stickiness, and its genuinely feminine fragrance will give your spirits a real lift. Its healing qualities will prevent that "wintry weathered" skin so unnecessarily uncomfortable. Don't say we never told you!

We are now about to let you in on something really different—and we think that you'll be as excited as we are about this new—of all things—cosmetic bracelet! Every girl likes to wear jewelry, but it isn't every pretty bracelet you find that can actually be put to work. Believe it or not, though, with a flick of your finger, this one can be transformed into a complete make-up kit! A turn of the band and there you have a lovely natural shade of powder, lipstick, rouge, three puffs and two mirrors—all concealed right inside one bracelet! The bracelet itself is very nicely designed and comes in a variety of colors to match your winter wardrobe. Such a decorative bit of costume jewelry is grand for dates, too, because it does away with stuffing your purse jam full with a lot of miscellaneous cosmetics. Oh, yes, and you can even buy refills. Would you like to know more about this cosmetic novelty? Your name and address on a penny postal will bring the good news post haste.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 51)

'TIL STUDIO US DO PART

Hollywood "know-it-alls" were appalled when Albert Basserman asked to be released from his Warner Bros. contract merely because the studio did not give his actress-wife a job. They branded him "ungrateful" because the Warners had offered him his first opportunity in this country and "impractical" because his working permit states he may be employed by no one but the Brothers while he's in the United States. But, curiously, no one tried to understand what lay behind his action. Not a soul stopped to consider that Basserman is 72 years old, that before coming to America he and his wife had worked together for more than a quarter of a century, and that, furthermore, he was not the first actor to take his stand on the side of loyalty. Charles Laughton, for example, refused to appear on a recent Bing Crosby broadcast unless Elsa Lanchester was invited to star on a subsequent program, and also asked that Miss Lanchester be signed for a picture at RKO before he'd put his signature on a contract of his own. Both Miss Lanchester and Mrs. Basserman are competent actresses and their husbands know it. And, knowing it, they have no desire to overshadow the women they love. To them, there are things more important than their own careers.

THE RETURN OF FRANK APPEAL

Sex appeal is booked for a return engagement in Hollywood. After several years of hiding behind such misnomers as "oomph" and "glamour," good old S. A. is staging a comeback in the person of gorgeous Veronica Lake. Blonde, blue-eyed, exactly twenty-one, Veronica is an Arthur Hornblow discovery and so pregnant with allure that Paramount, who refers to her role in "I Wanted Wings" as the "hottest spot" in films, admit they mean it in more ways than one! They've just one complaint to make about their new star. They charge she's interfering with the work of the men on the lot. Not that she means to, of course, but studio chieftains are up in arms because technicians, "props" and others spend too many business hours in the studio projection room, running off the celluloid-sizzling screen tests that landed Veronica a contract.

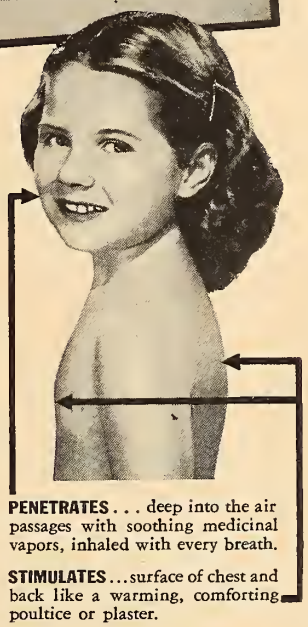
OAKIE'S JACK

A year ago, Hollywoodites used to get a few beers under their belts and sit around and wail for "poor Jack Oakie, a swell guy who can't get a break." But they're not wailing any more. Ever since word seeped out that he was great in "The Great Dictator," Oakie's been "hot." New jobs have been rolling at him and, at the moment, he's the highest paid person in the cast of "Tin Pan Alley!" True, Alice Faye's the star, but Alice earns only $4,000 a week, or thereabouts, while Jack, who's contracted for six weeks, is doing his stuff for $6,000 per. What's more, if his talents are required for two weeks over the contracted term, he'll be upped to $7,500 and, if he's needed beyond the eight week period, he'll be paid $9,000 weekly till the picture's completed! Poor Jack Oakie! Why doesn't someone give that guy a break!

I want every young mother to know...



About this IMPROVED Vicks Way that Relieves Misery of CHEST, COUGHING COLDS



Now when your child is suffering with a cold, get right after misery... in a hurry... the improved Vicks way.

This wonderful treatment — perfected by Vicks staff of Doctors — is a better way to use time-tested Vicks VapoRub and make its valuable poultice-and-vapor action more effective. It's called the "VapoRub Massage" and it's remarkably simple, remarkably quick.

First massage Vicks VapoRub for 3 minutes on IMPORTANT RIB-AREA OF BACK as well as throat and chest. Spread a thick layer on chest, cover with warmed cloth. Then let this MORE THOROUGH treatment go to work!

It eases bronchial irritation, coughing, muscular tightness or soreness, helps break up local congestion in upper air passages, makes breathing easier... and so relieves the child's misery, relieves you of worry!

BE SURE! To get the benefits of this improved Vicks treatment use only genuine, time-tested Vicks VapoRub.

PENETRATES . . . deep into the air passages with soothing medicinal vapors, inhaled with every breath.

STIMULATES . . . surface of chest and back like a warming, comforting poultice or plaster.

THIRD TIME THE CHARM?

The status of the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton romance still has round-towners confused. They don't doubt that the pair are "gone" on each other but, remembering Barbara's two previous unhappy marital adventures, (the first is said to have ended with a settlement of $2,000,000 on Prince Alexis Mdivani, and the second, in a settlement of $1,500,000 on Baron Kurt Haugwitz von Reventlow who is still dissatisfied) they wonder if she'd contemplate another jump. Noncommittal Babs has only this to say: "Knowing Cary has been the biggest thrill of my life. He's the first man who ever showered me with candy, flowers and trinkets—without sending me a bill at the end of the month!"

COPS AND RIBBERS

The ribbing Gene Autry's taking these days is enough to drive a lesser man to drink. Gene's got it coming, though, for after playing-the rootin', tootin', shootin' hero of countless cowboy dramas he proved a miserable bust in a little drama of his own. Returning home late the other night, Gene stepped into his drawing room in time to see a lone robber slipping out a window with the most valuable gun in the Autry collection clutched in his hand. And did the intrepid star, who has single-handedly routed scores of desperadoes, tear after the villain and, unassisted, bring him to justice? Nothing like it! Gene flew to the phone and called the cops! Probably figured they've got to earn a living, too.

MEET THE CHAMP

And speaking of Gene, did you know that "Champion," the horse on whom he cinematically rides to glory, is the current glamour boy of the equine world? Horse-fanciers, country-wide, have begged Gene to sell him and have actually submitted offers for the animal totalling over $100,000. That's more than most racing steeds are worth, but Gene's not biting. He paid only $150 for the big fellow eight years ago and, according to Gene, "Champ," who was the first horse to take a transcontinental air trip, "isn't even a thoroughbred. He's just small part Arabian and most part plain horse, but we've seen plenty together and that's the way it'll always be."

HOLLYWOOD TRADING POST

Newest wrinkle in Hollywood's charitable crazy quilt is Ann Lehr's "Memento Mart," a shop at which gadgets and clothing owned

...new sparkling shade
...new matched make up



RUBY RED
by Irresistible

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's new sensational lipstick . . . for "Ruby Red" is a rich, sporkling red . . . the season's liveliest, mast flattering calor. Blends brilliantly with oll the fashianoble new clothes calors. Applies smoothly and stoys on far haurs becouse af the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lipstick taday, with motching Face Powder, Rouge and Pawder Foundatian, and knaw the superb flottery of o complete Irresistible moke-up.

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IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10¢ AT ALL
5 & 10 C STORES

Good Housekeeping Bureau

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

by stars and craved by fans may be purchased at a fraction of their original cost. The "Mart's" been open just a few weeks but has already assembled the screwiest assortment of articles ever embraced by four walls. And how the fans are going for it! They're swamping Miss Lehr with requests for everything from Lana Turner's sweaters to Dotty Lamour's teeth braces! Items most in demand are empty perfume bottles, dress clips and hosiery, but Miss Lehr is also attempting to fill orders for Gene Autry's old spurs, a belt Clark Gable wore in "Boom Town," a battered fender from Tyrone Power's car, the sash of a dress Loretta Young wore in "The Doctor Takes A Wife" (for a male moviegoer) and the costumes that decked Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "Gunga Din" (for an exclusive girls' finishing school!) The most unusual request of all, however, has come from a young woman in St. Louis. She, heaven only knows why, wants Gary Cooper's toothbrush!

THE MAN I MARRIED—NO. 2

They're saying it was a severe case of careeritis that put the skids under the Carole Landis-Willis Hunt marriage. Carole, if the stories are to be believed, revelled in the publicity she received prior to her altar trek, and it took her only two moon's time to decide that magazine and newspaper editors thought her better copy as a Miss than as a matron. Whether or not a divorce will restore the publicity she's said to desire, only the future will tell, but it's our guess that a good performance and not single-blessedness is the thing that will again make Carole the pet of the press.

OUR TOWN

Talk about feminine vanity! There's been a hot feud on in town ever since a swashbuckling hero at a major studio grew jealous of the "beauty" of a dark-eyed male player cast in his last picture. The trouble arose when both were assigned to a dueling sequence and the leading man, realizing his opponent's tumbling black curls would make feminine hearts thump harder than his own red-blonde crop, insisted that said opponent wear a helmet throughout the scene although he himself appeared bareheaded!

NOT FOR PUBLICITY

When Mary Beth Hughes first made her Cinema City début, she cut through the town's stagline like a bolt of unsheathed lightning. Every attractive bachelor in Hollywood was on her date list, and for two months she whirled from party to party and night club to night club. Then, suddenly, it all stopped. Mary Beth discovered leading men bored her to tears and leaped off the merry-go-round. She stayed off it, too, until her press agent suggested, a few weeks ago, that she pose for some publicity shots with another of his clients, a Mr. Robert Stack. That did it. Mary Beth has a different slant on leading men today. She's dated Bob every night since they met, except for those few days he had to spend out of town on business—and then she received one special delivery letter, two air mail-special deliveries and four wires from him in a single morning! Neither will admit it's serious, but Mary Beth's sporting a new diamond solitaire and it's rumored they're secretly married. Yessir, it looks as though Miss Hughes is back on the merry-go-round—but this time it's exclusive!

DIDJA KNOW

That Patti McCarty uses boss Dorothy Lamour's old sarongs as head scarves . . . That Gary Cooper is shopping around for a plane . . . That Shirley Temple's brother, Jack, is an instructor of dramatics at Stanford University . . . That Jack Carson, considered a newcomer to the screen, is now appearing in his 56th picture . . . That Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, who have always shared sleeping quarters, are to have separate bedrooms at last . . . That Josef von Sternberg continues to be Marlene Dietrich's No. 1 adviser in all matters concerning her career . . . That Florette Debusky of Pottsville, Pa., was given the name Dana Dale by Walter Winchell . . . That Andy Devine is replacing his station wagon door with a sliding panel that will allow him more room to get in and out . . . That the story of "Citizen Kane" is suspiciously like the life story of William Randolph Hearst . . . That Maria Korda, Alexander's ex, is bringing Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird," to Hollywood . . . That William Holden won't go into a scene without money in his pocket

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York } ss
County of New York, N. Y. }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Pearl H. Finley, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1940.
ALFREDA R. COLE
Commission Expires March 30, 1942.

because he claims that makes him feel important . . . That Cesar Romero tripped and fell flat on his face while dancing at Ciro's one evening . . . That Paramount allocated a measly $250,000 for the publicity and exploitation campaign on "North West Mounted Police" . . . That Alfred Hitchcock reduced thirty pounds in nine weeks, but his dressing-room door still bears a sign reading "Mr. Hitchcock's Corral?"

MR. PRODUCER GOES TO THE MOVIES

Movieland producers, generally, scorn the customary method of entertaining guests. Instead of inviting friends over for a simple supper and a rubber of bridge, they serve elaborate nine-course dinners and, when the last fingerbowl has been cleared away, escort their visitors to their private projection rooms where they unreel their latest celluloid triumphs. One such producer is Twentieth Century-Fox's Sol Wurtzel who played host to a group of mid-western "little theatre" directors recently and after dinner presented his latest opus, an amusing something called "The Bride Wore Crutches." The directors sat in silence for an hour and, when the film was ended, rose from their seats and gathered around Mr. Wurtzel to offer their opinions, but before they could spout forth one of them had to tap Mr. W. gently on the shoulder—to wake him up!

JIMMY'S HOUSE-PEST

Jimmy Stewart's been a soul in torment since Burgess Meredith arrived to share his bed and board, for Burgess has a habit that's driving his host to the booby-hatch. He invites beautiful blondes to dinner and then fails to show up himself! Jimmy, left alone with a lot of strange women, tries ducking out side doors and rear windows, but the blondes always pull him back. They mistake his annoyance for shyness and, having been fed, feel it their duty to spend the evening putting the steaming Mr. Stewart right at ease!

PASSION BY PROXY

Brought up to be courteous to guests, Jimmy has said little to Burgess about the blondes, and only once has he called his maddening visitor on the carpet. That was the time Burgess, after his first meeting with Olivia de Havilland, asked her to the house and forgot to turn up. It wasn't that Jimmy objected to entertaining Olivia. Far from it! But he didn't think his best pal had any right to stand up his best girl. The next morning, therefore, he buttonholed Burgess and demanded that a formal apology be made to Olivia. Meredith was genuinely contrite, and, when Jimmy had walked away, instructed his valet to send Miss de Havilland some flowers and an appropriate note. The valet, knowing nothing of the Stewart-de Havilland romance, assured his master everything would be taken care of. And everything was. The following day Olivia found buried in a bouquet of roses a note which read—"My own darling: It was unpardonable of me to have forgotten so precious a rendezvous. I know you will forgive me and adore me always. With all my love, Burgess." And now poor Jimmy's madder than ever!

SHE'D CARVE A NEW MAP

If Carole Lombard ever slits Clark Gable's throat, a little lady in Milwaukee won't be surprised. She's been expecting that to happen ever since the afternoon she came upon Carole on the "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" set, and noticed the beautiful Mrs. G. fondling a murderous-looking straight-edged razor, a lunatic gleam burning in her eyes. "What are you thinking of, my dear?" the little lady asked. And Carole looked up. "Thinking of?" she repeated absently. "Oh, just how much I'd enjoy wrapping this around my old man's neck!" The little lady paled and ran away, but she need not have, because what Carole failed to add was that she'd spent a full week learning to manipulate the instrument for a scene in "Mr. and Mrs."—and that she wanted to test her skill on Clark who, for a sequence in "Comrade X," will have his chin decked out in a black beard!

THE MAN I MARRIED

There are those who say the frequent marital rifts of the John Barrymores smell faintly of publicity. However, according to Elaine, there was nothing phony about their last big, beautiful bout. Mrs. Barrymore reports that she and John actually had a terrific argument, (the subject of which she prefers not to divulge) and that when it reached its peak John shrieked, "Get out of my house!" "Oh, yeah!" return-shrieked Elaine. "*You* get out of *my* house!" And John got. Funny thing about these bust-ups is the fact that whenever John moves out, his mother-in-law moves in and, whenever John returns, his mother-in-law moves right out again!





"But I can't explain!"

BROKEN DATE, BROKEN FRIENDSHIP because of "REGULAR" PAIN

Explaining is difficult when you have to break appointments because of menstruation's functional pain. Yet how easy many women now find it to relieve such pain—to carry on in comfort—with the aid of Midol!

Midol contains no opiates. It is a new formula, developed for its special purpose. One Midol ingredient is prescribed frequently by many doctors, probably by your own. Another ingredient, *exclusively in Midol,* increases the comfort most users enjoy by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

If you have no organic disorder needing surgical or medical care, don't hesitate to try Midol. It should help you. If it doesn't, consult your doctor. Get Midol at any drugstore. Five tablets, enough for a convincing trial, only 20¢. Forty cents for 12 tablets.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



FREE WEDDING RING

with every simulated diamond engagement ring ordered now. Smart, new yellow gold plate wedding ring set with brilliants given as get-acquainted gift FREE with every Flashing simulated Diamond Solitaire Engagement ring ordered at our Anniversary Sale offer of only $1.

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FUN IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

(*Continued from page 37*)

cite the case of a once famous star who got a job selling shoes. He was an excellent salesman, but customers avoided him. Eventually he lost the job. Why? Because it is embarrassing to the public to look at a has-been!

"These are some of the things that flying helps you rationalize. I don't mean that it minimizes the importance of matters like your job and your home. Our new place is very important to us. It's a little house—twenty-five years old, with a little old stable and corral on three acres of land. You know, the kind of a place that rates the old slogan 'a place where you can raise a carrot and keep a bee!' We are paying for it on the F.H.A. plan, and we have all early-American furniture in it. Another thing that we think is important is saving for the future. Though we have no idea what medium of exchange we'll all be using a few years from now, we're taking a chance on saving.

KIDS? Not yet. Not when you know there's a chance they may be cannon-fodder."

Bob changed the subject abruptly. "I hope people won't think fliers have a high-hat attitude toward the things everyone else thinks are fun. The reason, for instance, that Viv and I don't go to night clubs is that we worked in them so long that we lost our taste for them. I don't drink because I don't like the stuff and also because a flier's first duty is to keep sober. In the old days, pilots were known as slap-happy guys with chronically bent elbows. Nowadays, it's different; every six months there's a physical exam and we have to pass that test. The round of social pleasures is out of our lives, not because we're anti-social, but because flying takes so much time. You need 150 hours a year in the air in order to keep your license. Blind flying takes more time. Then there's my instructing. I've taught Viv to fly, and now I'm teaching Cap'n James Smith.

"There's still another phase of our life which might be called abnormal. We keep no servants—partly for reasons of economy (flying is expensive) and partly because we hate the ignominy of having to order our fellow human beings about. Viv does all the cooking and Cap'n Jim does the dishes and the general cleaning. Jim is a Negro, pleasant-faced, clean-cut, a college graduate. He is our friend, not our servant. He has all his meals with us. We have a 'Be kind to Jim' week at our house, just as we have a 'Be kind to Bob' week, and a 'Be kind to Viv' week. During the 'Be kind to Jim' week, we wait on *him.*

"The color of a man's skin," said Bob, as the hour ticked by and the time came for him to drive back, "is another thing that doesn't seem to matter—up there. The things that do count are the ones that concern everyone. Conscription, for example. I'm all for it. I think we should have had it long ago. The manufacture of munitions should be speeded up. We should have the greatest air force in the world. There should be a ring of steel around the Americas. And I don't believe that conscription means the downfall of democracy and the setting up of a dictatorship either. I have too much faith in the soundness of the American people to believe that anything like that could exist here.

"I have had a pet theory for years which is now being put into practice. It is that the two things that will contribute most to eventual lasting world peace are radio and flying. Flying will bring us closer together, physically; radio will bring us closer together, ideologically. Each in its way will help make us neighbors. When we can all rub elbows and trade dreams one with the other, we will be friends, on the old premise that to know all is to forgive all."

"And if you should have to go to war?" I said.

"If there must be war, I'll go gladly. After all," he laughed, "a lot of other 'juveniles' will have to go, too! I won't be alone. That's the whole thing, you see, we aren't alone anymore, any of us. The thought of it doesn't worry me, not for myself, at least. I couldn't do anything but go, so I might as well be gay about it. We've got to look at things that way now in order to be happy."

Then we drove back to the studio. And after I left him I couldn't help wondering—is this what it's like, being a young man in the world today?



Sculptress Hedi Hollander tells Claudette Colbert (time-outting from "Arise My Love") how she chose her profession. Seems her song-writing hubby was driving her mad with his piano pounding, so she retired to a studio behind their house, began sculpting and founded a million-dollar business.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

(*Continued from page 43*)

black. From the cellar came a spooky cry; from the attic a sinister howl. Another family might have fainted, but the twins have conditioned the Johnsons to drama and the unexpected.

"It must be one of their games," said Mrs. Johnson placidly. And that's just what it was. Laraine, Lamar and their friends had resurrected one of their childhood favorites—"Sardines." First they had blacked out the house. Then one member of the clan had dashed away to hide. The rest of the group were hot on the trail, yelling and screaming through the dark. As, one by one, they discovered the hiding place—in this instance a linen closet—they hid there, too, until the last lone wanderer found them all together, packed tight as sardines on top of the Johnsons' clean sheets and towels. Mrs. Johnson is a philosopher about things like laundry and sudden guests, dancing in the living room and the interminable blare of the radio. She thinks it's all very jolly.

ANYBODY would think these assorted activities would keep even Laraine panting, but there is more to the story. Laraine writes poetry. How or when is a mystery we shan't try to solve. We can only report that she does, and that the poetry is quite good at that. She has had a number of pieces accepted by literary magazines, and on the work table in her large, sunny bedroom you can always find a couple of lyrics simmering gently, waiting for revision and a last fond polishing. Laraine writes musical comedies, too, and several of these have been produced by the Wilshire Playhouse group. She's pretty glib about her favorite authors, Ogden Nash, Jules Verne, Knut Hamsen, so we wouldn't be surprised if she even races through a book now and then. She admits, however, that she never gets a chance to shop. She loves clothes, but somehow can't find time to collect them. If she sees a pretty dress in a window, she'll dash in and buy it. Later, of course, she discovers that she hasn't a hat, coat or pair of shoes to wear with it. By the time she has assembled the right accessories, the dress looks like a relic of yesteryear. Consequently, she sticks mostly to slacks and shorts, spruces up only for big evenings.

So now you see how it is. When you have so many interests, so many things to do, when you have come so far in nineteen short years, when you plan to go so much farther in the years just ahead, you can't mark time. You can't stall. You can't proceed in low gear. No, sir! You hit the pike at eighty plus. You burn up the road, but you get there safe and sound with no accidents, and with even the law rooting for you. You do if you are Laraine Day, the cyclone on sixteen cylinders!

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Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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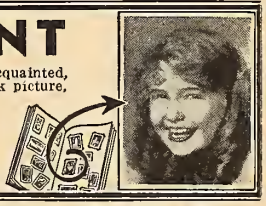


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CROSSWORD PUZZLES... 10c

HOLLYWOOD GANGS UP ON BRENDA MARSHALL

(*Continued from page 38*)

Later, during the course of the picture Brenda felt like expiring on the spot after one of her love scenes with Flynn. Flynn didn't help matters at all and definitely proved himself no gentleman and a scoundrel of the first order by ribbing her about what happened.

She had ordered one of the specials in the Green Room for luncheon, a dish of particular delectability. Not until she went into the first afternoon close-up with Flynn did she know there had been a liberal amount of disguised garlic in the dish. Flynn promptly and elaborately swooned, nor would he allow her to forget her innocent *faux pas* for one minute during the entire afternoon.

When she talked with her first Hollywood writer, Brenda learned that a magazine interview wasn't as simple as she'd thought.

The interviewer insisted upon delving into her past life, asking intimate questions which caused Brenda to fairly curl and shrivel. How was she to know that the writer meant nothing personal? To him, the questions were altogether natural and normal. He simply was trying to ferret out facts which would make an interesting story. Inasmuch as she had always tried to keep her affairs to herself, Brenda found exploration into those affairs a matter of deep concern.

For this very reason, the penalty of fame struck her amidships when a Hollywood columnist printed the news that Brenda and William Holden would marry within ten months. At that date, Brenda's divorce from Richard Houston Gaines, stage actor, would become final and she would be in a position to marry again.

Brenda was frightfully embarrassed by the episode, for she and young Holden weren't even engaged, much less planning any date for a wedding. Granted they went around together and Hollywood thought they were in love; no formal announcement had been made of any such betrothal. Brenda is a young woman of breeding and refinement, and she believed it particularly bad taste on the part of the columnist.

Had Brenda known beforehand what lay in store for her in Hollywood, she might have hesitated before deserting the stage, at least until she had acquired more poise and experience.

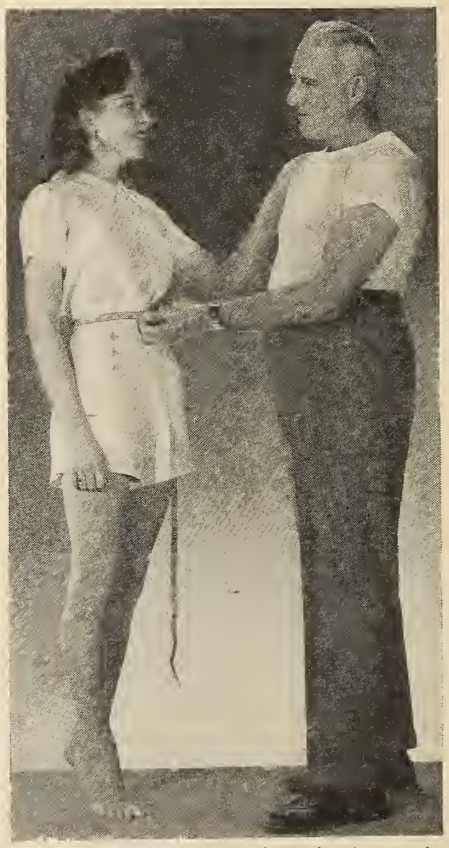
PAINFULLY shy, she didn't know how to meet the situations into which she was almost immediately plunged. Valiant attempts at sophistication in the Hollywood manner even now haven't radically changed this young actress who was reared in the solitude of a tropical sugar-cane plantation.

Born of Danish parentage on the island of Negros in the southern Philippine group, her childhood was passed far from the progressive tide of civilization. Brenda lived in the realm of her father's rather extensive library, and dreams didn't give way to reality until she was sent to an aunt's in San Antonio, Texas, for her education.

Interest in dramatics commenced with her enrollment at Texas State College, where she acted in class plays and proved herself an adept performer. She became so engrossed in the idea of a theatrical career that after two years at Texas State—which, by the way, Ann Sheridan also attended—she left to join Madame Maria Ouspenskaya's Dramatic College, then located in New York City.

Following her training there, Brenda became a member of a "straw hat" summer stock in Peterborough, N. H., and finally appeared in the Federal Theatre Project's production of George Bernard Shaw's "On the Rocks," which played Broadway for a very nice run. It was in this play that Hollywood talent scouts saw her and recommended her to their respective companies. Warner Brothers chanced to see one of these tests rejected by another studio and wired the youngster, "Take next westbound plane arriving here tomorrow."

When she arrived, Brenda resembled nothing quite so much as a luminous-eyed Spanish señorita. There's a certain deep, smouldering fire about her that, despite her Scandinavian ancestry, gives her an unmistakable Latin look.



Hold your breath girls! Ida Lupino's waist is 21¼ in.—Filmland's tiniest!

That is one reason why she filled the role of Doña Maria in "The Sea Hawk" so perfectly.

Hollywood scared the living daylights out of Brenda. It was so vastly different from anything she had ever encountered. Everyone seemed so utterly self-sufficient, so certain of himself. She found it difficult to accustom herself to flattery, to the delving into her personal life, to pushing herself forward when she would have preferred to remain in the background. What Brenda needed was a big dose of egomania, particularly to bridge over those embarrassing interludes she seemed ever to be drawn into.

After making four pictures, however, she was just beginning to feel a little bit more important, when she had another deflating experience. Holden had told her that Barbara Stanwyck wanted to meet her, but the opportunity had never presented itself. Therefore, when Barbara came on the Warner Brothers lot to work in Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe," Brenda decided that the time for the meeting had come. Accordingly, she went to pay her a call.

She did not, however, reckon with the gateman! Capra sets are always closed, visitors being admitted only with special permission. The gateman wasn't at all impressed with the fact that she was Brenda Marshall and under contract to the studio. She had no business on the set, so she wasn't going to pass. That year in the studio didn't signify a thing to the gate custodian and she had to leave without even a peek at Barbara!

NOT long ago she appeared on Bing Crosby's radio program. Memory of that broadcast lingers still, and not pleasantly, either.

An hour or so before the broadcast she fell and injured her back, but believed she could go through with the scheduled appearance. She stood with Bing and several others before one of the microphones on the stage.

Suddenly, while awaiting her lines, the top page of her script fluttered out of her hands. When she went to stoop for it, however, she discovered to her alarm she couldn't even bend! With her cue less than a minute away, she grew desperate. No one seemed aware of the fact that she had dropped her script, and there she was, unable to do anything about it. Finally she did get down on the floor crawfish-fashion to pick up the fallen page. It was one of her worst moments, for no one could know her awkwardness was caused by her fall; torn sacroiliac muscles had made her practically helpless.

Transcending by far all these adventures in embarrassment, however, because it served as a deep and searing blow, was an incident which occurred her first day on a movie set, the day she started "Espionage Agent."

During the morning Brenda had appeared in several scenes; then lunch was called. When she returned to the set, she received a terrific shock!

There before the camera, in clothes exactly like hers, stood another girl—and she was acting out the scene Brenda knew she was supposed to enact directly after lunch!

Brenda didn't know what to do, what to say. She felt like sinking through the floor; apparently, she had failed in her baptism-by-fire before the camera, and another actress had to be called in to replace her.

No one said anything; no one uttered words of sympathy or commiseration. For this, at least, she was grateful. It was as though the world had come to an end, and she felt frightfully ashamed.

She needn't have been, poor child! For that girl in clothes exactly like hers was her stand-in, going through her paces for the benefit of a camera set-up!

Every young actress experiences certain embarrassing moments in the realization of stardom, but few can duplicate those Brenda Marshall endured on her way up. She believes firmly, though, and perhaps rightfully, they contributed to her poise and presence. Certainly, she is one of the most composed young women on the screen today.

KNEE HIGH TO AN OSCAR

(Continued from page 6)

at Universal Studios. Gloria is twice as pretty in person as the camera allows. Symbolically enough, she was dolled up in an old dress of Deanna's, a blue taffeta affair, much too long for Gloria, but that didn't matter. Gloria was in the portrait gallery for a sitting of head close-ups. While she waited for the lights to be set, she passed the time ripping open a stack of fan letters. Every now and then Gloria giggled. Finally she shoved one letter at me and smiled.

When Gloria Jean smiles her dark blue eyes draw up in little violet slots and her eyelashes look like zippers. Her round, pink-and-white face topped by a neat mop of naturally wavy titian tresses smiles right along with her generous mouth. It was hard to concentrate—but I made it.

"Dear Gloria," said the letter. "I am only thirteen and I know I am too young for love but I can't help it, you are the prettiest girl in the world. Will you marry me? Donald."

She's a siren, this twelve-year-old! Why, some months ago Bing Crosby brought his kids on the set one day to watch pappy work. The next morning, bright and early, Gary, the eldest offspring, stalked into Bing's bedroom and woke him out of a sound sleep.

"Well, Dad," stated Gary, "it's happened!"

"What's happened?" inquired Bing, wide awake and wondering what epic event had arrived in the life of his son and heir.

"Judy Garland's out," declared Gary. "I've got a new girl—Gloria Jean."

Mesmerized young males by the thousands may moon over Gloria Jean, but right now Gloria isn't doing any mooning back. She's too busy savoring the wonders of Hollywood. And with all the real flesh and blood screen gods stalking around her sets (and being a terrific movie fan) Gloria is having a few crushes herself.

Dangling from the charm bracelet on her wrist is a gold medallion embossed with the classic profile of Basil Rathbone. Gloria raved about Basil so much when she made the picture with Bing that The Groaner had the little gold gadget made for a parting gift. Gloria was faithful to Basil for a long time, even after her Charles Boyer affair, but recently the autographed picture which hung over her bed was given away to Brian Aherne's romantic face, also lovingly autographed. What's more, Gloria has a big box of candy from Brian to prove his devotion, whether Joan Fontaine likes it or not. John Sutton, a handsome young Universal newcomer, is now looming large in Gloria's daydreams, as are Spencer Tracy and Errol Flynn, and it's to be expected that almost every dashing movie hero who visits Universal to make a picture will have his brief but blazing day in Gloria's worship.

To Gloria all this is a fantastic, wonderful dream come true—a dream that began quite a while ago back in Buffalo, N. Y., where she was born.

When Gloria was too young to dream about Hollywood, her pretty, energetic mother did it for her. For if you ask Eleanor Schoonover, she will swear she knew Gloria Jean had a rare voice when she was only fifteen months old. The record reveals that at that age Gloria actually showed up on a Scranton radio program, and at five she made her début in a big Scranton theatre officially classified as a coloratura soprano!

From then on about all Gloria Jean did, outside of wolf her oatmeal and learn her ABC's, was to burst into song at the slightest provocation. Gloria Jean was pretty famous locally by the time Paul Whiteman came through on tour with his band and, after one audition, offered her a contract.

BY that time there wasn't much doubt that Gloria was destined for a singing career, but Mama Schoonover and Gloria's Uncle Jack, a voice expert who really discovered Gloria's professional pipes, were set on grand opera. It took a lot of moxie to say "no" to Paul Whiteman, creator of stars, but they did, and lucky for Gloria, too. Because right after that she had her tonsils out, and complications set in that had her lying around a hospital for almost a year. Everyone thought she'd lose her pretty voice for sure—but when she got well, her singing was better than ever! Then Gloria's mother knew there was only one thing to do—get Gloria to New York where the big breaks were.

They started out broke and had absolutely no trouble staying that way, for there wasn't enough money in the Schoonover family to maintain two homes. Gloria finally got a job with a little one-horse New York opera company but, when they worked her too hard and threatened to ruin her voice, Mama S. didn't hesitate to pound the pavements again. Just when it looked like back to Scranton for keeps, the good Hollywood fairy waved her wand with a swell sense of timing.

Whether they wished upon a star or what, I couldn't say—but all of a sudden things certainly began happening.

Larry Waterman, assistant to the president of Universal, was in New York and saw Gloria at a tryout. He liked her! The next day Larry told Joe Pasternak, who was in the East on a pleasure trip, that he'd seen another Deanna Durbin. Pasternak clapped his brow. The last thing in the world he wanted to see or even hear about was another Deanna Durbin. Everybody he talked to had one. He wasn't interested in interviewing young hopefuls and mama's darlings—not this trip. He was on vacation and he meant to stay that way. No mix-ups with moppets!

But there's a funny thing about Hollywood producers. When they think they are on vacation, they're often spinning their brains around a mile a minute over some future epic. Joe had bought an I.A.R. Wylie magazine story called "The Underpup," but he didn't have a typical American kid to play in it. Consequently, it was a cinch for Larry Waterman to break him down to an interview with Gloria Jean.

She didn't even have to sing for Joe. She just played a couple of her records and turned on her smile. It was a ticket to Hollywood!

Long before this, Gloria had started making scrapbooks of her particular movie favorites and dreaming about Hollywood as some sort of Seventh Heaven. She'd always pictured it as a lush, tropical place, where cocoanuts rolled around in the streets, green palm trees swayed and glamorous stars pattered around in a paradise of luxury. Well, it was sort of a shock to find Movieland just another big city full of noises, hard-working people, lots of traffic and practically no cocoanuts. Undaunted, Gloria Jean made up her mind to concentrate on the movie studios and their glamorous stars, and so far they



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haven't let her down even a little bit.

Universal hasn't kept her too busy, for Joe Pasternak believes in bringing kids along slowly. She's had lots of time for running around collecting autographs, gasping, goggling and meeting mobs of dream men and women who are still eighth wonders of the world to her. By now the scrap books have reached mountainous proportions, and the autograph collections and screenland souvenirs have forced the Schoonovers into larger living quarters. When she returned to Scranton last year, reporters queried her about the thrills of Hollywood and Gloria replied that among the greatest was meeting people like Nan Grey, C. Aubrey Smith, El Brendel, etc., all of whom support Gloria in her own starring pictures.

After almost two years, studio sets still lure her like enchanted palaces. Mrs. Schoonover has given up trying to keep Gloria at home between pictures. Whether she's working or not, she manages to duck over to Universal daily, and one of her favorite between-picture pastimes is taking her sister, Lois, (Gloria's stand-in) and her baby sister, Bonnie, out to the abandoned sets on the back lot and putting on "plays." The other day a Universal picture company, setting up for some outdoor shots among the gaunt ruins of the ancient "Hunchback of Notre Dame" sets, was surprised to hear a voice crying "Heathcliffe! Heathcliffe!" They rushed inside and found Gloria Jean, Lois and Bonnie deep in a dramatic scene obviously filched from "Wuthering Heights!"

Going to the movies, by the way, is Gloria's never-ending delight. If, in the evening, the answer is a firm family "no," Gloria can sometimes be content to stay at home and dress up like her favorite screen sirens, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford, before the long mirror in her bedroom. But she'd a lot rather coax her way to the neighborhood theatre. Gloria's taste in movies at this point runs mainly to outdoor slam-bang pictures like "When the Daltons Rode" and "The Sea Hawk." She's also wild about horror films. The other day Gloria Jean trotted over to rehearse for an appearance at the Los Angeles Policemen's Ball. They put her up on an impromptu platform that carpenters were hammering together. To Gloria it suggested a scaffold. "Oh," she cried happily, "just like a hanging!"

Outside of this slight Jane Witherish touch, Gloria Jean is as nice and normal a young lady as you'd care to know. She collects dolls, helps her mother with the dishes, makes her own bed, cooks Baby Bonnie's breakfast and can whip up very yummy peanut cookies, according to family testimonials.

On the athletic side, she pedals a bike and bumps around occasionally on a horse chased by her fox terrier, "Pat," a gift of Director Dave Butler. In a swimming pool Gloria's a regular fish, and she can take care of herself very well in the neighborhood running, jumping and ball-playing kid games. For that matter, Gloria Jean can take care of herself under most circumstances.

She was up for a radio program with Edgar Bergen a while back. Bergen took Gloria to lunch after the deal was set to get to know her, so he could write up a clever script. One of the most amusing gents in Hollywood, Edgar's a great kidder, and he was bantering Gloria all around the table. Finally he happened on the favorite subject of his hair. Bergen hasn't any, of course, and though he kids about it, he's really sensitive. "How do you like my long curly locks, Gloria?" he inquired facetiously.

"I like it the way it is in the movies," came back Gloria. That's when Bergen wears a toupé!

Gloria's weaknesses are ice cream, which she tries to have at every meal, five-and-ten cent stores, trains, frilly frocks and a player piano which she pretends to play herself but really can't. Since she's been made a star, her little thirteen-year-old boy friend next door is having a terrible time getting any attention. Gloria used to join him in marbles and BB gun shooting in her "off" hours. Now she just climbs up into a tree with a pillow and dreams.

Mostly the dreams are about Messrs. Boyer, Rathbone, Aherne, Sutton, Flynn and company. But sometimes Gloria has nightmares, too. The other day she rushed into the house looking like a ghost. She'd dreamed that she was leaving Hollywood!

"Oh, Mother," sobbed Gloria, "if I had to do that I think I'd rather die."

But there's not much chance of Gloria Jean leaving her Hollywood Wonderland for a long time to come.



Wouldn't you love to live in Studio City? Smiley Burnette's the new mayor! That's screen-pal Gene Autry (right) admiring his impressive seal of office.

LOVE AND LANA

(*Continued from page 31*)

sharp and quick. He hates previews and premières. His two loves are Shaw and music, but Shaw's his favorite of the two.

Now Lana: Because she is publicized by her studio as a glamour girl, people immediately assume that she is a sophisticate. If wanting to have a good time denotes sophistication, we suppose, then, that Lana *is* a sophisticate. But the public doesn't seem to realize that the only difference between youngsters in Hollywood and those in other parts of the country is that the latter don't get hyped-up publicity, and their lives are not bared in daily print. The public, too, cannot seem to realize that a nineteen-year-old Hollywood girl can have perfectly normal desires, normal intelligence and a normal education. (As a matter of fact, Lana's formal education stopped when she was sixteen, at which point she entered pictures.)

She is just as naïve in her way as the cute college sophomore next door and, despite the suddenness of her ill-fated elopement, she faced the future with wide-eyed openness and determination to make a go of it.

That February night this year when Artie and Lana dated for the first time, the two drove to the beach. The details of the drive have never been fully bared, other than that it wound up in an air jaunt to Las Vegas. But Shaw's friends will tell you of the wonderful line he casts. That night he was evidently in rare form. He gave forth first with the "I'm sick of it all" routine. This was followed by the "futility of it all" barrage, then "the chaos of the world," "the desire for the tranquillity of a home and family."

AS Artie kept spouting, Lana kept lapping it up. To a romantic youngster who—believe it or not—didn't know her own drawing power in the world of men, marriage and children as outlined by Shaw sounded intriguing. When finally he suggested marriage, and she agreed, Shaw almost collapsed! At the airport he was stunned by her continued willingness to become his wife. He could hardly believe it even when she told the justice of the peace that she accepted him as her lawfully-wedded husband. If the public was surprised at the newspaper headlines, you can be sure that those same headlines were a double jolt to Shaw!

The subsequent newspaper publicity was terrific! The morning following the marriage, the Hollywood Reporter, carrying the "angle" follow-up, said:

> "Speculation on *why* Lana Turner suddenly upped and did it is still the topic of the day—but that's Hollywood as the whole stunt goes to show. Dailies missed the gun completely on the inside yarn. Monday was Lana's mother's birthday, which they celebrated at dinner alone, after which she joined Artie Shaw, too late to catch the opening of "The Man Who Came To Dinner," which is why seats "Left Center K 1 and 3" were empty. Lana and Shaw then went for a drive, it being their first date since his return, and along about three ayem, after he'd given her a spiel about a home and family, they decided to be married immediately. On returning to town yesterday, they sought refuge from reporters, studio press agents and photogs at Bellows and Company, (wine merchants on Wilshire Boulevard) where Edgar Selwyn's nephew, Billy, is an associate. Billy hid them in the "tasting room," called Billy Seymour and got 'em a wedding ring, and the four then had a champagne breakfast. Then, to duck reporters, the couple sneaked off to Edgar Selwyn's home, where they slept until six yesterday evening."

FROM there Lana went to Artie's Benedict Canyon home and an entirely new life. No matter what anyone says, when Lana entered that house for the first time, she was in love with Shaw. Once inside the mansion, she came face to face with a stranger, and she directed all her efforts toward understanding and pleasing him. She learned how to run his home smoothly. She did the things a maid would more properly have been called upon to do, and did them cheerfully and whole-heartedly.

She soon became aware of the fact, however, that Shaw did not live up to their romantic elopement. Here was a man of temperament and moods such as she'd never known. Because she loved him, she did her very best to unravel the mystery that kept enveloping her. She tried to conform to his way of life, although it meant changing completely from her previous self.

Shaw hated night clubs. He hated dancing. He disliked crowds. His greatest amusement consisted of having his musician friends to his home, where they'd talk about subjects completely foreign to Lana. She pretended an interest, but in her unfamiliarity with "their world" she was continually embarrassed by Shaw, who tossed her "ignorance" in her face whether friends were present or not. He also taunted her for her comparative lack of education. In trying to "lift" her intellectually, he tossed education at her in bulk, giving her books to read that would have been a strain on college professors. These heavy psychological abuses did much to bring about the breakdown which sent her to the Santa Monica hospital with nervous exhaustion. It is said, however, that during her hospital siege, she *was* permitted to read some of the more popular magazines.

On their infrequent trips to night clubs, he'd never ask her to dance. Here was a girl longing for a whirl, and he'd sit tight

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

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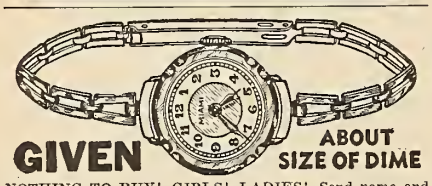
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hour after hour in conversation with friends. All evening long Lana would peer enviously toward the dance floor where her old friends were having a whale of a time. Shaw never allowed her to attend her own previews or give any autographs. Deep in her heart, Lana liked Clyde McCoy's music. That, to Shaw, was sacrilege! When she asked to go to Lombardo's opening at the Grove—wow!

When they were home alone in the evening, Artie would bury himself in a book. She, returning from a hard day's work at the studio and longing for companionship, would run into a stone wall of morose silence, when for hours on end Shaw would offer punctual yawns as fragments of conversation.

He was jealous of any attentions showered on her. Even Lana's personal maid drew his wrath because she paid more attention to Lana than she did to him. When his manservant began to follow suit, Shaw was furious!

He cut off all her friends with the result that it was all Lana could do to eke out a jovial "hello" as she passed her former companions on the street and in restaurants. Shaw's friends, on the other hand, were all-important. He'd bring them to his home for jam-sessions and gabfests that would last until early morning. Lana was expected to sit around at Artie's beck and call, despite six A. M. studio calls. He'd order her around as one would a servant. "Turn on the radio," "mix a couple of drinks for the boys," and so on and on—and all these things she'd do. Half the time she didn't know what they were talking about, the other half she was too tired to care. To Shaw and his friends, four bars of Bobby Hackett meant more than Hitler walking into Paris. There's no telling *what* eight bars meant.

Although Lana admired his talents, Shaw would rarely offer to play his clarinet for her. He felt she couldn't appreciate it or didn't have the proper capacity to understand it, as did his friends.

When she still had a week of retakes to do on "Two Girls On Broadway," Shaw suddenly decided they ought to go to New York and to hell with the retakes. The studio had an awful time with him but finally won out. He did take her to New York later to show her to his buddies there.

He wanted her to break her film contract to go on a personal appearance tour with him. Fortunately, her advisers jumped in and nixed that idea promptly.

During their marriage, Lana's mother, who'd always been closest to her, saw little of her daughter. Shaw didn't make his home inviting to a mother-in-law and, with a mother's understanding, Mrs. Turner made no effort to dissuade Lana from her decision to keep on and make a go of the ill-fated marriage. Mothers can take a lesson from Mrs. Turner. She felt the couple's problems could best be worked out by themselves, and she never interfered. Lana would see her privately away from Artie's home, but pride prevented the girl from admitting even to her mother what was going on.

It was during these infrequent meetings with her mother—when the kid was choked with all these pent-up emotions—that Lana would leave her with, "Don't forget, Mummy, I love you very much, no matter what happens."

Lana shared her misery and troubles with no one and, as one hurt after another continued to pile up, she finally upped and left him. There was no scene. She simply told him she was going, and she went!

The fact that she left him, that the marriage was over, didn't mean a thing to Shaw. His friends will tell you that he carries no torch, is not in the least perturbed about anything that occurred. At press time, he was running around town with a new girl, Frances Neal, who was formerly Artie's friend's girl.

The studio shipped Lana off to Honolulu immediately after the break to forget. The trip helped assuage the pain a little, but she's still hurt.

When Lana returned from Honolulu, she was kept under close surveillance by her studio and agent. The latter saw to it that she went on no dates but those he approved of at the time.

But it's open season for dates with Lana Turner now. At this writing, she's hitting the town with Vic Mature and enjoying it. The studio is happy about her revived energy. They're not worried about her being burned again.



Pals from way back in New York, Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sidney reminisce on one of their weekly dates during Sylvia's temporary stay in Hollywood.

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 8*)

"four hundred" actually are. Myrna Loy is 35; Fred MacMurray, 32; Don Ameche, 30; Priscilla Lane, 23; sister Rosemary, 24; Brenda Joyce, 24; Olivia de Havilland, 24; Joan Crawford, 32; Barbara Stanwyck, 33; and Loretta Young, 27. We couldn't find any star who's birthday coincides exactly with yours (October 30 must have been reserved especially for you), but Fanny Brice and Douglass Montgomery come under the same astrological sign. Both were born on October 29.

Blanche Townsley, El Paso, Texas. Frances Dee is one of the few stars who was born right in the shadow of the cinema factories. Los Angeles is her home town and she'll be 33 on November 26. When she was seven, the family moved to Chicago where she was educated right through to a B. A. at the University of Chicago. While spending a summer vacation in Hollywood, she became so interested in "extra" work that she stayed on and eventually landed the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Playboy of Paris." Frances is taking time out from looking after hubby Joel McCrea and their two lively children to make one of her rare pictures—United Artists' "Flotsam."

Charles Clark, Superior, Wis. The rumor that a little blonde usurper will take Shirley Temple's place on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot is just one of those whisperings. Joe Pasternak, Deanna Durbin's fairy godfather, will probably produce Shirley's next picture. Yes, it's true that Sonja Henie's contract with Twentieth Century-Fox is up.

Jeanette Syverlsen, Chicago, Ill. Louis Hayward's career has been an unusual one right from that nineteenth of March in 1909 when he was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, the son of a gold mining engineer. After a sound education in French and English schools, Louis turned down a position in his uncle's London brokerage to enroll in an English dramatic academy. In order to obtain actual stage experience, Louis bought an interest in an impoverished little stock company which withstood the rigors of financial malnutrition just long enough for the young man to get his chance. Talent scouts saw his excellent performance in the Lunt's "Point Valaine"—and that's the story of how Louis Hayward came to Hollywood.

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(*Continued from page 35*)

sitting in a chair. She's either flat on the floor on her tummy or in bed. She always studies her scripts in bed. She likes popular novels, but plans this year to have her teacher make her a list of the classics she should read—and she'll read 'em! She doesn't like murder mysteries, as she's afraid they'll give her nightmares. She's beginning to collect books. "I want to have my own library," she declares, "with my own book-plate in every book so that I'll be known as 'well-read' and as 'Linda Darnell, Bibliophile.'" Being one of those people who have to have their sleep, and plenty of it, Linda always goes to bed at ten o'clock (except when she has dates and then she has to be home by twelve). "And how I love to sleep, just *love* it!"

Collecting records is her other hobby. She indulges in what she calls "record binges" and often goes to Bob Shaw's house (Bob has an enormous library of records) for an evening of "discing."

When she first came to Hollywood, her salary was said to be $150 a week. The latest report is that it's been raised to $450. When she made her trip to New York less than a year ago, the studio did something it has never done before and (mark this well, girls) will probably never do again. It bought her $3000 worth of clothes! For free! Which serves to indicate what they think of Linda!

She drives a modest little car, a Pontiac Six, and lives in a $50 a month, rented house. According to Linda, there's no foreign car, no caviar, no champagne, no swimming pool and no projection machines in her life just yet. She would, she says, "rather build up to that gradually." She believes, "The way things are at home helps to keep my feet on the ground. Coming home to a little house in a not-too-elegant neighborhood is just what I need." Linda has her own room, furnished in blonde wood, with soft blue for drapes. She likes "a sleepy-colored room" to sleep in. The children, Calvin Jr., and Monte, aged about eleven and twelve, have another of the bedrooms, and Mrs. Darnell has the third. They keep no servant but a Japanese woman who comes in three days a week to do the laundry and cleaning. Linda's mother gets the dinner every night and the children help with the dishes. Linda loathes servants.



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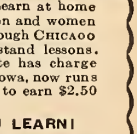
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Linda loves to drive; she just gets in her car and whips off to the beach or into the hills all by herself. She always drives for a while after work, because it relaxes her completely.

She has no use for anyone who "puts on an act" and believes that naturalness is the most important quality a girl can have if she's hoping for a break in pictures. "Because," she reasons wisely, "they're always looking for new people and new faces, not copies of old ones. And so I think it's a great mistake to try to act like Alice Faye or Norma Shearer or anyone but your own self."

She has had crushes, has thought she was in love, but Linda knows she never has been, really. She's heard the "you're too young, you don't know what you're talking about" line so often that now she believes it. She takes advice. Naïvely, but very earnestly, she'll tell you, "Mother knows best. Why shouldn't I do as she says?"

The nicest compliment she ever had, in her opinion, was paid her when she was making her trip to New York. An old gentleman on the train told her, "You are the most wholesome young girl I have ever seen." It was the word "wholesome" that pleased her. Linda dislikes cheap words, words used often and carelessly. She prefers praise from older people "because then it's so real."

Linda speaks wistfully of a pre-Hollywood romance, the lad in question being a Spanish refugee from Barcelona whom she hasn't seen for several months. She believes he may be in Mexico but she is "still carrying the torch for him." He is "the sweetest boy I know and he comes closest to the 'real thing' in my life."

Mrs. Darnell insists that Linda has no idea how beautiful she is. "I'll tell her something nice someone has said about her looks, and she'll answer, 'Oh, Mama, don't believe all that stuff you hear.'"

She had a crush on Don Ameche and on Tyrone Power before she came to Hollywood. She "fell in love" with Don Ameche when she heard him in the "First Nighter" broadcasts. When she saw him on the screen, "I was so excited I nearly died!" Part of this fairy tale of being in Hollywood is that she happened to get into the very same studio with Don and Tyrone!

Of an economical disposition, Linda doesn't have to be given a stated allowance. Part of her money goes into a trust fund, some into a savings account and the balance into a checking account. She is equally frugal with her temper. She saves it and saves it, goes along calmly for months and then, for some trivial reason, she "blows all to pieces." She likes to surprise people with gifts. Never gives them on the usually prescribed occasions but just when the spirit moves her. She always sits with her hands loosely linked, either in her lap or on a table. She looks you squarely in the eye when she speaks.

Her mother makes her go out with the same four boys all the time, Louis Blau, a young attorney, Alan Gordon, Frank Swann and Bob Shaw. Lots of "playboys" call her up, her mother says, "but they don't get past me!" Mrs. Darnell's formula for Linda's dates is that they must be "nice, young men" and she does a thorough character-analysis before Linda may have any dates with them.

Even with the four who have been "passed by the Board of Censors," Mrs. Darnell makes her rotate her dates so that by the time she goes out with the first boy again, there has been such a lapse that the columnists can't attach any romance to her. Linda often turns down a date for Saturday afternoon or Sunday in order to take the kids to the beach.

Her favorite color is red, not a brilliant red, but an exotic, sub-shade red. She always turns to the "funnies" first when she reads the papers. She doesn't smoke and never takes a cocktail. She doesn't admire sophistication "until a girl is thirty-ish," so doesn't try to acquire it. Among "a million pet hates" which she claims to have, the "hatingest" is pictures that hang slightly askew on the wall.

"I'll never marry an actor!" is young Linda's slogan. Her mother insists it is one she'll never go back on. When she reads of a divorce among movie people she always says, "One of those Hollywood marriages—nothing like that for me!" A good, steady husband is what she wants, with a home founded on rock, not on glamour and headlines. There will be children, lots of them, and emotional as well as financial security. She hates men who "leer" and "ogle" and thinks women who "flirt shamelessly" are just as bad. All of "that kind of cheap fun," she says, "is making light of something sacred."

Like any normal girl, she is "simply mad about clothes" and, when she sees something she likes in a shop window, she "just has fits" until she gets it. Once a year she conducts a general housecleaning in her own room, accompanied by a perfect orgy of straightening out closets and bureau drawers. At this time she sternly admonishes her mother to be sure that all her gloves are kept in this compartment, all her scarfs in that one, et cetera. By nightfall, laughs Mrs. Darnell, the usual wild disorder again prevails! Incredibly enough, Linda is fanatically and spotlessly neat in her dress. Her mother says she sends things to the dry cleaners "that aren't even out of breath!"

When she does go out with her "nice, young men," she likes especially to bowl, to attend the theatre, and to go dancing at Ciro's or at the Beverly-Wilshire. She has dates "for fun and to relax, but they mean absolutely nothing more than that."

Her food preferences run to Spanish and Italian dishes which her mother cooks to perfection. Also barbecued meats, cooked over hickory wood or in a barbecue like the one which her father made at home. Her dancing lessons as a child, she feels, were the most valuable preparation she made toward her career, because "dancing gives you so much poise." Although she studied ballet dancing, she never wanted to be anything but what she is. Single-minded in her purpose, Linda never went off on tangents, thinking she would be a trained nurse, a buyer, an aviatrix, etc.

Making a person-to-person canvas of various people who know Linda—Tyrone Power, Pev Marley, Director Walter Lang, Director Henry King, Henry Fonda, John Carradine, Dean Jagger, John Payne, Jane Darwell, Elsa Maxwell and Mary Astor—I asked them this one question: "Confidentially, has Linda Darnell any faults?" The answers, unanimous and monosyllabic, were, "None!"

(Continued from page 17)

unforgettable characterization of the Judge.

As the film starts, Gary Cooper is being led into a small, rough town in Texas charged with stealing horses. He doesn't get a chance to defend himself, and it looks like curtains until he tricks the Judge in a very amusing manner to gain his freedom. Gary's about to leave town when he bumps into Doris Davenport, who tells him what a tough time decent citizens are having in the vicinity because of Brennan's nefarious activities. Yes, you're right. He stays and cleans up the mess.

Now all this is pretty routine, of course, and you've seen it a dozen times, at least. But what makes it outstanding and different is Brennan's portrayal of a cantankerous, cruel and eccentric gent with real color.

He could have been just a mean old buzzard, but then you would have had just a cowboy picture. As played by Brennan (and as written, of course) he is a live human being, who vitalizes the whole film and changes all the actors from puppets to real persons.

Gary is still a honey of a performer in his own right and, as usual, he makes a terrific impression as the good badman, but no matter how well he handled his part it would still be another performance of a familiar role.

There are a number of other good bits of acting, for Fred Stone and Doris Davenport (a delectable dish if ever we saw one), are both outstanding in supporting roles. Directed by William Wyler.—*Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists Release.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Based on historical fact, this film was originally entitled "Vinegaroon" after the name of the town in which the story is laid . . . There actually was a Judge Roy Bean, played here by Walter Brennan. In the film, one of the big moments is when he meets Lily Langtry, just before he dies; actually, he died two years before the Jersey Lily visited Vinegaroon . . . All the outdoor scenes were made in Goldwyn City in a location community set up near Tuscon, Arizona . . . During the making of the film, Gary Cooper was laid up with water on the knee, sustained in a fall immediately after a fight scene with Forrest Tucker . . . While the 250 members of the cast were at Goldwyn City, "the daily rushes" were sent by air mail to be passed on by Samuel Goldwyn, who then gave his opinion to Director Wyler by telephone . . . This is the first important part handled by Doris Davenport; some years ago she had a very small bit in an Eddie Cantor musical, but couldn't get started in films. She changed her name to Dorothy Jordan and went to New York, where a talent scout saw her and signed her again for Goldwyn, the only stipulation being that she change her name back to the original . . . As a result of the interest in this film, Texas has made a shrine to Judge Roy Bean, consisting of his former bar and court, which were two ends of the same room.

★★★ No Time for Comedy

One of the strangest anomalies about Hollywood is that no one out here has ever discovered that just because a play is good on Broadway it does not necessarily follow that it will be good on the screen. This is a case in point. It was a successful play, and it's not a bad movie, but you won't paste the program in your scrapbook to look fondly at and reminisce about in years to come.

Maybe the trouble is that every possible backstage formula has been used up. In spite of the fact that this is from Broadway and has a high-brow background, it is still, essentially, another backstage story. And kind of corny.

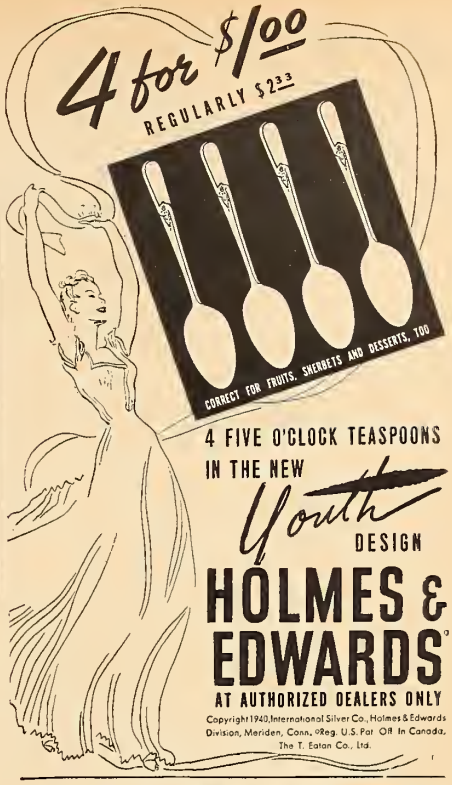
Jimmy Stewart is a playwright and is married to Rosalind Russell, who is an actress and stars in all his comedies. Everything is fine until Jimmy meets Genevieve Tobin, who is a rich lady with "ideas," and she convinces Jimmy that he ought to try writing a play with "meaning" and "importance." Yeah, he does. It flops and he comes back to Roz a wiser and saner playwright.

Roz and Jimmy are swell troupers, of course, and they make an interesting romantic combination, but both of them are miscast. Roz is a terrific comedienne, but is forced to play a beautiful glamour girl (albeit with brains) here. It's good, but it's not our Roz. And Jimmy as the egotistic, cocksure young playwright is okay, but not our Jimmy.

And wait until a certain section of our United States sees the way Louise Beavers acts in the parlor! You can't do it, pals, you just can't.

Isn't there anything really good, without reservations, that we can say about anyone in this picture? Sure. Allyn Joslyn does a peach of a hunk of acting; he deserves a break. Genevieve Tobin is swell in a new kind of characterization that ought to take her places. And Charlie Ruggles—oh, dear, he's miscast, too. Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Jimmy and Roz both had birthdays during the filming of "No Time for Comedy," and gave parties for each other on the set. Bette Davis, close friend (!) of Rosalind's, sent her a huge wreath, decorated with highly spiced vegetables . . . Charlie Ruggles collects pipes and has over 260, some dating from the 16th century . . . Genevieve Tobin collects lipsticks, has specimens from 47 different countries . . . Roz wears moccasins whenever she can on stage; has over thirty pairs in a variety of colors . . . Jimmy Stewart receives hundreds of letters daily giving him advice on how to gain weight (as if he wants to!) . . . Allyn Joslyn laughed so loud during the filming of a humorous scene he was ousted from the set.



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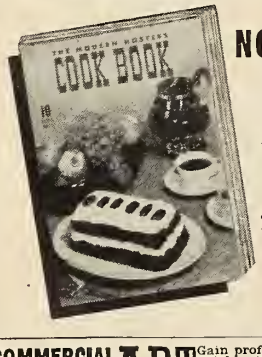
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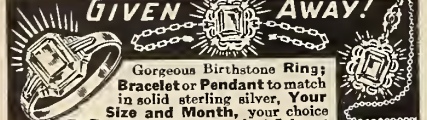


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Joslyn collects funny hats, wears a different one to the studio every day.

★★★ Hired Wife

There's an old gag in Hollywood to the effect that the story's the thing, but, if nobody's looking, the truth is it's all a lot of humbug. And this picture proves it. It has one of the silliest stories you ever heard tell. But it's an A-1 movie, nevertheless.

"What is it about?" you ask. Well, it seems that Rosalind—is there a better comedienne in films?—is Brian Aherne's secretary, and like all good secretaries (especially in the movies) she's in love with her boss. But like all bosses he's blind as a bat and doesn't realize this. He is in love with a blonde and beautiful model who, like all models, is really just a gold-digger. Now, Robert Benchley is Aherne's lawyer (and a more improbable lawyer you never even dreamed of) and John Carroll is a pleasant gigolo that Roz uses to lure Brian's blonde siren away from him. And everything ends just too, too perfectly for everybody, as it does in this kind of story.

There's no way of describing the crazy antics or humorous situations, so you'll simply have to accept our simple statement to that effect. It's a roar from start to finish.

Miss Russell is in top form and so is Benchley. Brian Aherne unbends a good deal and is very pleasant in the light comedy role. Virginia Bruce has never looked more desirable and lovely, or acted with more gusto. And this guy John Carroll proves at long last that he is no flash in the pan; he's going places, important places—if he can only get a few more juicy assignments like this one. Directed by William Seiter.—*Universal.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Two platina fox furs, each valued at $1,500, were flown from New York for Virginia Bruce to wear in one scene . . . Roz Russell wears a pair of pliable glass shoes, with purse to match, as a costume novelty . . . Miss Russell served cold drinks to everyone on the set during a warm spell . . . She brought a cake of ice into her dressing-room and had an electric fan blow across it . . . Both John Carroll and Virginia Bruce took rhumba lessons every day for a week for one of their scenes . . . Robert Benchley, during the filming of "Hired Wife," happened to mention he was pretty good with a mandolin, back in his college days. Seiter took him up on his boast, had a bit written in which required Benchley to make good his boast.

★★★ Rangers of Fortune

It's a shame this picture doesn't have a better title; it deserves one.

Yep, it's a western, but it's not like any you've seen. There are three rootin', tootin' gents named Fred MacMurray, Albert Dekker and Gilbert Roland who wander around the countryside spreading consternation and confusion wherever they go. They're three lads without conscience and completely devoid of common sense, but they're good natured and—yes, they have hearts of gold. You might call it Robin Hood in triplicate.

It seems there's a small town somewhere in the west which is being victimized by a dastardly group of villains and our three lads clean things up. It's all done tongue in cheek, and there is more emphasis on comedy than action.

MacMurray in spurs, hip boots and toting a couple of six-shooters may strike you as somewhat strange. But partner him with Gilbert as a silver-tongued, twinkle-in-the-eye caballero, add Dekker as a slug-nutty comic (uh huh, the same Dekker who has always been a heavy up to now) and you have a hunk of imaginative casting! Are they successful? So much so that the studio has decided to put all three into a sequel even faster than you can read this.

There are a number of other swell troupers including Patricia Morison, Dick Foran and Joe Schildkraut. But the name you want to learn at this stage of the game is Betty Brewer. She is about 13 years old and a bit o' all right—star-dust if ever we've smelled it. Directed by Sam Wood.—*Paramount.*

POSTSCRIPTS: Little Betty Brewer was found singing for pennies in front of a Hollywood night club; has had no dramatic traininy . . . Since her work in "Rangers of Fortune" she's been cast by Paramount in the forthcoming "The Roundup," with Preston Foster, Richard Dix and Patricia Morison . . . Locale of film is supposed to be Texas, but is really the Mojave Desert, 100 miles from Hollywood . . . Albert Dekker, who portrays a pug of the '70's, had to trail along behind a covered wagon, shadow boxing. He lost 16 pounds . . . The town itself was constructed within two huge sound stages in Hollywood.

★★★ Argentine Nights

What do you expect from a movie? If it's sense—stay home, don't see this one. If it's fun, well, then, this is your dish.

The billing tells you that this picture stars the Ritz Brothers. What's more important is that the picture introduces the Andrews Sisters. That gives you two trios, to which you may add Constance Moore with an all-gal swing band, a bunch of corny gags and a lot of hot rhythm, which should be anybody's ducat's worth. In fact, it's right down the groove.

Those Andrews gals. They're not much to look at, but when they begin exercising their tonsils—wow! What they can do to swing is nobody's business. It is hot and hotcha. And how!

The story? A bunch of guys named Ritz get mixed up with a bunch of girls named Andrews and a bunch of other girls without any special names, and they all go to South America to play a date in a fancy hotel. But when they get there, there isn't any hotel, and it's our guess at that point somebody up and threw away the script. That doesn't make any sense? Well, neither does the picture. But who cares?

The Ritz Brothers are pretty funny and the Andrews Sisters are very hot. And Connie Moore is an eyeful. There are a half dozen good songs which you'll be hearing on your favorite juke box this winter. Swing it, men! Directed by Albert Rogell.—*Universal.*

POSTSCRIPTS: This is the Ritz Brothers' first picture since their return from a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour which, incidentally, was a box-office wow . . . They are actually the brothers Joaquin, changed to Ritz because we all know how to pronounce that . . . Brave boys; they used no doubles for the knife throwing scenes, in which they are nailed to a wall by steel blades . . . "The Brooklynonga," which the three boys sing and dance, is a combination of the Brooklyn jitterbug and the conga . . . The Andrews Sisters are the girls whose

warbling of "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," "Well, All Right," "Hold Tight," etc., sell nearly two million records each year . . . Constance Moore was selected as the ideal "American Girl" by five of the nation's most distinguished artists . . . Screen newcomer, George Reeves (other half of the romance) is the boy you may have noticed as one of the Tarleton twins in "Gone With the Wind."

★★★ Christmas in July

About a year ago Preston Sturges got tired of being just a writer, went to Paramount's bosses and told them that he wanted to be a director. First they laughed at him, then they compromised by letting him direct one of his own stories. When "The Great McGinty" was finished, they stopped laughing and assigned him to write and direct another film. This is it, and it's a honey. It has a warm, lovable, human quality which is rare in filmdom. Every one of the characters will remind you of somebody you know, they are all so incredibly true to life.

When you begin analyzing the story you realize there isn't so very much to it. It's really a fantastic sort of modern fairy tale, but all the characters are believable, so you swallow the whole yarn. Sturges has managed to get A-1 honest performances out of Dick Powell and Ellen Drew, so that you're rooting for 'em all the way through.

This is a new Dick Powell, by the way. You've never seen him as good as this. If he can get a few more parts like this one, he will be the most perfect example of "comeback kid" in town. There is none of that pretty-boy phony that held him back some years ago. He's just a guy named Jimmy and it seems like you've known and liked him for years.

Jimmy is a nice kid who dreams a lot and one of his dreams is that he may marry Ellen Drew, who lives in the next tenement and works at the next desk in the office. Another of his dreams is that he will win a big $25,000 slogan contest. He gets both wishes, of course, but via the screwiest set of circumstances imaginable. Totally impossible. Utterly ridiculous. But anyway, it's fun.

There are a lot of acting credits to hand out, but tops go to Dick and Ellen. Miss Drew is more surprising in each film. If she is not an absolute leader among filmdom's stars in another year, it will be astonishing.

Give a quick acting nod to Raymond Walburn, Alexander Carr, William Demarest, Harry Hayden and Julius Tannen. Directed by Preston Sturges.—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Ellen Drew was a waitress at Brown's, Hollywood candy shop, when William Demarest discovered her. He was then an agent and he fought for months to get her a break; this is the first film they've acted in together . . . Demarest is an ex-vaudevillian; he tried hard to become an agent but every time he went to a studio to sell actors, they said no to his list but yes to himself . . . Ernest Truex was the first leading man ever employed by Paramount, oldest of the still-going movie companies; 27 years ago he was Mary Pickford's vis-a-vis in "The Good Little Devil" . . . Writer-director Sturges appears in the film, just as a lark. He is the man getting his shoes shined in a short sequence. Dick Powell directed the scene. . . . Midway in the picture Ellen Drew was thrown by a wooden hobby horse and sustained quite an injury . . . The black cat figuring prominently in a number of sequences is Sturges' own pet, Hamlet . . . Julius Tannen, who plays a short character bit, will be recalled by many as one of the glibbest vaudeville comics of a few years ago.

★★½ The Quarterback

Here, kiddies, is a surprise package; a real, pleasant little piece of entertainment. It makes no pretensions; it's just a movie—but you'll enjoy it.

There are two factors involved. In the first place, someone had a swell story idea—a new twist in the old football theme. In the second place, it presents a youngster named Wayne Morris who, while still not a star, is on his way. A few more pictures like this and he'll be one!

Timed perfectly to coincide with the opening of the football season, this is frankly a rah-rah Joe College yarn. But that new twist! Are you all agog with curiosity? Well, Wayne Morris is a studious kid who really wants to learn his lessons, but he can't afford the tuition. His twin brother (Wayne plays both parts) is no great shakes scholastically, but he's admitted to college on his football record. The twins make believe they are really one person, and while one studies and gets all A's, the other plays football and wins all the games. Trouble starts when they both fall in love with Virginia Dale!

The Morris boy will make himself a lot of friends. Virginia Dale is a sort of road company edition of Betty Grable—blonde and cute, but not history-making.

Lillian Cornell is another girl who has almost clicked for a long time—but she doesn't quite make it this time, either. Bill Frawley and Walter Catlett are very funny in supporting roles, and Frank Burke is a kid with a big future. He's a little bit of a shrimp with a very funny map and beautiful delivery. Watch him! Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Wayne Morris went through all sorts of rough tactics for this picture without any cuts or bruises; but wound up in the hospital a week later as the result of an auto crash. . . . Barbara and Bob Pittes, 20-day old twins, make their movie bow here; they worked a total of two hours in the film. . . . Campus scenes were made at U.C.L.A., but the movie makers didn't think it looked like a college, so they plastered phony ivy on most of the lovely buildings before they camera-ed 'em . . . Alan Mowbray was the only actor to get temperamental during filming. He had one long scientific speech to make, so a prop man lettered it on a blackboard for him, to help out; Mowbray was enraged! Seems he's got an infallible memory and doesn't need help in remembering his lines. . . . This is the eighth time William Frawley has played a movie football coach—and his teams have never lost a game! . . . Frank Burke broke into films as a youthful edition of Jimmy Cagney.

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THE MAN HUNT IS ON!

(*Continued from page 29*)

George unhitched from Grace Mulrooney?

George Brent: Cinematically perfect, romantically a toughie. Disillusioned, cynical, experienced. Apparently content and happy to romp with Ann Sheridan for the present. Doesn't hand his telephone number around. Never did!

John Carroll: Being groomed for big things cinematically. A success in "Hired Wife." A good film future. Ex-husband of Steffi Duna. Family on the society side. Won't be snagged very easily.

Bob Cummings: Handsome, talented—and married.

Well, those are a few of the typical cases. It gives you some notion of what has been going on. Remember that actors groomed for romantic leads have a fatal tendency to getting married—which upsets all sorts of plans. For one thing, it almost always lessens their box office appeal. Also it makes a romantic build-up by the studios an impossibility.

John Shelton, M-G-M's white hope, is another problem to harried hostesses. They can't even count on him as an occasional fourth for bridge, he's so wrapped up in his career! He studies his tests and his movies; he studies other men's acting technique and is constantly trying to improve himself. He explained recently to a close friend that he didn't think a young actor should ever play around or go to night clubs. He'll be a good catch for some gal as soon as his divorce is final, but he's burning up the town with midnight oil, not a cigarette lighter.

THE case of Bob Sterling, who's being groomed for leads at Twentieth Century-Fox, is typical and to the point. In a candid moment recently he explained that he doesn't earn enough money to take a girl to Ciro's and he doesn't dare take her anywhere else. Well, he and several of his friends have solved the problem—if solution is the word—by going stag to night clubs and cutting in on a dance here and there. But this doesn't help the girls any.

Bob also says that he shies away from the woman question because he doesn't want the town to think that he's trading on any female star's publicity. At the same time, he doesn't want some little nobody using him. If you read in the gossip columns that he was out with anyone, you may be pretty sure that it was on a studio order.

The same is true of George Montgomery. Not so long ago he took Marjorie Weaver to a preview. He'll probably knock my head off for telling you this, but he took her there because the studio ordered him to. And the studio had to lend him the fancy clothes because he simply couldn't afford to buy them.

Notable among the poor but famous youths is Bill Holden. He and Brenda Marshall happen to be in love. Well, Brenda actually offered to pay the expenses when they had to make publicity appearances, because she knew how broke Bill was. But, of course, he would not have any of that.

Remember this. These young fellows who are star material have a lot of pride. They like to pay their own way. In Holden's case, poverty and pride have probably combined into a distinct case of protection. The feminine stars who need gigolos can't get anywhere with him.

Jeffrey Lynn, who after years of minor parts is getting a break, is another case in point. Jeff is a New Englander and very strait-laced. He goes places with Dana Dale now, because she shares his preference for ping-pong and rides in the country. He's been quoted to the effect that he would never be a sucker for the night clubs—just doesn't like them. He's a number one catch for some film gal, but he's not buying orchids or making transatlantic phone calls to any cuties.

Dennis Morgan, who made a triumphant appearance in Los Angeles in the light opera, "The Student Prince," singing the title role, and whom Warners have kept neatly in the shadow ever since, has several handicaps, socially. For one thing, he's married. For another, he's keeping right on with his singing lessons. And that means that he leads a pretty normal life and doesn't do any Errol Flynn-ing hither and yon.

Bill Lundigan and Robert Wilcox are an interesting case. They both started out together at Universal in bit parts. The flashy Bob rose very rapidly to leads, was borrowed by another studio for a picture, fell in love transcontinentally with Joy Hodges, spectacularly and suddenly married Florence Rice, was divorced, and ended in a Beverly Hills jail on suspicion of forgery—which takes him at least temporarily out of circulation.

Lundigan, on the other hand, worked hard for several years at Universal, studying the business of acting, going out quietly with girls, but never with any of the spectacular ones. Eventually he got a Warner contract. He fell in love with Margaret Lindsay, and she has taken him off the available list. Bill goes to a few more night clubs now than he used to, but he has never been the silk hat type. He has always stuck pretty carefully to the limits of his pocketbook.

The hitherto untold story of Orson Welles' incredible year in Hollywood!
Don't miss the January MODERN SCREEN

Victor Mature seems to have switched from Liz Whitney to Lana Turner which definitely takes him off the general market. Hal Roach had a lot of trouble with Vic when he had his first success in "1,000,000 Years B.C." His hats didn't fit him for a while and he began flitting around with various flashy gals. These by-paths held him up, but everything is okay now. However, it looks like he's holding out for the upper crust and no little stock player is going to get much of a break.

Orson Welles, who brought new blood into the old stream of the town, was not around very long before he got snagged by Dolores Del Rio; and he has stayed that way. In spite of the ribbing he has taken, "Citizen Kane" will probably be a smash hit and Hollywood will have one more top-ranking star to sell.

Robert Stack, Universal's socialite white hope, who made good in Metro's "The Mortal Storm," is seriously interested in Mary Beth Hughes. Bob is impatient with the progress he has made in films so far. He wants to get places fast. Actually, of course, he's done very well, considering his newness to the game, and he should be a permanent addition to the professional colony. But it appears that he may marry Mary pretty soon and, consequently, will be off the available bachelor list, socially.

Desi Arnaz, the Cuban dancer who will be a rage when "Too Many Girls" is released, had been in Hollywood barely a week before Lucille Ball snagged him. Professionally, he will undoubtedly be a profitable addition to Hollywood; socially, he is available for marriage but is far too astute to be snapped up hurriedly. Whether he will go the way of Cesar Romero, who has made himself indispensable to many stars and an accessory of none, no one knows, of course. Desi is a little less calculating than Cesar, and he'll probably get married pretty soon.

CESAR ROMERO, perennial playboy, is what Hollywood needs more of, according to the complaints of the stars. He has a position on the screen that is adequate, if not spectacular. He can be trusted as a confidant and called upon at the last minute for a date. He dances divinely, but avoids marriage like the plague.

And Reginald Gardiner can best be described as a British Cesar Romero.

Analytically, and from a professional standpoint, there is good reason for the fact that there is a man shortage in Hollywood. In the first place, it has always been true that fewer men want to be actors than women want to be actresses. A man cannot be prettied up very much before the camera. A romantic lead—and this is where the scarcity is so very pronounced—simply must appear to be worth the heroine's struggles to make him marry her. He must be either handsome or virile.

Another reason is that actors have more individuality and it is harder to find good stories for them. Roz Russell is a steno in "Hired Wife" and an actress in "No Time for Comedy." She can be a lot of different types of heroine. But Spencer Tracy's story material is limited to the general character he has built up in the public's mind.

For many years Bob Montgomery was a smart-aleck wisecracker, and it almost ruined his professional career because he fought so hard to get away from this characterization.

Men get typed faster than women. John Garfield is a good illustration of this. He has been a jailbird in six of his last seven pictures.

In order to be good box office an actor should have a touch of Flynnomania or a Barrymorian flair for the unusual. At the very least, an actor must be willing to live up to the publicity which his studio pins on him. And men are less willing to be made a public fool of than women. They are more likely to be businessmen, less the flaming butterfly.

Gossip, blackmail and scandal hover over the actor, always. In divorces it is *noblesse oblige* so that he must take the brunt of the accusations. If he socks some annoyer, his publicity is bad. If he gets into an accident, he is accused of being drunk and disorderly.

And so it is really a wonder that any of them come through the box office success. Many thousands are tested—but the fact remains that the Hollywood man market is much below par and any young man from Dubuque, Iowa, or points East, West, North or South who photographs half-way decently can have the town plus all the trimmings.

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YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your *gums* as well as your teeth regular daily care... and never ignore the warning





of "pink tooth brush"!

THAT TINGE OF "PINK" may not mean serious trouble... but the minute you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.



As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

★ ★ ★ ★

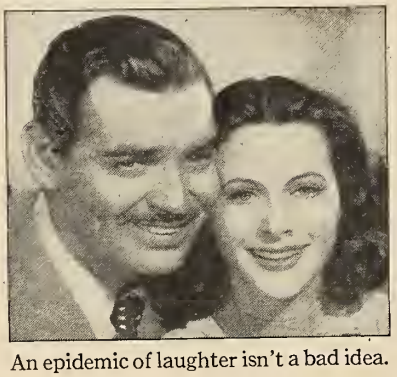
He is caught smuggling Hedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is Hechtic.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.



An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X"es, say we all of us.

★ ★ ★ ★

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

★ ★ ★ ★

They're thinking of calling it—

★ ★ ★ ★

Comrade Xmas. — *Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Modern Screen

Stories

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Sharing same intimote memaries with the man wha knew them when

HOW LOVE HAS CHANGED! 26
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Cover Girl: Priscilla Lane, natural color photograph by Scotty Welbaurne

PEARL H. FINLEY ● Editor

SYLVIA KAHN ● Hollywood Reporter **OTTO STORCH ● Art Editor**

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presents

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Ever since M-G-M gave to the public its memorable production "Hell Divers", this famed studio has sought a drama equally thrilling and romantic, with a spectacular background of America's fighting ships of the air. Here it is, surpassing highest hopes for a successor! It is the story of the "Hell Cats" of the Navy's Armada of the skies... excitingly filmed at Pensacola, San Diego and Pearl Harbor... a romance of air-devils and the beauties who love them... a picture that will electrify America with its breath-taking unfolding!

WITH **RUTH HUSSEY ★ WALTER PIDGEON**

PAUL KELLY · SHEPPARD STRUDWICK · NAT PENDLETON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage · Produced by J. Walter Ruben

WALTER PIDGEON
as the Commander
and...
RUTH HUSSEY
as the girl who made the "Hell Cats" purr!

LUCKY STARS



Lucia Corroll | Tonyo Widrin | Potricia Van Cleve | Kay Leslie | Jayne Hazard | Morilyn Merrick

Lorraine Elliott | Lois Ranson | Joan Leslie | Peggy Diggins | Ello Bryon | Gay Parkes | Sheila Ryan

After a ten-year lapse the Wampus Baby Star contest sprang to life again and pointed an encouraging finger at the ingénues most likely to succeed in 1941. Luck and judges favored dark tresses and an average of 115 pounds, 5'4", 18 years of age, 24½" waist, 34½" bust and 35½" hips.

Guests of honor at the affair were past Wampus stars, the majority of whom became well-established in pictures just a year or two after the contest. One such instance was Dolores Del Rio who confided that she was amazed at the talent displayed by this year's crop. Said she, in her day the "Babies!" had beauty but none of the stage experience and ability to sing, dance and emote that these kids have!

NAME	AGE	HOME TOWN	HEIGHT	WT.	HAIR
Joan Leslie	16	Detroit, Mich.	5' 4"	116	Auburn
Sheila Ryan	19	Topeka, Kan.	5' 2"	107	Brown
Ella Bryan	22	Zurich, Switz.	5' 3"	110	Lt. Brown
Jayne Hazard	18	Tampa, Florida	5' 5"	118	Blonde
Marilyn Merrick	17	Fort Worth, Tex.	5' 4"	119	Blonde
Lois Ranson	18	Hollywood, Cal.	5' 3"	110	Lt. Brown
Lorraine Elliott	19	Detroit, Mich.	5' 2"	110	Black
Tanya Widrin	20	San Francisco, Cal.	5' 4½"	117	Brown
Peggy Diggins	18	New Rochelle, N. Y.	5' 7"	118	Black
Kay Leslie	21	Fresno, Cal.	5' 6"	124	Red-Brown
Gay Parkes	22	Nashville, Tenn.	5' 3"	109	Gold
Lucia Carroll	24	Wausau, Wis.	5' 5"	118	Brown
Patricia Van Cleve	19	New York City, N. Y.	5' 6½"	115	Blonde



Wonder if former "Babies" Blondell, Carol and Eilers thought it so funny way back when!



Old guards Janet Gaynor, Dolores Del Rio and Fay Wray with Sally Blane and Helen Ferguson

It's Here!

The thundering story that challenges all filmdom to match its excitement!

"Iron Rails to Kansas . . .
Iron Nerves from there on!"



WARNER BROS. *PRESENT*

ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND

in

Santa Fe Trail

A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!

Original Screen Play
by Robert Buckner
Music by Max Steiner

with **RAYMOND MASSEY**
RONALD REAGAN · ALAN HALE
Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams

DIRECTED BY ***MICHAEL CURTIZ***

WATCH!
The big hit right after 'Santa Fe Trail' will be 'FOUR MOTHERS.' It's the wanderful new Warner Bros. picture starring the 'Faur Daughters'!

Woolly Witchery

Witches don't have a monopoly on sorcery nowadays. Try a little enchanting on your own wardrobe with these hand-knit togs. They'll add a caldron of oomph to every skirt, jacket and coat, and people's eyebrows will "up" when they see you've conjured it all with an innocent pair of knitting needles. Don't break the spell and tell 'em, but it's as easy as pie! We send you directions for every blessed move you have to make, so you can't possibly fall into the pearly deep. And the price is the most bewitching fact of all. Practically all you do is rub a few pennies together to obtain the yarn! And when you're finished, you can make magic from daybreak till next morning's milkman in chunky "Cock o' the Walk" or "Glengarry" scarf and cap. For special occasions, like your best beau's cocktail party, go Circe-like in "Cafe Society," and for more informal bedevilment verve up your blacks and browns with gala "Mexicana."





1228—As quick as you can say "Mumbo Jumbo," you can whip up this sturdy cable-stitched "Cock o' the Walk" in a variety of shades.



1190—Only a wizard could design this festive zippered "Mexicana" cardigan! But it's simple to make in the smart new jiffy-knit stitch!

2389—Cast a spell on your special date with "Glengarry" scarf and Bonnie cap crocheted of bunny-soft yarn in a choice of colors.



1223—It doesn't take Voodoo to knit "Cafe Society," a lacy three-color sweater blouse with scalloped yoke. Elegant by day and by night.

Send in the coupon below with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Instructions are absolutely free.

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Kindly send, at no cost to me:

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THE GLORIOUS SEQUEL TO "LITTLE WOMEN" BECOMES THE GRANDEST COMEDY-ROMANCE OF THE YEAR!

Only Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women," the picture millions will always remember, could write this sequel you will never forget. More laughs . . . more romance . . . more downright enjoyment than you've had since you can remember!



INFORMATION DESK



Follow Linda Darnell's example and drop us a line. We promise to answer!

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

W. E. Ramshaw, Fort Davis, Canal Zone. To settle that argument about Mae West —she's 5′ 4″ tall and averages 116 pounds of appeal.

Teresa Jaskolshi, Two Rivers, Wisconsin. David Niven and Dick Greene have gone to war in England . . . Spencer Tracy is 40 years old, would you believe it? . . . Bing Crosby's most recent picture was "Rhythm on the River," and he's appearing in "Road to Zanzibar" in the near future . . . Charles Boyer is married to Pat Paterson . . . Bette Davis is divorced, but is still very friendly with her husband whom she sees on her New York jaunts.

Helen Owen, Camden, New Jersey. Nope, Billy Halop was not found in the New York slums. He's the son of a well-to-do Long Island lawyer and plans to retire on $100 a week by the time he's 35! Getting his start on the air waves, he leaped to fame via the stage show, "Dead End," and the movie of the same title. 5′ 10″ tall, he weighs 155 pounds. Girls are just girls to him at this stage, but watch the columns for the inevitable capitulation at the feet of one of those Hollywood Durbins!

Constance Van Voorhis, Washington, D. C. You can reach Franchot Tone at Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Send birthday cards on February 27th, 'cause that's the big day when he was born in Niagara Falls, New York, thirty-five years ago. He's six feet tall and weighs an even 160 pounds.

Mabel Higgs, Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Ruth Chatterton's ex-husbands are Ralph Forbes and George Brent, who have become very good friends in Hollywood. At present, Ruth is touring the country with a stock company, and performs in "Private Lives" among other stage plays.

Turner Byrd, Barney, Georgia. Don't miss John Payne in "The Great Profile" and "Tin Pan Alley," and Jackie Cooper in "The Aldrich Family in Life With Henry." Jackie wants to change his name to plain "Jack," but his studio stands in the way!

Roma Ann Heath, Andover, Ohio. You can write to Warner Baxter at 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California. They'll be only too glad to send you an autographed picture for twenty-five cents in either stamps or coin.

Gremain, St. John's, Newfoundland. Glad to hear from you way up there in the snowy north! Deanna Durbin's next picture is nothing but a gleam in Joe Pasternak's eye right now, but when it's put upon the screen it'll be called "Nice Girl." Deanna's warbling was never better than in "It's Foolish But It's Fun," "Waltzing in the Clouds," "When April Sings" and "Blue Danube Dream," all heard in "Spring Parade" . . . Gloria Jean's playing opposite that cute Bobby Stack in her latest film, "A Little Bit of Heaven" . . . The other rising star you asked about, Leni Lynn, is a singer just as you guessed. This little 15-year-old got her start when her schoolmates in Passaic, New Jersey, chipped in their pennies to pay her way to Hollywood!

Jeanne Dye, Los Angeles, California. It's a pleasure for us to tell all about Eddie Albert, 'cause we think he's just about as slick as you do! Good news is—he's thirty-two and unmarried! Eddie is the only nickname for his christened "Edward." In the sports field he's happiest playing golf or watching an ice-hockey game, but in the more leisurely pursuits, prefers reading books and listening to symphony music. As for size, he's five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has blue eyes and brown hair. Since his departure from the Broadway stage he's made five pictures and is scheduled for two more in the near future.

Mrs. Helms, Port Arthur, Texas. Sorry to pronounce you the loser in your little bet, but Myrna Loy was never William Powell's off-screen wife.

Katherine Dassos, New York City. Joel McCrea is one of those happier mortals who's realized a childhood ambition. He owns a 1,000-acre rancho where he spends every spare moment riding his buckin' broncs and rounding up cattle like a regular cowboy. Part of his love of the plains is inherited from his forefathers who pioneered in the West and set up prosperous homesteads there. By the time Joel came along his family was wealthy and established as one of the first names in Hollywood, and so they felt it only proper to send their son to a private school. The sole private kindergarten in the city was unfortunately called "Hollywood School for Girls," and it was there that poor Joel was forced to go! Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was another victim, so the two boys necessarily struck up a close friendship which has lasted to this day! After high school our blue-eyed Irishman went to Pomona College where he majored in dramatics and met his first stroke of real luck. Playing the lead opposite Sam Wood's daughter, he naturally came under the eye of the great director and received hearty encouragement from him. After two years of intensive training in stock and bit roles he landed a big part in "The Jazz Age" in 1929. He's six feet two inches tall and weighs 185 pounds, towering over all the other screen stars except Gary Cooper who reaches the same height. Born on Nov. 5th in 1905, he's been lucky in everything, especially love. Married to Frances Dee for 7 years, he's the proud papa of two rugged boys.

Margie Monroe, Cincinnati, Ohio. Although Fredric March was born with the unromantic name of Frederic Ernest McIntyre Bickel in Racine, Wisconsin, on August 31, 1897, his looks compensated for whatever he lost in title. Brown-haired and brown-eyed, he grew to six feet in height and weighs 170 pounds. After graduation from the University of Wisconsin he pursued a career on the stage until the talkies came in. At that time he went to Hollywood and became one of the leading stars of the screen. His biggest hits include "Anna Karenina," "Mary of Scotland" and "The Buccaneer." Watch for him with Betty Field in the soon-to-be-released "Victory." Married to Florence Eldridge, he has two good-looking kids, Penelope and Anthony.

Dorothy Powers, Staten Island, New York. Richard Denning was the lad who played the part of Bill Crane in "Golden Gloves." No wonder you're interested and well you may be. He's one of the up-and-coming stars on the horizon! Born in Poughkeepsie, New York, right next to Vassar College, he early in the game acquired his way with the women. He's six feet one inch tall and weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair

and blue eyes. His first picture was "Hold 'Em Navy" in 1937, and his most recent was "Those Were the Days."

Adeline Riese, Aurora, Indiana. Here are the matrimonial facts! Dixie Lee is Bing Crosby's first and only wife . . . Bill Boyd's twice divorced (from Elinor Fair and Dorothy Sebastian) and is currently married to young and beautiful Grace Bradley . . . Mary Astor's first husband was Kenneth Hawks, since deceased . . . Irving Wheeler was Carole Landis' first hubby. Her second was Willis Hunt, Jr., whom she divorced after two months of heated squabbles.

A friend, Erie, Pennsylvania. Laraine Day's played in "My Son, My Son," "And One Was Beautiful," "Foreign Correspondent" and all the Dr. Kildares. You can get a photograph of her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Helen Schmuck. Youngest "Son of the Pioneer" is Lloyd Perryman who's 23 years old. Pat Brady and Hugh Farr are both 26, Carl Farr's 30 and Bob Nolan, the leader, is a mellow 32 years. All the boys go by their real names except Brady, who shortens his Robert Ellsworth to a Pat! Do you blame him?

Louise Morrisey, Ho-ho-kus, New Jersey. Roy Rogers, Leonard Slye, B. M. (before movies) has been hiding his happy home life from us till now. Seems he's been married for about two years to a simple, naïve, wholesome cowgirl who has the same tastes as Roy and prefers to stay home in the background of her husband's fame. She's very pretty, madly in love with her husband, and they're supremely happy together. Recently they adopted a little one, Cheryl Darline, who'll be celebrating her six months birthday before long.

Phyllis Welty, Miskawaka, Ind. Laraine Day was born in Roosevelt, Utah on October 13, 1920, one of five children. She and her twin brother Lamar are the "babies" of the family. When Laraine was in the fifth grade (she was Loraine Johnson then) her family moved to Long Beach, Calif. Laraine joined the Players' Guild when she was just a youngster, and by the time she was entering her teens she was considered a veteran and was playing really important roles. She has had the unique honor in movietown of being discovered three times by talent scouts! The first time was when she was a junior in high school; the second, when she was a senior, and the last time was in December, 1939. Her first two movie ventures weren't too successful. She was horribly miscast as a hard-riding horse-opry queen. This time, though, she seems to be on the right track, and her role in "Foreign Correspondent" definitely establishes her as a star. She has an infectious sense of humor, but occasionally enjoys what she calls a "good brood." She loves hamburgers and onions, writes poetry and has one ambition—to win an Oscar! She's five feet five, weighs 112 pounds, has green eyes and chestnut hair.

Jean Torpe, Berkeley, Ill. She used to be advertised as "Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop," but she first attracted the attention of Hollywood by her ability to imitate the sound of a machine gun. Know who she is? Why, who else but Jane Withers! Jane's first movie roles were downright bratty and, after a few pictures in which she appeared as the *enfant terrible,* people began to think of her affectionately but persistently as "that awful child." Just when everybody had her typed as a tomboy, Jane added three inches, tossed away twelve pounds and set about becoming a glamour girl as enthusiastically as she does everything else. With blue eyes and dark brown hair, Jane now is exactly five feet three and a half inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

June Ayres, Lawrenceburg, Ind. Don (Red) Barry was born in Houston, Texas on January 11, 1912, and his real name is Donald De Costa. He's five feet eight and one-half inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has grey eyes and red hair. He's not married yet, but is engaged to cute little Peggy Stewart. "The Tulsa Kid" is his latest film . . . The Sons of the Pioneers include: Bob Nolan, the leader and business manager, who is thirty-two; Hugh Farr, who's twenty-five; Carl Farr, thirty; Pat Brady (the apple pie-eating comedian of the group) who is twenty-five; Tim Spencer, thirty-two; and Lloyd Perryman, twenty-three. As far as our records show, none of them is married. You can write to them at Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Jeri Kidd, Pasadena, Calif. That tale that's going round that Mary Lee is Gene Autry's child is untrue. Gene is only thirty-one and Mary's fifteen. You can reach her at Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, Hollywood, California. . . . Deanna Durbin is still seventeen, but she'll be eighteen—and of marriageable age—on December 4 . . . Ann Rutherford is just about twenty; her birthday's November 2nd. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and is a little bit over five feet three. (*Continued on page 65*)

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay's wonderful mildness," says Mrs. F. M. Smith, Jr., Jackson Heights, L. I. "I always take extra care with my skin—so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so mild it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And that new fragrance is just marvelous!"

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!



At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!



● "When I tell you that Camay is even more wonderful than ever, that means something!" writes Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Yeadon, Pennsylvania. "I wouldn't ask for a milder soap."

NO WONDER women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness . . . its more gentle cleansing . . . can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

MOVIE REVIEWS



Claudette Colbert rescues fellow American, Ray Milland, from a Spanish firing squad in "Arise, My Love."



Sailor John Wayne makes merry with Carmen Morales, Caribbean boat girl in "The Long Voyage Home."

★★★★ ARISE, MY LOVE

Here is one of the finest pictures of the year and Claudette Colbert's best performance ever—not forgetting "It Happened One Night." It is both timely and entertaining and should get a lot of attention.

As the film starts, Ray Milland is an American volunteer with the Loyalist army in Spain, and Claudette is an American newspaper gal who puts on the weeps to save Ray from being shot at sunrise by making believe she's his wife.

From here on it's a two-skeined story with our two leads battling both romance and principles. At the end they decide there are more important things in the world these days than the love of two humans for each other.

The story is told poignantly and excitingly and, though the sinking of the *Athenia* is a bit reminiscent of the *Lusitania* business in "Cavalcade," it's first-class thrill stuff.

Claudette is positively inspired; she's never been as good, as true, as believable, as lovely. And Ray Milland is not a number two Cary Grant any more. He's Ray Milland, a personality on his own.

There are a half dozen other good performers, most exciting of which is Walter Abel in an old-fashioned newspaperman role, and Ann Codee is tops in one strong emotional scene. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: The title of the picture comes from the Song of Solomon, Chapter 2, verse 13 . . . This is the third time Milland plays the part of a pilot (which he actually is), with a fourth to come in the currently shooting "I Wanted Wings" . . . Claudette saved the day by digging an old Maxim's menu out of her trunk, when the studio couldn't get any . . . Director Leisen has his own idea of a signature; he puts a live bird of some sort into every film; this time there are doves in the Compiegne love scene; very appropriate, too.

★★★★ THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

It's a little early to begin distributing the Academy Awards for 1940, but there is no possible doubt that this film will get the Oscars in at least two and perhaps three classifications. To this reviewer's mind it is the finest film in a number of years. It is real cinema, real art.

John Ford, who inaugurates his production career with this picture, managed the astonishing task of integrating script, direction, camera and acting as the four have never been jelled before. The result is not a film in which all the portions are well done but a completely well-formed unit.

Taking as his base four one-act playlets by Eugene O'Neill, Ford and his writer, Dudley Nichols, have managed to evolve an exciting saga of the sea. Greg Toland is an astonishingly fine cameraman. Never before have you seen such black and white etching on the screen and several shots will thrill you to the point of applause.

This flawless script and photography are set off by a whole series of A-1 acting performances by Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, John Qualen, Ian Hunter, Barry Fitzgerald, Ward Bond and Arthur Shields. Each of the characters is carefully thought out and true. Each is better than you have ever seen him before. As a matter of fact, these virile men of the sea are so vividly



Carole Lombard meets Chas. Laughton after a courtship via the mail in "They Knew What They Wanted."



In "The Great Dictator," Charlie Chaplin succeeds in nabbing Paulette Goddard's heart as well as her locks.

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

portrayed that you women will forget all about the lack of boy-girl romance. The only girl in the film who has any kind of a scene is Mildred Natwick—and you won't forget her easily, either. Directed by John Ford.—*Wanger-United Artists.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *Dudley Nichols and John Ford have teamed together on ten pictures previous to this one . . . John Wayne first won fame as Duke Morrison, USC football star . . . Thomas Mitchell owns one of the most valuable collections of paintings in the country, including two Picassos and an original Rembrandt . . . Arthur Shields and Barry Fitzgerald are brothers and were formerly members of the famed Abbey Players in Dublin . . . Wilfred Lawson came over from England for this role and went right back at the end of the filming; he is now in active service with the RAF . . . Ward Bond has been in pictures for many years, but his death scene here will get him a lot of renewed attention . . . John Qualen used to play a flute in a symphony orchestra, so his flute playing in this picture is genuine; he is also a painter . . . Jack Pennick and Wayne suffered broken ribs and concussions while filming the storm sequences . . . The* S. S. Glencairn *was really the* S. S. Munami *of the McCormick Line . . . The camera never moves in this production and less light was used for the filming than in any previous picture.*

★★★½ THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

Every once in a while along comes a picture like "The Thief of Bagdad," which none of the critics' regulation formulas fit. This one's way off the beaten track. It's a beautifully and imaginatively conceived spectacle taking place in ancient Bagdad and involving a series of fantastic happenings. There's a magic carpet and a magic horse which flies through the air. To say nothing of genies and a lovelorn prince and princess. Whether you'll like it or not depends on your willingness to play a game with producer Alex Korda. If you'll abandon yourself to his mood and let him spin you a yarn, he'll guarantee you a good time.

Sabu is perfect as a little ragamuffin who is the bane of all Bagdad with his thievery, but lovable nonetheless. Conrad Veidt is such a villain he'll frighten you for weeks afterwards. June Duprez is a bee-utiful princess, but John Justin is a mite too pretty as a prince. Rex Ingram, one of the picture's few American actors, is perfectly cast and gives a gem of a performance as the genie.

The Technicolor is astoundingly beautiful. Directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell and Tim Whelan.—*Korda-United Artists.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *Rights to the story were bought by Korda from the late Douglas Fairbanks, who made a version of it once with himself in the role that little Sabu plays here . . . About a year's work was done in London and the film was to be finished in Africa, but was completed in Hollywood instead . . . A pack train of 40 mules, carrying 30 persons and $40,000 in equipment, made the pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon floor for the film . . . The minute the picture was completed, John Justin flew back to England to join the Royal Air Force; Basil Bleck, Korda's counsel and vice-president, went with him on the same errand . . . You saw Sabu last in another Korda picture, "Drums" . . . This is Korda's first Hollywood production, though six others are en route; he is married to Merle Oberon.*

★★★½ THE GREAT DICTATOR

This is unequivocally a great picture. If you grant Charlie Chaplin the privilege of saying what he wants to, then you must admit that there is no better way he could have said it. If the critics had been patient, if they had avoided making up their minds, if they had avoided writing their opinions in advance, they would have been thrilled by this truly great and important movie. Everyone expected a comedy and Charlie crossed them. He gave them instead a bitter, satiric-comic treatment of a shocking world phenomena. He starts off with as truly and vigorously funny an old Chaplin sequence as you can imagine. It is the end of the first World War, and he is trying desperately to operate a big Bertha. There's a time transition, it is today, and Chaplin plays a dual role—a timid little Jewish barber in Berlin and the great Hinkel (Hitler).

Slowly, as the film progresses, there is less and less comedy as pathos and bitterness replace the burlesque. There are some grand satiric scenes—the one where Charlie does a bubble dance with the globe of the world; the one where Charlie shaves a man in tempo with Mendelssohn; the one where Charlie and Jack Oakie (as Mussolini) try to outmaneuver each other in a grab of another nation, to mention only a few—which are spaced with ever-widening interruptions from the truly dramatic and brutal scenes.

And suddenly it seems as though Charlie can't stand it any longer. He stops all the action. He looks out at the audience, and there is a six-minute close-up of him (*Continued on page 17*)

No matter how individual your guests' tastes may be, everybody at your party will find a favorite fudge in this four-fold serving with its different flavors.

Virginia Weidler, who recently sprang to fame by her performance in "The Philadelphia Story," always includes red "apples on a stick" for her young friends.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Right in the middle of your own steam-heated home, you can have a snow-bedecked Christmas tree that will last all the way through the most gala holiday season.



Courtesy, Lux Flakes



Courtesy, Karo

YULETIDE *delights*

This promises to be the happiest Christmas ever for little Virginia Weidler, not only because it coincides with the most successful appearance of her young career, in the role of Dinah Shore, the bright-eyed effervescent scamp in "The Philadelphia Story," but also because this will be her very first Yuletide as a teenster. This means, of course, that she'll have lots of extra freedom but no troublesome responsibilities. And you will love to follow her suggestions!

For example, in trimming her tree this year, Virginia will spend delicious minutes of indecision over the correct placing of each and every shiny ornament, because at thirteen you just can't be haphazard about such things! With all the freedom of her advanced years, she intends personally choosing gift wrappings and gifts for all her friends and relatives.

Most appreciated of all her newly-acquired privileges is that of throwing her own parties. She anticipates an afternoon orgy of candy-making in which the most likely candidate for the young gathering's choice will be fudge. She also plans to make the old-fashioned favorites, candied apples "as good as those they sell in that place on Hollywood Boulevard." So I promised her my recipe for these shiny "apples on a stick" in exchange for the secret of her favorite fudge. Other refreshment pets in her crowd include marshmallows, fashioned into snow men, to serve as table decorations before they're eaten.

If you'd like to have some of these treats on hand during the holidays, for your friends, try the candy recipes that follow shortly. Then, too, if you want to have a really distinctive tree to show them—one that looks for all the world as if Jack Frost himself had paid you a visit—top the branches with what appears to be a coating of real snow. But the nice part about this snow is that it will last as long as the tree. Here's how it's done:

Directions for Making and Using "Soap-Foam Snow"

Empty the contents of a large (12½-oz.) box of Lux flakes into a dishpan or *large* mixing bowl. Add 2 scant cups of lukewarm water. Now take your rotary egg beater and beat the mixture until it is the consistency of whipped cream. In case you use an electric mixer, prepare just one half

Take a tip from a 13-year-old on how to concoct a "tasty" Xmas!

the quantity at a time because even the largest bowl would be likely to overflow if the full amount were to be made up at one mixing.

Take handfuls of this "snow" and spread it with your fingers along the branches of your Christmas tree. Occasionally put it on in "blobs," as the effect should be that of a natural and heavy snowfall.

For a more glittering appearance, sprinkle on some of the shiny artificial snowflakes (sold in boxes at Christmas-tree-decoration counters) while the mixture is still moist.

All this should be done before you put the ornaments and lights on the tree. This soap-foam snow will reflect the lights delightfully and fewer ornaments will be needed. In fact you can have a really lovely looking tree by using no decorations other than the strings of vari-colored electric lights along with the snow. Probably the most admired tree in all Hollywood last year was so easy to carry out that you can be sure it will be extensively copied this year by all who saw it. Strung with a considerable number of blue bulbs, the soap-foam snow reflected the soft light and sparkled from every branch. A large quantity of those inexpensive little "icicles" made in silver, and a few larger silver ornaments were placed on the ends of branches and in dark spots where the pine needles were thickest. The whole effect was set off with a large lighted star at the very top of the tree.

APPLES ON A STICK

6-8 medium size red apples
6-8 wooden skewers
2 cups sugar
⅔ cup water
4 tablespoons white karo
a few drops red food coloring

Wash apples to remove any oil coating. Dry thoroughly. Stick skewers into stem end of apples. Combine in a saucepan the sugar, water and karo. Cook, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, to the hard crack stage (300°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, add a few drops of red vegetable coloring. Hold apples by the skewers and dip them into syrup, one at a time, twirling them around to make sure they are thoroughly coated. Place on oiled pan or prop upright to cool. (*Continued on page 81*)

BLONDES! these 3 questions **settle a vital problem**



MRS. HUNTINGTON ASTOR, the former Mrs. Vincent Astor, who devotes much time to the cause of the Musicians' Emergency Fund, is a lovely ash blonde. She chooses Pond's Light Natural because it matches her complexion perfectly.







When trying to choose the right powder shade for yourself, you need ask yourself only three questions.

1. **Shall I make my skin *fairer?***
2. **Shall I keep it the *same* shade?**
3. **Shall I *deepen* its color?**

The matter comes down to this:

Do you look your most attractive when your skin has delicate baby-pink tones?

Are you lovelier when your skin has creamy shades that contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?

Does a warmer, rosier shade make your face bewitching against your honey-pale hair?

You will answer "yes" to one of these questions—and Pond's 3 superlative blonde shades will provide you with the right shade for your effect.

A delicate pink shade—Light Natural—our lightest shade. It matches the transparent skin of ash blondes. Pure blondes love it because it lightens their skin.

A light powder, but creamier, with less pink—Rose Cream (Natural). The most popular of the blonde shades because it tones in so perfectly with the average blonde skin. Many, very many, darker blondes use it to add delicacy and lightness to their coloring. Red blondes who want to tone down their color use it to add a needed creamy glow to their skin.

A warm sunny shade with a rosy glow over it—Sunlight. Girls who are not quite sure whether they are blondes or brunettes find it matches their skin. Other blondes use it because it gives warmth. Sophisticated blondes are particularly fond of the exotic depth it gives their skin.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look.

Blondes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter. And ***Brunettes*** will find their 4 brunette shades.

Free **Write to Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PA, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.**

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WHOOPING IT UP!

The stars have a hot time in the old town Saturday nights—and here's how!



◄ Cutting capers with the younger set, 17-year-old Rita Quigley gets such a whirl at the Venice Fun House in Hollywood that she's reduced to hugging her date's legs to keep her equilibrium!



It's a big night for Judy ► Garland and Dave Rose who desert their diet of home played vic music for night-clubbing to celebrate the end of hostilities 'twixt Dave and Judy's parents.



Freddie Brisson wishes Roz Russell would celebrate a little less fashionably! Her chic Lily Daché feather tickled his eyes until he saw red and chucked it in the checkroom for the remainder ▼ of the dancing!

◄ Hollywood folk are betting two to one that wedding bells will ring out soon for Nancy Kelly and dancing partner, Edmund O'Brien.

While painting the town red with South American Reni Rodriguez, "Butch" Romero showers her with the same "undivided" attention he gives all the gals. ▼





MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

while he makes a straight, dramatic appeal to the world for more sanity.

Jack Oakie is topnotch as Mussolini, Paulette Goddard is swell as the Jewish girl, Billy Gilbert is excellent as Goebbels and the late Maurice Moscovich is imposing in a character part—but no name stays with you when you leave the theatre except that of Chaplin. Which is as it should be. Directed by Charles Chaplin.—*Chaplin-United Artists.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: It is five years since Chaplin's last picture, "Modern Times"; work on this one started early in 1937 . . . It cost a fraction over $2,000,000 to produce this picture, the biggest amount Chaplin ever spent—and all his own, too, no collaborators . . . Over 500,000 feet of film were shot (with a single camera) and later cut down (by Chaplin) to 12,000 . . . Chaplin wrote the story and dialogue, directed, played a dual role, edited picture and scored the music; it was completed in 171 days of shooting time . . . It's the first time he speaks in a film, but he had considerable speaking experience on the English stage before coming to Hollywood 20 years ago . . . The action in the ballroom dance with Madame Napaloni and Charlie had to be stopped time and time again because the rest of the cast ruined takes with their laughter . . . The forty or fifty cats in the Ghetto scene were given a party of hamburger, fish and milk upon completion of their "work" . . . practically all shatterable glass used in scenes where it had to be broken was fine sugar cane candy; at picture's end, the surplus was given to Los Angeles orphanages . . . Paulette Goddard inaugurated a golf team, including prop men, actors, electricians and technicians which played in tournaments during the filming . . . Charlie includes the same familiar faces of his friends whom he always remembers in his productions.

★★★½ Knute Rockne—All American

This is a frank and humble tribute to the football coach who has become a legend throughout America. It is big, honest and exciting and almost becomes a history of football. Those interested in sports will enjoy every second of it; those who are not, will be entertained by the dramatics of the man's life.

Rockne's story is told from the time he came to this country as a little boy of four through his slow rise in the field of sports, and up past the time he was killed in an airplane accident. It is full of incident and detail, and if the picture has any real fault it is that there isn't enough romantic element for you girls. There is the constant and unflinching love of Knute and his wife, Bonnie, but that is straightlined and not very exciting.

You have never seen such a perfect character portrayal in your life as Pat O'Brien dishes out in the Rockne role. He is "the Rock" to the very marrow. His make-up is astonishingly good but, more to the point, his mannerisms and entire delivery seem to be carbon copies of the coach. There are a number of other excellent performances, tops being those of Gale Page as Rockne's wife and widow, Ronald Reagan as George Gipp, and Donald Crisp as Father John Callahan.

A quick bow, in passing, to those responsible for the very exciting and real staging of the football plays; they're A-1. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Bros.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Much of the film was made on the Notre Dame campus, including the funeral ceremony made in Sacred Heart Church, site of the actual rite. Notre Dame year books were making their appearance when O'Brien and the company were on the campus, so O'Brien autographed approximately 1,000 a day, along with textbooks, hats, letters, etc. . . . Rights to make the picture were obtained from the famed football coach's widow, Bonnie Skiles Rockne; she approved the script, and personally assisted in production. All of the family except Mrs. Rockne got into the picture; Rock's children, aged 23, 21, 19 and 14, were among the university students who were used in some scenes . . . During the filming of the picture Pat O'Brien's fan mail trebled . . . Robert Buckner, author of the screen play, used the fruits of two years research in the story; the wealth of material at his disposal necessitated the sign in his office reading, "Thanks, we're sure it's true—but we can't put all the Rockne incidents in one picture."

★★★½ They Knew What They Wanted

Here is adult entertainment such as the movies have not dished out in many a day. Taken from the famous play by the late Sidney Howard which won a Pulitzer Prize, this late filmization results in vigorous, true drama that you will find difficult to forget.

There are at least three sterling performances in the leading roles which rank with the best seen on the screen in many a moon, but the big news is Charles Laughton! For the first time in a number of films he completely dissociates himself from his person to turn in a really gripping characterization—as Tony, the Italian farmer. Carole Lombard, opposite Laughton, has a very difficult assignment. Although she tries very hard she is simply too intelligent to play the role of the ignorant little slavey convincingly. Bill Gargan's been good in small parts for a long time, but here he has a big part; and he's terrific!

And so with three such performances, plus an exciting adult script, plus highly imaginative direction and good (very good) photography—the total is an A-1 film even if the finish is mystical and the final speech is in the wrong person's mouth.

There are some rough hurdles to manage from the moral code standpoint, but the film is tastefully directed by Garson Kanin. *RKO-Radio.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: The company of 100 spent two weeks in Napa Valley, 550 miles north of Hollywood, filming all exterior scenes in the exact locale of the story . . . It was Napa's first glimpse of film stars in the flesh, and the erstwhile placid community went overboard with excitement and hospitality; the chief of police issued an order that "Anyone caught annoying our guests for autographs will be run in"; the company's train was met at the station by 4,000

(Continued on page 61)

*KATHERINE ALDRIDGE and BUDDY ROGERS in 20th Century-Fox hit, "Golden Hoofs". Your hands, too, can have soft charm, if you use Jergens.



"Have Love-Worthy Hands," advises Kay Aldridge* (20th Century-Fox Star)

IT'S SO EASY! And quick! Smooth on Jergens Lotion regularly—especially after handwashing. This famous Lotion furnishes beauty-giving, softening moisture most girls' hand skin needs. (Water, wind and cold are so drying to your hand skin!) Two of Jergens' fine ingredients are relied on by many doctors to help harsh, "crackable" skin to lovely smoothness. No stickiness! The first application helps! Start now to have soft, romantic hands—with this popular Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION



FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Mail this coupon now. (Paste on penny postcard)
The Andrew Jergens Company, 3719 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario.)
Please rush my *free* purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion!

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THE MUSICAL OF OUR EXCITING TIMES!
BIG AS ITS STARS! GREAT AS ITS SONGS!





Alice FAYE

Surpassing her "Alexander's Ragtime Band" success!

Betty GRABLE

The "Down Argentine Way" star ... more torchy, more dazzling!

TIN PAN ALLEY

... the unbelievable street where songs are born!

Jack OAKIE

The comic who's just come into his own!

John PAYNE

A new romantic thrill when he makes love to K-K-Katy!

and

Allen Jenkins • Esther Ralston
Nicholas Brothers • Ben Carter

Directed by Walter Lang

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Based on a story by Pamela Harris • Dances staged by Seymour Felix

Tin Pan Alley's Greatest Songs!

New—

"You Say the Sweetest Things (Baby)" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Old—

"K-K-K-Katy", "When You Wore A Tulip And I Wore A Big Red Rose", "Moonlight Bay", "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France", "The Sheik of Araby", "America I Love You"!



Coming soon

From 20th Century-Fox!

HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL
in
"CHAD HANNA"
In Technicolor

•

PAUL MUNI
in
"HUDSON'S BAY"
with
Gene Tierney

ALICE FAYE

She's the impractical half of a vaudeville sister act in 20th Century-Fox's musical — as song-laden as its title — "Tin Pan Alley"



GENE KORMAN



Fred Mac Murray

If you're partial to handsome farmers with southern accents, you'll love Fred in Paramount's "Virginia." It's in Technicolor!

RAY JONES



She's a New York model who gets mixed up with magic and John Barrymore in Universal's mystery yarn, "The Invisible Woman."

Virginia Bruce

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



M-G-M's "Bittersweet" has everything—Technicolor·music·drama.

— and Nelson in the most romantic role of his career!

NELSON EDDY

"BUT, MY DEAR, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?"



...Paramount has actually got Jack Benny and Fred Allen to appear together on the screen for the first time in Paramount's big holiday show, "Love Thy Neighbor." Yes, and they've finally agreed to bury the hatchet . . . in each other's necks!



...Paramount has the first picture in which Paulette Goddard *dances* . . . and, do you know whom she's dancing with? Fred Astaire! Wait'll you see them do the "Dig It" in Paramount's big New Year's show, "Second Chorus."

...Yes, and did you know these big musicals are coming to your favorite theatre right in time for the Christmas holidays. You sure can do your Christmas movie shopping early!



Paramount presents

JACK BENNY · FRED ALLEN

in

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

with MARY MARTIN · Verree Teasdale
The Merry Macs · Virginia Dale
and "ROCHESTER"

Produced and Directed by
MARK SANDRICH



Paramount presents

FRED ASTAIRE · PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"Second Chorus"

with
ARTIE SHAW and his Band
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
BURGESS MEREDITH

Produced by Boris Morros
Directed by H. C. Potter

No one but a father could write a letter like this! It's so touching.

"Dearest



A romance of over a year's standing. Olivia and Jimmy Stewart both love to fly and play practical jokes.



In 1922, Olivia was chubby and impish. Joan—always the frailer of the two—was sickly and extremely shy.

"So you're from Hollywood!" said the elderly man, pushing his spectacles up the bridge of his nose. "And you want to know about my two daughters? Well, I haven't seen them for six or seven years. Hollywood, you know, is a long way from Japan . . . But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you something new. I've been wanting to write the girls. Instead, I'll dictate the letter to you. Would that be an interview?"

"Definitely."

"Then let's begin," said the elderly man, quietly. "Let's begin the usual way—'Dearest Olivia and Joan . . .'

This is the letter I've long wanted to write. It came to me yesterday evening, of a sudden, that sooner or later I must write it. Because, yesterday evening I was strolling along the Ginza—you remember the Ginza, Joan—Tokyo's busiest shopping avenue, with peddlers in glorified bathrobes under canvas booths, selling roasted chestnuts and colored kimonos and whatnot.

Well, I was walking along the Ginza, pushing through a good animated portion of Tokyo's six million souls, when suddenly I saw it—the billboard in front of the little Japanese movie theatre, heralding the stars of the pictures being shown. One name on the billboard was Olivia de



Olivia was 6 when she whipped this one off, fancying herself something of an artist! She and Joan sketch well, nowadays.

At 17, Olivia—short on glamour, but long on ambition—was "Puck" in a high school senior play.

Olivia and Joan..."

Havilland. The other was Joan Fontaine. Both of you, my daughters, on one program. I paid the 25 sen—6 cents in America—and went in.

And there both of you were on the screen. Beautiful! Exciting! Over a bridge of 5,500 miles you had come to perform before me. Amazing magic!

Sitting there, I was filled with a nostalgia and flooding remembrance of things past and done. I wondered, at once, if either of you—now famous movie stars—remembered your old father in Japan, despite the years that had intervened.

You may not have kept count, girls, but your father is now sixty-nine years old, and before it is forever too late I am sitting here in a fantastic place called Tokyo and writing to you in an even more fantastic place called Hollywood—I am writing, by proxy, the letter I have long wanted to write.

I want you to know, that while you may have gotten your good looks and your flair for the dramatic mostly from your mother, Lilian—it was from me and from my old English family that you inherited steadiness, poise, culture and a few other good qualities.

All that, however, isn't what I started out to say. I really just want to chat about old times with you. Reminiscing, somehow, makes you both seem closer to me.

I remember you, Olivia, my darling, as an infant, lying flat on your back on the floor, sucking a gigantic hairpin—which your mother thought was cute, but which gave me a case of nerves. I remember you (*Continued on page 60*)

BY IRVING WALLACE



When Joan's mother (left) married Mr. Fontaine, Joan took his name. Last year, Mr. Aherne gave her a brand new monicker.



Olivia (left) and Joan wore identical clothes for years. Here, they're off for a California garden party in 1933.



Photogenic at 3 months! That's Joan Fontaine napping in the arms of her pretty mother, who's wearing a Japanese kimono.



A recent picture of Joan's and Olivia's aging father, W. A. de Havilland, who is a patent lawyer in Tokyo, Japan.

Mary Astor, survivor of the "sexy silents," traces fashions in kisses right up to today!

HOW LOVE HAS CHANGED!

It all started because a trip to New York is like a trip to the hospital. When you come home, you like to talk about your experiences. That was what Mary Astor—still recuperating from three whirlwind weeks in New York—was doing.

"The Museum of Modern Art called me up one day," she was saying, "and asked me if I wouldn't like to see one of my old pictures. I was not only flattered; I was delighted. They have a marvelous library of old films, the most complete in the world. I asked, hopefully, 'Do you have a print of "Beau Brummel?'" They said they did. So I dropped everything else and rushed over to have a nostalgic look at my favorite of all the pictures I had ever made."

She puckered up her face in mock dismay at Mary Astor, Sentimentalist.

"Do you remember 'Beau Brummel?'" It was considered really something in its day. John Barrymore was the star and I was the leading lady, and the love scenes were supposed to be some of the most beautiful ever filmed. A little tingle went up my spine at the thought of seeing them again.

"So I saw them again. And I don't know when I've been so embarrassed. Thoroughly, excruciatingly embarrassed. It taught me a lesson. Never again will I go back and try to relive a memory.

"The print was in perfect condition. That was the agonizing thing. I couldn't kid myself that the picture must have been different once. It was just the same as when it was made. All I could say to myself, as I sat there in the merciful darkness watching it unreel, was: 'How did people *ever* go for this?'

"Just to give you an idea, let me tell you about one scene that once thrilled millions. John took my hand in both of his. One by one, gently, tenderly—oh, so tenderly—he uncurled my fingers. Then, looking deep in my eyes, he said, in a subtitle, 'I place my heart in the palm of your little hand.'"

Mary closed her eyes in reminiscence and shuddered. "How love has changed!" she said, feelingly.

Was she insinuating that movie love "ain't what it used to be?"

She tossed her head back in a short laugh. "I'm not only insinuating it," she said. "I'm stating it as a fact. I've seen it change."

This sounded like something that the chroniclers of Hollywood have missed; something that future historians would want to know about; and something that everybody else might find instructive. So I pursued the subject.

Mary protested that she wasn't the only actress in Hollywood who could talk about it. But she was just being modest. There's no other top-flight actress in Hollywood today whose movie experiences have covered as much romantic territory, or go back as far as Mary Astor's.

You wouldn't think it to look at her, minus make-up, wearing a simple sports dress, but Mary Astor has been in the movies twenty years!

That makes her sound ancient. She isn't. On her last birthday (May 3rd) she was thirty-four. She is a contemporary of Claudette Colbert, Greta Garbo, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford and sundry other big names. She simply started earlier than they did—when she was fourteen.

She was born with the non-marquée name of Lucile Langhanke in Quincy, Illinois, the daughter of a high school language professor. She finished grammar school in Quincy, then was packed off to the Kenwood-Loring School for Girls in Chicago, to get the finishing touches. Instead, she got a movie contract.

The school had a reputation for pretty girls, which made Mary's cameo-like features a matter of school pride. The other girls begged her to enter a certain beauty contest. She didn't have the nerve. So *they* sent in a picture of her and it won first prize. Publication of it brought discovery by Jesse Lasky. And, suddenly, she was in the movies—a schoolgirl barely in her teens who hadn't stopped growing yet.

She didn't look like a schoolgirl, however, any more than she looks like the mother of an eight-year-old today. There was, and still is, a curious ageless quality in her face. Between scenes she had to attend regular classes on the set, but they didn't give her child roles to play. They gave her grown-up roles.

She doesn't try to cover up the fact that she has been in films so long. She told me, with a candid smile, "I always say I started in 1920, but actually I didn't get on the screen until 1921. Nothing I did in 1920 ever came out. I played a bit in 'Sentimental Tommy,' which was scissored, and I made a one-reeler which was never released. I strongly suspect that I wasn't sensational.

"My first appearance on any screen was in the feminine lead of a picture called 'The Beggar Maid,' opposite Reginald Denny. The very title dates it. Can you imagine anybody making or going to see a picture with such a title today?

"That was the first time I was ever kissed by a man—either on the screen or off. I was fifteen years old, and it was quite an event. I didn't sleep for two nights before the scene. All I could think of was: 'He's going to kiss me.' And every time I thought of it I had terrific palpitations. I was terribly nervous—and terribly eager.

"What made me so nervous was the fact that I was supposed to be shy in the scene, and I was afraid the camera would give me away and reveal that I had a violent crush on Reggie. That crush lasted at least a week, with the kiss somewhere in the middle of it. Reggie spent most of that week running. He (*Continued on page 63*)

BY JAMES REID



The Hays office came into existence in 1922, and films were pure for a while. By 1932, vigilance had relaxed and clinches like this one from "Red Dust" (Clark Gable and Mary Astor) got by. A year later a terrific wave of censorship set in.

FUN IN FILMVILLE

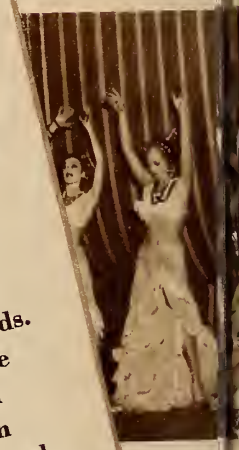
Producers aren't heels and they're not skinflints. They consider charity a beautiful thing. But they think it's gone too far in Hollywood. You can't blame them, either, for when Mischa Auer ruins a $1,000 scene by yawning so wide his tonsils take a bow, and when Rita Hayworth does all of her acting with her face because her torso's too tired to budge—even a producer deserves sympathy. At any rate, pooped-out performers were the order of the day when André Charlot raided every studio in town and enlisted talent for the star-dripping Revue he presented recently on the boards of Hollywood's famous El Capitan Theatre.

With nearly all of Filmville horning in, the Revue, staged for the benefit of the British Red Cross, was a better example of good nature than of good theatre. Rehearsals were haphazard, the opening night show as casual as an old hat, and the backstage shindigs even more extraordinary than those shown the audience. Alan Mowbray, who m-ceed one-half of the two-act production, had a bar erected in his dressing-room and lured many a grateful colleague in for a snort between acts. Reggie Gardiner, who m-ceed the other half, spent hours shooting frantic phone calls around town, trying to locate performers who forgot to turn up. Mr. Charlot tore his hair because Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville sneaked off to a dark corner to hold hands and let a little item like their skit slip their minds. Chester Morris pouted because his magic routine was scissored from the show and insisted upon "entertaining" anyway. And Rita Hayworth was kept busy rejecting the invitations of local playboys who had fallen for the rumor that she and husband Eddie Judson had tiffed.

On stage, there were no fewer than twenty-seven numbers, all packed solid with famous names, ranging from Fanny Brice's "Baby Snooks" to a "Cads' Chorus" composed of Henry Fonda and Reggie Gardiner among others. In the words of Mr. Mowbray, the Revue was "a killer" and since it's been suggested that Charlot screen it maybe you'll be seeing it yourself!

BY SYLVIA KAHN







Anna Neagle's voice is so soft, she had to use a "mike" to make her famous "Alice Blue Gown" number audible!

Charlot's All-Star Revue won't make history, but it did make its all-star audience mighty happy!



The "Cads' Chorus," composed of ten actors with senses of humor, always brought down the house as, grim-faced, they extolled their vices in verse.



Even the Charles Boyers, upset by news that their French chateau had been bombed, were grinning broadly before long.



June Clyde's hilarious attempts to "get familiar" with dead pan Mischa Auer drew the biggest guffaws of the entire evening!



Rita Hayworth, who danced professionally for years, led the La Conga becomingly clad in the Revue's most revealing costume.



Small wonder Nick Grinde's jaw is dropping. That sequin-studded gown on cute Marie Wilson is definitely an eye-knocker-outer!



British-born Binnie Barnes played hooky from her honeymoon long enough to accompany countryman Alan Mowbray to the Revue.



Janet Gaynor (gown by Adrian) and her designing hubby take a rare night off from pampering their six-month-old son Robin.

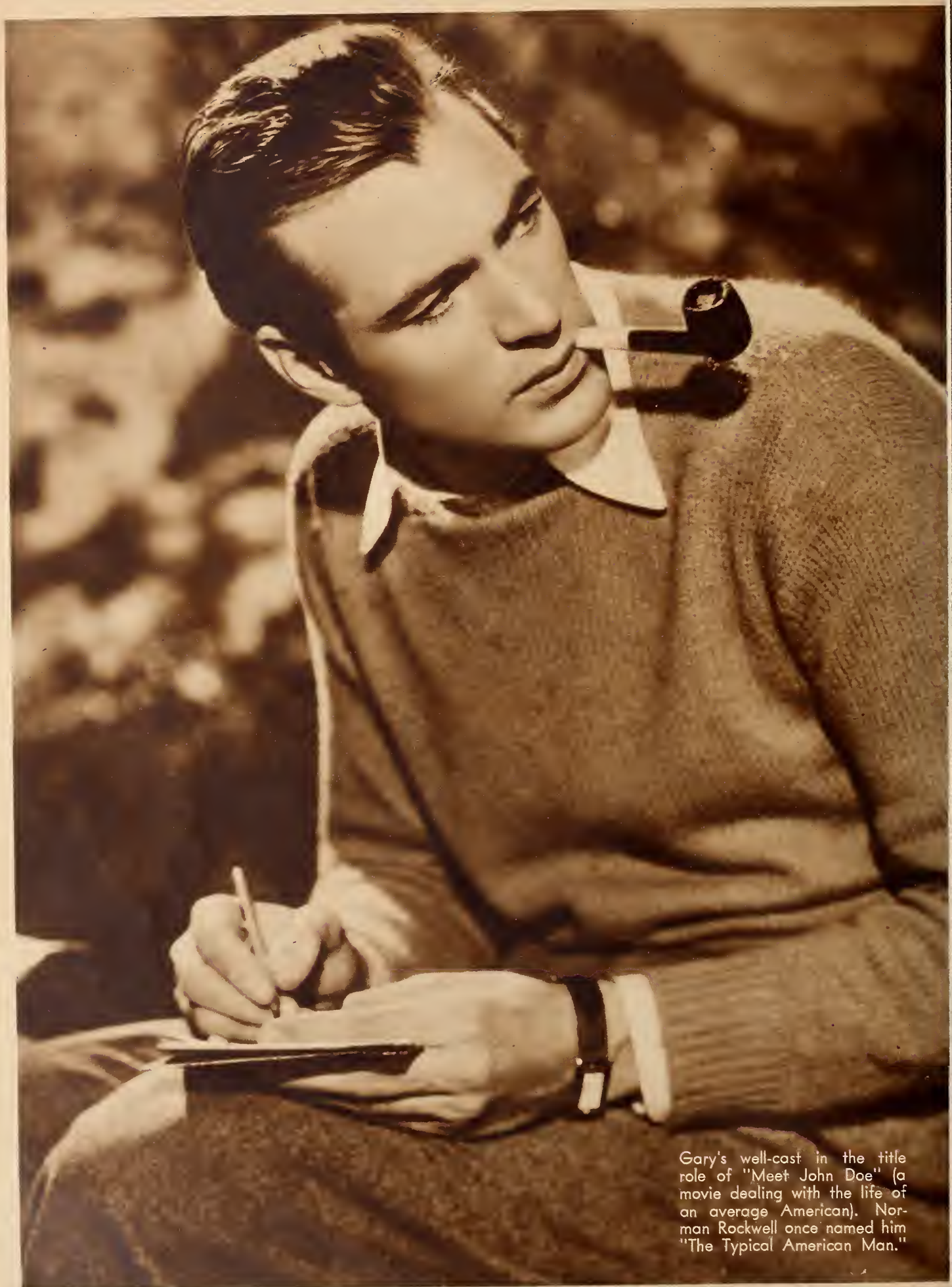


When not doing their song 'n' dance act, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper held hands back in the next to the last row.



Ten percenter Vic Orsatti squired two lovelies, Betty Grable and Linda Darnell. This agent stuff is nice work if you can afford it!

PHOTOS BY JULES BUCK



Gary's well-cast in the title role of "Meet John Doe" (a movie dealing with the life of an average American). Norman Rockwell once named him "The Typical American Man."

BY GLADYS HALL

When the super Cooper gives out on life, love and the pursuit of happiness, he's worth listening to!



A Right Guy!

It seems that in his quiet way, with the least amount of fuss, he gets just what he wants out of life. That's what they say about Gary.

Why, they have even circulated the rumor that he is deaf in order to account for his reticence and of seeming to hear very little of what other people say. Others report that he pretends not to hear in order to protect himself from answering questions he doesn't want to answer.

During the making of Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe," Barbara Stanwyck, co-starring with Gary, said of him: "Don't fool yourself; he's a fox, that one! He sees more, hears more and knows more than anyone else in this business."

Hollywood, however, must have its legends. And Gary is by way of being one of them. Along with Garbo, the Sphinx, Hepburn, the Firebrand and Ginger Rogers, the Recluse, Gary is labeled the Strong, Silent Man. But strangely enough his silences are not construed as unfriendliness. His reticence is not pooh-poohed as an "act," put on because of a swollen head or an unwillingness to cooperate. By some sound instinct, everyone seems to understand that he is simply not the "Hi-ya" type of individual and they try to bother him as little as possible.

But though they understand Gary, the man, they don't understand how, with so little pother and ado, so little throwing about of weight, he has gotten where he is, without anyone being particularly conscious that he was getting up there.

Now, I've always found that the shortest distance between two points is the straight line, conversationally as well as geometrically. It seemed to me that the way to find out Gary's formula for success was to ask him. So, lunching with Gary at Lucey's in Hollywood the other day, I took my courage into my bare hands and did just that.

His blue eyes were twinkling as he launched his answers: "As for not talking much—well, I don't kid myself. If I weren't a movie star, I wouldn't be asked out for my scintillating conversation! I try, Lord knows, though I'm not very good at it, to hold up my end of the stick. But a glib talker is a person with a special aptitude or gift, and I haven't that gift. If I think I have anything to say which *will* contribute to enjoyment or interest, I say it. But if others have more interesting things to say than I have, I keep quiet. I don't 'assume' reticence or silence. I don't pretend to be deaf in order not to hear things. When you are among friends, I don't believe you should assume a part or a pose; that comes under the heading of being pretty phony. The only time I assume a part," smiled Gary, "is when I am on a sound stage, at work.

"As for avoiding publicity, I may have frozen up at some silly questions asked me from time to time. Then, too, certain personalities click, you know, and others don't. I have to feel comfortable when I'm talking with someone. If I'm uncomfortable, I'm not very adequate. Every business is salesmanship, one way or another. I have to sell acting. An interviewer has to sell the idea of doing a story. I guess you might say that if it's good salesmanship, I buy; if it's not, I don't. On some occasions, too, I've gotten off a plane or train dirty and tired and ducked the cameramen. I guess that was partly out of vanity," laughed Gary, "and partly out of respect for 'my Public' who, I'm told, likes its stars to look 'glamorous.' But," he added, with emphasis, "I enjoy making public appearances when I'm prepared for them. I like going to out-of-town premières, as we recently did with 'The Westerner.' We had a wonderful time. The people in Texas are swell. Real people. I like all that sort of thing. It's a pleasure to have people say 'hullo' to me, call me by my first name. A fine, friendly feeling. I like it.

"No, I haven't any special secret or formula for living or for success. Something Will Rogers once said, slightly altered, may apply to me, however. Will said, 'I'm just an old country boy. I have been eating pretty regular and the reason I have is because I stayed an old country boy.' Well, I was a Montana cowboy," smiled Gary, "and I have been eating pretty regular, too, and I think it's because I've stayed a Montana cowboy at heart. The things I like to do are still pretty simple, fundamental things, thank God! I like to get out in the hills, out in the Rockies somewhere. After 'John Doe' was in the box, my wife and baby and I went to Idaho for a hunting and camping trip. I don't do much hunting, really; just shoot a few ducks and things, enough to eat. I just like to be outdoors, get on a horse and ride.

"I've got everything I want in life; yes, I'm perfectly happy and contented. But I'm also very fortunate because the things I like to do and the things I want to have are the simple, easily obtainable ones. For example, when I'm home Rocky and I usually play a few sets of tennis before dinner; that gives me a workout. We keep a couple of saddle horses on a ranch a half hour's drive from our house. We go up there and ride in the hills. Once in a while we go to a night club. I like to dance," admitted Gary, sheepishly. "Very often we have our friends in for dinner—Ty Power and Annabella, the George Murphys and the Fred MacMurrays. We just sit around and gab. The point is, if a man wants only the things he can have, then he's certainly got everything. (*Continued on page 78*)

Virginia Fiels

Monday night

Dearest,

Thanks heaps for the cablegram. It certainly saved me lots of sleepless nights. For, if I hadn't received it before the news flash reached here recounting how you and Les Howard were nearly killed by that bomb, I would have been dreadfully worried. As usual, your thoughtfulness saved me.

I couldn't understand, at the time, why you should be cabling for the second time in a week and saying nothing especially new. But when the news broke about the bomb bursting three hundred yards from the apartment where you and Leslie were staying, and breaking all the windows, I knew you were trying to tell me that you were okay. Incidentally, it took two days for that news to pass the censors and reach this country.

Your letter, too, helped me considerably. That line about the "cheerful activity" at the station, together with a sentence from father's letter, "Your mother and I are leading a very quiet life," reassured me somewhat about conditions in London.

Speaking of father, it's a good thing you didn't meet up with him the other morning when a bomb made him thirty minutes late to the House of Lords to plead a case. It's the first time in thirty-five years he's ever been late and how he must have been fuming!

There's no lack of excitement here, although it's a different kind, but it's sort of sad to pass the old places you and I used to haunt—and pass them alone. The "wolves corner" at Chasens misses you badly. Reg (*Gardiner*), Coota (*Bob Coote*), Rolly (*Roland Young*) and Jim (*Stewart*) hailed me the other night and wanted to know how it went with you and what was the latest word.

But that's not all. You've no idea how many friends you have in Hollywood. All that terrible talk which went on before you sailed has disappeared, and everybody has nothing but nice words to say about you. I'm stopped continually on my way to the set, or on the boulevard, by people wanting to know how you are, and asking to be remembered to you. She wrote me an awfully cute letter saying she was sorry for me. I don't know her, so I concluded she was one of your fans.

That reminds me. Do you know Maybelle Duke? Is this a girl who's been writing to you?

Presume that you've received the money for your car by this time. Don't ever buy a big automobile again. I had a dreadful time unloading it. Walter (*Pidgeon*) seems well pleased with it, but next time get a second-hand light car—if I'm going to have to sell it.

Now that "Hudson's Bay Company" is about finished, I have more time to work with Merle and Sylvia (*Fairbanks*) and Mary (*Pickford*) for the Ambulance Corps. We had a committee meeting yesterday at the Victor Hugo. And had you heard that Korda turned over the entire proceeds of the premiere of "Thief of Bagdad" to charity? Half goes to the British Ambulance Corps, the other half to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Muriel (*Angelus*) stopped by for a moment en route to New York to do a play. She was doubly patriotic with an American flag on one lapel and a British flag on the other—both jeweled.

Saw John (*Van Druten*) at the opening of "Spring (*Continued on page 80*)

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MY DARLING

Out of sight, out of mind? Not in Dick Greene's and Ginny Field's case!

Here's one pair of long-distance romancers who aren't drifting apart



Hollywood's just not the same since Dick went away, for he and Ginny were one of its gayest and most decorative couples.

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



Dennis grins like an Irishman, but when he talks it's strictly sans blarney. He's one of the most sincere people in Hollywood.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS

You amateur Columbuses discovered him cinematically ages ago, but

Up to two years ago, Hollywood couldn't see that Dennis Morgan was a large order of he-man—even if he did know the difference between an aria and an oratorio. Now, everybody is beginning to see it. Warners, particularly, has had an eyeful. They sent a photographer out to Dennis' house to give the girls an idea of how he looked around home, in a pair of shorts, and had to kill the pictures. He looked too muscular.

It would seem, however, that the girls are already convinced of his appeal from seeing him, fully clothed, on the screen.

They seem to have noticed him even though, up to now, his screen appearances have been confined largely to B's. That state of affairs is likely to be altered by "Kitty Foyle"—for which RKO borrowed him to play Ginger Rogers' lover. And please be advised that there is more love story in the picture than there was in the book!

Funny thing about Dennis—everybody thinks he's an Irishman.

"I think Warners must have picked my name out of a hat," he says, with a broad grin, "because I'm about as Irish as chop suey. My father is Swedish and my mother is a mixture of Scotch and Dutch."

It's just possible that Warners *didn't* pick the name out of a hat, but decided deliberately that anybody with his infectious grin, brown hair and mischievous blue eyes ought to be Irish even if he wasn't.

He signs his checks "Stanley Morner." That's the name he was born with, on December 20, 1910, in Prentice, Wisconsin—about 40 miles from Lake Superior, in the North Woods country.

He was supposed to grow up to be a banker and lumberman like his father, and very nearly did. Only two things stopped him. The depression and a love of singing, inherited from his mother.

"She wasn't a professional, but she liked to sing in the church choir, and so did I," he says. "I was a boy soprano," he adds, just to get a rise out of you.

He can't remember a time when he didn't feel like singing. Except maybe the day he and another eleven-year-old decided to run away from home. They clambered aboard a freight train parked on a siding. In the dark box-car, they discovered a bum. A lecturing bum. He lectured them about home and mother. They got off disillusioned about the joys of associating with the Knights of the Open Road and convinced that parents were preferable.

"Besides singing in church," Dennis recounts, "I was in all the amateur theatricals that came along, especially after we moved to Marshfield, where I finished high school. But I didn't think about singing or acting as a life work.

PAGING DENNIS MORGAN



Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan make violent love for the camera's benefit in "Kitty Foyle," but off the set confine themselves to casual chats over a couple of commissary Pepsis.

here, at long last, is your chance for that personal introduction!

Somehow, you don't when you're that age. They're just things you like to do. Like playing football.

"I was a little over six feet tall then, so they made me center on the football team. That led to my getting a scholarship to play football at the University of Wisconsin. But I didn't like the set-up, so I switched to Carroll College. I intended to stay just a year; instead I stayed four—mostly because of the excellent drama department. The person who got me interested in dramatics was a teacher named May N. Rankin—who had the same effect on Alfred Lunt when he went there." He adds, in a hurry, "Not that I've turned out to be another Alfred Lunt."

Carroll also had a good music department—and a voice teacher who wanted him to quit athletics and really concentrate on singing. "I couldn't see it. I wasn't going to make singing a career. I sang just for the love of it. I was satisfied singing with the glee club and partially paying my way through college, singing in churches."

He had a big football ambition, however—to graduate from the line to the backfield. He wanted to be a fullback and carry the ball. The only trouble was he couldn't hang onto it.

"I used to spend my summers in my dad's lumber camps in northern Wisconsin, getting in shape, while I learned the lumber business from the ground up. I chopped trees, sawed trees, blew out stumps and had fights every Saturday night with tough Swedes. One summer a pal of mine, who played football at Northwestern, went up to one of the camps with me, and I practised catching that ball and hanging onto it. Then, in the very first scrimmage that fall, I fumbled the first ball that was thrown to me—without even being tackled. The coach decided I'd be more valuable as a tackle and running guard. Dropping players, instead of footballs."

Under questioning, he says he "probably" fell in love several times during those four years. "Everybody does. But I ended up by marrying the girl I had gone with in high school—Lillian Vedder."

When the four years were over, he received a certificate in dramatics, in which he had minored. But he didn't receive a degree in economics, in which he had majored. He was short three hours of science. "And I'm still short those three hours. I never went back."

When he got out of school, he was invited to join four other ex-college singers on a Chautauqua tour in a condensed version of "Faust."

"I didn't think of that as a job," he says. "It was just a sort of lark. Sixty consecutive one-night stands, spread all over the Middle West, with most of the towns we played about 125 miles apart, and with everybody singing about three or four roles.

"When the tour ended, I said, (*Continued on page 82*)



IT'S IDLE

BY

IDA ZEITLIN

You've heard before this that Bette Davis is beloved of the press. One reason is that, given a job on Bette, you don't have to play true-and-false games with yourself. Her method is simple—so simple that you wonder it hasn't been discovered by others, who prefer to scream over misstatements than to supply facts. Maybe because they can make more noise that way! With Bette, you ask the questions and she gives you the answers.

Current rumors concerning her are three: She's at odds with her studio—the old reliable that crops up every now and then like the sea monster of Loch Ness; she's feuding with Ida Lupino, because Ida Lupino played Bette Davis in "They Drive By Night," and she's in love with Bob Taplinger, publicity executive at Warners.

Bette sat on the sofa of a New York hotel, hands linked behind her head, and hooted at all three. She'd come down from New Hampshire for a week to see plays and people, and her mood seemed as blithe as the Roman-striped trousers of the pajamas she wore.

"Shall I answer them in order, as put, or skip around for the fun of it? As put. Okay. Then for once in my life I can honestly say that there's no dissension at the studio. Which, for me, should be news. Everything's lovely between me and Warner Brothers. I liked 'The Letter.' I liked wearing short skirts. I'd been carrying fifty pounds of fabric around for a year and barely recognized my legs in modern clothes. I also like 'January Heights,' which I'm to do next. There's been some talk of 'Calamity Jane,' which I politely trust I shall *not* do. In any case, I'm being loaned to Mr. Goldwyn after 'January Heights,' for 'The Little Foxes.' In view of which blessing, I'm at peace with the world.

"Next? Feud with Miss Lupino. I stand lost in admiration for whoever dreamed that one up, since I've never met Miss Lupino. Or am I supposed to be boxing with her shadow? Neither have I seen 'They Drive By Night,' because I've been buried in New Hampshire for three months. I hear it's a swell picture and a swell performance, and I'm going to catch it, first chance I get. I also hope to meet Miss Lupino, and this is what I'd tell her if the subject came up.

"When I worked in 'The Man Who Played God,' Mr. Arliss insisted that I put my hair up. It was so short that the only way I *could* put it up was thus-and-so, which happened to be the way Constance Bennett was doing her hair at the time. I soon learned to my horror that I was supposed to be imitating Miss Bennett—the last thing that had ever entered my head!

"I don't know whether this talk bothers Miss Lupino as the other bothered me for a while. Till a friend said: 'Forget it. You've just one thing to worry about. Get in there and slug. Make every performance the best you're capable of. The rest is incidental. Today they say you're aping Miss Bennett. Next year they may say somebody's aping you. None of that matters. The industry will absorb as many of you as are worth your salt. Only one thing will keep you in—performance. Only one thing will jolt you out—lack of performance.' Well, all that sounded like good sense to me then and still does. Miss Lupino's good work won't make mine bad, and turn about, if I may say so.—Sorry." She smiled affably. "I know a hair-pulling match would make better copy."

Which brought us around to Bob Taplinger. Bette's smile deepened. "I hate to do this to you, but Bob and I are just good friends. There *is* such a thing as being good friends, you know, and since that's what we are and *all* we are, what else can I do but hand you a chestnut? Tell you what, though." Her hands went behind her head again. "I'll bend my mind toward coining a phrase that means the same thing but sounds different. I'll have it all ready for you next time you ask—say, twelve months from now?" she suggested sweetly.

So you've put your questions and been given your answers, and you're stuck with a lot of space to fill.

"Look," says Bette. "I'm not battling with Warners; I'm not biting chunks out of Ida Lupino; I'm not falling in love. But that doesn't mean I'm exclusively negative. Why don't you ask me what I *have* been doing?"

"What?" you inquire helpfully. (This kind of thing is known as a lazy man's interview, with the other fellow doing all the work. It happens infrequently.)

Among other things, she's been doing what most of us have been doing—feeling helpless and horrified over the state of the world. Newspaper men would come on the set where she was working with (*Continued on page 70*)



For months now it's looked as if Bette and Bob Taplinger were Romeo and Juliet-ing. Here, at last, is the real low-down!

GOSSIP!

says Bette

But in completely squelching this year's crop of lurid rumors,

Bette Davis quite unwittingly starts some bigger and better ones!

ON THE SET WITH "Flotsam"

Cast and crew frolic when the movie camera's back is turned!

In 1807, Mr. Noah Webster penned his famous dictionary and defined "flotsam" as "objects cast from a vessel and found floating on the sea." In 1939, Mr. Erich Maria Remarque penned a novel about Europe's political refugees and, with a nod toward Mr. Webster, entitled it—"Flotsam." Today Mr. Remarque is stealing the jump on Mr. Webster and is watching his book acquire thrilling celluloid life as the maiden production of the Loew-Lewin Corporation.

Despite its uncheery title and its tragic inspiration, "Flotsam," surprisingly, is not another movie preachment against the evils of Nazi-ism! Instead, it's a punchy tale of high adventure and rich friendships, with the refugee situation serving merely as a back-drop for the love affairs of its principals. Surprisingly, too, it's not being filmed on a handful of sorry-looking sets, but is actually employing *more* sets than "Gone With The Wind!" Since its main characters migrate from Austria, through Czechoslovakia and Switzerland, to France, over a hundred and twenty backgrounds are required to keep up with their travels!

Varying from vegetable markets to circus tents, these backgrounds even include a movie-style Swiss forest (birch bark and leaves pinned to several hundred local trees), the snow-blanketed Alps (the High Sierras, 150 miles outside of Hollywood, which look more like an American's idea of Switzerland than Switzerland itself) and a reproduction of the *Prater*, known in pre-Nazi days as the "Coney Island of Vienna."

Of all sets, it was the *Prater* which gave Director John Cromwell his worst moments. Built on an indoor stage, it had to be bathed in klieg lights to give the illusion of daylight—and klieg lights, if there are enough of them, can be hotter than a thousand hells. In this case, there



This is Glenn Ford—definitely not a pretty boy but, nevertheless, dynamite with dames. He's six feet two, weighs 165 pounds, has gray eyes and red-brown hair. Used to be a parachute jumper, but has been in "the profession" since 1938, when he understudied John Beal in a flop called "Soliloquy."

Though his part in "Flotsam" is as important as Fredric March's, he's still working for peanuts, and has to stick pretty close to a budget. Has but one extravagance, his hopped-up racer, in which he hits the local salt flats at 140 miles an hour. His studio's forbidden him to drive it until the film's finished.

He got the thrill of his life when he recently received his first fan letter! He'd just about given up hope of ever getting one, having gone fanlessly through 150 plays and eight movies. It was a role in "The Lady in Question" that fished him out of obscurity and started a huge influx of mail.



"Flotsam's" crew watches Director Cromwell (left, sitting) put Fred March in the mood for a big scene.



Fred forgets the serious stuff for a while, dons prop pigtails and eats ice cream with Fran Dee.

were enough of them. As a result, some seals needed for one particular scene spent five hours barking for relief (or their mates), the leaves on the *Prater's* phony trees kept wilting and fresh ones had to be tacked on before each "take" and, most exasperating, the melting performers, sometimes as many as thirty-five at a clip, sneaked off to Fredric March's elegant air-cooled dressing-room to become literal refugees from an inferno-like sound stage!

Item most worth noting about "Flotsam," however, is that, although it stars such film biggies as Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee, it also offers a break to a pair of players who previously have been shoved into the background. Player Number One is "Sally," a sharp, little wire-haired terrier, for years the unsung stand-in for "Asta" of "Thin Man" fame. Player Number Two is Glenn Ford, a clean-cut, snub-nosed youngster cast as the romantic lead opposite Miss Sullavan, and introduced in the pictures on this and the foregoing page.

BY SYLVIA KAHN

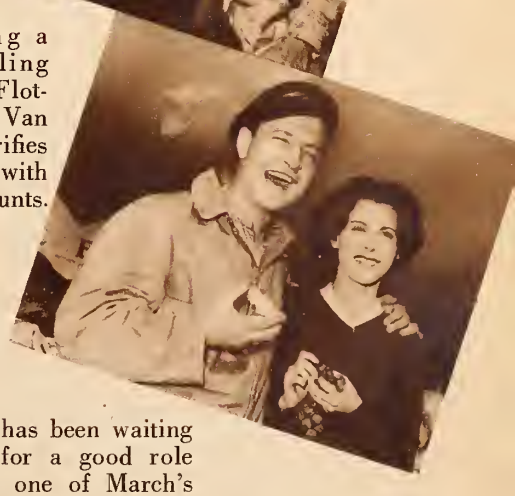


Between takes Sullavan motorcycles and trades chat with Fred.





After doing a tricky juggling scene for "Flotsam," Philip Van Sandt electrifies Glenn Ford with some more stunts.



Frances has been waiting months for a good role like this one of March's wife. Fred, by the way, discovered Fran in 1930.

He's in constant "dutch" with his bosses, because he spurns all studio dates. Only has eyes for a certain little blonde secretary, and admits he's going "almost steady." He phones her nightly. Won't divulge her name, for her family frowns on actors and would bounce him if he gave her any publicity.

Glenn's an early-to-bedder. He loathes night spots, and his idea of a big time is an evening of Chinese checkers with "his girl." Has no movie friends except Bill Holden and they double-date on Saturday nights. Week nights, he studies lines with his mother, with whom he lives in a three-room apartment.

IT'S ALL OVER

How did the Stars behave during the

FINEST ACTOR



Charles Laughton for his Tony in "They Knew What They Wanted."

FINEST ACTRESS



Greer Garson for her interpretation of Elizabeth in "Pride and Prejudice."

GREATEST FUTURES



Versatile Betty Field made the headlines in all four of her movies.



Lovable Tom Mitchell matched his 1939 Award-winning performance.

BEST DIRECTOR



John Ford for his latest masterpiece—"The Long Voyage Home."

FIND OF THE YEAR



Wistful Martha Scott for her fine screen performance in "Our Town."

FINEST SUPPORTING PLAYERS



Ida Lupino for that magnificent emoting in "They Drive by Night."



William Gargan for his realism in "They Knew What They Wanted."

BEST PICTURES OF 1940

The Long Voyage Home (John Ford)

Our Town (Sol Lesser)

Arise, My Love (Paramount)

Rebecca (Selznick)

The Grapes of Wrath (20th Century-Fox)

Foreign Correspondent (Walter Wanger)

The Mortal Storm (M-G-M)

All This, and Heaven Too (Warner's)

They Knew What They Wanted (RKO-Radio)

Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)

Three Faces West (Republic)

Abraham Lincoln in Illinois (RKO-Radio)

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

BUT THE SHOUTING

year 1940, and just where are they heading?

When future film historians go through the books, and count up the scores, they will probably give the year 1940 a once-over lightly and pass on to years with more meat, more action. Nothing much happened. There were labor conditions which shook the industry; there was a war which changed the business completely; some of the best films of all times were made; the industry's number one prodigy, Shirley Temple, was fired; the industry's number one character player, Paul Muni, switched studios—but nothing much happened. Things were quiet.

One thing you can be sure of. The year coming up, 1941, will afford much more excitement, from a Hollywood standpoint. It must. Because, in spite of the fact that Hollywood is simply a timid little community in which 30,000 people earn a living by working for the movies, the general public throughout America likes to cling to its notion of Hollywood as the center of the world's gossip and scandal. And that's where Hollywood fell down badly during 1940—there wasn't a single major scandal. Poor, poor Hollywood. It has grown too respectable.

Well, don't worry, world, there are some nice, juicy scandals on the way. Mind you, everyone is trying hard to avert them, but chances are that you will be hearing in the very near future about the strange escapades of at least two of your famous movie stars, both of which have a good chance of landing in all the newspapers in all the countries of the world!

But enough of prognostication. Instead, let's take a glance back.

Well, Margaret Sullavan had a good year, George Brent had some swell pictures and Pat O'Brien had a poor year, ending up in a cloud of glory. Lucky boy, Pat. He wasn't getting very many good parts; he was too thoroughly typed (has been for years, of course) and was just about ready for a slide, when Warners came along with an idea for a two-reel short subject based on the life of Knute Rockne. Would Pat play the part? Pat said sure so fast that everyone at the studio wondered—but when he got through telling the bosses what he intended to do with the part, and how the story ought to be handled, they boosted the budget from $40,000 to $700,000 and the footage from two reels to eight. The result is "Knute Rockne—All American," one of the top Warner pictures of the year, and the high point of Pat's acting career. Lucky lad, Pat. Or is it luck?

Barbara Stanwyck, too, had a very swell year, winding up with the best assignment of her life, the femme lead in Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe," which won't be seen until 1941. Incidentally, the old saw about ill winds might come out of the mothballs here, but in reverse. Capra first asked for Ann Sheridan for the part. The Warners took the matter under advisement, but said nothing. So Capra hunted up Barbara. And several months later, when a new contract for Sheridan came up for discussion, she balked and argued and drew a suspension, with the Warners completely surprised and not knowing to this day what it was that was eating their little Annie. She was simply heartbroken at not getting the chance.

Tony Martin had wife trouble on one hand and studio trouble on the other. He couldn't get any pictures that suited him—if such there be—and decided to quit Hollywood. He went out on the road in a series of personal appearances and broke world records from here to there. Metro was so impressed, it grabbed him for another film try. The lad has fans, no doubt of that, but Metro will find that tailoring vehicles for him is certainly no cinch.

Joan Bennett became Mrs. Walter Wanger and starred in three pictures, two of which were good. Charles Laughton had a horrible year and had the skids all greased for him until "They Knew What They Wanted" put him back on top, stronger than ever. Charles' trouble seems to be that he isn't satisfied with acting alone; he wants to direct, too. You can't do it, Charles, old man—but you're a magnificent actor under the proper direction.

Fred Astaire struggled hard for a comeback, but didn't find the proper vehicles. Eleanor Powell was getting along swell until she fell seriously ill.

Carole Lombard is suffering from a serious problem—she's tired of being a zany and wants to really act. The old Hamlet motif, remember? "Vigil In the Night" turned out to be a problem child and "They Knew What They Wanted" was bad casting—although she does the best acting of her life in it. A tough year, so come on back to comedies, honey—we love 'em.

Anne Shirley got a break in "Saturday's Children," after Olivia de Havilland had turned it down. She impressed nicely in this, but hasn't consolidated these gains as yet. She may go places next year if she gets some good parts.

Mae West is definitely out for the moment, largely through a failure to change pace. She still has a big fan following, but the picture she made with W. C. Fields, "My Little Chickadee," did Fields a lot of good, but not Mae. Looks like a rest for a couple of years, unless some especially good vehicle shows up, of course.

Victor McLaglen had one of his very poorest years. Jon Hall is having a tough climb up the ladder, but is doing very nicely; he's worth watching. Frances Farmer tried again, in two pictures, after a spell of New York and legit. No dice. She still looks terrific and acts magnificently, but just won't bother watching her diction and mechanics.

Greer Garson, the most patient of them all, finally picked up "Pride and Prejudice" on a rebound from a Shearer rejection. A swell break for Greer, and it may win her the Academy Award for acting. Laurence Olivier did very well and is distinctly in the ascendant. He should be a top movie star in 1941, if he doesn't march off to war.

Errol Flynn continued swashbuckling his way through life and films, and had his usual swell year.

Anna Neagle firmly established herself among the American public's favorites. Her director-producer, Herbert Wilcox, brought her to Hollywood for one film. The war trapped them here and both have remained, while Anna caught on nicely.

Ann Sothern had the best year of her career, largely because she happened to be standing there as the "Maisie" bus came by. It turned out to be a perfect fit for her and, after several years of trying to find a spot, she is in—but solid.

Brian Aherne got stronger as the year went along, with the most diversified list of characterizations in his life, running the gamut from deep emotional roles to downright comedy.

Rita Hayworth had a pleasant year and seems to have been hit by a hunk of luck-lightning just as the year waned. She'll owe her big break (if it turns out to be a break, as it should) to Ann Sheridan, who balked on the "Strawberry Blonde" assignment, giving Rita a chance to pick up the script.

Clark Gable romped merrily through another okay year, and Spencer Tracy was probably (*Continued on page 65*)



'Twas a happy day for Lew when he graduated cinematically from collegiate roles to a full-fledged M.D.

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

Lew Ayres, who flashed to a meteoric success exactly ten years ago, slid into a decline and then popped back into circulation, swears it wasn't done with mirrors. The comeback which has catapulted him higher than he ever rose in his three previous careers in pictures has a definite logic and pattern to it.

He told us all about it over a Hollywood breakfast in his chalet perched high on top of Lookout Mountain. Over wondrous coffee and the most incredible blueberry muffins, Lew launched his explanation of an astonishing comeback which has ended in a seven-year contract with Metro.

"As a kid in my late teens I did a trick at Pathé and got canned just when I thought I was going good. I was all set to forget this brief fling in the movies when the late Paul Bern, then a director for Metro, showed Garbo a test I had made. Thanks to this kind gesture, I landed the young romantic lead in "The Kiss," opposite Garbo. There was no doubt about it. I was on my way. Not long afterward, I managed to bag the part of the bewildered young soldier, ignorant of what he's fighting for, in "All Quiet on the Western Front." The picture was a sensation. The gilded era for Ayres was ushered in.

"But it didn't linger. Worse than that, I realized all of a sudden that I had hit the toboggan, that I was playing in B pictures and contributing nothing startling even to these innocent numbers.

"Then I got sort of frantic. And the harder I fought, the faster I slipped. The faster I slipped, the harder I worried. I got myself in to such a turmoil that I wasn't much good to anybody, including myself. At which point I took time out to study my case quietly, and I finally arrived at a conclusion: I was pushing success, and that's a losing game.

"I shrugged, made an about-face and decided that

the Doctor Views His Case

He had a long siege of career-itis, but Lew Ayres took a dose of his own medicine and made a spectacular recovery!



Laraine Day had had two false movie starts when she was cast as Dr. Kildare's nurse. Looks like a steady job, for she's been in all six of the series!

if I had anything on the ball, the right chance was bound to come along. If not, what good would it do hurrying myself into high blood pressure and a case of acute despondency?

"Whereupon I proceeded to forget pictures entirely and to devote myself to picking up neglected interests. I found they were countless—and diverting, too. As a youngster, I had always been interested in astronomy, so I rigged up a homemade telescope. Always a sucker for that upper corner of the front page of a newspaper which predicts 'fair and warmer' or 'cloudy with showers,' I set up an amateur weather bureau. I had a helluva lot of fun.

"But eventually I woke up to the fact that my bank balance was getting low and not a nickel was coming in. I had almost hit bottom when Metro up and offered me a test for the character part of Henry in 'Rich Man, Poor Girl.' Did I snap it up? Of course I did. And it turned out to be a real characterization and not one of those sappy college boys I had been playing, varied on occasions by an Ayres portrait of a baby-faced gangster."

It seems that at this point, just when the Ayres stock began to go up on the Hollywood exchange, Metro decided to do a little epic all about an idealistic young interne and a cantankerous old sawbones of a professor hiding a heart of gold beneath his rough exterior. Offered the interne's part, Lew brooded over it and shook his head doubtfully. He finally left it up to a coin. Heads he'd play it, tails he wouldn't.

Heads it was.

Well, when the opus left the cutting room it was definitely on its own. It received neither a God-bless-you from Lew Ayres nor the customary publicity fanfare from the studio. Just another movie—that's all it was.

As it happened the unpretentious film, the first directing job of Harold Bucquet for Metro, caught on. In fact it received such a rousing reception everywhere that the startled Metro magnificoes decided to do a series. The picture—you guessed it—was "Young Dr. Kildare."

Today, riding higher than ever, Lew Ayres of the wistful expression and youthful appearance is grateful for the public's sudden interest in medicine. He's thanking his lucky stars for the overnight discovery by film-goers that there's drama in fighting death and romance in the white-coated man with the stethoscope.

One of Hollywood's most unique characters, he's no more the typical glamour boy in his ways and means than he is professor of Egyptology at Oxford University. Not that the subject of Egyptology would pall on him!

Anything but! For Lew Ayres, the man who was once married to Ginger Rogers and Lola Lane, has one of the most curious minds in Hollywood. He's fascinated by every subject imaginable—skirts cut on the bias and Aztec architecture, geology and photography, meteorology and dancing.

He's passionately fond of music—the living room of his home is evidence enough of that. Two huge record shelves are teeming with albums of classical music—symphonies, concertos, tone poems and what have you. Then there's a miniature organ which he plays at all hours of the night if he feels like it, and cater-cornered across the room is a baby grand piano. At this piano Lew Ayres, the musician-dreamer, sits for hours, poking away at fragments of half-remembered melodies, in search of a few pleasing chords which he can whip up into a theme for a composition. Anything but a dabbler, he's written a "Symphonic Fantasy," which has received high praise from critics. He's also written sundry tangos and pop tunes just for the fun of it.

His weather bureau is rapidly acquiring a sort of notoriety around town, but to hear Lew tell it, as a weather prophet he's a nifty handball player! As we said, the whole thing started when Lew decided to take life easy. His first piece of apparatus was (*Continued on page* 79)

Camera-angling Jules Buck reels 'em in from the Holly-wood social swim!



Ann Rutherford, haunter of bowling alleys and rifle ranges, dons evening togs for a dignified date with composer Gus Kahn's son, Don, who wants to lead a band.



Since their return from a Caribbean cruise, the Allan Joneses have been keeping up the suntanning with frequent sunbaths beside their real swanky swimmin' pool at home!



We all thought Dana Dale's case was cinched when Jeff Lynn gave her a sparkler. But what about his frequent N. Y. phone calls to old flame Doris Carson?



Helen Parrish, whose former fiancé, Forrest Tucker, eloped with Sandra Jolley, Earl Carroll beauty, forgets it all at the Florentine Gardens with Charlie Lang.



Though Vic Mature and Liz Whitney still play "on-again, off-again," Vic's definitely "on" in movies, having been picked for the lead in Anna Neagle's next film.



Claudette Colbert, who is on "trial" separation from Doc Pressman after five years of matrimony, threes-a-crowds it with William Goetz and his wife at Ciro's.



Since her front-page romance in New York fell short of marriage, Arline Judge has returned to a Hollywood film career. Here she is with Lloyd Pantages at Ciro's.



Here's the exception to all Hollywood rules! The Stuart Erwins defy columnists and gossiping home-wreckers by remaining uniformly blissful for eight long years.



Since his return to Hollywood, songster Tony Martin's been having a time for himself and Natalie Draper on the $5,000-a-week salary he gathered during his tour!



Though Don's considerably jarred 'cause the missus, Honore Ameche, up and sheared her braids, he can't stay solemn when Benny's around. The minute they see each other, it's a question of who can get the first laugh.



Jack Huber savors the sunny side of law! He insured Dotty Lamour's constancy to law partner Bautzer by taking exclusive charge of her social life during Greg's absence!



Wild and woolly westerner Tim Holt and wife, the former Virginia Ashcroft, celebrate their second wedding anniversary with Tim's handsome pop, Jack Holt, who doesn't look a day over 21—in spite of being a grandpa!



Looks like Laraine Day may yen for intrigue, the way she strays from M-G-M hairdresser, Sydney Guilaroff, for frequent rendezvous with Bob Shaw, the Linda Darnell heartbeat.



The lovable Ann fancies herself a glamour girl, hence those evening gowns with plenty of Sothern exposure!

it's an old SOTHERN custom

This business of making people laugh is one of a dozen swell Sothern traditions!

"But darling, it's *so* simple," Ann Sothern expostulated to the feverish and bewildered carpenter. "All you have to do is move the walls out eight feet, put in a new floor and raise the roof."

She sighed complacently, smiled sweetly and gave herself over to a completely new set of musings. As far as Ann was concerned, the little problem of enlarging her living room had been solved.

Needless to say, in a couple of weeks the room was handsomely altered, and in due time Ann's Crescent Drive house, formerly occupied by the Ritz Brothers, had developed into a showplace. She knows what she wants, this lady, and she usually gets it!

Make no mistake in classifying Ann. Despite that ridiculously turned-up nose, bee-stung lips that rate her "most kissable" to Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith, Robert Young, Francis Lederer and Cesar Romero (in the movies, of course) Ann Sothern is an ingenuous soul. She's as individual as a gown by Schiaparelli, as friendly as a neighbor's kitten, as ambitious as Wendell Willkie. She firmly believes that anything is possible, and nine times out of ten she proves the truth of that conviction.

While "Maisie" made her what she is today, Ann is nothing like her screen self. "Maisie" has all of Ann Sothern's fine qualities, but Ann has none of "Maisie's" bad ones. Ann is a fine student. Her prized possessions are medals for original piano compositions. She is the last word in chic and femininity. She stands for meticulous living, but she has grown to depend a lot on the slap-happy "Maisie." Recently, when Ann and Mal (Mrs. Ray) Milland visited New York, "Maisie" was really a heroine! But let Ann tell it in her own melodramatic way.

BY JERRY ASHER

"We had dinner at Ruby Foo's. Then we went to see 'Foreign Correspondent.' We were so thirsty by the time we finally got out, we just *had* to have a drink. Well, we stopped and asked a policeman where we could buy a soda. He gave us that 'Oh, yeah?' kind of a look and sent us on our way.

"Finally we found a drug store still open way over on the other side of town. We leaned out the car window and asked another policeman, who was standing on the corner, whether they sold ice cream sodas. He gave us a knowing wink, assured us we certainly could get a "soda," then went whistling on his way.

"By this time we were laughing so hard, we almost fell out of the car. Just as we started to cross the street, I felt someone grab my arm. Turning, I looked into the toughest face I have ever seen. 'So you're looking for an ice cream soda,' he said knowingly, as he gave my arm a familiar squeeze. Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, I became 'Maisie Ravier.'

" 'On your way, brother!' I yelled in a voice that Mal says sounded like Wally Beery's. She was as surprised as the man. He backed away. He tipped his hat. You never saw anyone so taken aback. We laughed about that incident for days, and I've had great respect for 'Maisie' ever since."

If Ann Sothern didn't possess a natural, lovable, down-to-earthiness, she never would have been able to breathe her lust for life into "Maisie." Yet, she sees herself as a glamour girl. Actually she looks the part. Those Bernard Newman gowns leave little to the imagination. She goes in for bizarre jewelry and hair-dos that look like French pastry. She's everything Hollywood (*Continued on page 62*)

Fashions in Gifts



holiday greetings and a happy one 'twill be in this specialized-for-prettiness Saybury house-coat of slipper satin and velvet. $10.95 at Stern Brothers in New York.

Well dressed UNDRESSED...

A MERRY IDEA *for Christmas!*

What kind of Xmas gifts do YOU like to get? We've been asking that question for weeks . . . and the answers are almost equally divided! Half, "Practical, please!"—half, "Pretty, please!" Here are two pages of both kinds . . . all designed to give a lift to loveliness.



She'll love you for a rose printed double-quilted cotton robe with balloony sleeves 'n' billowy skirt. $3.98 at Stern's. And we could break into poetry on these "Baby Bunting" pajams in red that keep a gal warm from tiptoe to head! A precious gift at $3.95 at A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Tex.

A Bali Bow-Bra both beautiful and dutiful. Inserted net bow on cotton broadcloth. $1. Ribbon and lacy petty-skirt in rayon satin by Seamprufe, as sturdy as it is dainty. $2 at leading New York stores.



Gift trio: Charming Rhythm Romancer slip. $2. Blackton Shops. Flattering lacy rayon crêpe nightie. $3. Arnold Constable. "Petalskin" rayon bed jacket by Van Raalte, $2. McCreery's arcade. New York.

A long-sleeved nightie for cozy-dozy comfort. Beautifully tailored of rayon crêpe. $3 at Arnold Constable. For her toes these twinkling "Dotty d'Orsay" slippers in two-toned rayon satin. $1.98 at Saks 34th. Last, not least, a Mary Barron slip that's flounced 'n' bosomed in lace—fits like a dream. Rayon crêpe. $1.98. Oppenheim Collins, New York.

PROP SHOP



Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,
Will Jingle Christmas Day;
If you buy your presents
In the Prop Shop value-way!



SANTA ANITA BRACELET

Looks like a lot, costs but a little. A modern motif for a modern miss. $1. Franklin Simon, New York.



SHE'S SMITTEN WITH MITTENS

A gay idea for day 'n' datetime. Drawstring doeskins in new colors! $2.00. Saks 5th Ave., New York.

HAND 'N' HEART

Just imagine! Big, beautiful silver-fox tail muff bag—a find at $14.98. Macy's, New York.

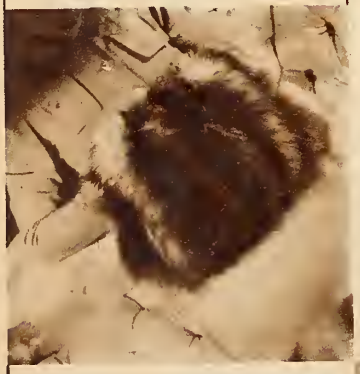


Eaton's famous Highland Papers for Christmas gifting in a delightful keepsake box. $1. Lord & Taylor.



ACCENT FOR EVENINGS

Pure silk chiffon hankie, with colorful sequin corner. Hand-rolled. $1 at Stern's, New York.



IT'S TINY BUT MY, OH, MY!

This baby mesh bag steps out at night all dressed up in gold or silver. $2. At leading stores.



A SPARKLING HEADLINER

Glitter glamour for beanie lovers! Sequins all over the place! $1.95. Lord & Taylor, New York.



Wiseacres who said Welles was taking Hollywood are due for a terrific shock—it's just the reverse!

BY DECLA DUNNING



It's a svelte and smooth-shaven genius that's seen around Hollywood nowadays. Above, with Del Rio.

HOLLYWOOD'S BANKRUPT GENIUS

Orson Welles is broke. The fabulous young genius from New York, Hollywood and Mars has spent his last fabulous dime. "Don't heckle me about my grocery bills," he said recently to one of the four lawyers who are on the payroll of Welles, Inc. The lawyers hadn't meant to heckle him. It was nothing more than the natural curiosity of a counselor who is confused by red ink.

He came out here a little over a year ago to make a picture for RKO. Welles was then, and is now, a corporation in which stockholders share their respective interests. RKO offered the Welles corporation a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make a picture. Welles himself was to write, act in and direct the production.

Hollywood gasped! "How does he get that way?" was the substance of local opinion. The green-eyed monster of jealousy joined the reception committee, and "—so he's smart, is he!" said the know-it-alls. "Well, let's see what he can do."

The first picture was announced, "Heart of Darkness," but it wasn't made. The second picture was announced, "Smiler With the Knife," but this, too, was set aside. Months passed. "Wasting money," criticized a town which has long since perfected the business of prodigality. Well, perhaps Welles *was* wasting money, but he wasn't wasting RKO's. He was wasting his own.

His contract stipulated that the money would not be paid until the picture was completed. No film, no dough, as we say on Vine Street.

Welles had a radio commitment in New York and he had to make bi-monthly appearances there. His transcontinental flights were a strain on his budget. And, although he was paid well for the Mercury Theatre of the Air, his net profits were negligible.

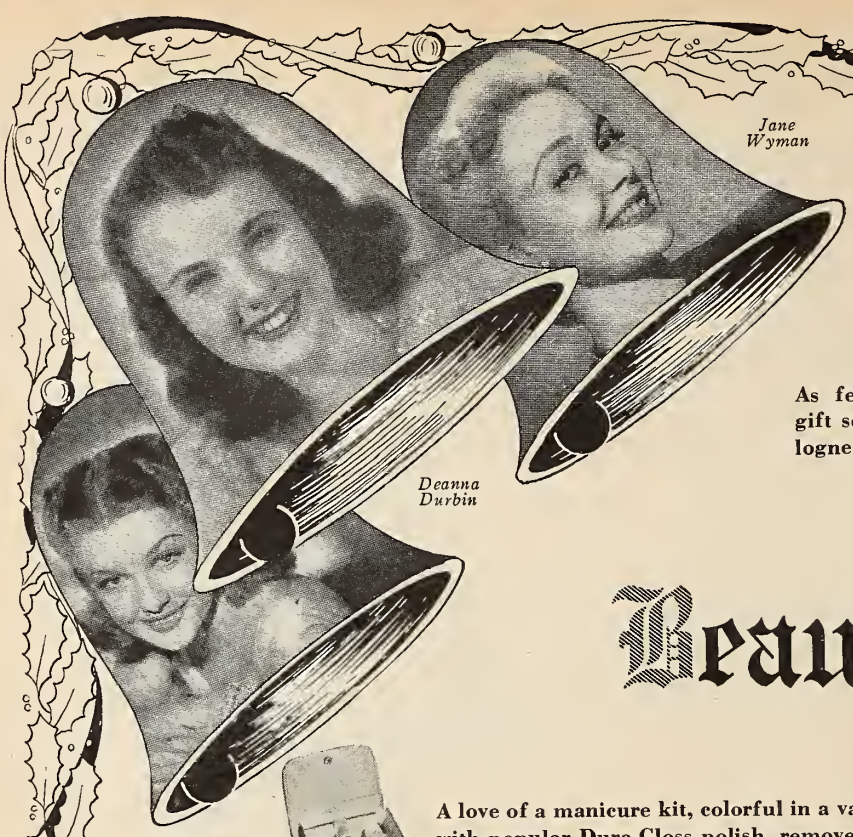
Why? Because Welles is a perfectionist, and anything just mediocre is not good enough for him. He wanted a larger orchestra than the sponsors had paid for, more actors and more rehearsals than those mentioned in the expense account. It isn't in Welles' nature to bicker about the difference between fifty dollars and a hundred, or five hundred and a thousand, so he simply paid the difference himself.

He is impatient of delay. More than once, when the salaries of actors working on his WPA productions were held up by government red tape, Welles wrote personal checks for the money. "Why not?" he would reply to any criticism that such generosity was unorthodox. He said the same when reproached by those who think he "hires" too frequently and "fires" too seldom. Or to the cryptic reminder that he is too broke to play Santa Claus.

"Wire a thousand immediately. Love, Orson" is the telegram which has all of his four lawyers rushing for the bromo-seltzer. "You can't do that," is their favorite, though futile, remonstrance. He can, and he does.

Where does the money come from? Well, once upon a time there was a young man who inherited a sizable sum from his father's estate. Welles spent the greater part of it taking the rap for the stockholders who had put their money into his stage production, "Five Kings." It was an artistic failure and Welles did not think that his stockholders should share the failure. The rest of his inheritance was pared down by taxes, and further depleted by legalities over the estate. He was left with twelve dollars in cash. That's right, the money doesn't come from there.

From radio, personal appearances or the theatre? Not now. Welles has been off the air for several months. He's been too busy working on his new picture, "Citizen Kane," to do a New York play. He plans to pick up a few pennies on a radio show but nothing (*Continued on page 68*)



Jane Wyman

Deanna Durbin

Ann Sheridan

BY CAROL CARTER

Beauty Notes



As feminine as flowers—Lady Esther's three-piece gift set contains face powder, cream and delicate cologne, beautifully boxed in rose-coral—a mere $1.00.



A love of a manicure kit, colorful in a variety of simulated leathers, completely equipped with popular Dura-Gloss polish, remover, cuticle remover, cotton, orange stick, file and emery board—a perfect stocking stuffer that looks much more than a modest fifty cents.



Irresistible is the word for this colorful holiday box full of props for loveliness—talcum, cold cream, skin freshener, lipstick and an amazingly pleasing little bottle of perfume—all for the astonishing sum of fifty cents—indeed well named Irresistible.



A sturdy, useful men's leatherette traveling kit, that can be used over and over again, is filled with three of those perfect Palmolive shave preparations—cream, lotion and talc, together with a tube of Colgate's dental cream. Substantial and good looking for $1.50.



A festive red and white sleeve, with black eyes sprinkled in gold stars, slips over this original green Kurlash box containing that excellent eyelash curler so dear to the heart of every girl who has used one. A gift of glamour that's gay and different—$1.00.



It's June in January for the lucky recipient of this fragrant box full of fresh-scented Spicy Apple Blossom talc, perfume and cologne so daintily packaged by Lander of New York and yours anywhere in exchange for one-quarter of the well-known American dollar.



A gift from Hollywood—as thrilling and beautiful as the glamour girls who use it—is Max Factor's Special Make-up Set containing powder, rouge, cleansing cream, lipstick and liquid Brillox in shades for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead types—$3.55.

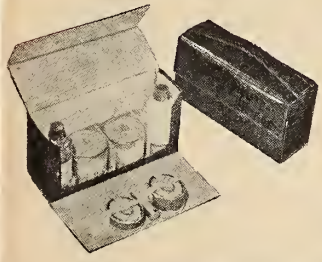


Hand it to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for the prize repackaging trick of the year! This grand, fragrant and efficient old stand-by has been put into luxurious new white and fuchsia bottles, stunning to look at, easy to handle, a decorative yet practical gift—$1.00.



A Christmas star full of exquisite Cheramy gifts—April Showers perfume, toilet water, new perfume applicator, to be worn on a lapel, and a generous box full of fluffy Cheramy powder—loveliness enough to gladden any feminine heart—and a good buy for $2.00.

for Christmas Belles



For that extra special friend who loves luxury, give Hudnut's de luxe blue or maroon leather Week-ender Travel Kit with washable lining, completely outfitted with skin and cleansing creams, foundation lotion, freshener, powder, rouge and lipstick—all for $5.00.



A dressing table darling—this Cutex Fair Lady Set is slim as a whistle when closed, yet snaps open with all four bottles in upright position—polish, foundation, cuticle and polish removers plus five implements and cotton. Pearl finished fabric and gold case—$2.75.



A box full of glamour—that's what you're giving when you choose this smart, gold-colored metal Maybelline vanity containing that beautifier supreme—solid Maybelline Mascara in either black, brown or blue—to suit the personality of its recipient—75c.



Schoolmates, business friends and favorite relatives—all will adore you more for thinking of them in terms of this delightful pink and blue box of Pond's famous two creams, their fine Danya cream lotion, color-perfect face powder and cleansing tissues—50c.



Give a man a gift he can use and let who will be clever—that's our motto and here's our suggestion: Woodbury's smart leather-colored kit containing four delightfully masculine toiletries—shave cream, lotion, talcum and dental cream—all for one little lowly dollar.



Exquisite perfume by Djer-Kiss, stunning box by famous designer Lester Gaba—put them together and you have a charming gift for the prime sophisticate on your Christmas list—a gift that bespeaks good taste, high regard and belies the reasonable $2.50 it costs.

George Raft so firmly believes that a suit in the trunk is worth two in the closet that he actually totes along six trunks even on four-day trips!

HAVE YOURSELF A PEEK AT THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE THROUGH OUR FOOLPROOF KEYHOLE!



GOOD NEWS

RAFT GOES BUY-BUY

George Raft never has his suits cleaned. He doesn't have to. He just wears an outfit a half-dozen times or so, and passes it on to a friend! According to tailors Mariani and Davis, it's this little habit that enables Mr. Raft to annually run through 30 suits (at $140 per); 4 top coats ($150-$250 ea.); 5 sports jackets ($100 ea.); two tuxedos ($175 ea.); and 10 pairs of slacks (at $40 the pair). Mariani and Davis stitch all of these fancy duds, and for years have been the authorities on the famed Raft wardrobe. They kept George in the pink of fashion long before he could keep himself—financially, that is—because they knew he'd be a winner some day, and today he's their best cash customer. From them we learn that George is such a clothes-conscious fussbudget, he spends entire days having the buttons on a coat shifted until they "set" right; he refuses to wear green; he insists on tails two inches longer than the conventional length (to give him height); he never wears a vest and, no matter how successful a third fitting is, he demands at least six. Since George is their pet, Mariani and Davis don't mind humoring him. To keep him happy, they even send their sales manager up to the Raft home once a week for an afternoon of ball slinging with the baseball-batty Mr. R.!

BOTTLE BABY

Don't be surprised if a major studio and one of its top femme stars part company shortly. The lady's been hitting the bottle with too much vigor lately and the studio's tired of covering up for her. Her last "severe cold," the third in a few months, was nothing more than a good old-fashioned case of "d.t's" and held up an expensive production for several days. Her bosses don't think it'll influence her much, but they've warned the star the next time she slips they'll buy her a case of hooch and send her home forever.

DOUBLE-TAKES

The Lana Turner-Vic Mature romance, though dead these many months, was beautiful while it lasted. And like many a beautiful romance before it, it is being immortalized in a new Hollywood fad. Taking its place beside the hair-do fashioned after Juliet's and the hats adapted from Lillian Russell's is the craze they started for wearing similar clothes. You remember, when their affair was still blazing like an election eve bonfire, Lana and Vic matched everything but their nighties. Well, the idea caught on and scores of Hollywood kids—Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville included—have taken it up. What's good for a snicker these days, though, is the sight of Lana, garbed in a sleek Mature-era suit, dining at a neighborhood eatery with her newest blood-tingler, Tony Martin, and trying to look casual while the identically-garbed Mr. Mature sits nearby swearing love eternal to either Liz Whitney or Betty Grable.

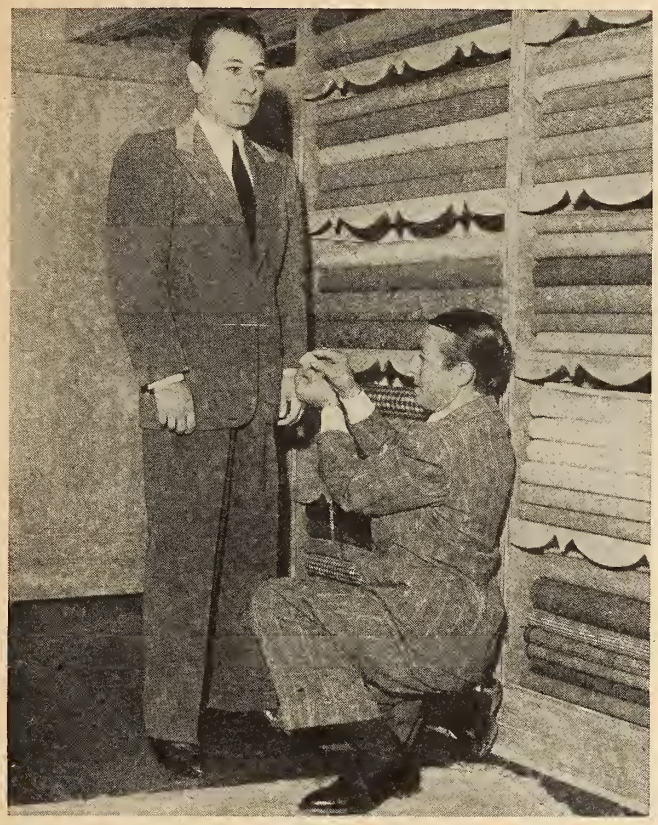
THIN MAN

Bing Crosby has found a snake in the bosom of his own family. His kid brother Bob (of Dixieland Band and Crosby Bobcats fame), has been recruited from the airways and the danceways to appear in RKO's "Let's Find a Song." Bob's only been in town a few weeks but, judging by his fan mail, in that short while has developed into a formidable threat to Bing's popularity with the dowagers and debutantes. The reason, we suppose, is that he can give the gals something Bing never could—a miraculous, reducing diet. When Bob took his first screen test, it was discovered that he had too many chins and too many inches around the middle to become a movie hero. He hurried home and two weeks later returned to the studio 28 pounds lighter. Now he's receiving hundreds of letters from female fatties who want to know how he did it! Bob's getting a bang out of the letters, but not out of cracks like the one Kay Kyser let fly the other day. Said Kay: "I never expected to see Skinnay Ennis out here!"

LOVE ON ICE

From the inside, we hear that all's not sunshine and light in the romantic garden of Robert Stack and Mary Beth Hughes. The trouble started when the pair attended a party tossed by the Hollywood

Raft numbers his suits at 45 . . . prefers conservative tweeds, maroon ties, imported white hankies . . . closets trousers and jackets separately . . . dons newly pressed togs every morn.





Because a lapel ran one-half inch afoul, tailor-made George once tossed away a brand-new $140 suit and ordered another at the same price with the lapel one-half inch higher!

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Models' Guild. In the course of the evening, Bob disappeared and when Mary Beth found him he was being more polite than she deemed necessary to several of his gorgeous hostesses. To retaliate, she dropped an extra wink in the direction of Bob's best friend who tumbled fast. Now frosty glances are flying in every direction and unless something unexpected melts them, we have a pretty good hunch that both of these kids will again be hanging from the free-lance line.

SHORT SHOTS

Ida Lupino has written 13 new waltzes . . . There's a $40,000 insurance policy covering Paulette Goddard's gems . . . Two pairs of shorts are up for sale at the Hollywood Memento Mart—the contribution of Orson Welles . . . Ty Power nixed p.a. guarantees of $5,000 a week because he preferred an uninterrupted holiday with his wife . . . Josef von Sternberg is writing the story of his life . . . The Clark Gables share their ranch with 20 alley cats . . . Jeanette MacDonald knows less than nothing about present-day music . . . Jean Arthur personally makes her own bed . . . Devoted wife Merle Oberon lights her husband's cigars . . . Andy Devine owns more than 100 racing pigeons . . . Frank Morgan boasts he's never written a letter in his life . . . The almost unbearable heat of the set made a "Chad Hanna" elephant faint dead away. The great, big sissy had to be sprayed with a fire hose for hours before he'd come to!

LOVE GLANDS

If movie stars consulted their glands instead of their hearts, fewer Hollywood romances would wind up in a Reno graveyard. Anyway, that's the opinion of gland expert George Antheil who believes that two glands beating as one make for greater happiness than two hearts doing the same thing. For example, he claims Rosalind Russell should pick a mate of the Edward G. Robinson variety; Katharine Hepburn would be happy with a man like Leopold Stokowski; Deanna Durbin and Henry Fonda are sympathetic types, and so are Laurence Olivier and Bette Davis, Lucille Ball and Jascha Heifetz, and Ginger Rogers and Don Ameche. Mr. Antheil's glands give him other tip-offs, also. He says that Bette Davis' life is paced too fast, that Betty Grable ought never be sure of anything, and that Ginger Rogers' practicality is her downfall with men!

SLIP PARADE

Blondes and yachts aren't the only ingredients that make up a director's life. The big boys have a few worries tossed in, too. Take those over at Universal. On Monday, Director Allan Dwan sent Franchot Tone, Brod Crawford and several hundred cast and crew members of "Trail of the Vigilantes" on a costly thousand-mile location trip to the mountain region of Mexico. On Wednesday, the entire mob was back. Seems nobody bothered to find out that the mountains were so steep they couldn't get the equipment up! On Thursday and Friday, Director Eddie Cline shot some difficult saloon scenes for "The Bank Dick," and with the aid of signs and dialogue, the locale was established as Kansas. On Saturday, someone remembered that the Kansas of the "Bank Dick" period was bone dry and didn't have a legal drop of giggle water within its borders! On Sunday, we hear, Directors Dwan and Cline got together to figure out a good one to tell the stockholders.

DESI'S PROVING GROUNDS

Those who take Lucille Ball's heart affairs to heart hope her crush on Desi Arnaz isn't as serious as it looks. They expect no good will come of it, for there's a clause in Desi's new movie contract which prohibits marriage for three years. And everyone knows it takes a mighty strong love to survive that length of time! Furthermore, there's a rumor drifting in from the east that Desi's toting the torch for a well-known Broadway dancer whose husband no likee. Lucille's undisturbed by these items, however. Since Desi left for New York, he's nearly drowned her in letters, telegrams, phone calls and gifts—and that's all the proof she needs that she is, and will continue to be, head gal in the handsome Cuban's life.



Pat Morison modeled these satin pajamas at the Chinese Festival that was recently held at "Pickfair" by the Chinese Aid Council.



Aviatrix Lee Ya Ching, Roz Russell (Council chairman), Jane Withers and Mary Pickford sign the guest book for Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek.



No one would have recognized Dotty Lamour in her exotic Oriental make-up if they hadn't spied her handsome escort, Greg Bautzer.

DOPE FROM THE DOUGHBOYS

Garbo and Gable are replacing the Salvation Army and the Y. M. C. A. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But it's true. At least, in the army. Once upon a time those organizations, with their hymn sings and prayer meetings, were responsible for keeping up the morale of the American soldiers. Recently, however, the Government formed its own Morale Division and, in a poll taken among them, discovered that doughboys would rather have their spirits lifted by a movie than a Bible reading. As a result, hundreds of new theatres are being set up in army camps all over the country. To make the boys happier still, a second poll was taken to determine their picture preferences. Hold tight for the scores! The boys voted their top favorites to the Westerns, Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sheridan, and their top peeves—Connie Bennett and English actors!

MR. AND MRS. OLIVIER

The conduct of the newly-wedded Laurence Oliviers is responsible for many a lifted eyebrow on the set of "Lady Hamilton." The pair simply don't behave like people in love! When they were assigned the roles of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, two of the most torrid lovers in all history, everyone thought they'd catch the spirit of the play and coo between takes, kiss behind prop stairs and scorch the sets with their clinches. Thanks to their British reserve, however, they treat each other as impersonally as Laurel treats Hardy. In fact, the only reminder that there's anything between them is the expression in Larry's eyes when he looks at his bride. It's sizzling—according to Mrs. Olivier. In one sequence, Larry portrays the battle-scarred Nelson after he has lost an eye, and wears a false lid and orb over his own. Shrugged Vivien when asked what she thought of her husband's disguise: "What does it matter? Larry can do more with one eye than most men can with two!"

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

Public appearances on the part of rancher Clark Gable and his wife are as rare as tenth anniversaries in Hollywood. And they're due to become rarer still for the Gables, who already live well out of town, are now shopping for a home in another state. Their present ranch is too small to accommodate the thousands of heads of cattle they'd like to adopt and, when they find the right spot, they'll probably do a complete fadeout on the Movietown social scene. The last time they stuck their famous noses out their own door, they wound up at the Brown Derby and caused so much buzzing and comment that a friend finally picked up enough courage to ask them how come. Explained Clark: "We milked the cows, fed the chickens and horses, put the cats out—and came to town to see the rest of the animals eat!"

CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

Look for a second long-distance marriage for Madeleine Carroll. Her French fiancé, Count Richard de la Rosier, is expected to land in New York in a few weeks and will make the Big City his permanent headquarters. The Count was a Parisian stock broker before becoming an air force captain and, it is said, would rather earn his own way in the East where he has established business contacts, than travel to Hollywood and become another movie husband. Incidentally, there's nothing curious about Madeleine's leaning toward a Frenchman. Though we think of her as a typical Englishwoman, her father, John O'Carroll, was an Irishman and her mother was born deep in the heart of France.

MARLENE HOLDS A CONFERENCE

Here's another "now-it-can-be-told" story. When Joe Pasternak put Marlene Dietrich's last picture into production, he called it "Seven Sinners" because he knew the sexy title was sure business bait. Only one thing was wrong with it. The title didn't belong to him. It was owned by Warners and Warners wouldn't relinquish it. After begging and bargaining for several months, Pasternak was forced to admit he was beaten and announced that his picture would be released under the title of "Tropical Sinners." However, Pasternak reckoned without Miss Dietrich. The persuasive Marlene ran into Jack Warner at Ciro's the other evening and, when you see the film on your neighborhood screen, it will be called—"Seven Sinners."

The proceeds of the Festival went to poor Chinese families, so the Dick Hallidays bought several autographed copies of Dr. Lin's books.



Starlet Mary Healy, who is engaged to Peter Lind Hayes, was another gorgeous model in the fashion show sponsored by Dolores Del Rio.



PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington were good names in their day—so good, in fact, that thousands of mothers have blessed their newborns with one or the other of these titles in the hope that a distinguished tag would give them the right start in life. But, now, a new idol has cast his shadow over the maternity ward—Gary Cooper. Mrs. Rex Lease, wife of the cowboy actor, gave birth to her first child the other day, and named him Gary, after the star. In Fort Worth, an expectant mama shook her hero's hand at the première of "The Westerner" and hurried home to give birth to a nine-pound boy whom she named—Gary. And the original and most famous of all Cooper name-sakes is, of course, Gary Crosby, seven-year-old son of a singer called Bing. Young Crosby, by the way, idolizes Cooper and has most of his mannerisms down pat.

TALL STORY

Excess weight isn't the only figure fault that greys the hair of Hollywood's boys and girls. Excess height's another problem. Forrest Tucker who's 6′ 4″ nearly landed a part in "Legacy" but lost it because he's too big. The story calls for four brothers who are about the same size and the producers of "Legacy" couldn't find three other actors to match him! Stirling Hayden, Paramount's new charm dispenser, encountered a similar difficulty the other day. He tried to enlist in the U. S. Naval Reserve but was rejected because he's 6′ 4″ in his stocking feet. Too tall, said the Navy, probably because they were afraid his length would abash the other sailors! And while we're on the subject, 6′ 4″ is the height limit for male actors. Taller men can't find feminine (screen) mates and, besides, the present motion picture film wasn't designed for giants. The height headache often catches up with women, too. Lanky lovelies are as hard to cast as lanky leading men, and the limit for the frail sex is generally 5′ 6″. That's why 20th Century-Fox officials pray nightly that Linda Darnell will stop adding the inches. Linda's almost 5′ 5½″ now—and is still a growing child!

HOLLYWOOD FABLE

Last year, Walter Wanger paid a healthy sum for the movie rights to Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" and hired a fancy-salaried writer to do the screen adaptation. When the picture emerged not one single situation or line of dialogue from the original story had been used, so Mr. Wanger changed its title to "Foreign Correspondent" and shipped it out. The other day, Mr. Wanger announced that his next production would be—of all things—"Personal History!" We can't help feeling that this is where we came in.

SALTY HAM

The maddest man in Hollywood is Mr. John Barrymore. John, it appears, is making "The Invisible Woman" over at Universal, just a few doors down from W. C. Fields "The Bank Dick" set. On his first! day at work an inspired press agent approached John and asked him if he wouldn't please embrace W. C. for a publicity shot. John said he darned well would not. However, the agent was so insistent he finally broke down and agreed to stand still for "just one picture and no more." Now he's sorry someone didn't shoot him first. When he arrived on "The Bank Dick" set, the astonishing Fields lent an ear to the agent, glanced quickly at the Profile, and roared: "Take that man away! I'm in no mood for silly stuff today!"

THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOLE

Ever since Paulette Goddard and Anatole Litvak discovered each other so spectacularly, the gossips have been hungering for some comment from Miriam Hopkins, Litvak's one-time frau. Miriam, naturally, has issued no public proclamations but we have it on good authority that she's highly amused by the whole situation. In fact, she feels responsible for it! When she and Litvak split, Miriam confides, she sat down and wrote out a long list of the things he had done that were wrong during their wedded life. To her list she added a series of suggestions on how to treat a woman, and then sent the whole business to him. From that day forth, claims she, Anatole Litvak has been the most successful playboy in Hollywood!

GOLDEN BOY

The golden stream of prosperity flowing into Gene Autry's lap has the town's top-notchers sour with envy. Without benefit of ballyhoo, Gene built his yearly income into a figure well beyond the six zero mark and the citizens are scratching their scalps trying to dope out his formula. Well, here's how Gene explains it to the income tax boys: for eight pictures a year, $800,000; for advertising testimonials on products ranging from hair oils to pop guns, $100,000; for fifty weeks of broadcasting, $50,000; for Gene Autry records, $25,000; for a twelve week p.a. trek and three weeks in a rodeo, $90,000. You add it up. We're too busy wondering what (*Continued on page 75*)

Confessions of a campus cutie

Betty Grable, the long-stemmed American beauty, looks back on her hey-de-hey days!

BY JAMES CARSON



In "Down Argentine Way," Betty (seen here with co-star Don Ameche) has the Ginger Rogers-ish sort of role she's always wanted.



Director "Wild Bill" Wellman is Betty's second favorite Conga partner, but Fred Astaire has a slight edge on him.

Betty Grable didn't get a chance to go to college—but don't worry about her; she'll get by. She is one little cookie who will always get by. She has known what the score is, to hear her tell it, for many a day.

"I've been in Hollywood eleven years now," she says. "That's a lot of years. I think I know how to handle the town. I think I know the angles."

Eleven years. It doesn't make sense. Why, the kid's only— "How old are you, Betty?"

"Twenty-three. I started in the movie business when I was eleven, at Fox. . . ."

It was back in 1929. Betty arrived in town with her mother. They were on a vacation from St. Louis. Somebody mentioned that Fox was looking for specialty dancers for a movie called "Let's Go Places." Back home Betty had been taking dancing lessons since she was five. She thought it would be fun to try for the movie job.

She made a test, but the studio said it wasn't good enough. However, they did need some chorus girls for a picture called "Happy Days."

So Betty Grable, aged eleven, lied valiantly about herself, insisted she was going on fifteen and got away with it!

"Happy Days." It was a good omen. Betty's first movie. The beginning of a new life.

She stayed at Fox eighteen months. Then somebody raised a rumpus about too many minors on the lot and all of them got thrown out, Betty included.

Out of Fox about a minute and a half, she got a job singing with Ted Fio Rito's band. That kept her in the public eye. More important, it kept her in the producers' eyes.

Pretty soon RKO was getting ready to shoot a picture called "The Gay Divorcee," starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. They wanted a girl in it to sing a number with Edward Everett Horton, "Let's Knock Knees." Betty got the job. Also an RKO studio contract.

She still wasn't started. She kept moving, but nothing important happened, nothing big. After three years, RKO dropped her. And wouldn't you know that just at this time Paramount was starting a whole slew of college pictures? Betty moved in.

She became Josephine College, the girl with the million-dollar legs, the campus cutie.

But two years later she graduated—in other words, she was out of a job.

Lots of ups and downs, huh? Not so many downs, really. Changes, maybe, but not tough spots. In all her eleven years in pictures she has been off the payroll only two months. Not bad!

After Paramount, she went out on a personal appearance tour with Jack Haley. Buddy de Sylva saw her in San Francisco. He was casting (*Continued on page 80*)



MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)



THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA (granddaughter of the late CORNELIUS VANDERBILT)



MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS

BEAUTY PRIMER...de luxe

If A stands for American and B stands for Beauty, then C stands for *Cleanliness!*

American Beauty, no matter how luxuriously nurtured, is always touched with the white wand of a puritan, almost bandbox daintiness! Hair is shining. Skin is visibly cared for, sweet and clean—like fruit blossoms after a shower.

In many of America's leading families, the rites with which this exquisite flower freshness of skin is wooed are the simple and adequate ones of Pond's beauty primer de luxe:—

BURY your face under sleek layers of Pond's Cold Cream—and *smack* your skin all over briskly with your cream-coated fingers. Do this for 3 full minutes. This cream serves two needs—it cleanses and softens, by mixing with the dead surface cells, dust and make-up on your skin.

CLEAN OFF all this softened debris with the absorbent purity of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off, too, are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, rendering it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

COVER and BRISK UP a second time with Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gracious Pond's Tissues. In your softened, glowing skin, lines seem softer, pores finer.

FRESHEN now with the cool, astringent splash of Pond's Skin Freshener. Then

COAT your cool, clean face with its final benediction—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream has the specific function of dispersing remaining harsh particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and endowing your skin with a flattering mat finish. Wipe off after one full minute. Then observe with what favor your skin receives—and holds—its powder.

Perform these simple yet luxurious Pond's rites in full—before retiring or during the day. And again in briefer form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Already some thirteen million American women use Pond's!



CHARMING CHRISTMAS BEAUTY BOXES

Beauty Gifts

in 3 sizes and assortments of Pond's authoritative Creams, Powder, Danya and Pond's "LIPS"- especially packaged for Christmastime-giving in boxes of lovely design. Priced 29¢ to 59¢. See them *now* at your favorite beauty counter.

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MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)... THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA... MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS... all great-great-grandchildren of the famous COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, founder of the family fortune. Each has for years followed the simple yet luxurious Pond's precepts of skin care



Diana Lewis, who's Jeanette MacDonald's arch rival for Nelson Eddy's affections in "Bittersweet," primps up before starting her pilfering!

"DEAREST OLIVIA AND JOAN . ."

(*Continued from page 25*)

and your younger sister, Joan, one evening when we were having a dinner party, opening the door of your bedroom and running out before us—in your birthday suits, utterly nude—to the amazement and amusement of everyone!

I recall, too, that even though you were so young I never tried to impress any religion or creed or bigoted ideas upon you—except one word—tolerance. And from what I have heard you took the lesson well, because movie people who visit Japan tell me the two of you are decent, broad-minded, intelligent girls.

Then there were long years, while you grew into womanhood, when I didn't see either of you. That was when you were in Saratoga, Calif., and your mother had married Fontaine and I had married again in Japan.

And Olivia, the last time I saw you—remember?—when I crossed the Pacific and met you in Carmel, California, that delightful resort. Remember the wonderful week we had together, and how we vowed to repeat the experience again one day? You were seventeen at the time, stage-struck, and when your mother spoke of money difficulties I decided to send you fifty dollars a month to go to dramatic school. I also decided to take Joan back to Japan with me to help her gain a broader view of life.

And Joan, remember that trip across the ocean, from San Francisco to Yokohama? Does your memory go back the seven years? Once in the ship's bar, I found you drinking cocktails and acting very sophisticated amidst a group of men—and I hinted to you that a girl of sixteen shouldn't touch cocktails and stay up long past midnight and you replied, "I may be sixteen but I feel twenty!"

Then we got to Japan, Joan. Remember? You remained for a year and a half, all the while trying to persuade me to return to America. And when I refused, explaining it was not legally possible, you were angry, and wouldn't eat, walk or swim with me. And those days when you went to American School in Tokyo, where I had once been principal, and you were never interested in your homework—but you were interested in dancing and make-up and make-believe. I won't forget the morning, during a school vacation, Joan, when I asked how you would like a position in a Tokyo department store when your school days were finished—and you took it as an insult insisting you wanted to be an actress.

AND then there was the time you asked me how long it would take to learn chess. And I told you that, to become really expert at it, about five hours of practice a day. And later I found a letter on your table, a letter you were writing to a girl friend, saying, "I am leaving Japan and coming home because W. A. wants me to spend five hours a day learning to play chess, and I positively refuse to!" I reproached you a little about this, but you said you had to find some excuse for returning to America—and I realized that you had a marvelous imagination and might become some kind of artist after all.

And now, Joan, you are in Hollywood. You are the famous actress, Joan Fontaine, who recently made such a tremendous hit in "Rebecca." Now you are married to a famous actor, Brian Aherne, and it hurt me that I didn't know about your marriage at all, not a word from you. I learned about it from a reporter on one of the local newspapers. Immediately I wrote you my deepest congratulations, and Brian Aherne, a real gentleman, replied with a letter thanking me and telling me that "Joan is the finest woman that ever lived." So it must be love and I'm glad you got such a man.

Today in Japan here, hundreds of Japanese come up to me and say, "You are the father of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine, aren't you? Do tell us some inside things about your daughters!"

But what can I tell them, girls? I can only give my candid opinion about trifling things—that, for example, I don't like the way you usually fix your hair, Olivia, and I object to the sameness of your smile on all photographs, and that I think you, Joan, will in the long run become the greater actress because you have more spirit than Olivia, though she is the brighter.

Neither of you, unfortunately, have inherited your mother's voice. She had a lovely voice and an ear for music. I know the two of you can't sing and can't dance with professional skill. However, you have a flair for sketching—and are fairly good actresses, though I hope you will become much better.

YOUR main fault, Joan, in my opinion, is that you are over-sensitive. You lack, also, a healthy sense of humor or, at least, you used to. For example, you could never take my kidding about romance. And you were always a bit literal thinking I must be a gangster because I was in business. In America you'd heard all business men were gangsters of a sort.

Well, girls, I didn't mean this to be quite so long. I had wanted only to remind you once more while there was still time, of our days together, and of the fact that still, in a far corner of the muddled earth, you had a father who often reads about you and thinks about you and bears only feelings of good will toward you both.

I have lived to see the two of you, despite your faults and various handicaps, become famous and wealthy cinema lights. I have seen you, Joan, married. And by next year I hope you, Olivia, will be married, too, to Jimmy Stewart or some other decent young actor fellow.

I have heard from neither of you for years—I am not referring to money—but to mere postcards or letters. And this, despite the fact I have mailed you cards on every Christmas week. Perhaps you haven't seen my cards. Maybe that's it.

But I am proud, believe me, to be the father of a Joan Fontaine who could make "Rebecca" and an Olivia de Havilland who could make a living thing of Melanie in "Gone With The Wind." And, somehow, sitting here in my cheap Bunka Apartments in Tokyo, with the streets dark outside because of practice air-raid precautions, I am glad that I have begun—and finished—this aimless interview-letter I have long wanted to write.

Good luck, daughters, and may married happiness be with you both!

The elderly man sighed, took off his spectacles and massaged his nose.

"Sign the letter," he said. "Sign it—'Your father, W. A. de Havilland.' And there's your interview. Now, what about a good, tough game of chess?"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

citizens and two bands . . . Inhabitants' hysteria was climaxed by the arrival of Clark Gable who came up to have a little vacation fishing while wifie Carole slaved . . . Frank Fay completed his role before the rest of the cast, so went home and plagued the rest of them with telegrams about the joys of leisure. Carole and Gargan learned that Fay's hay fever is allergic to cats, so they sent him twelve live kittens at one-hour intervals.

★★★ Too Many Girls

This is a tough one to tag. Although stage producer, George Abbott, filmed the play without sufficiently adapting himself to the cinematic medium, it's really swell entertainment in spite of itself.

The plot is thin—the regular Joe College stuff—but it has a new twist and amusing situations. The four best football players in America enroll at small-time Pottowatamie College, in order to keep their eyes on Lucille Ball. There is some slick dialogue, and Lucille and all four boys are good entertainers: she's a beauty; Richard Carlson is convincing as the romantic element; Desi Arnaz enthralls the women theatre-goers; Hal LeRoy does some superb dancing and Eddie Bracken gives excellent comedy relief. Ann Miller and Frances Langford are already enrolled at the school to supply romantic complications, plus dancing and singing.

You will want to know about Bracken and Arnaz. The former is a new comic who will be heard from because of his natural and youthful comedy pan and his masterful timing. Arnaz is the woman-killing young Latin about whom you've heard so much gossip lately.

It doesn't add up to much, but—oh, heck, go see it; you'll have fun. Directed by George Abbott.—*RKO-Radio.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: The musical comedy from which the film was made ran eight months on Broadway; Arnaz, Bracken and Le Roy were in the original cast . . . Desi Arnaz developed a very bad charley horse from the football sequence; his hands, though used to playing the conga drums, were so puffed when the number was finished that he had to spend two hours soaking them and receiving first aid treatment to reduce the swelling . . . Ann Miller attended Hollywood High night school to acquire her knowledge of Spanish . . . All the stage songs are in the film, plus one new tune by Rodgers and Hart, "You're Nearer" . . . Ann Miller worked in films once before, but all the studios let her slip away, they weren't interested; she went to New York, got into the George White "Scandals" and now they're all fighting for her . . . Desi Arnaz's real name is Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha.

★★★ Little Bit of Heaven

Here is a lovely little unpretentious film which will afford you a pleasant evening of genuine fun. The studio has not figured out a formula for Gloria Jean

(Continued on page 73)

"How I won my stepchild's confidence"



1. I'm John's second wife. And when I married him, I married his little girl, too. It's worked out beautifully, except . . . well . . . you know how it is in a small town. If Nancy should happen to be crying when some busybody passes by, the whole town hears about how I "mistreat that poor motherless child."



2. I love Nancy and I refuse to spoil her. So this morning, when she refused to take her laxative, I forced her to. She flew into a rage and cried, "My real mommy never made me take that nasty-tasting stuff—you don't love me!"



3. That hurt so much I burst into tears. When my sister, Laura, dropped in later, I told her how Nancy kicked up a fuss every time she had to take a laxative. Then Sis explained how her doctor solved the same problem for her.



4. "I used to force Roy to take a bad-tasting laxative," Laura said. "But, according to the doctor, that may shock a child's delicate nervous system. He said children should never get an adult laxative, but one made especially for children. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "And it's wonderful!" Laura went on. "Fletcher's Castoria is thorough . . . yet it's always mild and safe. There isn't a single harsh drug in it. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a child's digestion. I wouldn't dream of giving Roy anything else."



6. The minute Laura left, I went out and bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. It's everything she said it was, PLUS a peacemaker. Nancy loves the taste of it, and our laxative tussles are ended. Now we're always friends.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works fundamentally in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

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IT'S AN OLD SOTHERN CUSTOM

(Continued from page 46)

expects a star to be, and it's an exciting demonstration. However, where glamour leaves off, Ann Sothern really begins.

One day she went out on a shopping spree. In a glamorous mood she bought a sensational thirty-five dollar nightgown. It was sheer and sexy. It was trimmed with Alençon lace. Ann wore it to bed that night. Her feet were cold. So she pulled on a pair of two-bit cotton foot warmers. Sleep just wouldn't come. Ann covered her eyes with a heavy black blindfold. The next day she went out and bought yards and yards of batiste. Her conscience bothered her for being so extravagant, so she copied the pattern and made dozens of gowns for three ninety-eight a piece! No self-respecting glamour girl would ever tell this on herself.

THERE was that night before her mother's housewarming. Ann was supervising the decorating. Suddenly she decided the new house must have new lamps. Barker Brothers on Hollywood Boulevard was open until nine. There was all next day to shop, but knowing she wouldn't sleep a wink with things undone, Ann jumped into her car, wearing old slacks, tennis sneakers, no make-up and a none too becoming snood. An hour later she emerged triumphantly from Barker Brothers both arms loaded with packages.

Just at that moment the Noel Coward plays at the El Capitan Theatre next door had intermission. Dozens of famous stars dripping with jewels and ermine poured out. Fans swarmed all over the place. Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich were besieged by autograph hounds. Ann was shoved back and forth until she almost fell on her fanny. Juggling her lamps she ploughed through a million dollars worth of glamour and climbed into her little Ford coupé. Not *one* person had paid her the slightest attention! Wild horses couldn't have kept Ann from telling that one on herself.

Ann's shopping tours are traditional. Invariably when she buys something new, something old must be moved out to make room. She makes a big thing out of finding a place for it and always winds up saying to Roger Pryor, who has long since resigned himself to the routine, "Poppy, you know that old spinning wheel I bought at that auction? Don't you think it would just look adorable in *your* room?"

Needless to say at his stage of the game, "Poppy" has to dig his way out when he gets up every morning. Ann loves to shop for her friends, too. If she sees something she thinks they'd like, she just has it sent right out—C.O.D.

Ann and Roger, dressed to the teeth one night, were on their way to a swank opening at the Santa Monica Miramar Hotel. Taking a shortcut, they went through Westwood Village—which was Roger's great mistake. As they passed Sears-Roebuck, Ann, seeing the store lit up, grabbed Roger's arm and cried:

"Look, Poppy. Sears-Roebuck is open. This is a good time to get the tent to cover Carlo's doghouse. It may rain any day now, and I don't think we should put it off."

So Roger in white tie and tails, Ann in gold lamé and silver fox, went into Sears-Roebuck and bought a tent. Besides Carlo, there is also Doonie, a Scottie, and Budgie, a fox terrier, that Ann lovingly calls her "old maid."

Dogs and little boys can always find a warm spot in the heart of "Maisie" Sothern. Occasionally she still finds herself wandering into little David's room. It has never been touched since the day he was taken from her. Ann's love for the poor little boy was truly great, and had his family allowed him to remain with her, Ann had plans to make him independent for life.

Ever since Ann, the George Murphys and Cesar Romero started out in show business, they have kept in touch with each other. Today all their dreams are realized. Each owns his own home. Each is famous and successful. During their



Judy Garland raises some smoke at the Motion Picture Mothers' dinner dance by peddling cigarettes!

weekly get-togethers they never fail to talk about the time when the Murphys danced in a Chinese restaurant in exchange for their dinner; when Butch Romero did a corny vaudeville routine with top hat, high kicks and a cane; when Ann was broke and slept in an all-night movie. Ann loves these evenings. More than the swankiest Hollywood party.

Whenever her sisters, Bonnie and Marion, come over, Ann has something new cooked up. Long ago they learned to be prepared for anything. Ann, who says she is a frustrated hairdresser, cut bangs on herself. So they had to have bangs or else. Ann bought a sewing machine (and promptly called herself Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl) and took lessons. Her first little garment was a pinafore. So Bonnie and Marion wore pinafores. Ann called them, "My little Mädchen in uniform." Ann has names for herself for all occasions. During the period that she suffered from anemia, she referred to herself as "Bloodless Sal." When she was in New York with Mal, she sent telegrams to their friends and signed them "Rosetta and Vivian."

Her most cherished possession is an old pongee make-up robe. It's faded and baggy. The belt hits her some place around the knees. But life wouldn't be complete without it. She panics herself every time she puts it on and refers to herself as "a fugitive from Adrian."

Recently Ann took to gardening. She may run out of "Moment Supreme" but never Vitamin B. Roger insists she uses it to spike his scotch and soda. One night when Rhea Gable invited her to a card party, Ann called up apologetically:

"I'm so sorry, darling, but I can't come over. I'm working out a perennial border for mama."

While she was jobless for a year Hollywood gave her the brush-off. "Elephant Annie" isn't forgetting. She knows that her "Maisie" pictures are making more money for the studio than some of their artistic flops. Modestly, she realizes that she has carried the burden herself—with the possible exception of Robert Young. Still Ann can't be induced to go in and ask for a raise. She is grateful for the chance to prove her ability. She has faith enough in herself to believe she will eventually be rewarded. Recently a well-known Hollywood producer, who forgot he once told her she'd always be a lousy actress, came to her and said:

"Ann, you're a fool to let them shove you around. Why, you're one of their biggest stars and they don't appreciate you. Your last 'Maisie' did more business at the boxoffice than their A pictures."

"Yeah," cracked Ann. "What other picture was playing on the same bill?"

The disarming manner Ann employs is a constant source of amusement. Quite seriously she confides that before the war, in her nightly prayers, among other things she asked to do a picture for Ernst Lubitsch. She always seems surprised when you laugh at her.

ON that New York trip Ann and Mal arrived on a Sunday. They could hardly wait to start their shopping. Bright and early Monday morning they drove up in front of Saks Fifth Avenue. The doorman recognized Ann and bowed her to the entrance. Salesladies recognized her and came forward eagerly. A Hollywood movie star on a New York shopping trip. What could be sweeter!

"May I assist you, Miss Sothern?" asked the head saleslady solicitously.

"Why, yes, thank you," Ann beamed.

Opening her bag, she took out a long list of things that even included a silver fox cape. Her eyes focused on the very first item. With all the aplomb of a lady who was about to purchase the Empire State Building, Ann exclaimed:

"I'd like *one* blond hair net."

If "Maisie Ravier" warms your heart, makes you laugh and cry until you want to reach out and embrace her, perhaps this will give you a rough idea of how she got that way.

HOW LOVE HAS CHANGED!

(Continued from page 26)

was terrified of the moon-calf look in my big brown eyes. He was a happily married man. Not only that; he was the father of a new-born baby. When I found out about that baby, I was very, very unhappy. I just couldn't hang onto my illusions . . . That baby has grown up to be Barbara Denny, the beautiful Earl Carroll showgirl.

"But we were talking about love scenes—"

"When I first started," Mary resumed, "love scenes were on the stiff and formal side. Heroines were stiff and formal. 'As pure as the driven snow,' to quote an early subtitle. I think the vamps and the villains must have sold the pictures. Audiences could not possibly have paid to see those heroines. And the heroes were just as pure.

"Virtue isn't exciting, dramatically speaking, until it's threatened by wickedness. Women in the audience got a vicarious thrill out of the efforts of the villain to seduce the virginal heroine. And men in the audience got a vicarious thrill out of the efforts of the vamp to entice the innocent hero. The men, particularly, got their money's worth. Or maybe you don't remember Carmel Myers in a Turkish harem dress, consisting chiefly of a G-string, a veil and two beads; or Louise Glaum in a tiger skin; or those two super sirens, Theda Bara and Nita Naldi, in shimmering black satin, absolutely skin-tight.

Nowadays they make films about heroines who hold their men by out-vamping the vamps. But in those days heroines and vamps were *not* sisters under the skin. Heroines expressed love one way, and vamps expressed it another way, and there was no happy compromise. If you were a female heavy, you were strong on the bodily contact; if you were a heroine, you were strong on the spirituality. The idea was to look demure and unsophisticated. That wasn't too hard for me.

SOMETIMES the hero kissed me, sometimes he didn't. If he did, it was with reverence for my purity. And if he didn't, it was because he loved me soulfully, if you know what I mean. I didn't mind. In fact, I rather enjoyed being 'The Revered Type.' I didn't realize the fun I was missing."

Mary laughed at the recollection.

"Then came Valentino. He ushered in a new era, in which the heroes made love passionately. For the heroines, that was an era of back-breaking embraces and love scenes that were wrestling matches.

"Then there was the flaming youth cycle, started by F. Scott Fitzgerald's novels. That was the era of showing what wild parties and necking were doing to the younger generation. I remember one picture in which I tossed away all my inhibitions and did a swan dive off a balcony. A stunt girl did the actual dive, but it looked as if I did it, and the effect was terrific.

"Then there was the day of 'The Problem Drahmah.' Heroines regularly broke their hearts either over their own sins or the transgressions of the men they loved. They wept their way to happiness.

"There was a time when every heroine was a flirt and made love frivolously. There was another time when every heroine was a pretty little toughie who thought she didn't want anything to do with love—until the right man forcefully kissed her. And still another when the heroes were shy and the heroines did the pursuing. And every so often there would be a return to the poetic, tender type of love.

"Right now I'd say the tendency is to express love by suggestion, rather than actual physical illustration. In 'All This, and Heaven Too,' for example, Charles Boyer and Bette Davis never touch each other, but you don't doubt the depth of their love. In 'Spring Parade,' you don't see Robert Cummings kiss Deanna Durbin because a pillar gets in the way, but your imagination tells you what happens. In 'Brigham Young,' the big love scene has Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell talking to each other through a curtain. Their love is something you sense, rather than see.

"I haven't been kissed on the screen for so long, myself, that I've forgotten what it's like. In 'Brigham Young,' I played the favorite wife of a man who had twenty-seven wives, yet he and I never so much as held hands. The depth of our love was only suggested—by looks and tones of voice. Things were different the last time Dean Jagger and I were teamed together. That was in a little number called 'The Woman from Hell,'

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in which he was a lighthouse-keeper and I the chippy who was the come-on for a Coney Island concession called 'Hell.' He made a good woman out of me with his love. And kisses.

"Ah, yes, times have changed. It takes a little more acting and a little better acting to express emotion today."

Mary paused to arm herself with a cigarette from a box at her elbow before she plunged, by invitation, into an actress' impressions of some of the Great Lovers.

"I never worked with John Gilbert, I'm sorry to say, though I knew him personally. He had great charm and intense enthusiasm. It would have been exciting to play opposite him.

"I didn't know Valentino. I met him only once, when we worked on adjoining sets. I found out about back-breaking embraces, however, when I worked with John Barrymore in 'Don Juan.' That was a mad experience. Before the camera, he doubled me backward with his ardor and behind the camera, he doubled me forward with his wit. You can say that I got a little lumbago and a lot of laughs out of working with Barrymore.

"The closest I came to being the feminine half of a love team was when I made several pictures with Lloyd Hughes, who was a pre-Buddy Rogers type. We did the shy kind of stuff. And we must have done a fair job of it, because we were suspected of being That Way in real life—to the embarrassment of both of us. Lloyd was married. But it was fatal in those days for a screen lover to let the public know he had a wife. And it was even more fatal for a screen heroine to have a husband and children. That made her an old lady.

"One of my early thrills was the chance to work with Richard Barthelmess in 'The Lash,' after getting a crush on him in 'The Bright Shawl.' But that crush went the way of the Reginald Denny one. Mary Hay Barthelmess got herself born about that time.

"I worked up a crush on Ronald Colman after seeing him in 'The Dark Angel,' but I didn't get a chance to work with him until 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' By that time I had met him many times socially and we were good friends, so the excitement of the occasion was dimmed. Life is like that.

"When Eugene O'Brien kissed me under the chin in one picture, women all over the country fainted—but I don't recall having any emotions at the time.

ONE of my earliest favorites was Thomas Meighan. He was the type who was two-fisted with men, tender with women, sort of the Clark Gable of his time. Except that I think he took himself more seriously than Clark, who is apt to kid everything he does.

"I know a lot of kidding went on when I did 'Red Dust' with him. Remember? I played the other woman. The vamp era was past, so I didn't have to be a slinky siren. I just wore clothes that were a little smarter, and made up my mouth more heavily. But my scenes with Clark were really something. I practically attacked him."

Mary crushed out her cigarette and went on to some of the hazards of love scenes.

"Girls still have to worry about leaving lipstick on the hero's face and spoiling the glamorous illusion of a romantic kiss," she said. "At least, I've never found a lipstick that wouldn't smudge—under pressure. Though there's a trick to eliminate most of the smudging. You simply powder your lips dry before a kiss.

And you have to think about not crushing your dress, particularly if you are wearing a creation that cost the studio several hundred dollars. And you must be especially careful if you're wearing anything lacy. One take that I did once was ruined, and so was a lacy gown I was wearing, when the lace caught on one of the hero's coat buttons.

"You have to think about the angle at which you are to hold your face when kissed—to get the effect the director wants, and to keep the hero's nose from casting a shadow that makes you look as if you have a black eye. Nowadays you also have to think of the lines you're to say. You don't get much chance to think about the thrill of being in the handsome hero's arms.

I HAVEN'T found it possible to get a kick out of a kissing scene since the very first one—and that was a novelty. I ask you—how can you thrill to a kiss when it's work? How can you abandon yourself to a kiss when fifty people on the set are watching you, coldly and critically, wondering if you'll get it in one take? Also, don't forget there's a time limit to every kiss these days. The censors hold a stop-watch on you. Back-breaking embraces are only a memory now. So are horizontal love scenes—like those that helped to make John Gilbert famous."

More soberly, she added:

"If you're serious about acting, you take love scenes seriously—but no more seriously than you take any other scenes. They're all part of your job. You can't afford to be self-conscious about them.

"Love scenes used to be much tougher to do in silent days than they are now, even with dialogue added. You weren't allowed to express love as you would naturally express it. Directors operated on the theory that anyone who was a movie actress was beautiful, but dumb—and needed guidance every inch of the way through an emotional scene. 'Now turn toward him,' the director would say. 'Now look in his eyes. Now part your lips. Now throw your arms around his neck. Now kiss him. Now close your eyes in ecstasy.' That sort of thing was maddening. The talkies have done one thing. They've shut up the directors when the camera is actually grinding.

"In the old days, there was more to-do about getting in the mood for a love scene. There had to be mood music on the sidelines through the scene. The music was supplied by a trio, usually a violin, a piano and a cello. But if you were making a B picture, you had to do without the cello. Sometimes they played classical music; sometimes popular stuff. I remember my favorite mood-producer for a long time was 'Songs My Mother Taught Me.' During 'Beau Brummel,' Barrymore and I registered emotion to the tune of "Waters of Minnetonka.'

"We weren't given lines to say in silent days. Sometimes we didn't even know what the subtitles would be. We made up our own dialogue as we went along. I understand lip-readers had a lot of fun, discovering what lovers *actually* said in their romantic moments.

"When talkies came along I found myself out of a job. So I went on the stage. Then Hollywood wanted me back—at $200 more a week than I had been getting before, even though I was still the same girl, with the same voice, the same everything. Hollywood said, surprised, 'Why, the girl can act!'

"I say: If a girl can stick around long enough, she can't help but learn a lot about acting, just by keeping up with the changes in love."

She has something there.

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 11*)

Linda Conniston, Framingham, Mass. Virginia Bruce, christened Virginia Briggs, is literally Lady Luck's favorite godchild. She was signed for a film contract when a Hollywood director spotted her walking to high school one day! She's five feet six and one-half inches tall and weighs 123 pounds, has blonde hair, milky white complexion and large blue eyes. She never diets to keep that perfect figure, but exercises by swimming, tennis and riding. Her hubby's J. Walter Ruben, prominent director. Her next picture is "The Invisible Woman" with John Barrymore and Charlie Ruggles . . . 'Tis still just a rumor that Dennis Morgan and wife have split. Their friends are hoping for a patch-up.

Jane Chappell, Canajoharie, N. Y. Yes, it's true that Judith Barrett and Andrea Leeds are expecting family additions in the near future . . . Most of the stars not only read their fan mail but actually answer the most interesting letters received. Some, such as Claudette Colbert, Mickey Rooney and John Hubbard reply to practically every single fan!

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IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING

(*Continued from page 41*)

the most potent box-office name, starring in three smash films out of four.

Claudette Colbert solidified her position pleasantly by way of two smashes, "Boom Town" and "Arise, My Love."

Hedy Lamarr started off the year in the doghouse, trying to get a raise out of Metro. She went back to work without the raise after a couple of weeks, and has been a good little girl ever since. A lot of people still believe in Hedy, but a lot of others are reaching the "show me" stage.

William Powell got back into action after a lengthy illness and proved himself better than ever in "I Love You Again," a smasheroo.

Myrna Loy had an okay year, but her friends will begin to worry soon if there isn't a distinct pick-up. Bob Burns practically washed himself out of pictures with a couple of lamentably bad scripts.

Loretta Young is picking her own parts these days and doing it very well indeed, thank you. Jean Arthur ditto and not so successfully.

Ginger Rogers is still in the front row, despite a couple of pictures which got mixed reactions. Ginger had a little trouble adjusting herself to the dizzy heights she has reached in the past couple of years, but all she needs now is a picture or two.

Mary Martin is a girl who probably will become tremendously important in 1941. She's rising very rapidly. Joel McCrea had the best year of his career, winding up with a sensational performance in "Foreign Correspondent." From present plans, it would seem that he will continue right on and up next year.

CARY GRANT is probably the most sought-after actor in town, from a casting standpoint. Everybody wants him, which probably explains why he was so badly miscast in "The Howards of Virginia." In spite of this, he had a good year and should continue on the upgrade.

Jackie Cooper is rapidly building himself into one of the top names, at the same time proving that he is a solid and capable actor. He seems to have passed the awkward age, and 1941 should see him firmly entrench himself.

Betty Field who played in four nicely varied films is another youngster who should zoom 'way, 'way up.

Rosalind Russell had the best year of her career, but right now there are disturbing rumors floating around to the effect that she would like to abandon comedy and try being a glamour girl. Please don't do that to us, Roz honey.

Jimmy Stewart remained one of the front row lads, with three very nice performances, and has nothing to worry about. James Cagney did well, and even strengthened his position somewhat by an extra fine performance in "City for Conquest." Mickey Rooney had another good, solid year.

Nancy Kelly started out with a big boom, but got nowhere fast; just couldn't get the right pictures. Lucille Ball is a girl on the way up and one to watch. After a couple of years of solid grounding in the minor leagues, she has finally hit the big time.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is still floundering. A grand guy, Doug, but too ambitious, seemingly. He wants to be a director, he wants to be a producer—meantime his work as an actor is suffering.

Madeleine Carroll had a very good year in spite of herself. She is in serious trouble because she has to go hungry practically all the time in order not to look fat in pictures. This sometimes makes her irritable and hard to handle. Also the war, and the fact that her sweetheart is in France, and her family in England, has given her the jitters through most of the year.

Edward G. Robinson, after a temporary eclipse, climbed back to the front row and, in fact, forged considerably ahead in his career. Vivien Leigh failed to consolidate her "GWTW" position and stepped considerably backward during



Miriam Hopkins turns back a few eras to leg-o-mutton sleeves and a parasol to play Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Lady With Red Hair."

1940, with only one picture, "Waterloo Bridge."

Joan Fontaine and her sister, Olivia de Havilland, had similar years. Olivia started off absolutely on top of the bus as a result of her work in "GWTW," so the first crack out of the box she turned down a couple of scripts at Warners, insisting that she was not going to be shoved into just anything, but would pick her parts carefully. As a result she appeared in only one picture during the year and is in danger of being forgotten if she doesn't get back into the public eye pretty quickly.

JOAN FONTAINE, on the other hand, stepped out of limbo early in 1940 with her first important characterization in "Rebecca." The impression among critics is that her good work there was directly traceable to Alfred Hitchcock, her director, and not to herself, but we will have to wait until she makes another picture to find out—and she isn't making any. She turned down "Back Street" as unsuitable, although Margaret Sullavan was glad to grab it on the rebound. Joan's future and her public all will depend on what, if anything, she does next.

Ray Milland is coming up fast and had an excellent year, picking up some of the marbles that Cary Grant was too busy to play with. Ray needs direction and has a terrible habit of forgetting to watch his wardrobe but, nevertheless, he ought to move way up in the near future.

Ellen Drew is moving forward, after a fair to middling year. 1941 should establish her.

George Sanders and Thomas Mitchell are two of the fastest climbing men in Hollywood. Both of them made tremendous strides during the year, and both have made themselves practically indispensable to the Hollywood scene.

Fred MacMurray had a difficult year, mostly from lack of material, but is doing okay as the year finishes. Bing Crosby goes merrily on, way up in front. Dorothy Lamour continues to ride the sarong trail to box-office success.

Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Jack Oakie had excellent years, all three of them moving several notches upward in the parade, despite the fact that comedians generally (Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown, Joe Penner, the Ritz Brothers) had a very difficult time of it.

Tyrone Power slipped considerably, but his studio thinks that he will make a new and important impression on his fans in "The Mark of Zorro," "Blood and Sand" and pictures of that sort; swashbuckling, colorful, full of action. It's an experiment, of course, and may do the trick.

Joan Crawford had her best year in a half dozen or so, largely due to a change of pace. George Murphy is a young man very much worth watching. He's never had a really important film break, but when just the right picture comes along, watch his smoke.

Ida Lupino is the surprise girl of the year. Every once in a while Hollywood re-discovers Ida, says "ah," and begins raving about her future—but nothing happens. During the past year she was discovered again, but this time it looks as though it may stick. She got her break in "They Drive By Night," a surprising bit of casting in which Ida was given the sexy dame role opposite Ann Sheridan. Ida should go places in 1941, but one gets tired of predicting this.

Scanning the news of 1940, we find that Warners, as usual, had trouble with its contract players. A half dozen of them including John Garfield, Eddie Albert, Olivia de Havilland and Ann Sheridan drew suspensions, but the cute thing was that Jimmy Cagney, always a stormy rebel, went peacefully through the whole year!

Warners was not alone. Metro had some difficulty with players, Lana Turner drawing one suspension and Hedy Lamarr another. Fox had battles with Don Ameche, Jed Prouty and Alice Faye, while Paramount battled with William Holden and John Howard—the latter eventually packing up and leaving the lot. Not to be overlooked are the Muni and Temple affairs. Over at Warners it got to be a gag that every time Paul Muni scratched his beard the studio lost a million dollars. Nevertheless, it was admitted that Muni films brought Warners and the movie business as a whole a great deal of honor and dignity. The studio and Muni couldn't agree on scripts and the actor left. He had no trouble getting another job, going immediately to Fox—whereupon Warners handed his beard to Eddie Robinson.

The Temple affair is a bit more of a problem. For five years or so, the youngster has been the most potent box-office figure in film history. Suddenly she slipped. "The Blue Bird" was a terrible flop. Is it the kid's fault, or the studio's? The studio decided to make the pain short-lived; it paid on the line for the duration of the contract and waved the youngster goodbye. A parade of smash hits and hip-hip-hooray; one flop and goodbye. That's the movie business. Shirley doesn't have another job as this is being written, but she will have. And she will go on to bigger and better films without trouble—she's a real trouper.

Hollywood's number one headline grabber during the past year was John Barrymore, with Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr as the runners-up. John was the first public example of a great actor trying as hard as he could to make the world believe that he had reached his dotage—and Lana and Hedy were just two girls who didn't know what they wanted. They got married, they got divorced, they'll probably be married again. Not too exciting, but it made good reading in newspapers full of war.

THE war itself, of course, was tremendously important to Hollywood, both in a personal and a business way.

For a number of years all the Hollywood film companies, with the sole exception of Warner Brothers, have been hanging on grimly to a rapidly diminishing market in Germany and finally, towards the end of the year, they all had to give up. One by one a number of very profitable markets throughout the world were taken away from the film moguls, until today there is practically none of Europe left, and very little of Asia.

That meant a number of serious and important adjustments on the home lot, namely, an attempt to develop the South American market more strongly and a re-evaluation of home consumption. The world market (outside of the United States) amounted to 40-60% of the total gross of films a couple of years ago. Obviously, it's quite a sock on the chin to have to forego this money.

It was good policy only a year or so ago to make a considerable number of pictures with various European backgrounds and locales, but now there are only two markets which America is watching in its film production—America and South America.

Another very interesting development, a bi-product of the war, was a conscious

attempt by the film companies to get acquainted with America. In the past, visits of stars and executives to Broadway or Chicago have been very occasional, but last year a whole series of "premières" in out-of-the-way cities were arranged and carried through. This was not completely a new notion, but during the year this became a custom, rather than an accident.

Thus, the citizenry of Orange, N. J., got the first showing of "Edison, the Man," plus a parade of stars; Boise, Idaho, got the première of "Northwest Passage"; "Maryland" was shown in Baltimore; Salt Lake City got "Brigham Young"; Denver had "Kit Carson"; "Tugboat Annie" sailed up to Seattle; Regina, Canada, was proud of "North West Mounted Police"; San Francisco had a first peek at "They Knew What They Wanted"; "The Westerner" unveiled in Dallas; "Knute Rockne" was honored in South Bend; "Virginia City" went to Reno; "The Biscuit Eater" to Albany, Georgia, and "Dark Command" bowed at Lawrence, Kansas.

The procedure proved not only novel but important; it made various communities even more aware of movies and it gave the actors and producers a chance to talk things over with Mr. and Mrs. General Public and get a better notion of what was wanted in the way of film entertainment. Chalk this up as the healthiest and most adult Hollywood move to date.

The war has affected surprisingly few movie personalities. John Farrow, director-husband of Maureen O'Sullivan, was the first to quit the Hollywood scene in order to join the fighting ranks. David Niven, after he offered his services to his country and was turned down, ran into a raft of newspaper sarcasm. Eventually he had to flee America, a fugitive from an anti-climax, and practically had to force himself on the British Army. A few months later, Richard Greene found himself in the same predicament and had to resort to the same escape.

A half dozen or so other British actors managed to quit the Hollywood scene without much publicity or fanfare. Charles Boyer left his French army uniform in France with the collapse of his country and returned to the movie business in Hollywood.

Robert Montgomery hopped into an ambulance and drove it around the fields of Flanders for a month or so, then came home to America. And Madeleine Carroll managed to drive her studio mildly nuts by insisting on flying in and out of the European war games for the sake of a few minutes with her handsome aviator boy friend.

Madeleine, incidentally, was the second movie person and the first movie personality to feel the ravages of war, her sister Marguerite having been killed during a raid on London. Previously, Ralph Hanbury, the RKO general manager in England, and his entire family had been killed by a Nazi bomb. By the time you read this, Madeleine may again have Clippered to the war zone. She has said she intends to, and she has always been



a girl to do exactly as she pleases, in spite of anybody or anything.

The movie company which made the most consistently worth-while film products during the year was Warner Brothers, with Metro a close second. Warners, during the year, had not only a greater number of box-office successes, but also a greater variety, and what is called "change of pace." There were prestige pictures such as "The Magic Bullet" and "A Dispatch From Reuter's"; there was genuine entertainment in such pictures as "City for Conquest" and "My Love Came Back." And there was sheer box-office in "All This, And Heaven Too."

IT is a strange coincidence that Warners, which once led the field in musicals, produced no song-and-dancers of importance during the year. The top studio in the production of musicals and light comedies during 1940 was Paramount, with its Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Jack Benny films. Paramount, as a matter of fact, came mighty close to being the top studio in Hollywood for the year, pushed into third place only by the fact that it seems to have the ability to produce a "Ghost Breakers" one day and two heartbreakers the next.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in the number two niche, still manages to keep very near the top by the strongest roster of star talent ever to be gathered under one lion's roar. And Shearer, Crawford, Gable, Tracy, Rooney and Co. are a mighty potent antidote to any sort of depression.

A curious situation developed during the year when it became evident to all the studios that there were not enough leading men available. There were usually plenty of girls to choose from, but casting males was a distinct problem, and quite a number of pictures had to be shifted back and forth before they could be filmed, because male stars were unavailable. Considering which fact, it is interesting to note that the hardest-working star in Hollywood during 1940 was a girl—Ann Sheridan. She was starred in five films during the year, "Castle On The Hudson," "It All Came True," "Torrid Zone," "They Drive By Night" and "City for Conquest."

In the next bracket, tied for second place as the hardest working star in Hollywood, are six gents and no gals, all six of them with four star credits each for the year. They are George Brent, Brian Aherne, Spencer Tracy, Gene Autry, Ray Milland and Boris Karloff.

This is about as good a place as any to make very clear what the word "star" means, for no word is more frequently misused. Actually, a star is a person whose name appears on the film's title-sheet ahead of the name of the picture. Henry Fonda in "The Return of Frank James" is a star. "Lillian Russell" with Henry Fonda, on the other hand, means that Fonda is not a star.

The most interesting new personality introduced during the year was Martha Scott, who made her debut in "Our Town" and who was starred first in "The Howards of Virginia." Ellen Drew, first starred in "Christmas in July," is a close second.

On the male side of the ledger, Dean Jagger in "Brigham Young" made the most notable impression, but has yet to be starred.

The greatest feminine career progress was made by Ida Lupino.

And to wind up the roll call—among the males, the greatest progress-makers were Messrs. Bob Hope and John Wayne.

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HOLLYWOOD'S BANKRUPT GENIUS

(*Continued from page 51*)

very definite has been set. So who pays his bills? His agent, who like many other unpublicized people who know him, believes in Orson Welles.

It would be effective to say here that twenty-five-year-old Orson is chastened by his present encounter with reality. Effective, but untrue. It would also be dramatic to say that his personal tastes are monastically frugal. This, alas, is also untrue. Welles has an energy of spirit, mental and physical, which makes chastening an impossibility. He has the fatalistic idea that anything can and probably will happen tomorrow. Today's the day.

He is extravagant in the only way he cares to be extravagant. Other men invest in yachts, guns, cameras, fishing tackle, airplanes and cars. Not Welles. He has a hobby, but it's his work. He is probably one of the very few men in the world who don't yearn for a vacation from what they're doing. Welles wants to do exactly what he's doing. His tremendous vitality carries him from one day to the next with very little of the sleep which most people crave. He regards sleep as a flagrant waste of time. He considers four hours sufficient.

He enjoys fine living, but circumstances have forced him to give up the eight-hundred-dollar-a-month home he rented in Brentwood and take a two-room apartment in Beverly Hills. Food is an obsession with him. "You can't pay too much for good food," he says. Pick out the best restaurant in town and you'll find Welles. Or, better yet, find Welles and you'll have the best restaurant. When he had his establishment in Brentwood he ordered meat flown out from the east for household consumption. Despite recent reverses he still smokes eighty-five cent cigars.

Currently he does not drink. He has become addicted to tea of which he consumes great quantities. A friend gave him a pint-sized teacup. He keeps this at the studio and takes time off every afternoon to indulge.

He employs a chauffeur which may or may not come under the heading of extravagance. Welles drove a car once and the experience haunts him. A natural impatience with the precision of machinery prevented him from driving a car as a car should be driven. He ran into a telegraph pole and he hasn't driven since. A chauffeur, therefore, should be listed under personal necessities.

WELLES is working, but he's broke. By this I mean that the picture is being shot. It isn't another Hollywood rumor. I saw it with my own eyes.

"Heart of Darkness" was discarded because RKO dubbed it sensational to the point of being shocking. "Smiler With the Knife" was discarded for two reasons. First, Welles cast himself as the villain and, second, Carole Lombard, for whom the heroine's role was designed, refused to play in it at all.

"Why should I?" she said. "If it's good, Welles gets all the credit. If it's bad, well—" Lombard is tops, why should she take a chance? But "Citizen Kane" evidently fills the bill.

Welles had his first success at the age of seven when he played the White Rabbit in a Chicago department store advertising stunt. He went from there to several years of child parts in the Chicago Opera Company, a period terminated when Martinelli, as Samson, found him too heavy to lift. At eleven he was music critic for a local newspaper. At twelve he was lecturing his own grammar school on art.

At sixteen he played character roles (mostly of men past fifty) for the edification and delight of Irish audiences in a Dublin theatre. At seventeen he visited Africa and house guested with a native chieftain while he wrote a school edition of Shakespeare. At eighteen he was trouping with Katharine Cornell. At twenty-one he had his own repertory theatre in New York.

His success in radio was instantaneous. Born with a knack for hair-raising characterizations, he frightened people for many months as the voice of "The Shadow." Everyone knows, of course, how he scared the wits out of those who listened to his broadcast of the invasion from Mars.



Virginia Grey believes that leading ladies should return to the soil between films, and illustrates her point on her San Fernando Valley ranch.

His favorite costume is a pair of bathing trunks and a bathrobe. He sleeps in topless pajamas personally designed by Orson. His neckties are few and colorful. He would rather go barefooted but grudgingly concedes to shoes.

He hates exercise. A giant of a man, weighing two hundred pounds and looming well over six feet, he would seem a natural for any sort of sport. Golf he considers idiotic. He can swim and ride but declines to do either. He flies of necessity but has no desire to pilot a plane of his own. He once took a trip through Scotland and Ireland in a donkey cart, and he contends that this is the closest he's ever come to undue physical activity.

His friends, who last year called him Monstro, now call him Pancho. There may be some connection between this and the fact that his name is linked romantically with that of Dolores Del Rio, estranged wife of art director, Cedric Gibbons. The beautiful Mexican actress is a runner-up for the title of Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman. Just how this will effect Hollywood's most casually dressed man remains to be seen.

The rumors about Welles' temperament are never started by those who work with him. He has a peculiar system of discipline. He hangs upon the studio wall a report card bearing the names of the entire cast. When anyone misbehaves, a black star is pasted next to the culprit's name. Some of the crimes listed are telling dull stories, muffing lines and inability to ad lib during party scenes. Good Deeds are limited to gifts, each of which merits a gold star.

MEANWHILE bills roll in. He supports a destitute actor now marooned in Buffalo because, as he says, "The man has to eat, doesn't he?" He supports his two-year-old daughter, Christopher, for whom he is also buying an annuity. He pays the expenses of a New York, Chicago and Los Angeles office for Orson Welles, Inc., and he weekly hands out salaries to his personal staff of legal and financial advisers, though he rarely takes their advice.

When "Citizen Kane" is finished, he will receive whatever remains of the hundred and fifty thousand dollars promised him, plus a small percentage of the profits of the picture. Government taxes will take their share of his share and the agent will be paid back. When simple mathematics have finished with the sum, it is very possible that there won't be much left for Orson Welles.

Far from being worried Welles has guaranteed to make his second picture for nothing, purely on a percentage basis. The third picture, which is also mentioned in his contract, is subject to an arrangement not yet planned. Up to his ears in debt and having spent every cent of his own money, it is no wonder that Welles grins at the legends which have sprung up about him.

Wasteful! Lavish! Extravagant! He has been publicized from Vine Street to Culver City as the glittering young man who is really putting something over on Hollywood. "One year on salary before the cameras even began to grind," they say.

But Welles doesn't care. He's doing what he wants to do and, from the looks of things at RKO, he's doing it well.

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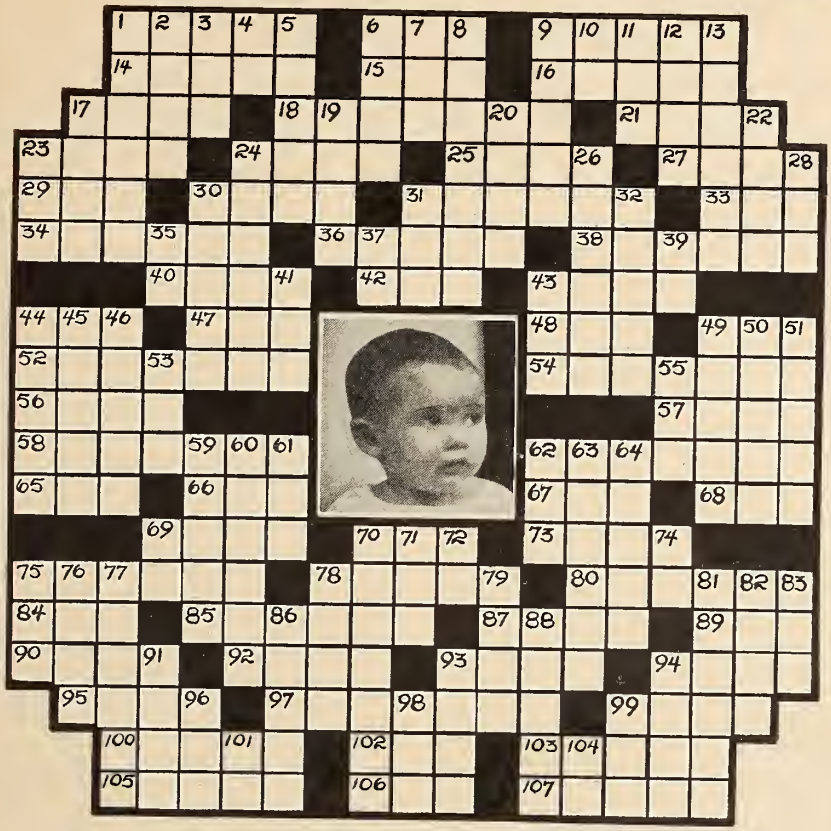
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 76

ACROSS

1. Lovely actress pictured
6. Dolores - - - tello
9. Heroine of "The Howards Of Virginia"
14. Duchess in "All This, And Heaven Too"
15. Fuss
16. Star of "Charlie Chan At The Wax Museum"
17. Siren in "Strike Up The Band"
18. Femme in "He Stayed For Breakfast"
21. Beverages
23. Actress - - - - Wilson
24. English actress in "The Letter"
25. Robert Wild - - - -
27. A girl's name
29. Exclamations of wonder
30. Deanna's pal in "Spring Parade"
31. Comedienne in "Comin' Round The Mountain"
33. Lady in "Wagons Westward"
36. Draws closer
38. Sad-faced comic
40. Big guy in "Tug boat Annie Sails Again"
42. - - - ne Overman
43. Cornelia - - - - Skinner
44. Birthmonth of 1 across: abbr.
47. French coin
48. Lillian - - - nell
49. Bud Abbott's comic partner
52. Crown
54. Sisters in "Argentine Nights"
56. An epic poem
57. Football hero in "Knute Rockne-All American"
58. Male lead of "Second Chorus"
62. Obtruder
65. "The Jo - - - Family"
66. Female ruff
67. "Meet John - - -"
68. Bitter vetch
69. Heroine of "Arizona"
70. Standing Room Only: abbr.
73. Movie lights
75. Lamour's costume in "Moon Over Burma"
78. She's in "The Villain Still Pursued Her"
80. Director of "They Knew What They Wanted"
84. Maid in "He Stayed For Breakfast"
85. Merited
87. Husk of wheat
89. Wine cup
90. Singer in "New Moon"
92. "The Man With - - - - Lives"
93. Played "Brigham Young"
94. Kiln
95. Period of time
97. Last name of 1 across
99. Shakespeare's home
100. Mountain ridge
102. Goddess of dawn
103. Star in "Daytime Wife"
105. Beneath
106. 506: rom. num.
107. Star of "The Return Of Frank James"

DOWN

1. Girl in "Captain Caution"
2. Hotels
3. By birth
4. - - ana Lewis
5. Star of "Magic In Music"
6. Boy's name
7. Poem
8. She's in "Dulcy"
9. Deanna's leading man in "Nice Girl"
10. Together: prefix
11. Mary B - - - nd
12. Membrane
13. Heroine of "Dark Command"
17. Male star in "Star Dust"
19. Priscilla Lane's ex
20. Sailors
22. Term in trigonometry
23. Actor Carrillo's first name
24. Entangle
26. A "pert" actress
28. Salt
30. Funny man in "Love Thy Neighbor"
31. She's in "Four Mothers"
32. Scotch lord
35. "The Philadelph - - Story"
37. Comic in "Captain Caution"
39. Pronoun
41. Fruit of the oak
43. Peruvian plant
44. Sea
45. Grove
46. Jogs
49. Rent
50. Possessor
51. Employers
53. Siren in "Honeymoon For Three"
55. Orson Welles' studio
59. Star of "My Favorite Wife"
60. Popular actor in "Santa Fe Trail"
61. Even: poet.
62. Girl in "High Sierra"
63. Actor in "Flotsam"
64. Nut
69. - - Ann Sayers
70. Scorned
71. Free
72. "Charter Pil - -"
74. Senior: abbr.
75. Cora Collins' middle name
76. Richard Arlen's screen partner
77. Raft
78. "Irene"
79. Walter - - - -
81. Palatable
82. Augury
83. Gloria's sis in "Little Bit Of Heaven"
86. What Roy Rogers is
88. - - - - - Morgan
91. Story
93. Newcomer in "Too Many Girls"
94. Above
96. Color
98. November: abbr.
99. Beard of wheat
101. Our star's birthplace: Dallas, - - xas
104. Whirlwind off the Faro Islands



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IT'S IDLE GOSSIP

(*Continued from page 37*)

the latest bulletins from writhing Europe, slump in their chairs and growl: "What the hell's the use of writing a column? Who gives a damn if Miss A. breaks her neck or marries a man with vegetable juice in his veins?"

For a while Bette was infected with the same disease. "Why do I kill myself making this scene? What can it possibly matter in a world gone mad?"

She snapped out of it—partly through common sense, partly through the première of "All This, And Heaven, Too."

YEARS ago she attended the preview of her second picture. She was just an ingenue and small responsibility rested on her, but she found the experience so nerve-racking that she vowed she'd never attend another. Her family would go to her previews, while Bette chewed her fingers at home and waited for them to report.

A première differs from a preview. It's a gala first night, all jewels and furs and glitter. Holding it at the Carthay Circle Theatre is like stamping the picture a diamond of the first water. Bleachers, built round the circle, are filled before noon. The crowds munch sandwiches and patiently wait for night to work its magic. Bette had heard of these phenomena, but never seen them. "Oh, yes," she'd thought. "Uh-huh, I suppose so," discounting three-quarters of it as Hollywood fantasy.

It was her first picture to be premiered at the Carthay. Such an occasion, minus the presence of its stars, is like an eye without light. Boyer was going. The studio wanted Bette there, too. She decided she'd be a nice girl and say yes.

When the day came, nobody felt very festive. The newspapers bannered headlines: FRANCE FALLS. Hollywood lay deep in gloom. Perhaps for the first time within memory, something had happened which was more important to the industry than itself. Boyer arrived, looking pale green. Bette, spared the ultimate thrust of anguish that must have been his, felt miserable enough.

She stepped out of the car, and gasped. Tier on tier they rose, a solid mass of faces, gleaming white under the searchlights. She was unprepared for the sight, and equally unprepared for the roar that followed—as the crowd spied her and rose to its feet cheering.

For a moment she stood, her arm in that of Johnny Favor, her young cousin and escort, her face a quivering mirror of mixed emotions. Then instead of turning into the long, canopied lane that leads to the theatre, she moved toward the grandstands. Until it was time for the picture to start, she stayed out there, shaking hands with those she could reach, signing autograph books, lifting her shining face, unashamed of her falling tears, toward the upper rows.

"Quaint," murmured a colleague, who'd have given her eyeteeth for something similar, "but a little undignified, darling, don't you think?"

"Maybe," darling agreed cheerfully. "Myself, if people yell for me, God bless 'em, I'm undignified enough to run all the way to China, yelling right back!"

The rest of the evening was less pleasant. A kind of shudder ran through the theatre as the words PARIS, FRANCE, were thrown on the screen. Background shots of the city of light were rendered poignant through the knowledge that it was taken by the forces of darkness.

Just the same, Bette went back to work next day both humbled and refreshed. "If that's how they feel about you," she resolved, "then you've darn well *got* to kill yourself, making better scenes. Your routine may not seem important. What *is* important is that we keep on going. If the British can do it, with their world in literal ruins around them, then phooey to us for whining before we're touched!"

Last year Bette bought two houses. She's a child of the East. She loves its changing skies, the gold and scarlet of fall, the winter snows, the bare trees breaking into green with the spring. California has charms but they don't include the aforementioned, and Bette has never lost her nostalgia for them.

"I always said I'd never buy a house in Hollywood because of a dread, completely childish and unreasoning, that it would tie me to the West. Then I found this place in New Hampshire, and the moment it was mine I lost that other silly fear and promptly bought a house in Glendale for practical reasons. I was tired of moving around, tired of using other people's furniture. It's a small brick house, pseudo-Tudor, five minutes from the studio, and the agent clinched it by telling me how easy it would be to sell when the movies decided to throw me out."

On finishing "The Letter" early in July, she dashed to New Hampshire. The house she bought there is near Franconia set among ninety acres of woods. Abetted by her mother and Ted Macomber, a decorator, she spent three happy months making it over, adding a kitchen, garages and bedrooms, turning it into a place that will be habitable all year round, for she plans some day to make it her permanent home. At the local shops they unearthed treasures in cherry wood, and amazed the townsfolk by importing a Pullman lavatory from California.

THEY'RE silent," explains Bette gravely, "and they've never been heard of, let alone seen, in the north country. The furor was terrific. There were long articles in the papers, and people gathered in knots to talk it over. One morning before we were in the house, I arrived early and heard this piercing whisper: *'Jess!* C'mon up and see the Pullman lavatory.' I sneaked behind a tree and giggled to myself until they'd gone."

She'll be furiously disappointed if "January Heights" isn't finished in time to let her spend Christmas at Butternut, and she'll be irked with Butternut unless it snows. It's years, she says wistfully, since she's had a snowy Christmas. Skiing interests her only moderately. Should there be a small slope handy, she'll probably use it to practice falling flat on her face. What she really craves is a return to childhood—red cap and mittens, toboggans and bellywhoppers, brilliant blue overhead and crunching white below, the swoop that tears the breath from your body, the long pull up, going home to crumpets and tea at dusk.

Only one week of her holiday was spent in New York—to see plays and people. Definitely not to shop. Shopping for clothes bores her. When she poses for fashion pictures at the studio, she generally finds two or three numbers she likes and buys them. Simple, tailored

things are the only ones that tempt her. She prefers dark clothes to bright and goes in for gaiety only in pajamas. She avoids eccentric styles—hates herself in them and finds them too quickly dated. She grows fond of a dress or suit and won't give it up often wearing it for two or three years. There's a Mr. Falkenstein who designs irresistible sports clothes and shows them in California twice a year. "Orry-Kelly took me to him, blast his hide," says Bette softly but with vehemence. "Did you ever see a nail try to get away from a magnet? That's me and Mr. Falkenstein's clothes." Otherwise Bette can take clothes or leave 'em.

APART from the general excitement of rebuilding and furnishing her home, Bette's summer was further enlivened by the arrival of Bill Jones. Bill is fifteen and his name isn't Bill Jones. We're calling him that because Bette feels that his family may consider him too young for publicity.

Not that Bill did anything reprehensible. On the contrary. He showed himself a lad of character throughout. A columnist with imagination and no material ran an item indicating that Bette was about to start a dramatic school at Butternut, pupils welcome. Bill, who wants to be a director, read the item and announced to his family that he aimed to train under Miss Davis. They expostulated to no avail and finally washed their hands of the whole affair.

"It will teach you one lesson anyway," they assured him. "You'll never get within ten miles of Miss Davis."

He boarded a bus in New York and traveled seventeen hours, sitting up all night. Bette's mother came on him as he climbed the hill to the house, eager-eyed and fresh for all his vigil, an extra pair of trousers, neatly pressed, over one arm and a notebook in the other hand.

"I've come to study in Miss Davis' school," he told her. It was she who had to break the news that there was no school. When Bette came in Bill was sitting on the living room couch, the extra pair of trousers crumpled at his feet, bawling his eyes out.

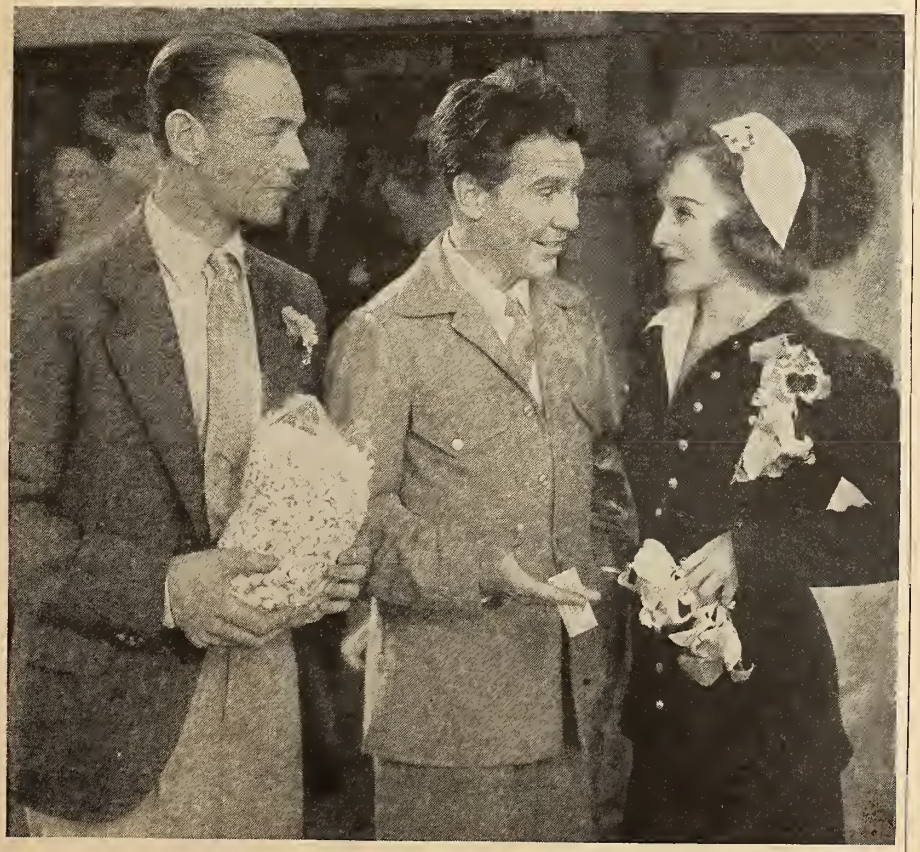
She sat down beside him. She told him of her own disappointments. She said that a setback should serve as a spur and a challenge. She concluded by expressing her admiration for his gumption. "With so much of it at your age, you're likely to do great things some day. And I'll probably come around begging you for a job as an old character woman."

That made him laugh. "All right, laugh your head off," said Bette. "But funnier things have happened in this business."

They fed him and saw him off on the bus. He was quite cheerful again by that time. As the bus started rolling he stuck his head out of the window. "Wish you could see my family's face," he yelled, "when I tell 'em I sat right next to Bette. Boy, will *that* be something!"

He wrote her a letter, describing the "family's face" and including an earnest pledge that, thanks to her, his feet were planted more firmly than ever in his chosen path. Perhaps her reply will be found some day among the mementos of a famous theatrical man. The gist of it was what she'd often told herself: "If you want to do it badly enough, you'll do it."

There was one thing Bette wouldn't talk about. When the name of her ex-husband was mentioned, she shook her head. Maybe I imagined that a new sparkle came into her eyes. Maybe I imagined that she still hopes they'll get together and that she won't take other men seriously till the hope is gone. Liking both Bette and Ham, maybe all this is something I doped out from nothing. Only I doubt it.



College boys Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith turn themselves inside out for the favor of Paulette Goddard in the rollicking film, "Second Chorus."

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



It surely is heartening to see that credit has come where credit is due for Carole Landis has the leading role in Hal Roach's rollicking new comedy, "Road Show."

Picture	General Rating
Alias the Deacon (Universal)	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M)	3★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners)	2★
*Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)	2½★
Anne of Windy Poplars (RKO)	2★
Argentine Nights (Universal)	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount)	4★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal)	2★
Beyond Tomorraw (RKO)	2½★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramaunt)	3★
Black Diamands (Universal)	2★
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal)	3★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Brother Orchid (Warners)	3★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Captain Caution (United Artists)	2½★
Captain Is a Lady, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Christmas in July (Paramaunt)	3★
City for Conquest (Warners)	3½★
Colorada (Republic)	2½★
Comin' Round the Mauntain (Paramount)	2★
Cawboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Crass Country Romance (RKO)	2½★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
*Dancing on a Dime (Paramaunt)	2★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
Diamond Frantier (Universal)	2★
*Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners)	3½★
Dr. Christian Meets The Women (RKO)	2★
Dr. Kildare Gaes Hame (M-G-M)	3★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Earl of Puddlestane (Republic)	2★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M)	3½★
Flight Angels (Warners)	2½★
Flawing Gald (Warners)	3★
Fareign Correspandent (United Artists)	4★
Four Sans (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Free, Blande and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
French Withaut Tears (Paramaunt)	2½★
Gambling an the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Gay Caballera, The (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Ghast Breakers, The (Paramaunt)	3★
Girl fram Avenue A (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Girl from God's Cauntry (Republic)	2★
Girl from Havana, The (Republic)	2½★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Gold Rush Maisie (M-G-M)	2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
He Stayed far Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hidden Gald (Paramaunt)	2½★
Hired Wife (Universal)	3★
Honeymoan Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Hat Steel (Universal)	2★
Hause af Seven Gables (Universal)	2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia)	3½★
*Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I Love You Again (M-G-M)	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3★
I'm Still Alive (RKO)	2½★
In Old Missouri (Republic)	2★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount)	3★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	3½★
La Conga Nights (Universal)	2★
Ladies Must Live (Warners)	2★
Last Alarm, The (Monogram)	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fax)	3★
*Little Bit of Heaven (Universal)	C 3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fcx)	2★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists)	4★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
Mad Men of Europe (Columbia)	2★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal)	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Man Wha Talked Too Much, The (Warners)	2½★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Meet the Wildcat (Universal)	2½★
Men Against the Sky (RKO)	3★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Money and the Waman (Warners)	2½★
*Maon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Mummy's Hand, The (Universal)	2½★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
My Favarite Wife (RKO)	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Lave Came Back (Warners)	3½★
My San, My Son (United Artists)	3½★
New Maon (M-G-M)	3★
*Narth West Maunted Police (Paramount)	3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
Na Time far Comedy (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Renegades (Republic)	2½★
One Crowded Night (RKO)	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
Our Town (United Artists)	4★
Out West With The Peppers (Columbia)	C 2★
Pastor Hall (United Artists)	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO)	C 4★
Pianeers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Pap Always Pays (RKO)	2½★
Prairie Law (RKO)	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3 ½★
Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Quarterback, The (Paramount)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Ragtime Cawbay Joe (Universal)	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO)	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramaunt)	3★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount)	3½★
Raad to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailar's Lady (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sidewalks of Londan (Paramount Release)	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic)	2★
Slightly Honarable (United Artists)	3★
South af Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
South to Karanga (Universal)	2½★
Sa Yau Wan't Talk? (Columbia)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Sparting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Stranger on the Third Flaar (RKO)	3★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Stranger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Rabinson (RKO)	C 3★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO)	3½★
*Thief af Bagdad, The (United Artists)	3½★
*Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Faces West (Republic)	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Thundering Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
*Tao Many Girls (RKO)	3★
Torrid Zone (Warners)	3★
Tawer of London (Universal)	2★
Triple Justice (RKO)	2★
*Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Turnabout (United Artists)	3★
Twenty Mule Team (M-G-M)	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia)	3★
Typhaon (Paramount)	3★
Untamed (Paramount)	2★
*Victory (Paramaunt)	3★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)	3½★
Way of All Flesh, The (Paramaunt)	3★
Westerner The (United Artists)	3★
We Who Are Young (M-G-M)	3★
When the Daltons Rode (Universal)	3★
World in Flames, The (Paramount)	3★
Wyoming (M-G-M)	3★
Yaung As Yau Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Young People (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Yaung Tom Edison (M-G-M)	C 4★

(Continued from page 61)

yet; the kid has a lot of stuff but for the time being, she simply cavorts through these light little pictures taking things the easy way.

Do you happen to remember "The Underpup," Gloria Jean's first picture? Well, this is a sort of follow-up. She's a little Irish ragamuffin with a big heart and a bigger family. Hugh Herbert is her pop; Nan Bryant is her mom; Frank Jenks is Uncle Dan; C. Aubrey Smith is Grandpa and she has eight more uncles who are either street cleaners, gate-watchers, zoo attendants or cops.

The entire family revolves around Gloria and when she gets a job as a radio singer they all live off her earnings and turn into pretentious make-believes—till Gloria snaps them out of it!

It's the homey, natural atmosphere of this whole picture that sells it. It'll remind you of Jane Withers' best films—except that Gloria Jean sings and sings beautifully. One only wishes that her songs were selected with greater care.

There are some swell actors in supporting roles but the honors go to a gent who has been saving films for years by appearing at the right moment for a laugh, without rating much notice—Billy Gilbert.

Oh, and there should be mention, too, of Butch and Buddy, two crazy little youngsters who remind you of the Katzenjammer Kids, and of Bob Stack, Nan Grey and Eugene Pallette; they're swell. Directed by Andre Marton.—*Universal.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Director Marton, who formerly directed for Joe Pasternak, in Europe, makes his American debut with this film . . . Gloria Jean's mother designed her clothes for this picture; her 11-year-old sister Lois (Gloria Jean is 12) was her stand-in . . . Seven famous ex-stars play the roles of Gloria Jean's uncles—Charles Ray, Noah Beery, Maurice Costello, Monte Blue, Pat O'Malley, Kenneth Harlan, William Desmond . . . "Eli, Eli." sung by Gloria Jean here, is supposed to be the oldest melody known and was the first song ever heard on the talking screen . . . C. Aubrey Smith celebrated his 77th birthday and 25th anniversary in films on July 21.

★★★ Victory

Here you will find some of the finest acting you've seen in a long time. Betty Field is one of the best actresses in Hollywood, and this performance should land her much of the credit she deserves. Freddie March, too, is a swell trouper and this is mighty close to being his finest role. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is another A-1 actor who tops himself, and Jerry Cowan has never been as good as he is here. Beyond the superb acting, however, the film cannot be thoroughly recommended.

It's a tough movie to analyze. It's like an elegant dish of food containing the very best ingredients but lacking salt and pepper. The script is slow-moving, but the major fault lies with Director John Cromwell, who concentrated on getting unbelievable results out of his troupers at the expense of necessary atmosphere. Joseph Conrad is difficult to bring to the screen, and this picture is convincing proof of the fact. What makes him such strong and excitable reading is his haunting and brilliant mastery of language and atmosphere. He builds up a scene to the point where you almost burst with tension. And this is where the picture falls down. It doesn't concentrate enough on the shadings and background and is consequently pretty much black and white.

Freddie March and Betty Field live on an island minding their own business when along come Hardwicke and Cowan, who play the villains. Betty kills Cowan, Freddie kills Hardwicke and the Chinese servant of the heroes slays the moron servant of the bad men. Directed by John Cromwell.—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Imagine a South Seas yarn without a sarong, an earthquake or a tidal flood! The day of miracles, indeed! . . . Fredric March has been described as the collar ad who made good; he's one of the few Hollywood actors who does just as he pleases, has no contracts and takes only the roles that appeal to him . . . This is the fourth film for Betty Field, young Bostonian, and all four of them have been completely different in tempo—"What A Life," "Of Mice And Men" and "Seventeen" . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke won a "most beautiful baby" contest at the age of 14 months.

★★½ Angels Over Broadway

Ben Hecht feels that nothing good will ever come of this movie manufacturing racket until somebody breaks the rules and starts all over again on a new track. But the trouble is that he keeps moving the same old trolley car over on that new track.

There are some good actors in this film, and they try very hard. You have never seen either Tom Mitchell or Rita Hayworth as good as they are here. And John Qualen, who gets a chance to show off his wares, will astonish some of you. On the other hand Doug Fairbanks Jr., though he has only himself to blame for it, is totally miscast as a New York toughie (with an Oxford accent).

Hecht wrote, produced and directed the picture with Fairbanks as co-producer and star. It's a sentimental bit of hokum dressed up in big words.

One final word of warning. Although the dialog is occasionally very funny and sometimes close to brilliant, for the most part, it's stagey and unsuitable. And one final word of praise. The photography is excellent and the really fine musical score by George Antheil helps a whole lot. Directed by Ben Hecht.—*Columbia.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Formerly titled "Before I Die," this is the fifth picture in which Hecht carries triple credits as writer, co-producer and director; one of them, "The Scoundrel," won him the 1935 Academy Award for best original story . . . Sets had walls only eight feet high because Hecht believes big, expensive sets serve no worthwhile purpose and often detract from the telling of the story . . . Picture was completed considerably within the prescribed budget and shooting schedule; this was accomplished by doing most of the work before shooting started . . . Entire action of the story takes place within 10 hours —all of it in the rain . . . Of the 21 sets, only one is an actual exterior. Docks, New York streets, etc., were built indoors . . . This is Rita Hayworth's second dramatic role, a field towards which she is veering as much as she can . . . John Qualen is the fastest climbing character actor in pictures; he startled the critics with topnotch performances in "Knute Rockne" and "Long Voyage Home" . . . Thomas Mitchell, who was one of show biz's original triple-threat men, having been a writer and director before he tried acting, is the only one in the film who sticks to a single job—acting.



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In oddition to this ultro ultra ski suit, Koy Froncis' wordrobe for her newest picture, "Ploy Girl," includes o soble coot rented by the studio ot $100 o doy!

★★½ Moon Over Burma

Let's make believe this is a question bee. In a story with a tropical background what role does the female star always play? Answer: Either a native girl or a stranded show girl. How many men fall in love with her? Two, both white. Which actress plays the part of the girl? Well, if you can get Dorothy Lamour and her sarong——

Okay, the lesson is over for the day. The lads who wrote this script obviously know all the proper answers. Burma provides the tropical background; there's Dotty Lamour as the stranded show girl—and two males, both white. But an innovation—aha!—no sarong. Which is just about all the novelty there is in the film. And even here, a compromise. For you lads who want an eyeful—and why shouldn't you?—Dorothy shows up in short trunks and abbreviated uppers.

There is a considerable amount of exciting action in the film if you are not bothered by the fact that you've seen it all in previous pictures, too. The jungle stuff is mixed neatly with the love story, and there's a nice hot forest fire for thrills.

There is no sense in talking about the quality of the acting here. Dorothy Lamour, Preston Foster and Robert Preston are all exactly what you expect them to be. Albert Basserman does a swell piece as a blind man. Directed by Louis King. —*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: A new Dorothy here—she's bobbed her hair and discarded her sarong, also traded her chimpanzee for assorted cobras and elephants. . . . When the news got around that Dottie bobbed her hair, nearly 5000 requests were received for samples of the famous locks. . . . Despite the log jams, forest fires and other thrill scenes, the most difficult to film was an apparently simple one where an elephant lies down to permit Robert Preston and Dorothy to dismount from a howdah. After fifteen rehearsals and a dozen takes, they managed it. . . . Every actor in the picture was injured at some time or other. . . . Sally and Queenie, last of the movie-trained elephants were burned to death when the farm at which they were housed caught fire; two other elephants were made up to double for Sally and Queenie for the finish of the film. . . . Most of the herd used in the picture belong to the Hagenback-Wallace Circus . . . The lodge shown in the picture was furnished in the style of Burma; more than $80,000 worth of rare art objects and fine furniture were used.

★★½ Tugboat Annie Sails Again

Here is a new series of pictures about Tugboat Annie, and Warner Brothers thinks that this one will catch on and go over as big as it did years ago when Marie Dressler played Annie. We doubt it unless the succeeding films improve a great deal.

What's wrong with the picture? Well, for one thing, the story—which is dull, unimaginative. And for another, the direction. Director Seiler seemingly let all the actors have a field day; they all overact, from Rambeau on down, including Alan Hale, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman. But maybe the greatest fault of the picture is that you can't help trying to compare every second of it with something you saw and thoroughly enjoyed years ago. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:—Norman Reilly Raine wrote twenty-six Tugboat Annie stories before he gave up, some years ago. . . . The Annie character was inspired by a real person, the late Theo Foss of Tacoma. . . . Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan always try to get into the same picture, if they can; they're married. . . . For a big freighter scene the Nordpol, large Danish motorship, was used; the boat and its crew were stranded in the Pacific by U. S. immigration restrictions so were happy to make the movie deal. . . . 18,000 gallons of fuel oil were used by the movie flotilla.

★★ Dancing on a Dime

There has been a trend in Hollywood towards building up youth of late. Almost all film companies are attempting to make a few pictures with young people. Well, it's a noble notion and a step in the right direction—but this is not the one that you will want to see, or talk about or remember. It's pretty unfortunate.

Hard to know at whose step to lay the blame here; the whole business just doesn't come off. It tells of a bunch of actors on the late, lamented WPA Theatre Project who are left stranded and try to get back on their feet. None of it is very inspired, although everybody tries hard.

Grace McDonald is best of the troupers but it's a tough break for her to make her Hollywood bow this way. Eddie Quillan and Frank Jenks manage to get a few laughs into the proceedings—for which all thanks. Directed by Joseph Santley. —*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: The old Garrick theater was reproduced as accurately as possible for this film. . . . Grace McDonald, who makes her film bow here, after clicking solidly on Broadway, started her theatrical career at 14 as a magician's stooge. . . . Though Frank Jenks and Eddie Quillan were hoofers years ago when they were on the stage, neither had danced in ten years. They both swear that these roles were the hardest they ever played. . . . Quillan, just before this picture started, was fresh from a half-starved Okie role in "The Grapes of Wrath." Nevertheless he lost 10 pounds in four days on this pic.

★★ Hullabaloo

If it were not for the fact that there are some very swell actors in this picture turning in some very swell performances, the kindest thing would be to just skip the whole thing. But Frank Morgan is better than he has ever been—which is covering a lot of good, solid territory—and there are two newcomers whom you will not forget in a hurry named Virginia O'Brien and Charles Holland. All three of them deserve a better fate.

Do you want proof that there is something seriously cockeyed in the manufacture of this picture? Well, think on this for a moment; two grand actresses like Billie Burke and Sara Hadden are thoroughly wasted, have only a few minutes each and get over no effective scenes at all! Directed by Edwin Marin—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: When Virginia Grey was signed at Metro for "The Great Ziegfeld" it was because of her dancing, but she gets her first chance to use her twinkling tootsies here. . . . Dan Dailey, Jr., came to films as a song and dance man; he doesn't do either one in this film; never has in any pictures.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

he's got that we haven't—besides a voice, a horse and a grin!

CHISEL OF THE MONTH

Every state in the union grows its annual crop of chiselers, so maybe Hollywood oughtn't to be surprised at finding one of the species in its own midst. Nevertheless, everyone's commenting about the cheap trick pulled by a little star whose salary runs into the thousands weekly. The star, so the story goes, was the guest of an important studio on one of those out-of-town-premiere junkets. The studio always pays all expenses on premiere trips, and before the star left she was told to remember to charge her taxicab, food, hotel and cocktail bills, etc., to her hosts. The star smiled sweetly and said she'd remember all right. And how she did! Ten minutes after her train arrived at its destination, she was seated in the swankiest store in the city, airily instructing a dumfounded salesgirl to charge $200 worth of hose to the studio! The studio paid the bill, of course, but we think we can name one lady who will be off their guest list till hell freezes over!

A VOICE IN THE MATTER

Two of the funniest-sounding men in Hollywood, Walter Brennan and Andy Devine, didn't need expensive coaches to give them "grate" voices. Walter acquired his in a gas attack during World War I, and Andy when he was a boy, fell on a stick which punctured his neck and injured his larynx. Happily, their voices haven't stopped either of them from getting along. Walter's a two-time Academy Award winner and Andy, who has worked for the same studio since 1925, currently pulls in the very neat sum of $100,000 per annum none of which is being squandered on voice specialists!

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

Not much chance Helen Parrish will grow lonesome while doing and dying for dear old Universal. Her brother, Bob, works in the studio's cutting room and her best beau, Charles Lang, has just been signed to a contract there. Joan Leslie, Warners' remarkable 15-year-old siren discovery, is another who's not alone on a great movie lot. Joan was at Warners only a few weeks when she wangled contracts for both her older sisters! Watch that little girl, by the way. The studio's concentrating on not giving her publicity, but when she bursts from the screen in "High Sierra" and "Carnival" she's going to out-oomph Annie!

HEDY AND JOHNNY ARE SWEETHEARTS

The Hedy Lamarr-John Howard romance which was strictly publicity when it started, is now going like a house afire. The two paired up originally when John's agent got the idea his client was receiving the go-by from producers because he lacked male oomph. "If I fix him up with the most glamourous woman in town," figured the agent, "those boys will have to admit he's got what it takes and sign him up pronto!" With the help of a mutual friend the agent arranged John's first date with Hedy, never expecting there'd be a second. To his delight there's been a third, fifth and twelfth! The only persons more amazed than he are Hedy and John who, for the first time in their career lives, are singing the praises of the world's most abused creature—the lowly press agent.

DEBUNKING DIVISION

Ginger Rogers' mother is circulating the story that Ginger will wed an unnamed Mr.



Peggy Moron, ploying opposite boy friend Fronchot Tone in "The Trail of the Vigilontes," checks up on her blood pressure after an ordent love scene!



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Beauteous and chic Ann Miller is on her way to escort Mrs. Miller to the Motion Picture Mothers' Dance where she naturally was the most envied mama of them all.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 75*)

Someone come Christmas time. Forget it. Ginger's legal name will be Mrs. Lew Ayres until late in January . . . Ditto the Lana Turner-Tony Martin marriage rumors. Tony becomes a free man early in the new year, but Lana's scissoring from Artie Shaw won't be complete until July . . . The story kicking around that Loretta Young is headed for mamahood is also false. Loretta denies it, and, considering her reputation for honesty, that—as they say—is that.

UNFAIR TO JANE

Jane Withers is in a seventh heaven of delight. She has a new boyfriend and, what's more, she has him where she can keep her eye on him! He's wide-smiling Buddy Pepper, the talented 16-year-older who appeared with her in "Golden Hoofs." Jane discovered Buddy in the cast of a local revue and from her seat in the audience developed such a wild crush on the youngster, she immediately persuaded Darryl Zanuck to sign him up. The kids spend all their working hours together and would enjoy carrying their courtship beyond studio doors. However, Mama Withers has let it be known that Janie may not date a boy alone until she's sixteen—which may be what inspired Buddy to compose a song called "What Good Does It Do" and dedicate it to his fair patroness.

ELECTION DAY ECHO

Maybe election talk is old stuff in your town, but in Hollywood they're still chuckling about the way Claudette Colbert withered Robert Montgomery when he invited her to attend a "Hollywood-for-Willke" rally. "Certainly, Bob," chirped Claudette. "I'd lo-ove to come—but do you mind if I make a speech for Franklin D. Roosevelt?"

THE GREEN, GREEN PASTURES OF HOME

This is a story about William Brent, the man who penned Sonja Henie's next picture, "Sun Valley." We're telling you about Brent and not about Sonja because, at the moment, we think he's even more interesting than she. And here's why. A year ago, Brent was a $50-a-week sound man at 20th Century-Fox. Then he wrote a story and tried to sell it to his studio. Nobody would look at it so Brent sent it to the Saturday Evening Post and received a check for $5,000. A few weeks later Fox, which could have had the story for a couple of hundred dollars, paid Brent $10,000 for its screen rights and now Brent is a writer at his own studio and has a seven-year contract for $250 weekly! Next month we'll tell you about Sonja.

DIDJA KNOW

That Harmon Nelson is telling friends his reconciliation with Bette Davis is not unlikely . . . That Cary Grant is suffering over six pages of Japanese dialogue, necessary for his role of an American newspaper correspondent in "Penny Serenade" . . . That Jimmy Stewart, his star rating notwithstanding, was haled into court charged with speeding through a 20-mile zone at 45 miles an hour . . . That the Don Ameches still want a daughter but will probably get her via the adoption route . . . That John Wayne and Ward Bond were teammates on the USC football eleven . . . That brothers Bing and Bob Crosby have seen each other only four times in the past seven years . . . That "Tillie and Mac," famed comic strip characters, will soon caper for Columbia . . . That Brian Donlevy is building his new home next to a cemetery . . . That the Warner Bros. publicity department files all Ann Sheridan portraits under "Annie" . . . That player-pianos make Melvyn Douglas' spine crawl . . . That Ida Lupino's beautifully appointed bar and playroom were furnished from a Sears-Roebuck catalogue . . . That the cake Clark Gable gave Carole on her last natal day was inscribed: "To Ma—on her 75th birthday"?

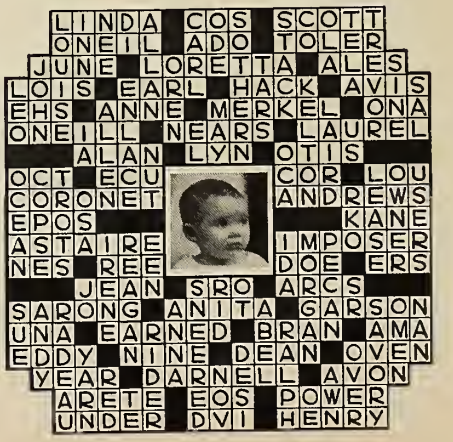
BEWARE THE VISIBLE MAN!

Lionel and John Barrymore, who chilled when the fair Elaine entered the Royal Family, kissed and made up soon after Elaine's exit. So clubby have they become that John's taken to ribbing the less pixyish Lionel—and Lionel's beginning to think maybe his brother is funny after all. For example, the other morning John noticed that the bushy eyebrows and baggy suits he wears in "The Invisible Woman" make him the spitting image of Lionel. He promptly dispatched a messenger boy to Lionel's house with a photograph of himself in character and attached a note which read: "This is the best picture you've ever made!" Only one thing is marring their touching reconciliation. John's trying to date Lionel's pretty nurse, and Lionel's getting madder by the minute.

McCARTHY, THE WOODEN WOLF

Edgar Bergen, who hasn't got a wife, became a father last week. The latest addition to his curious clan is flesh-and-blood Thelma Jean Graham, a 12-year-old Nashville, Tennessee, orphan. Edgar found Thelma Jean when he went to Nashville recently to purchase a new airplane. Thelma Jean met him at the airport with her own Charley McCarthy dummy on her arm, and told him she

Solution to Puzzle on Page 69



wanted to be a ventriloquist, too. Being the best-hearted guy in the industry, Edgar tried her out, found she was terrific, and immediately adopted her for the purpose of training her in his art. Thelma Jean now lives at a Beverly Hills boarding school where Edgar visits her regularly to give her lessons. "Can't have her around the house," he apologizes. "You know, that McCarthy fellow. . . ."

WHITHER THOU GOEST

Has anyone noted that Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor have had a house guest since the day they married? He's "Uncle" Buck Mack, an old vaudeville performer who befriended Barbara in her down days. He used to live with Barbara and Frank Fay when they were Mr. and Mrs. and, when Barbara remarried, he just went along with the bride. "Uncle" Buck worships Barbara and is constantly fearful that someone will harm her. As a result, when they're out together, he always keeps a roll of dimes clutched in his right fist. He knows the dimes will pack more punch into his punches should a stranger molest her—and he'll gladly meet all comers.

BARBARA BROADCASTS

You can't blame "Uncle" Buck for wanting to protect a girl like Babs. Mrs. Ray Milland reports that the other day she was about to tune out a radio program emanating from a local orphan asylum when she heard the announcer say he was going to introduce a young lady known to all listeners. Barbara Stanwyck took the air and, without fanfare or build-up, quietly spoke her piece in behalf of the youngsters. It's things like these that make us think "Uncle" Buck ought to carry quarters!

DISA AND DATA

The John Waynes, thinking each baby would be their last, have given away three sets of nursery equipment. They say the newest will go into storage—just in case . . . 20th Century-Fox claims Linda Darnell's kisses add $500 to the cost of each of her pictures. Her blushes show on the screen and retakes are necessary . . . Under the terms of her new contract, Judy Garland will receive $2,000 a week for the next three years, $2,500 weekly for two years after that and, from then on, $3,000 weekly until she completes her seven-year pact . . . Lon Chaney, Jr., is authoring the life of his famous dad. He believes it can be film-played by only one man—Paul Muni . . . Erich Maria Remarque writes to the accompaniment of symphony records . . . Cesar Romero, disdaining a double, does all his own riding in "Cisco Kid" pictures . . . Greer Garson's glorious coloring may soon shine from a Technicolor screen . . . J. Sinkerton Snoopington, Mr. Hermosillo Brunch and Elsie Mae Adele Brunch Sousé are all characters in W. C. Fields' "The Bank Dick." Fields himself is called Egbert Sousé . . . Connie Bennett raffled off her Persian lamb coat to whip up some money for British refugee children . . . Bette Davis' dog is on a weight-building diet, having lost too many pounds while beating around New York with Bette . . . Robert Preston is getting more larnin' at UCLA. It's a literature course, this time . . . Orson Welles is probably the most highly organized man in the country. He's a member of five unions . . . It's dieting, bowling and a daily five-mile hike for Lana Turner who must drop fourteen pounds worth of curves before she can face the camera again . . . The cellar of Elsa Maxwell's Hollywood home is packed with vintage champagne . . . Charlie Chaplin's answer to the Paulette Goddard-Anatole Litvak talk was a gift to Paulette of a pair of heart-shaped diamond ear-clips.

BLOOD IS THICKER THAN CONTRACT

After five long and fruitless years, Olympe Bradna has won a divorce from Paramount on the grounds of cruelty. Seems the studio realized their little Frenchie's career was breathing its last and decided to pep it up by changing her tag. Olympe said "You don't do that to me!" because the Bradnas are one of the oldest and most revered families in show business, and the suggestion that she'd smell sweeter by any other name made her sick. Now, Olympe is marching with the unemployed, but she's still insisting she did the right thing. "There was no alternative," says she. "Bradna is a more important name than Paramount any day—at least to the Bradnas!"

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW MOVIES?

If you like odd facts and figures and you like the movies, you'll like the information an ambitious studio statistician dug up recently. He reports that when you see the average American movie, you sit in one of 10,924,484 seats in one of the nations 17,500 theatres, and watch the screen for 73 minutes. If you pay the average admission price, your ticket reads 22c, and if you want to see all of the 500-odd features released yearly, you must hug your seat for 26 days and 26 nights!

MUSICAL LOVE POTION

Seems as though the newest way to a man's heart is through your harp. Cameo-faced Anita Louise admits she's teaching hubby Buddy Adler to play the instrument, and Deanna Durbin's issued orders she's not to be disturbed between five and six, the hour set aside for her string-strumming lesson. Deanna's learning to play the organ, too, which should squelch the "any minute now" marriage talk that's around again. Wives-to-be, if they're as practical as Deanna, don't spend their pre-nuptial days caressing key boards and harp strings. They study the "Newlywed's Handibook" or volumes dealing with the "Care and Feeding of Babies"—and, to date, Deanna's attitude toward both these subjects has been distinctly frigid.



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Esther Ralstan, who plays the role of her late friend, Nora Bayes, in "Tin Pan Alley," swears that in the future nothing will lure her to Hollywood away from her husband and child and their brand-new home in Great Neck, Long Island.

A RIGHT GUY

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Sometimes I think I'd like to try the stage. I never have. But then again, I don't believe I'd like those late hours, after-theatre supper parties and all that. I'm an early-to-bedder and a very early riser. The days are never long enough for me so I'm not giving any early morning hours back to the Indians.

"If you should ask me whether I'm satisfied being an actor or wish I'd gone in for some other job or profession, the answer would be 'yes and no.' When you look at it from one angle there are a lot more worthwhile things a man could be doing. On the other hand, entertainment is pretty much of a necessity especially in these times, and some group has to supply it. I like the feeling that what I am doing is necessary. And since I do feel that way about it, I'm content to be one of the group that supplies it.

I try not to kid myself," said Gary, "because if you don't fool yourself you won't fool other people and, in the long run, you'll get along all right.

"For instance, I know that if I were not a movie star I wouldn't get asked out much. I don't pretend that I'm the life of the party. I never kid myself that I got into pictures on my looks either. I was the first of an era of more or less homely guys in the movies. I've had lines on my face since I was twenty. Wind and sun put them there I guess. And no Adonis was ever this tall and skinny!

"Then, so many people contribute to your being a movie star. It isn't a one-man show, by any means. A teacher of mine got me interested in dramatics. Being shy, too tall for my age and self-conscious about it even then, she made me go in for debating. I have her to thank, really, for I did gain a certain degree of self-assurance.

"Then there was a lawyer back home in Montana, a friend of my father's. He taught me how to box. He was interested in 'these movie stars,' as he called them, and always made them sound like some strange species. Anyway, he used to talk about the money they made. Valentino, for example, and the fact that he was said to earn $250,000 a year. 'What is it these women go for?' he'd ask. 'Is it the shinola on the hair? Is it the girl in his arms, the camera on his face, the look in his eyes . . .' and at that point he'd stop, clear his throat vigorously, look horribly embarrassed and ask me brusquely what the hell I was lolling around for! I didn't think, at the time, that I was much interested in the stars or in the money they made. But it must have soaked in because when I needed dough and needed it badly, echoes of those talks came back to me. Valentino, $250,000 a year—siren songs when your stomach is flat!

"Well, one hundred people like him, suggestions like that in and out of your life, contribute to making you whatever you become. And it takes more people and more factors to make a movie actor than it does to make any other job. The rest of it, for me, was equally unpremeditated and accidental. I wanted to be a cartoonist. I submitted a few things to editors who said they were 'sorry.' I sold advertising here in Los Angeles, where I had come to make my fortune. I did all right except that I couldn't collect my dough. I got hungry. I happened to run into a pal from Montana who was an extra in the movies, riding ponies. I went along and rode, too," said Gary. "That's how it happened to me. No particular enterprise on my part, no plotting or planning.

"Then, after a movie actor gets established," Gary continued, "at least a million people contribute to keeping him established. The fans, all the people he works with—producer, director, author, sound man, each one about as indispensable as the other. A movie actor can't honestly get up, whack himself on the chest and say, "Look what I did!" So you really can't get puffed up about it. You can't feel very secure about it either. For in this business, success depends on whether you have five gray hairs in your head or sixty, and the chance for success decreases with the passing of years and youth. There's only one Lewis Stone!

"Another thing, when I'm working I don't see the rushes. 'That's funny,' people say. It's not because I'm indifferent that I don't see them but because they make me self-conscious. I don't go into a huddle over my script before I start work in a picture—not because I don't take it seriously, but because the script is changed so often during the course of production that I find it better to sort of 'feel' my character out as he goes along. He comes to life that way.

LIKE all actors I like to work for Capra. He makes you feel important; he lets you make suggestions. Not that you have to with Capra; he senses things. If an actor seems unhappy in a scene, Frank spots it and says, 'You were unhappy in that scene, weren't you?' He finds out why. Then he does the scene over and over again until you feel comfortable doing it.

"I believe in relegating matters not up my alley to others who can handle them better than I. I'm not much of a business man and so I put my affairs into the hands of my manager. When it comes to picking screen material for myself, the right stories, my judgment is pretty sound. Of course we all make mistakes, but generally I can 'feel out' a story I should do. We see a lot of pictures, and my wife and I go to the neighborhood movies frequently. When we do it's for entertainment, not to pick them to pieces. If I'm entertained, I call it a good picture. And I use that same audience reaction as a basis for choosing stories. In other words I say to myself, 'Would I like to see myself in this picture?'

"I guess I liked 'The Virginian' about the best of any picture I've made. It was my first talking picture, and it was the original Western. I liked 'Mr. Deeds' because I understood the chap and it offered a new twist on a small-town American character. I feel as if I fit comfortably into the clothes of 'John Doe.' I may do 'Sergeant York' next, again at Warners. I feel very self-conscious about playing the part of a man who is still alive, a man who has done so many fine things, built roads and schools in the mountains of Tennessee where education was badly needed.

"I think we are all going to live very differently, very frugally from now on. It's all right with me personally. I'll fit, and comfortably, into a simpler scheme of things than we have known here in Hollywood. Perhaps that's the answer to your questions," he smiled at me, "all of them. I guess I fit comfortably into my life, so why make a fuss about it?"

THE DOCTOR VIEWS HIS CASE

(*Continued from page 43*)

a thermometer. In typical Ayres fashion, he got to studying the gadget, and before he knew it he had picked up a strange assortment of barometers, wind-direction indicators, rain gauges and all sorts of weird contraptions dreamed up by himself. One of these days he'll have a licensed weather station up there on Lookout Mountain.

He started out "piddling around" with a dollar camera and wound up with a dark room, a half dozen dream cameras and a reputation for expert picture-snatching. When he isn't entering some of his photographic masterpieces in competitions, he's discussing shots and angles with the studio cameramen. By the time the daffodils come, he'll be ready to photograph all of Metro's pictures!

Having been a medicine man in six Kildare pictures, you can bet your bottom dollar that Ayres hasn't been asleep on the job. He has read the Materia Medica through twice, has romped through a library on surgery, and when last heard from was mastering the latest whimsies in the art of diagnosis. One of the Hollywood legends is that once Dr. Lew walked up to a total stranger, talked to him five minutes and informed him, gently that he was suffering from a brain tumor. His hunch proved right.

So studious is Ayres about his role of James Kildare, M.D., that he has haunted hospitals to check up on physicians' habits, has talked with internes until wee hours in the morning, has watched operations by the dozen and has even compared his bedside manner with those of established practitioners.

ALL of which explains why his characterization is so convincing. In fact, the student body of a medical school in Dallas turns out en masse for every Ayres picture, hoping to acquire that ingratiating Ayres manner—especially with female patients—for future use.

Perish the thought that Lew Ayres is eternally buried in books or listening to celestial music. Fact is that the Caliph of Lookout Mountain is one of Hollywood's most sought-after escorts, which fact is reflected in his colossal fan following among college girls.

Every now and then Lew decides to do the town. Then it's more like Mardi Gras than anything else. He will scoop himself up a Mary Beth Hughes or a Ruth Hussey and take off. They descend on the night spots with a flourish, Lew in his white tie and tails and the current princess-consort in an elegant little number from I. Magnin's.

Wherever there's Lew and his lady, there's pandemonium. Lew can rhumba with the best of them, and his La Conga, according to report, is even better than that of Señor Cesar Romero.

Somewhere around three Lew hustles her home, bows cavalier-style and departs. He may not see her for months after that. Bachelor Lew is traveling light these days. He's steering clear of romance as if his life depended on it. A good time—yes. But a pact! No, thank you.

Being an idealist, he has his views on the perfect woman.

"The three qualities I admire most in a woman," he'll tell you, if you can get him in the mood, "are charm, poise and intellect. Maybe I'm a sap for feeling the way I do, but I'm convinced that every woman, if she's so determined, can develop these qualities provided, of course, that she has a normal mental capacity."

Concerning Hollywood in general, he feels philosophic. He realizes, at long last, that a man's prestige is as good as his last picture. He jokes about it. "The only thing to do, I guess, is to make all your last pictures stirring and memorable."

About his own art, he's amazingly modest. He thinks he's "an average intelligent actor." He's not waiting for *the* part that will win him the Academy Award.

"I want no part of glamour. Let me play the man who eats the spiders—the funny little man. There's no trick at all in turning out what the critics choose to call 'a competent job' in the role of a normal young American, because that's what I am. That's just being myself. But to get around to playing the type of characters created by Lionel Barrymore or Jean Hersholt—that's something else again. Let Gable and Cooper be the heroes. I'll take the character parts."

What Lew would like to do above all else is to direct. He took a fling at it a few years back. It was a costly venture. And not spectacularly successful, either.

In order to direct, he made an unusual bargain with Republic Pictures. First he agreed to play in two pictures. Next he promised, in order to learn every phase of production, to follow three pictures from the writing to the final editing—without pay. And finally he had to consent to direct the picture gratis. The upshot of it all was that he worked eight months without getting a cent, living on the proceeds from playing in two pictures.

He has no illusions about what he did over at Republic.

"I directed one picture, 'Hearts in Bondage,' and it was a turkey. But I'm not licked. I'm still going to direct, even if I have to wait until I'm gray and bald-headed. But I'm not going to push success. I'm simply going to drift with the wind and see where it takes me."

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TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MY DARLING

(*Continued from page 33*)

Parade," Deanna's new picture, which was sweet. He's just bought a ranch at Palm Springs and is thrilled about the house he's building on it.

Evelyn Ankers sends regards. She's out here with her mother now and I saw her for a moment at the preem of "Foreign Correspondent."

Faith (*Mrs. Charles Bennett*) turned over in her plane the other day and smacked her head rather badly. She's been hopping about from airport to airport getting advertisements from schools and aviation companies for the program for British Ambulance Corps.

Hardly ever see Ty (*Power*) any more. He's been busy working on "The Mark of Zorro" and taking three-hour lessons each day in fencing, dancing and magic tricks. You know what a stickler Rouben Mamoulian is for perfection (worse even than you, my darling, who'll never let me appear in public with the tiniest bit of a chip off my fingernail polish and who insists on bags and hats matching exactly) and Ty is just about exhausted trying to live up to Mamoulian's idea of how things should be done. But I did bump into him on the lot day before yesterday and he wanted to know all about you.

It's not news to you how we all pass letters around. Any letter any of us gets goes all over town in no time at all. Willie (*Nigel Bruce*), Morton (*Lowry*) and I spent all of our time on "Hudson's Bay Company" passing letters back and forth.

Larry (*Olivier*) and Vivien (*Leigh*) came by the house Sunday on their way to make tests for "Lady Hamilton" and she wore the widest wedding band you've ever seen. Oh, and I must tell you the trick Paulette (*Goddard*) played on them. Seems that the studio built them the fanciest bungalow for dressing-rooms that you ever saw, and planned a christening event with a big supper, inviting the cast and their friends. Well, Paulette spotted the bungalow just as she was leaving the lot, crawled in through a back window, ordered caterers to serve supper and invited the workmen on the lot to a pre-christening! When Larry and Vivien arrived, there sat the electricians, carpenters and laborers on all that fancy furniture, eating chicken and salad and hot rolls!

Muni gave a party on our set yesterday—all fancy, with a bar and every sort of delicious dish. Bella (*Muni*) was there, in addition to the cast and crew. She's going to the hospital soon for an operation.

Had a long letter from Aunt Sybil yesterday, but all she talked about was her vegetable garden. I can't understand the casualness of letters from home. It was a great shock to me that mother was interested in fashions. And it hadn't occurred to me until I received her letter that Hollywood was looked up to as a style center. But tell her I posed for some pictures in "authentic California fashions" yesterday, which I'm sending along by Clipper.

Remember how worried you were about my wardrobe for "H. B. C."? You thought the gowns were cut too low. Well, so did the Hays office. You'll be glad to know all my "stills" were killed.

Got a love of a new hat the other day —a regular halo of multicolored feathers. I wish you were here to help me select gloves to go with it. It's getting cold here, so I bought a new beaver coat, too.

Everybody in Hollywood seems to think Dave (*Niven*) is married. Somehow I don't seem to be able to convince them the story was only a gag.

It won't be long now until you see Pat (*Knowles*) again. He's about to complete his training course and will be flying a ship across in a few weeks.

Take care of yourself, my darling.

GINNY.

CONFESSIONS OF A CAMPUS CUTIE

(*Continued from page 58*)

a Broadway musical and offered her a part in it. The show was called "Du Barry Was a Lady." She ran away with it. Those legs could run away with anything! Say, by the way, Betty—how about those legs?

"How about 'em?"

Well, they're swell; but seems like somewhere or other we picked up some gossip about 'em, something or other about Grable wasn't very happy with all that leg talk, wanted to be known as an actress; was terribly tired of being just the gal with the gams, the Sheba with the shafts.

"Look." Betty is a very direct girl. When she says this she looks right square at you. Very disconcerting. "The guy who started that business was a very smart publicity man at Paramount. He did me a lot of good. I'm very grateful to him. But naturally, enough is enough. I figure the gag is played out, and it's time to begin selling myself as myself."

So it's true. The great actress complex!

"Nuts. I'm not Bette Davis; I know that. I'm just Betty Grable. That's the way I want to be sold. I don't want to be Cutie Pie. I don't want to parade around in shorts all my life.

"I want to sing and dance; I want to act. But the main thing I want to do is keep moving. In show business that's the main thing." She paused and looked thoughtful. "There's bound to come a day, of course, when the public gets tired of you, but when it comes I will be ready for it."

Ready for it? Ready how?

A laugh, a clear, sure laugh.

"Have you ever heard tell of a bank book? I've got one. A nice, fat, juicy one."

A little wrinkle now, on those brows that wrinkle so seldom. A little earnestness on those lips that pout so easily.

"What does a girl expect out of life? I've got a car, a home, some clothes.

What more do I need? Some girls go in for expensive furs and diamonds. None of that means anything to me.

"Most of my money gets socked away, put in the bank, and when that certain day rolls around, it just won't catch me short, that's all."

In the meantime, however, Betty Grable is the hottest thing in town. She's under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, and the studio hasn't been so excited about a newcomer in many years.

A newcomer! That's a laugh. But Betty can afford a laugh—if she gets time. She just finished "Down Argentine Way." Before she could change her costume she was working in "Tin Pan Alley." The scripts of her next two pictures are ready and set to go.

Some fun.

But it *is* fun! Maybe it's fun because it's a merry-go-round, because it's her little-girl dream come true. For a dozen years she's dreamed of being a star. Now she is.

Her mother's been a big help, of course.

"She's not one of those movie mothers—you know what I mean. She doesn't get in people's hair. If she goes out to the studio to watch me work, she sits in a corner and looks on. Maybe she knits. She doesn't try to tell the directors what her darling daughter ought to do."

"How about night life?"

"Well, when I'm not working in a picture I go out, of course. I see a lot of movies. I go to shows if there are any in town. Sometimes I go to night clubs—not an awful lot. I like to dance but, well, smoke gets in my eyes."

Mostly her idea of fun is—surprise! surprise!—reading. When she's working, she reads an hour or two every night—can't fall asleep unless she does. When she's on lay-off, of course, she reads even more. All kinds of books—history and biography. It's her way of getting an education. She's interested in people, but she's found out it's more fun to read about them.

That laugh, again. Clear, hearty.

"You meet a much better grade of people in books, you know!"

Boy friends?

No one special. Not just now. She just hasn't met Mr. Right.

She doesn't like to talk about her marriage to Jackie Coogan. Just says, "Maybe we were both too young."

Some day, of course, she hopes to settle down. Some day she'd like to have a husband, a baby; but there's no rush about it.

There are two things that will keep her from rushing it. First, of course, she wants to cash in on her career right now. Success has been a long time coming and it makes good sense to let it pay off.

Also, she wants to be absolutely sure the next time she marries that there isn't going to be any mistake about it. She wants to be right. This is a sort of an obsession of hers, by the way—trying to be right.

"I don't want to kid myself next time. I'm going to face the facts."

Yes, it's true. Take one look at those clear, blue eyes. Note the set of those lips. Look at the tilt of that chin. Betty is a gal who will always know the score.

YULETIDE DELIGHTS

(*Continued from page 15*)

FOUR FOLD FUDGE

CHOCOLATE:

2 cups granulated sugar
⅔ cup milk
2 tablespoons white karo
2 squares chocolate, cut into small pieces, or ⅓ cup cocoa
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, milk and karo in saucepan. Add chocolate, or cocoa. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly. When chocolate has melted and mixture boils, cover saucepan and boil mixture gently for 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a soft ball is formed when a small amount is put in cold water (236°F. on candy thermometer). Add salt and butter and let cool until lukewarm (110°F.). Add vanilla and beat with a wooden spoon until fudge loses its gloss and becomes thick enough to hold its shape. Turn into slightly buttered pans to make a layer approximately ¾ inch in thickness. When cold cut into squares. Makes 1¼ pounds. Also try with chopped Brazil nuts.

MAPLE NUT:

Follow recipe for Chocolate Fudge, with these changes: (1) Omit chocolate or cocoa. (2) Use 2 cups light brown sugar instead of the white sugar. (3) Use ⅓ cup cream (or evaporated milk) and ⅓ cup water for the milk. (4) Cook the fudge to 238°F. (5) Use 1 teaspoon maple flavoring instead of the vanilla. (6) Add ½ cup chopped pecans to fudge just before pouring it into pans, mark off into squares and press a pecan half into each square while candy is still warm. Cut when cold.

COCOANUT FUDGE:

Follow recipe for Chocolate Fudge with these changes. (1) Omit chocolate or cocoa. (2) Use ⅓ cup cream and ⅓ cup milk for the ⅔ cup milk. (3) Cook the candy to 240°F. (4) Stir in 1 cup shredded cocoanut just before turning into pan; or drop mixture from a teaspoon onto heavy waxed paper.

MARSHMALLOW FUDGE:

Follow recipe for Chocolate Fudge. While fudge is cooking cut ¼ pound marshmallows into small pieces with wet scissors. Pour a thin layer of the fudge into buttered pan. Press cut marshmallows into this, then top with remaining fudge. When cold cut into squares.

MARSHMALLOW SNOW MAN

For each Snowman use 5 marshmallows. Place two flat on the table, side by side for snowman's "feet". Put another marshmallow on top of these, standing up on edge, flat side towards you for the body, and still another on top of this one, in the same way and facing in the same direction, for the head. Fasten these together with dampened toothpicks. Cut remaining marshmallow in half, fasten onto body at either side with dampened toothpicks to form arms. Make features and buttons with dampened cloves or specks of bright-colored gumdrops.



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PAGING DENNIS MORGAN

(*Continued from page 35*)

'Well, now I've had my fun. Now I've got to get myself a job.' That was 1931—the year the bottom fell out of the lumber business. I knew Dad had been hard hit, but I thought maybe I could connect with some big firm in Milwaukee as a buyer of raw lumber which I knew something about. I went to every company in Milwaukee, and I had no luck.

"I had to find work of some kind. So I went down to a radio station, where they knew me from a few contests I'd been in, and asked if they could use a singer. They took me on as vocalist on a commercial program. Then one day they asked me if I could announce. So I became an announcer as well as a singer. I was doing everything after a while from dramatic programs to sports broadcasts. And I was doing all right financially. I even paid off some of the family taxes.

"But the job began to get tiresome. I couldn't see it leading anywhere, and the sports broadcasts weren't doing my voice any good. I was beginning to have a little respect for my voice and had not only enrolled in the Wisconsin Conservatory but was studying with a couple of private teachers on the side. Finally I quit the radio job. With all the over-confidence in the world, I disregarded the fact that I was practically broke and headed for Chicago.

"In my innocence I expected Chicago to be so full of opportunities that I could take my pick. I got educated in a hurry. I was just about six inches from the breadline before I talked myself into a job—singing at the State Theatre.

"They got me dirt-cheap, but audiences didn't know it and other theatre managers didn't know it, because my name went up in lights. Pretty soon I was able to afford to enroll in the American Conservatory. I was convinced that opera was my future. I had big ideas, big ambitions."

Dennis was smart enough to realize that most theatre singers were a dime-a-dozen because they didn't give audiences an earful of singing; only an earful of current song hits. He sold himself as somebody who would give them both He'd sing semi-classical versions of popular songs.

"IN 1933," he continues, "the Palmer House opened its new Empire Room, the last word in swank, and I was hired as soloist. I stayed thirty-seven weeks, then came back for a return engagement, at a big boost in salary. I thought I had the world on a string and got married on the strength of that salary boost.

"The Empire Room had a clientele that could take concert singing. I didn't have to stick to symphonic jazz, as far as they were concerned. I could give out with some of my Conservatory repertoire And don't think I didn't."

Don't think, either, that his reputation as a worth-while singer didn't start spreading. He'd been making some concert recordings for some small radio stations, on the side. Now, suddenly, he got an offer to sing on a coast-to-coast hook-up, soloist with an all-string orchestra. People outside Chicago, people all over the country began to be conscious of the singing voice of Stanley Morner.

Then the University of Chicago asked him to guest-star in its presentation of the Handel opera, "Xerxes," never sung in English before in America. Mary Garden, the patron saint of Chicago opera, heard him in it and asked him to audition for her.

"I sang three arias for her and she asked me to do "Carmen" with her. She knew someone who was willing to back a production. So I learned the entire opera in two weeks; worked my fool head off. Then the backer decided to back out.

"It began to look as if I couldn't go any farther in Chicago so I went to New York. A well-known art patron wanted to send me to Europe—'to study for the Metropolitan.' That sounded pretty good for a day or two. But I decided that I didn't want to go to Europe until I could pay my own way.

"Somebody else wanted me to do a Broadway operetta. I waited around two months for the operetta to materialize—which it never did. Then Mary Garden arrived in New York, sold on the idea that I should have a singing career in the movies. The thought of reaching millions of people, all over the world, with my voice was pretty exciting stuff. She introduced me to the right people at M-G-M, I made a movie singing test and they gave me a handsome contract. Then I came to Hollywood where I sat around for two years without a damned thing to do except study voice. I'll never get over that."

He still gets steamed up when he thinks about it.

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"I can't tell you what those two years did to me. How would you like to have two years taken out of your life, when you're young and ambitious and eager to accomplish something? I don't know why they kept paying me without using me. All I know is that every week I got a pay-check and the words 'We aren't ready to use you yet.' I felt myself going crazy, asking myself: 'Why? *Why?*'

"That's the greatest crime of Hollywood: signing young people who show talent, then never using that talent. And there's no recourse as long as they pay you.

"I kept pleading for something to do—anything. I didn't insist on being a singer. I said I was willing to do straight acting. Just so that I could get back a little of that feeling of accomplishing something. They gave me a couple of bits. At the end of two years they called me and said they wanted to take up my option—and promised me big things. The next day I received a script that had four lines for me to say. I told them what they could do with their contract, and they were nice enough to release me.

"I made one desperate effort to make Hollywood conscious of why I had been given a movie contract: namely, because I was a singer. I appeared in a Los Angeles presentation of 'The Student Prince' which was a big success. Except that nobody gave me a chance to sing on the screen because of it.

"After I left M-G-M I was going to New York, but I had offers to stay. Paramount treated me so well, I signed there. They changed my name to Richard Stanley. I stayed six months during which I played two bits in two gangster pictures. I decided to give up all hope of ever getting anywhere in Hollywood.

I WAS rehearsing to go East on a concert tour with a pianist friend of mine when Bill Pierce, of Producer Charles Rogers' office, dropped in and heard me singing. He told Rogers, and Rogers tried to make Paramount listen, but Paramount was disinterested. So he told Jack Warner about me. Warner called me in that same afternoon. I was leaving Hollywood the next night. Warner said, 'We'll make a test of you tomorrow morning.' So I made my test, with a bad cold, and left. 'Please don't wire me an offer,' I said, 'unless you have something definite for me to do—either singing or non-singing.'

"I went to Milwaukee for a week of personal appearances, then on to Detroit where I got a wire from Warner: 'Report next Monday. Picture starts Tuesday.' I came back. That was two years ago. And"—he grins cheerfully—"I've been busy ever since."

He has done nine pictures in two years, been everything from a tough dock worker to a Philadelphia gentleman.

Considering the fact that he set out to be a singer, how does he explain his acting ability? "I guess you can blame that dramatics course in college and some stock things I did back in the Middle West. But I still have to work to say lines the way actors say them instead of sounding like a singer talking. That's difficult for a singer to do."

How does he feel about the fact that Warners, who have otherwise appreciated him, still haven't let him sing on the screen—except in a few scattered scenes? He says, good-naturedly, "I don't care. If I don't sing on the screen I'll sing at home."

Home is a modest rented house in the San Fernando Valley, whose two most important rooms are a music room and a nursery. In the nursery you'll find a six-year-old boy, Stanley, and a three-year-old girl, Kristen.

When he's working on a picture he goes home and listens to recordings of Tschaikovsky's 4th, 5th or 6th Symphony, Beethoven's 9th Symphony or any song that John Charles Thomas has ever recorded. "Then I'm relaxed." Between pictures, he relaxes athletically playing golf and tennis or hunting in the mountains. His friends are a mixture of musicians and athletes.

He always makes a point of seeing the rushes of his previous day's work—a practice that many directors discourage on the grounds that they don't want players worrying about their performances. Dennis says, "You *should* worry about your performances. That's the great thing about the movies: you can see yourself as others see you—and try to do something about it."

It's certainly refreshing to meet a successful star who's so unassuming—so honest with himself. No, Dennis Morgan isn't forgetting all those lean years. They're still much too close for comfort!

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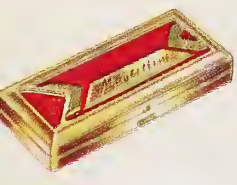
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★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

★ ★ ★ ★

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She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

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She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

★ ★ ★ ★

They were all Handsome. The 3H's

★ ★ ★ ★

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

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They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Filadelphia. The 3F's

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Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

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We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.



Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

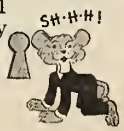
Now there are many plus values—think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

For example—in fact, for six examples—Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

★ ★ ★ ★

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents—



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"The Philadelphia Story"

—Leo

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Cover Girl: *Vivien Leigh, natural color photograph by Coburn*

PEARL H. FINLEY, *Editor* - **SYLVIA KAHN,** *Hollywood Reporter*

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Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing redhead  who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind  of goddess. *(Imagine!)* . . . And she was all set to marry a truly stuffy guy  . . . when her ex-husband showed up. Now *he* was a regular fellow  with many human frailties such as  and  and you-know-what. This time he brought with him a handsome reporter with  candid camera and candid girl friend by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his Scandal sheet. 

So-o-o-o things got hotly mixed up. There was a midnight bathing party for two  . . . and a fight  . . . and a wedding  . . . and how it all comes out makes THE PHILADELPHIA STORY the funniest film in years . . . which should cause you to roll in the aisles with laughter 

Cary **GRANT**

Katharine **HEPBURN**

James **STEWART**

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with **RUTH HUSSEY**

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • *Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ*

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

There's more about "PHILADELPHIA STORY" in the Lion's Roar Column on page 4

INFORMATION DESK



OUR MAILMAN'S A BUSY CHAP, AND WE WANT TO KEEP HIM THAT WAY! WRITE US AND WE'LL ANSWER!



Gloria Brandriff, St. Louis, Mo. Get out your little black book—here's your date data! Bob Hope and Dolores Read were married Dec. 25, 1934. Their adopted daughter is sixteen months old. You may be interested to learn that she's recently acquired an adopted six-month-old brother Tony. Annabella was born July 14, 1912. George Brent came into the world on March 15, 1904, and Laraine Day first saw light Oct. 13, 1919. Irene Dunne's birthdate was July 14, 1904. Richard Greene was born on Aug. 24, 1914, and Virginia Field on Nov. 4, 1917. Janet Gaynor's and Adrian's son is about six months old now and the best-dressed baby in Hollywood!

Margie Neumann, New York, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Lundigan were blessed with baby William on June 12, 1914, in Syracuse, N. Y. He has grown to the sizable proportions of six feet two inches in height and 170 pounds in weight and has blue eyes and light brown hair. After high school and Syracuse University, he took a job as local radio announcer in his home town. His voice attracted the attention of a screen executive who interviewed him and believed he had spotted something a little extra in Hollywood hero material. Later events proved his judgment 100% correct, and today Lundigan's really on his way up. He's unmarried, but currently in the toils of lovely Margaret Lindsay. During his spare time he reads and tries his hand at radio playlets.



Martha Jones, Atlanta, Ga. Louis Hayward's playing opposite Joan Bennett in "The Son of Monte Cristo." Since his entry into the world thirty-one years ago, he's grown to a height of five feet ten and a half inches, created a successful six-year picture career and married twenty-four-year-old Ida Lupino. They are both athletic and thrive on a steady diet of tennis and golf. No, he's never been married before. Louis, who has dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, scored a hit in "The Duke of West Point," which was released Dec. 29, 1938. In this picture he played the leading role opposite Joan Fontaine.

Sharon Cameron, Chicago, Ill. You know a good thing when you see it! Dennis Morgan was the gorgeous man who played Thomas McCabe in "Tear Gas Squad" and who, incidentally, is rapidly headed toward stardom in "Kitty Foyle." Born Stanley Morner in Prentice, Wis., he was educated at Carroll College and gained fame singing in opera and over NBC nation-wide hookups. In 1936 he entered movies and he's likely to stay there at the rate he's going now! Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal., are distributing autographed pictures of him for a mere 25c.

Cherie LaCroix, Tampa, Fla. Your inquiry about the person who took the part of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Minister of Propaganda in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," led us into very interesting channels. It seems that the studio prefers to leave him unidentified! If he plays the role *that* convincingly, he must be a pretty swell actor.



Mrs. T. F. McCaffrey, Kingston, Pa. Any song Deanna Durbin sings in her pictures is literally "made" right then and there! In "Mad About Music" she wowed 'em with "A Serenade to the Stars," "Chapel Bells" and "I Love to Whistle," and in "That Certain Age," brought fame and fortune to the composers of "My Own," "Be a Good Scout," "You're As Pretty. As a Picture" and "That Certain Age." You'll remember "It's Raining Sunbeams" in "100 Men and a Girl" and "Someone to Care for Me" and "My Heart is Singing" in "Three Smart Girls." Her next film is "Nice Girl."

Eunice Millen, Southern Pines, N. C. Lionel Barrymore was really crippled with arthritis for several months, that's why he always played those wheel-chair parts in the "Dr. Kildare" series. Good news is that he's recovering and will be able to walk around soon. . . . None of the Andrews sisters, playing in "Argentine Nights," are twins. Patty, LaVerne and Maxine are their names.



A Lew Ayres Fan, Albany, N. Y. Born in Minneapolis in 1908, Lew Ayres was bitten by the "movie bug" in the second grade. After high school he went to the University of Arizona where he centered all his interest on his banjo and guitar in the college orchestra. Hollywood was still his goal, so when part of the band decided to drift West, he was eager to go along. The Coast didn't offer all the glory he'd expected, but he managed to keep himself going and hung around the studios between orchestra engagements. The breaks were slow in coming, but he finally made the grade after a wowing success with Garbo in "The Kiss." At the height of his career he satisfied his yen to direct and almost disappeared from sight as a result of his failure in that venture. Recently, however, the Dr. Kildare films have pushed him back to the top again, and he's going to confine himself to acting for a while! He's very casual about the women at this point and doesn't seem to be attracted to any particular one.

NOTE: ***If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.***

"This is the most exciting story I know!"

says Newspaperdom's ace story-teller
MARK HELLINGER

HIGH SIERRA

by
W. R. BURNETT
Author of 'Little Caesar'



THEY call him 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good. Yet his dreams are every man's dreams: a fireside on a friendly farm, and the arms of the woman he loves . . . Then there's Marie, deep down just another woman with a hungry heart—but to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion . . . ¶ Now her man is trapped alone, still fearless and defiant, on the highest peak of the terrifying High Sierras. He hasn't bowed to any law on earth. He's trapped only because Man can climb no higher . . . Is this the end for the most dangerous criminal since Dillinger—or is it only the beginning? *It's all blazingly told in the new film success, 'High Sierra', hailed far and wide as 'the peak of screen excitement'!..*

'HIGH SIERRA' is the sensational new success produced by *WARNER BROS.*... For both their brilliant performances it skyrockets to the topmost star ranks

IDA LUPINO

The star whose startling performance in *'They Drive by Night'* made her an overnight sensation! Here's the big role she earned!

HUMPHREY BOGART

No characterization within memory has packed the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!

RAOUL WALSH,
DIRECTOR

Of all his screen successes, from *What Price Glory'* to *'They Drive by Night'*, this film stands supreme!

MARK HELLINGER'S high tribute to 'High Sierra' is a rare one, and mighty well-deserved!

with ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE • HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS
Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

On the Set With...

"THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"

PARAMOUNT TROUPE CUTS CAPERS HIGH ATOP SAN FERNANDO PEAKS!



Leader of the monkeyshiners, John Wayne, narrowly escapes an unexpected shiner!



It's six o'clock in the morning and Henry Hathaway and John Wayne are up and about shoveling away snow from a "location."



Here's Carey—"The Shepherd of the Hills—" with his two cronies, Virita Campbell and Lucky, the director's non-professional pup.



Cast and crew teeter on a mountain top following a long timeout. The terrific altitude was too much for delicate constitutions!



Director Hathaway ribs U. of S. Cal. former gridiron stars Templeton, Wayne and Gibbs on their alma mater's terrific shellacking.

NEWS!

Carole Returns To Comedy; Makes First Laugh Show In Three Years!



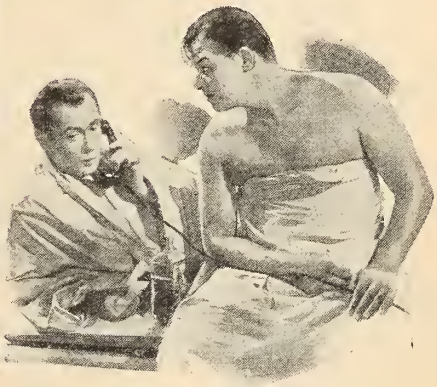
NEWS!

Bob And Carole Are Co-Sparring For The First Time In Screen History



NEWS!

'Foreign Correspondent' Hitchcock Puts Over Another Terrific Scoop!



AND IT ALL HAPPENS IN ONE GREAT HIT—THE STORY OF A BRIDE WHO COULDN'T STAY MAD...

Carole Lombard
Rob't Montgomery

Mr. & Mrs. Smith

Directed By

Alfred Hitchcock

With Gene Raymond

Jack Carson · Philip Merivale · Lucile Watson

Story and Screen Play by Norman Krasna

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer

By Katharine Best

The Scandinavian Charmer



Garbo isn't the only Swedish siren nowadays! Not with Ingrid Bergman on these shores!

The fact that Ingrid Bergman has been awarded so tasty a screen prize as the role of the governess in "Legacy" means that within just a few months a great many things must have happened.

They began happening in a projection room in New York City in the Spring of 1938. Katharine Brown, Selznick's story editor, was watching the screening of "Intermezzo," a Swedish film starring Josepha Ekman, Inga Tidblad and Ingrid Bergman. Miss Brown was not unduly concerned with the story, nor with the histrionic talents of Mr. Ekman and Miss Tidblad. But this Ingrid Bergman —*she* was captivating.

Miss Brown's estimation of the Swedish star's gifts was immediately transmitted via long distance to Mr. Selznick in Hollywood, at about one dollar per glowing word. Mr. Selznick was interested and asked that a print of "Intermezzo" be shipped immediately to the West Coast.

In a few days Miss Brown received an order from her boss to buy the American rights to the film—but the film only, no Bergman. Miss Brown set about doing this with her customary alacrity, but to her it was like buying an automobile without an engine.

A less determined soul might have let the matter drop there, but when Miss Brown went on one of her regular scouting trips in England for David Selznick, she couldn't resist the opportunity of calling Stockholm and talking to this Ingrid Bergman. Perhaps the young actress could not speak English, which lack would make her useless as a Hollywood player. Perhaps she would not want to leave her native Sweden. Perhaps a lot of things. However, Miss Brown put through her call. There was a long wait, and then a man's voice boomed, "I'm sorry, but Miss Bergman cannot speak to you. She is very busy, right now."

Miss Brown returned to New York with little hope of ever seeing Ingrid Bergman on an American screen. However, a terse order from Mr. Selznick to return to Europe immediately and sign up the young Swedish star rekindled her enthusiasm.

A week later she was in Stockholm, where she was introduced for the first time to Ingrid Bergman, whose name in private life is Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. "On the screen she had looked rather like a femme fatale," recalls Miss Brown, "so you can imagine my amazement when this youngster, looking not more than sixteen, with apple-red cheeks, walked into the room. I thought I had made a mistake, that I was negotiating with the wrong actress."

"I am so sorry I was unable to speak with you that day on the telephone," Ingrid said quietly. "I was very busy. I was having my baby."

Katharine Brown learned that in Sweden Ingrid Bergman's professional reputation corresponded approximately to that of Bette Davis over here. Miss Bergman had been a film star for many years. She spoke, besides Swedish and an excellent English, fluent French and German. She had been a student for eleven years at the Stockholm Lyceum for Flickor, a smart school for young girls specializing in languages which, by the way, has nothing to do with "the flickers."

She also learned that Ingrid Bergman had, at the age of fifteen, written, produced, directed and even acted









in a juvenile playlet that had brought her to the attention of the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm. It was there that she was discovered by Svensk Filmindustri, Sweden's leading producing outfit, for an important part in a film called "Munkbrogreven." During the next five years she appeared in eleven pictures, and starred in the last three.

Her decision to leave an assured career as Sweden's leading actress was a daring one. The mere thought of Hollywood terrified her, but two things made her think that *perhaps* her decision was a wise one. First, she was familiar with the part she was to play in "Intermezzo," and second, she knew that a role in a picture starring Leslie Howard and co-produced by him was an exceptional opportunity. "Mr. Howard does not make bad films," is the way she puts it.

Ingrid Bergman's arrival on these shores in the early summer of 1939 was like that of any ordinary European visitor who steps off the gangplank for the first time. She was besieged by neither reporters nor photographers. She was, in fact, totally unknown and therefore totally unmolested. A fortnight in New York City did not mean lots of giddy night life or interminable press parties, but a continuous round of movies and plays. She did not miss a single matinée or night performance because, as she says, "that's a good way to learn the language."

In Hollywood she stayed with the Selznicks until she could find a small house. For the first three weeks after her arrival she was forced to undergo the rigorous régime of Hollywood prettifying with fittings, makeup, screen tests, rehearsals, speech classes.

Ingrid was given no build-up during the three months that "Intermezzo" was in production. Selznick wisely concluded that the American public likes to do its own discovering, and his new importation was not to be publicized at all. She was to play the part of Anita Hoffman in "Intermezzo, A Love Story"; the picture was to be released; and *then* the public could be advised of her past and her future.

She was industrious and co-operative on the set. Two incidents particularly are remembered by her co-workers with evident relish: The time she suggested to the wardrobe mistress that she, herself, repair a damaged gown; and the naïve fury with which she tore down the "No Visitors" sign on her dressing-room door. "That is a rude thing to say," she explained. After work she was able, unlike other Hollywood personalities, to wander about the town as she pleased. No one knew her by sight, and a foreign accent in Hollywood is as a coal in Newcastle. Her desire to compare the New York Fair with the San Francisco Fair led her on a lone trek to the Golden Gate city where she was so delighted with the sights that she calmly overstayed her leave by one entire shooting day! The Selznick office, of course, was practically hysterical wondering what had happened to her!

At last "Intermezzo, A Love Story" was finished. Ingrid Bergman was invited by William Van Schmus of Radio City Music Hall, to be guest of honor at a preview attended by the Swedish, Danish and Finnish consuls and their staffs. It was a dignified and distinguished gathering, and Miss Bergman had her first taste of fame in America. This was followed almost immediately by the release of the picture in New York. There was some reservation on the part of the critics as to the greatness of the picture. Of Ingrid Bergman there was no reservation at all.

Walter Winchell reported: "New Yorchids. Ingrid Bergman, the Swedenchantress, in "Intermezzo." Oomf'ly good."

The New York Times said: "Miss Bergman's début is one of the most delightful things of the season."

The New York Herald Tribune wrote: "Miss Bergman is the best acting find Hollywood has made in a dog's age."

The New York Post reported: "Not since Geraldine Fitzgerald débuted has anything as nice as Miss Ingrid Bergman happened."

The Daily Mirror said: "She is the finest thing that has come to Hollywood, from anywhere, in many a day."

And Ed Sullivan: "Unknown Ingrid Bergman ran away with the honors."

And Dixie Tighe: "Absolutely tops."

All America evidently agreed with these critics and columnists. Within six months an unknown actress had won the unqualified praise of press and public by a great display of intelligence and emotion on the screen. Off-screen she is a revelation as well. She is vigorous, robust, and responsive. She can sit on the coldest day before an open window without shivering. She is twenty-three years old, five feet nine inches tall, weighs 126 pounds and is vivid rather than pretty. Her complexion has been called "the most perfect," in Hollywood, and it is quite unnecessary for her to use makeup while appearing before the cameras.

Ingrid is quietly thrilled at her "great good luck." She has lost every bit of her fear of the Cinema City. As she puts it, "I like Hollywood. Here, you work hard, but it is fun. No one looks at you if you wear slacks and comfortable clothes. You can say what you please. Yes, I like it here."

Well, stick around, Ingrid, because Hollywood likes you too.

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"I'm just thrilled by new Camay," writes Mrs. J. W. Carlisle, Boston, Mass. "My skin has always seemed rather sensitive, but new Camay is so wonderfully mild that it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. I know women who feel they have sensitive skin will be grateful for new Camay!"

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"I'm telling all my friends about new Camay!" says Mrs. A. L. Valery, New Rochelle, N. Y. "It's so mild and gentle it's just perfect for my skin!"

Everywhere women are turning to this wonderful new Camay to help them in their search for greater loveliness! They're thrilled to find a beauty soap milder than other leading beauty soaps they have known.

We proved Camay's greater mildness by tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find. Proved, too, that Camay gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If like many beautiful women your skin seems sensitive, let regular cleansing with this milder beauty soap help you to loveliness!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Movie Reviews

ARIZONA —This exciting hunk of Americana is well over two hours long, but every moment of it moves with rapid-fire precision. It is the graphic story of the birth of Arizona, brought to life in an imaginative yarn by Clarence Buddington Kelland, a native son, and acted by a big company of players.

All the characters in the film are taken from history books, with the exception of those played by Jean Arthur and William Holden. Jean is cast as a rough, tough gal fighting her way in a rough, tough world.

For purposes of this yarn, Jean bakes pies for a living and dreams of starting her own empire. Eventually she starts a freighting business, falls in love with Bill Holden, a wandering soldier boy, and is almost whipped in the struggle for life by a gang of tough guys who don't like to see a gal amass a fortune. She hangs up her six-shooters, reaches for an apron and knitting needles and settles down to being a good wife.

Young Holden, as the romantic influence, turns in a very neat job and marches steadily upward on the road to screen recognition; the boy has a lot of personality. Warren William is fine as the head bully, but a bit too heavy. It isn't his fault; it's the unrelieved meanness of his lines. The other characters are all good.

Two of the things that make this film stand out are the breathtaking scenery (it was filmed right in Arizona, you know) and the photography. The script and direction are jerky in a few spots, but that is because the lads were trying to cram so much punch and excitement into it. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—*Columbia.*

★ ★ ★ ★



Jean Arthur returns to westerns for the first time in ages to play opposite William Holden in "Arizona"—a rootin', tootin' epic.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE LETTER —W. Somerset Maugham's most dramatic story meets up with Hollywood's most dramatic actress and the result is one of the finest films of the year.

It is the tale of a woman, happily married, as far as the outside world is concerned, but who has been carrying on a clandestine love affair. She kills her lover when he jilts her and almost gets away with it—but one telltale letter, written in a moment of desperation, proves her undoing.

William Wyler, in directing this yarn, has chosen a very lethargic pace and drives you quietly mad with his masterly deliberation. The story holds you, the acting holds you, but you almost want to cry out, "Get on with it, man; what happens next?" And that's not a squawk, but a compliment. Because it means that he has you on the edge of your seat throughout the film.

The story seems almost to have been written with Bette Davis in mind; you can't imagine anyone else acting it. But by no means is it a one-performance film. Herbert Marshall lends quiet distinction to the role of her husband, and James Stephenson, as her lawyer, makes you wonder why you haven't noticed him before. Get ready for some very important work by this gent.

Best among the minor players are Sen Yung, a newcomer with a tremendous amount of talent, and Gale Sondergaard, who has an increasingly annoying (to stars) habit of walking away with strong, very dramatic scenes. Directed by William Wyler.—*Warners.*



James Stephenson, brilliant British newcomer, makes a screen reputation for himself in "The Letter" starring a villainous Bette Davis.

by Wolfe Kaufman



John Payne was the only one who escaped unscathed during the filming of "Tin Pan Alley." Faye lost her voice and Oakie burned a foot.

TIN PAN ALLEY—Here's a picture that has pep, rhythm and laughter, all in copious quantities.

"Tin Pan Alley," which is generally conceded to be 45th Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues in New York, is the famous block where all of America's popular songs have been manufactured for the past thirty years or so. In this block, we meet Jack Oakie and John Payne who are partners in a fly-by-night, three-flights-up "publishing house." The two lads are typical song-writers, ambitious, full of dreams, none too scrupulous. They have a tough struggle but manage to get to the top of the heap with the help of a sister team consisting of Alice Faye and Betty Grable.

The story is spread rather thinly, but pleasantly, and is kept alive by a series of very amusing incidents and a number of good, solid song and dance routines. And by the way, a couple of those oldies may hit the comeback trail.

The casting of the players is well nigh perfect. Jack Oakie has never been better and comes near to walking away with the film. Alice Faye and Betty Grable make an exciting sister team—Alice excelling at the singing, Betty tops at dancing, but both doing a bit of each. John Payne has a new kind of assignment here. He's a dashing, ambitious, fast-talking young man, and chances are that he's at last found a role that'll lead him straight to stardom. There are a number of excellent bit performers, tops among them being Elisha Cook, Jr., the inimitable Billy Gilbert, John Loder and George Watts. Directed by Walter Lang.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ ★ ★ ½



You won't be able to stay in your seat when you watch Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor and Nazimova outwit the Nazis in "Escape."

★ ★ ★ ½

ESCAPE —One of the most poignantly dramatic films of the year is "Escape," gripping and spine-tightening melodrama. Both Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor are excellent and the subject matter is very provocative.

Based on the best seller novel by Ethel Vance, the film sticks very closely to the original, telling the story of an actress who talks too freely in a land where freedom is a thing of the past. She's carted off to a concentration camp to die and her son, Robert Taylor, an American, pulls all sorts of strings to free her. He finally manages to arrange her escape by a series of ingenious moves. But he is obliged to seek the help of Norma, an American living in Germany so long she had almost been blinded by its cruelties until this dramatic incident inserts itself into her life—to act as her escape.

The thing that annoys you just a bit is the delineation of the main characters. You get especially impatient with the character played by Taylor and almost want to wring his neck when he insists on refusing to be patient and discreet. Most of his troubles (and those of his mother, too), are brought about by this insistence on a freedom of speech when such insistence is folly.

As mentioned, both Miss Shearer and Mr. Taylor are top-notch. Not far behind, if at all, is Conrad Veidt in a masterly portrayal of a difficult role, and Phillip Dorn, a handsome newcomer whom you'll be hearing a lot about. Nazimova is an experienced performer, but has only a few scenes. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.—*M-G-M.*

LET DOWN BY MAKE-UP?..JUST

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



INSTEAD of being discouraged and upset in your search for the one lipstick which suits you best...turn to Tangee NATURAL Lipstick. To *look* your *best*... you *must* "Be Yourself, Be Natural."

Tangee NATURAL, used with its matching Rouge and Tangee Face Powder, give complete make-up harmony. Orange in the stick—it changes, when applied, until your own most beautiful lip shade of tempting blush rose is produced.

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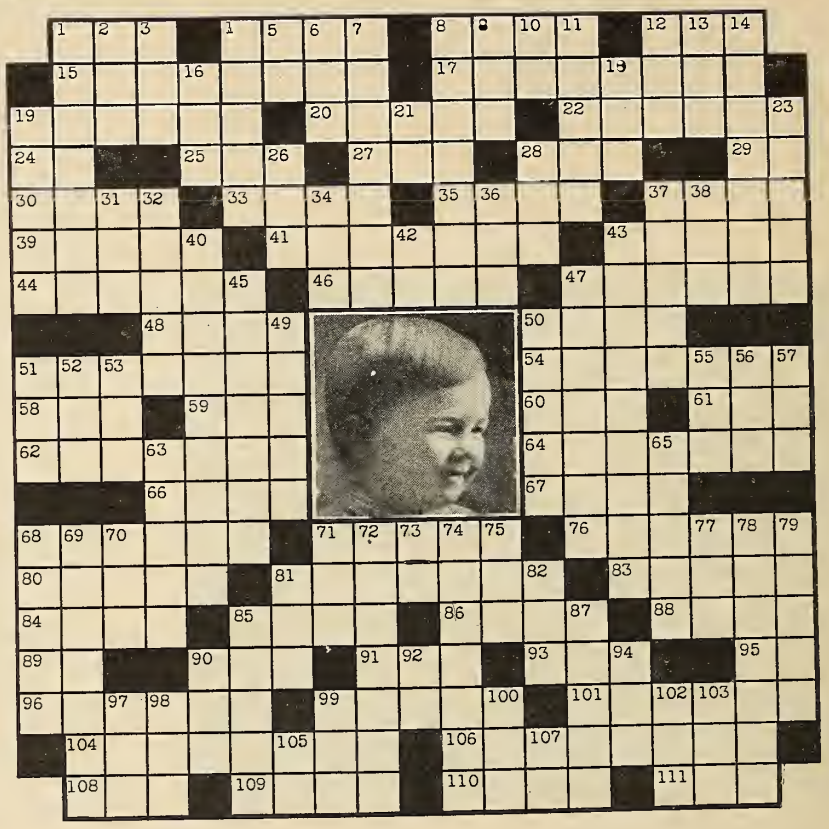
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 71

ACROSS

1. Character actor: --- Rumann
4. Baby's bed
8. Child actress
12. Grain
15. Indian girl in "North West Mounted Police"
17. Femme in "Angels Over Broadway"
19. With Ginger in "Kitty Foyle"
20. An unheralded film preview
22. Last name of 71 Across
24. "T - - Pan Alley"
25. Male lead of "Escape To Glory
27. Pile
28. Wrath
29. "Past - - Hall"
30. Measure of land
33. What Western heroes carry
35. Wife in "Four Mothers"
37. Villain in "I Love You Again"
39. Draws closer
41. She was in "My Favorite Wife"
43. Girl in "I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now"
44. Actor in "Meet John Doe"
46. Maureen's father in "Sporting Blood"
47. Male lead of "High Sierra"
48. What Oliver Hardy doesn't do
50. Universal's Mexican dancer
51. Popular Greek comedian
54. Girl in "Five Little Peppers" series
58. How many Marx in "Go West?": Rom. num.
59. Border
60. Famous director of films
61. Portuguese coin
62. She's grand in "Seven Sinners"
64. Jimmy Cricket's voice in "Pinocchio"
66. Crafts
67. Theatre signs contain this gas
68. Frightens
71. Warner Brothers actor, pictured here
76. Doctrines
80. A landed proprietor: Scot.
81. Youthful screen player
83. Shirley - - - - -
84. Confederate
85. Miserly
86. "The Great O'Ma - - - -"
88. Actor in "My Love Came Back"
89. Italian article
90. Fasten
91. Actor in "A Night At Earl Carroll's"
93. Birthmonth of 71 Across: abbr.
95. Pronoun
96. With Jeanette in "Bitter Sweet"
99. Actor in "You'll Find Out"
101. Entertain
104. State where our star was born
106. Once
108. Joan's role in "Little Women"
109. Dill
110. Visualizes
111. Comic in "Dr. Kildare Goes Home"

DOWN

1. Great actor in "Boom Town"
2. He's in "The Long Voyage Home"
3. Necessary prop in Westerns
4. "The Cisco Kid"
5. Star of "Flight Command": init.
6. "- -'- A Date"
7. Heroine of "The Son of Monte Cristo"
8. "The Great Dictator"
9. Jack - - - ie
10. Railway: abbr.
11. Conscious
12. A spherical body
13. Consumed
14. Hurler
16. Flaring rim
18. Johnson's comedy partner
19. Wife of William Powell
21. "R - - ching For The Sun"
23. Flyer in "I Wanted Wings"
26. Surface
28. Writing fluid
31. Sped
32. Disintegrate
34. Dance step
36. Unit
37. Pertaining to law
38. Mary B - - - nd
40. Glided
42. "B - - ther Rat And a Bahy"
43. Home of motion pictures
45. Checking devices
47. Coated with bread crumbs
49. Domesticates
50. Frequently
51. To endeavor
52. Inlet
53. Isa - - - anda
55. William - - -
56. Married
57. What Joan is to Olivia
63. Boy in "Blondie Plays Cupid"
65. "An - - - - - From Texas"
68. Killed
69. Ace screen villain
70. To feel pain
71. Greek letter
72. Dampest
73. "- -, Kildare's Crisis"
74. Sickness
75. Slippery fish
77. Grand old lady in "Four Mothers"
78. Little ring
79. Comprehend
81. Young Chinese actor
82. Beverage
85. - - - - - Gombell
87. Belgian city
90. Hawaiian dish
92. "The L - - ter"
94. To steep
97. Master of laws: abbr.
98. Cunning
99. Pastry
100. Eggs of fishes
102. Cocktail ingredient
103. Wine chalice
105. "- - Your Toes"
107. Personal pronoun

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

★★★½ The Mark of Zorro

This picture will automatically remind many grey-haired ones of the high point in the film career of the late Douglas Fairbanks. But you don't have to be an old-timer to enjoy it, because for anybody, of any age, this is exciting movie fare.

You will meet a new Tyrone Power here, a better Ty than you expected. He has dash, color, vitality and range. It's not the kind of acting that wins Academy Awards, but it does sell theatre tickets. You fans who have stuck faithfully by Tyrone through a half dozen or so films which were not up to snuff will now be able to puff your chests out and strut your "I told you so."

The story is another version of the Robin Hood saga. Laid in old Spanish-owned California, it tells about young Zorro (Tyrone), son of the Governor. A meanie named Rathbone and his stooge named J. Edward Bromberg push the Guv (Montague Love) aside and take over, meting out very tough treatment to everyone concerned. So young Zorro plays a spineless sissy daytimes and goes ariding by night, masked, with a sharp sword poised. He straightens everything out for a happy ending, which includes a lovely damsel named Linda Darnell.

You've seen the same story before in a dozen different versions, but never as thrillingly told or with as much rapid-fire action. Power's not as acrobatic as Doug used to be, but he keeps moving mighty fast, and he's as handsome all tricked out in his brand new mustache. As for the rest of the cast, they're exactly what you expect when they're at their best. Which is plenty good. Bromberg is perhaps especially effective in his best film chance to date, and Gale Sondergaard, too, rates a special mention in a difficult role.

This, by the way, is one of those cases where the director's hand is always evident—good, clear direction, photography and acting, all neatly blended into a solid entertainment package; not a minute of it drags. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. —*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your chart is as good as lassooed!

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I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

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It's always August underneath your arms!



Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer. Use Mum daily to guard your charm!

OUTDOORS, winter may bluster. But outdoors or indoors, it's always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms.

So don't let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially, are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That's why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you're safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

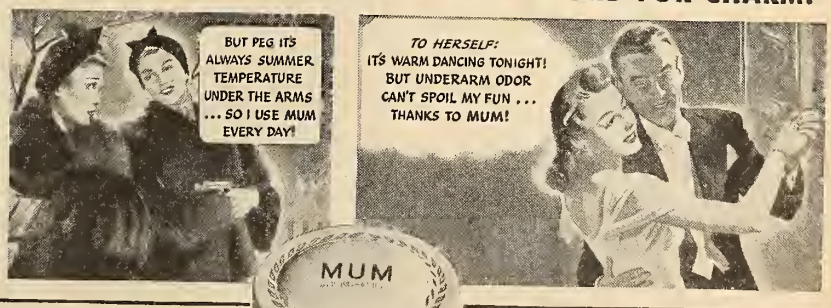
Use Mum daily, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum's effectiveness *lasts*. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

FOR CONVENIENCE! Smooth Mum on in 30 seconds and you're fresh for hours.

FOR SAFETY! Is your skin sensitive? Mum won't irritate even *after* shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

FOR CHARM! You're dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has faded, Mum goes on guarding your charm.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins
Napkins need Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Conquest of Winter



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ALL-WEATHER LOTION

Winter is more fun if you're well fortified against the weather. Neither cold nor wind nor snow will mar the appealing satin-smoothness of your skin if you safeguard it with Elmo All-Weather Lotion. Just a little, used regularly, on your hands, arms and legs will protect against dryness, chapping and roughness.



Make this lilac-scented "satinizer" part of your daily after-bath routine. Elmo All-Weather Lotion is a rich, non-sticky, marvelously soothing emollient.

Elmo

PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO

★★★ Bitter Sweet

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a Noel Coward musical is enough to make you realize that this is an important film. Unfortunately, the story has not stood up against the ravages of time as well as the music which is still the best score Coward ever wrote.

The tale's a pretty little trifle about a struggling young musician (Eddy) and his wife. It is Vienna and being poor does not seem to be important as long as they can sing and dance and dream. Then comes realization of their joint ambition, Eddy's musical is accepted for production, and fame is just around the corner. But remember the title. Bitter Sweet. At the crucial moment there is a café brawl and Eddy is killed defending his wife's honor. She lives to see him immortalized by his music.

Although this story is not very faithful to the original, it is charmingly handled and not too saccharine. Both Nelson and Jeanette are in fine voice throughout the film; the Technicolor is hauntingly beautiful especially in the ivory finale; and "Zigeuner" and "I'll See You Again" will linger with you. You'll probably find yourself humming them for days, in fact.

Ian Hunter and George Sanders are tops among the supporting players but don't have too much to do, which seems a shame, somehow. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ You'll Find Out

Here is fun with a capital F, a picture that makes no sense whatever but is a roar from the first scene on. Kay Kyser for rhythm; Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi for chills and thrills; Helen Parrish and Dennis O'Keefe for romance—and the combination of all for laughs.

Most pictures wound around a band-leader don't bother with story, but this one does; it has a pretty good one, in fact. It seems that Helen Parrish is a rich heiress who hires Kyser and his band to entertain at a party in her ancestral old mansion. There, everything goes wrong. A number of attempts are made at Helen's life, and Kay Kyser discovers what almost anybody in the audience could have told him—that Peter, Boris and Bela are not good friends of the family as Helen foolishly believes.

The writer and director have managed to contrive a series of really exciting and eerie happenings which keep things moving along at a rapid pace, and there are a number of songs and dances flowing quite naturally throughout. It is a very neat combination of chiller and musical formulas, and it should add up to fun for almost any kind of an audience.

You don't need to be told what the various members of the cast do, since you know them all and they are all permitted to be themselves here. It should be noted that band-leader Kyser is developing quite a pleasant filmic comedy sense. And Ginny Simms, his specialty songstress, not only warbles pleasantly, but is mighty good to look at. "I've Got A One Track Mind" is the best song. Directed by David Butler.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Lady With Red Hair

"Lady With Red Hair" is the screen biography of a famous actress, Mrs. Leslie Carter, interwoven with a film yarn about David Belasco. The combination makes for plenty okay entertainment.

Miriam Hopkins does a thorough and competent job in her role. But that she is no Mrs. Carter shows up all too clearly when she tries to reproduce that red-haired lady's famous on-stage emoting. Claude Rains as Belasco is tops from the word go. He's always been a good actor, and this is his best role by far.

How accurate the story is does not matter. It tells very simply and movingly



Ann Sothern not only goes glamorous in a great big way but also appears headless in parts of "Maisie Was a Lady," her new film—co-starring Lew Ayres.

the career of an ambitious actress and her fight to win fame and happiness. It is a woman's story frequently stirring, although occasionally in need of more suspense.

Richard Ainley, newcomer from London, will have to do better than he does in this picture before he will make hearts tingle in this country. Laura Hope Crews and Helen Westley handle comedy characterizations intelligently. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ Little Nellie Kelly

Judy Garland grows up—which is the big news about this one. "Little Nellie Kelly" is not the sort of picture that you are likely to write letters home about, but it's good, clean fun. In film circles, it is what is known as "a family picture," meaning okay for the entire family, especially mom and pop. And in this classification it is tops.

The story is taken from an old George M. Cohan play which was better in its day. Judy plays a double role. First we see her as an Irish lass being courted by George Murphy; she's a rather quiet, somber young woman inclined not to smile too often. They marry, come to America, and she dies in childbirth in a deathbed scene in which there's really fine acting. Then there's a time lapse and Judy appears again as the daughter, fully grown, happy, carefree, almost giddy. Douglas McPhail is her boyfriend now, Murphy her pop and Charlie Winninger his pop. It's pretty much hearts and flowers with a lot of brogue thrown around, but it holds up throughout because of Judy's splendid work.

There's a bit of disappointment in Murphy's assignment here; it's almost a straight dramatic role, and he gets very little chance to be the splendid song and dance man that he is. McPhail hasn't much to do, but Winninger is a sock in a straight comedy assignment. There are a number of swell, old-timey songs strewn through the picture, including "Nelly Kelly, I Love You" and "Danny Boy." Directed by Norman Taurog.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

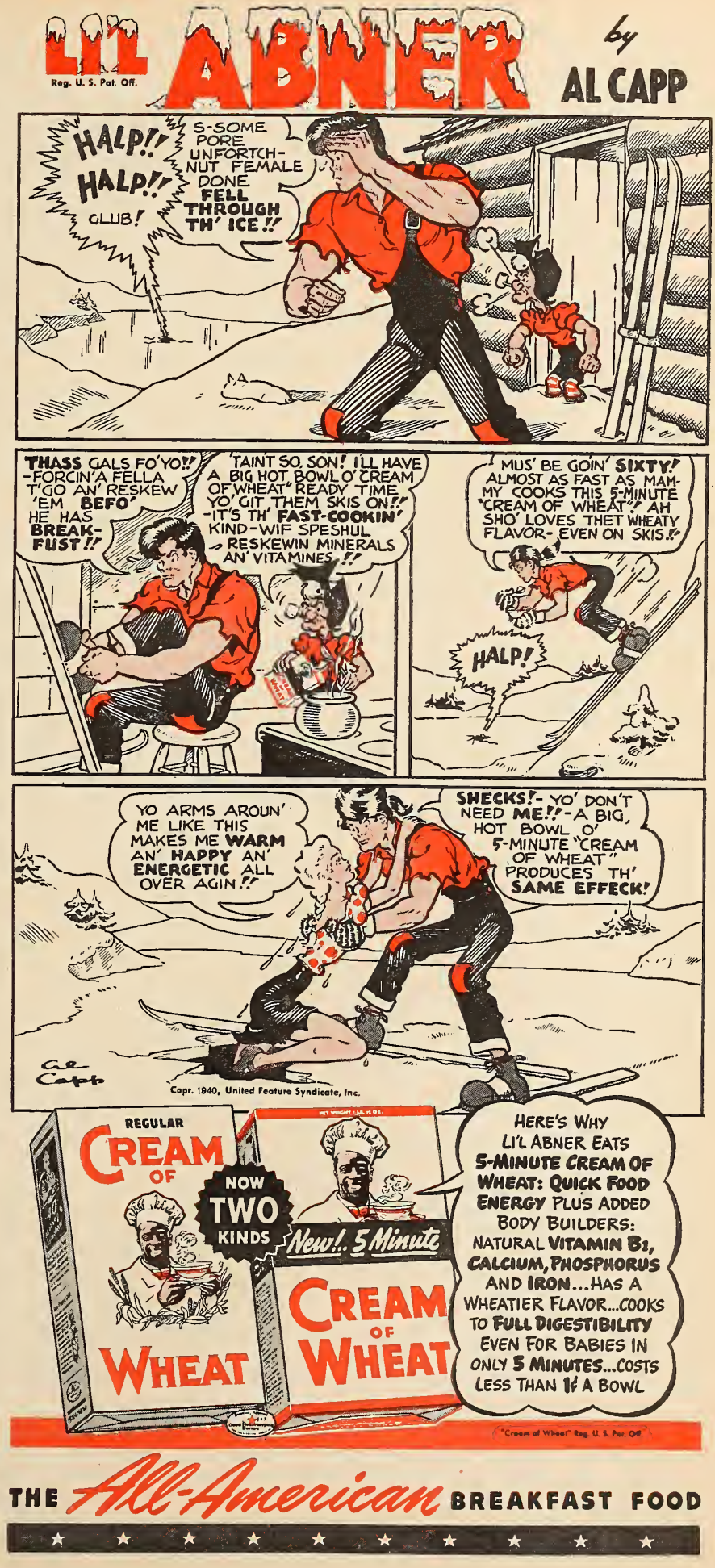
★★½ Gallant Sons

"Gallant Sons" is a whodunit with the cast made up almost entirely of youngsters. Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville and Gene Reynolds are the stars, and they keep things moving pretty pleasantly most of the way. It's no world-beater, but it will afford you some fun if you sit back and relax.

It seems that Gene Reynolds is the son of Ian Hunter, a professional gambler, and Jackie Cooper is the son of Minor Watson, a newspaper man. Cooper's dad is instrumental in getting Reynolds' dad sent to jail on a murder rap. The kids are fast friends, however, so they gather up a bunch of their schoolmates, investigate the murder, prove that Ian Hunter is innocent and that another guy actually did the killing.

The way in which the youngsters handle their detecting is ingeniously worked out, although a few of the deductive steps are a bit too obvious and some of the action is rather slow.

The romantic interest is supplied by Bonita Granville, Jackie Cooper's girl friend and daughter of Gail Patrick. Hunter's so good, he seems wasted in a bit part like this. Leo Gorcey, June Preisser, Tommy Kelly and William Tracy are certainly best among the youngsters in supporting roles. Directed by George B. Seitz.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



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. . . *in a role unlike any he's ever had!*

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LAIRD CREGAR • JOHN SUTTON • VIRGINIA FIELD
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with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
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Paramount's Glamorous New Star Discovery
VERONICA LAKE

SHOOTING FOR THE STARS

By William Roberts

They make fat stars thin and old stars young! Who? Those magnificent Merlins of Movietown — the unsung cameramen

These fellows are pretty tough, believe me. They're banded together in a secret organization called the ASC, and it's not that they try to be secret but just that no one knows much about them outside of Hollywood. Movie stars dread them and, privately, call them super-assassins.

The leaders of the ASC have committed many drastic deeds. They have literally taken flesh off Myrna Loy's legs. They have flattened Brenda Marshall's nose. They have removed pieces of Madeleine Carroll's cheeks. They've reduced Priscilla Lane's mouth, narrowed Zorina's forehead and changed Vivien Leigh's blue eyes to pure green. And for committing these atrocities they have been paid as much as $1,500 per week.

However, if truth will out, the secret organization referred to is actually a staid labor union, the American Society of Cinematographers. The members, merchants of mayhem, are the very expert and very well-paid cameramen of Movieland who, with thick ground glass and well-placed kliegs, have made ordinary faces beautiful and have converted terrible defects into gorgeous assets.

If any one class of worker in Hollywood does not get credit where credit is due, if any one class of laborer is hidden behind the star-bright glare of publicity, obscure, unsung, unknown—it is the cinema cameraman.

"It's this way with us," Gregg Toland told me. "They've got us wrong,



Merle Oberon gives Gregg Toland a lot of work. She photographs well only in extremely fluffy clothes.

entirely wrong, everywhere. They think cameramen are low-grade mechanical morons, wearing overalls and stupid grins, existing on starvation wages and merely grinding 35 mm. toys. Well, maybe. Only we don't like that impression. Maybe we are technicians. Nothing wrong with that. But sakes alive, man, tell 'em we're creative artists, too!"

And so, I'm telling you. They're creative artists, too. They're makers and breakers of thespians and pictures. They're the Merlins behind the movies.

Take that fellow Gregg Toland who just had the floor. A lean little man in brown clothes—cultured, brilliant and active. Twenty-one years ago he obtained a job during a summer vacation as an office boy at the old Fox Studios. The film stars on the lot didn't impress him, but the intent cameramen, cranking their black-sheathed boxes, hypnotized him. He decided to skip school and become a photographer. The result? Well, the last I heard, he had prepared for canning such products as "The Grapes of Wrath," "The Long Voyage Home" and "Citizen Kane."

I talked with Toland in the comfortable study of his sprawling Benedict Canyon home. He downed a long beer with a practiced gulp and explained the qualifications and duties of the cameraman.

"A first-rate cameraman must realize," said Toland, "that while some scenes of a film might be shot much, much better, much more artistically, those scenes are worth neither the extra time nor extra cash investment. The cameraman must have a strain of the economist in him, and get speed into his picture without sacrificing quality. After all, time becomes a paramount item when you realize that a single day on a certain picture may run to $22,000 in expenses!

"As photographer on a major movie, my first job is to manage my camera crew. I have a special crew of seven men. All specialists. I take them with me wherever I go. There's an operator and two assistants. There's a grip, a gaffer or electrician, a standby painter and a microphone boy. But that's only the beginning of my job. I must see that there is efficiency. Speed, again. And, with things as they are, I must practice economy by being artistic with one eye on the production budget. These days a cameraman is actually a producer, director, photographer, actor and electrician. The out-and-out old-fashioned photographer who just had to maneuver a camera is as extinct as the dodo bird."

With two decades behind a Hollywood camera, I wondered just which particular feminine face Gregg Toland considered the best he had ever brought into focus.

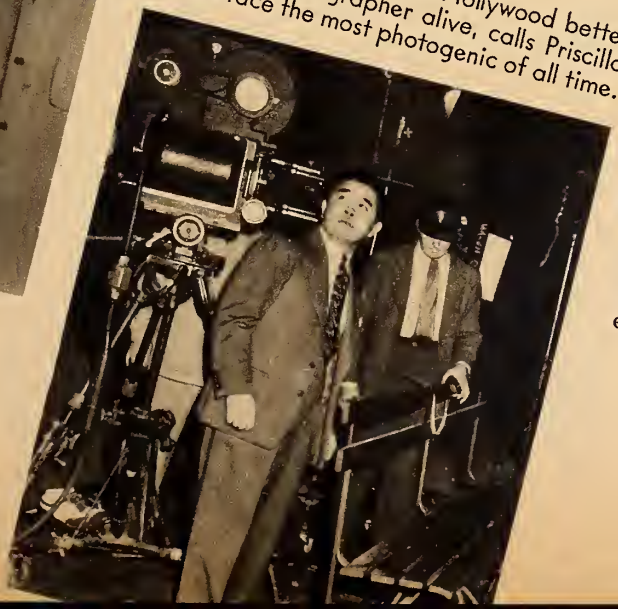
His answer, like his personality and his pictures, was direct.

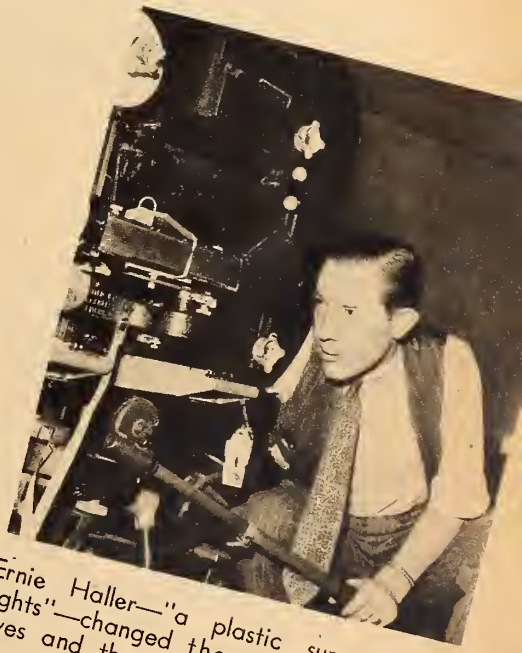
"Anna Sten," he replied. "She was by far the most photogenic woman I ever shot. She didn't have an insipid baby doll face, you know the type. She had a face full of good bones and character. Her cheeks caught the lights well, and her nose was so tilted as to place attractive shadows beneath. Frances Farmer was another face I enjoyed working on and, of course, if you want to go way back into ancient history, there was no one like the incomparable Gloria Swanson. (*Continued on page 81*)

Vivien Leigh's and Laurence Olivier's stand-ins eavesdrop on Rudolph Mate and the electrician.



Jimmy Howe, who knows Hollywood better than any photographer alive, calls Priscilla Lane's face the most photogenic of all time.





Ernie Haller—"a plastic surgeon with lights"—changed the color of Leigh's eyes and the shape of Marshall's nose!



hollywood's no. 1 menace



Gable kisses Lamarr (this clinch is from "Comrade X") and gals wonder what they ever saw in their hubbies.

A million soupy sagas have been

THOUSANDS, perhaps millions, of words have been written about how "natural" Clark Gable is, how he takes everything with his tongue in his cheek, how he has a complete lack of ego after years of such fame and adulation as have befallen no man save, possibly, Valentino. Directors, bit players, his fellow stars, interviewers, extras, the studio personnel, from Louis B. Mayer down to a junior bus boy in the commissary, chants the one refrain about Gable: "He blows himself down! He horses his own stardom. He gives Gable, the star, the belly laugh." It's almost impossible to believe it, but just listen to a couple of classic examples:

One day the assistant director of "Comrade X" stuck his head into Clark's portable dressing-room. "Hey, Clark," he yelled. "The pigs are waiting."

"I'm ready," said Mr. G.

"Mr. Vidor says," added the assistant director, "that he can make this scene a long shot and your stand-in can do it, if you'd rather not. It's going to be pretty messy."

"Boloney," said Mr. G., "what's wrong with pigs?"

And another day, Clark stepped off the set after doing one of the big, emotional scenes of the picture. The crew applauded. Hedy Lamarr applauded. Director King Vidor gave his star a hand. The big fellow grinned. "I certainly hammed that one up, didn't I?" he beamed.

Later, when Clark was safely out of earshot, King Vidor said to me, "I have been in this business a long while. I have directed most of them, oldtimers and newcomers, big stars and bit players. And you can quote me as saying that Gable is the man for my money. Not only because he is a very fine actor, but also because he is the most down-to-earth, easy-to-get-along-with actor I have ever known. This 'Comrade X' hasn't been an easy picture to film. We've worked inside a mechanized tank a lot, and close quarters are always difficult. We have worked through fog and smoke and rain and, furthermore, Clark had to ride in a truck which also housed a pen of pigs. I don't know any other star in the business who wouldn't have passed that buck. Not Gable. He never complains about anything. We always had a lot of laughs. He's not a fair-weather guy. He has no conceit whatsoever. What's more, he has an enormous and lusty relish for kidding himself. Quite a different matter, you know, from a relish for kidding the other fellow. Practically every time he finishes a big scene, and a damn fine one at that, he says what you just heard him say, 'Well, I certainly hammed that one up.' And he *believes* it. How he has managed to stay as he is through the blitzkrieg of fame and favor is, to me, the major mystery of the picture business."

Hedy had a few words to say on the subject, too. "This is the first time I have felt absolutely at home making a picture," she told me. "It might have been my hardest one because I wear no glamorous, attractive clothes. I wear an old street car conductor's uniform, and my hair is all straggly.

"The first day I started to work, I was more afraid than usual. I suddenly realized I was playing opposite the Great Gable, and it froze me. In 'Boom Town' I did not have a big part and was not often on the sets; I did not have much responsibility. But this 'Comrade X' was different. In this, it was Clark and myself!

"He laughed at me for worrying and accused me of thinking motion pictures the most important thing in the world. He kidded me, saying, 'They are not as important as all that, sister. Relax. Motion pictures will be here long after you and I are both gone.' He said, 'Look, baby, this is a picnic, a clambake.' I did not know what he meant by a 'clambake' but I did know I was having fun for the first time since I had been in pictures. I did know that for the first time I relaxed when I worked.

"We would have 'tea' every afternoon on the set. The first time Clark invited me to tea, I did not know what to expect. It turned out to be tea made in an old coffee pot and he served it with dozens of five-and-ten cookies!

"He helped me so much by making suggestions entirely for my benefit. During the filming of a love scene that was to be shot as a large close-up of the two of us, I was supposed to lean over and kiss him quickly on the lips. It seemed rather awkward for me to do. So Clark suggested that he stay to one side, almost out of the close-up, and that I first reach over my hand and touch his cheek, then slowly draw his face to mine for the kiss. That approach was easier and gave me more confidence. It also gave me the close-up! After a while, I got so that I forgot we were acting at all. We got down in the dirt and fought like two wildcats for some scenes. I even had to kick him where he sits down, and I wasn't afraid to kick good and hard because I knew he could take it. That's how he is."

I was convinced at last that Gable was okay—a natural—but how has he stayed that way, I found myself wondering. Just one man could give me the real answer—Mammy Lombard's Pappy Gable, himself!

"How come?" I asked him point-blank.

Gable favored me with a large and lavish wink. He said, "I've got the answer right (*Continued on page 77*)



No one else stands a chance with the cameraman when Clark and the photogenic Lombard are around!

BY GLADYS HALL

penned about Gable, but here's a punchy one right from headquarters!

The gripping story of an overwhelming love that defied public opinion and surpassed the might of Napoleon's armies!

Lady Hamilton



Lady Hamilton—whose beauty was unforgettable

"THE coach from London!" called the gateman.

"The coach from London, your Excellency!" said a lackey to Sir William Hamilton, Ambassador from Great Britain to the Court of Naples—for, less than one hundred and fifty years ago, Naples had not yet been absorbed by a larger power. There was a King and, more especially, a Queen in the Kingdom of Naples.

A few moments later Sir William was happily unboxing art treasures which the coach had brought him. Assisting him was the French Ambassador, who had been a bit ruffled when Sir William had unceremoniously walked out in the middle of a conference. But as he looked at a Greek statue being lifted out of its case, he murmured, "Exquisite!" and, as Sir William showed him a painting by Romney of a divinely beautiful woman, he forgot there had ever been a conference.

"If he could paint reality, he would be a master!" said the French Ambassador critically. "No woman ever lived with such coloring!"

"I thought so, too, until I met her," observed Sir William.

"You met her!" gasped the Frenchman wonderingly. "She exists!"

Gavin, Sir William's secretary, had been trying to break in. At last he succeeded and drew Sir William off to one side.

At that moment two servants removed the portrait at which the French Ambassador had been looking. He stared much harder at what he saw behind it. Two women were sitting on a bench, and one, a lovely young thing, was the portrait come alive.

Miss Emma Hart and her mother rose from the bench and stared back at him, completely at a loss as to what to do. Just then Sir William came up. Gavin had managed to explain to him that the two ladies had been sent on along with the other art objects and bric-a-brac, from his nephew. Sir William bowed deeply and presented the French Ambassador to them.

The young lady had an enchantingly frivolous spirit. Moreover, she was so lightly informed that she had fortified her mind with a few memorized platitudes about the famous places she had passed on her voyage. These she repeated, with no idea at all of the extraordinary effect of amazement and delight they had on the two diplomats. If anything, this naiveté only added to her charm.



"You met her!" gasped the French Ambassador to Sir William. "She exists!"



Contemptuously, Emma accused her husband of interfering in her love affair.



"Now I have kissed you through two centuries," Nelson whispered to Emma.

But even Emma was definitely aware of something wrong when her mother, referring to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, remarked, "A chimney went like that in Liverpool last year. You remember, Emma, the soap works? It leant right over the gin warehouse, and the Bishop said it was the finger of God."

It must be stated here that the lovely Emma had arrived, ostensibly to study singing, in the home of the Ambassador as the friend of his nephew, Charles Greville, and that Greville had previously found her established in Featherstone Castle, home of his friend Sir Harry, during a very gay hunting season. And further it may be stated that Sir Harry had earlier found her doing the Dance of the Seven Veils in Dr. Graham's Temple of Health, which had been closed by the police just after Emma dropped the seventh veil.

"Don't ask me what she had done before that," said Sir William, explaining these few details to the French Ambassador who had been overcome with the girl's seeming innocence and was a trifle bewildered. "Perhaps," went on her fiancé's uncle, "perhaps a poor little country girl wronged once—wronged again—the usual story—lower and lower—but always up and up! As for that, consider this superb statue that came with her. Two hundred years in a Greek Temple—then thrown into the mud by some barbarian soldier—two thousand years sinking deeper and deeper into the mud—then dug out by the plow of a peasant—changing hands every year until, at last, it comes into its rightful place in the hands of someone who understands the glory of its beauty—because it is still beautiful, despite its past." And the tolerant man added aside to his secretary, "I'll dine with Miss Hart alone tonight—at eight o'clock."

Emma did her best at dinner. It was very important, she knew, to make Charles' uncle like her if Charles was to pay his debts, come for her in October and make her at last a wife.

Sir William tried one way and another to enlighten her. "Now, my child, as we are going to live under one roof, we should be perfectly frank with one another. Charles Greville will *never* come to Naples."

"But your Excellency—Uncle—," Emma answered with quiet assurance, "he definitely promised to come for me very soon, and the promise he gave me he'll surely keep."

• C A S T •

Emma Hamilton.....Vivien Leigh
Lord Nelson.....Laurence Olivier
Sir William Hamiltan.....Alan Mawbray
Rev. Nelson.....Halliwell Habbes
Capt. Hardy.....Henry Wilcoxan
King af Naples.....Luis Alberni
Queen af Naples.....Narma Drury
Jasiah.....Ranald Sinclair
Gavin.....Olaf Hyttan
French Ambassadar.....Gearges Renavent
Mrs. Nelsan.....Gladys Cooper

Adapted from the ALEXANDER KORDA Praductian for UNITED ARTISTS Release—Directed by ALEXANDER KORDA—Screen Play by WALTER REISCH and R. C. SHERIFF

"I suppose he promised you marriage as well?" he asked at length, and at her answer added, "My child, I'm afraid I must destroy those sweet dreams of yours. My nephew never had the slightest intention of marrying you, either with my consent or without it."

Emma could not believe him. But she had an inspiration. "Tell me, your Excellency, do you know about me—I mean—did Charles tell you?"

"He did," said Sir William. "I imagine that was the only thing he did not lie about. But please, I don't want to make you ashamed."

"There's nothing I'm ashamed of," said Emma, looking at him with a straight insistent honesty. "I made many mistakes in my life—I was stupid—too young—I believed in men and their promises until I (*Continued on page 66*)

Fictionized by **Katharine Roberts**



1



2



DANGEROUS CURVES



3



4

1. 22-year-old Rita Hayworth keeps her million dollar figure without benefit of bra or girdle! Favors scanty lingerie and one-thread hose. Splurges on clothes to the tune of over $15,000 yearly, but economizes on help. Has only Velma (above) and Larabee, who's a chauffeur-butler.

2. When she was 17, and dancing in an Agua Caliente cabaret, a Texas oilman—Eddie Judson—was her most ardent stage door Johnnie. They were married four years ago, after an 18-month courtship. Both love dogs, the Conga, bowling and that brand new card game—gin rummy.

3. Rita and Eddie have separate bedrooms. Main feature of hers is a 12-foot satin-upholstered bed. Rita—whose hair is flaming for her role in "Strawberry Blonde"—crams her lines for two hours nightly simultaneously nibbling chocolates, but never weighs over 118 lbs!

4. She has a size 5½ foot, pays up to $75 for shoes and always has 45 pairs on hand—some of which match her living room furniture! She smokes, wears scarlet nail polish, has received 300 proposals of marriage, is mayor of 12 South American cities and speaks Spanish like a native.

FIGURATIVELY AND DRAMATICALLY SPEAKING—LUSCIOUS RITA HAYWORTH IS INCHING HER WAY TO THE TOP OF THE HEAP!

Date Bait



If you're angling for a smoothie, hook him with Bonita's wiles—and if you boys are battling heavy competition, clear the field with some of Jackie's stuff!



Is it hopeless if the girl of your dreams can't see you for dust? A thousand times no, says Bobby Stack—who made Mary Beth see him in a new light!

You hear an awful lot about the "heat" stage of Hollywood romances, but somehow the "meet" stage rarely makes the movie columns. You and I have always believed that in the cinema city boy invariably meets girl under the world's most glamorous and moonlit circumstances. And we've finally resigned ourselves to the fact that romance blooms like mad out there but that it just can't happen here. Well, gather around, children, and learn the unbelievable truth.

A Hollywood commentator or publicity agent who can't figure out a new way for a "he" to meet a "she" is in the same position as an author of detective fiction who runs short of murder methods. But while these Hollywood drum-beaters stew, the youngsters themselves meet and fall in love under circumstances that are duplicated all over the world every day.

As proof of this we present the case of Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. The conditions under which they met were no more glamorous than those which attended your best beau when he fell. The alarming difference is that their meeting took place in Hollywood. Bonita went to a party with Frankie Darro at Judy Garland's house and Jackie came alone. The festivities wound up with a scavenger hunt, and at one of the clues they bumped into each other and Bonita said, "Hello." For weeks thereafter Jackie angled for a date but nothing happened. Finally, after they had been formally introduced at the studio, Bonita had a birthday and Jackie sent her eight gardenias

BY FRED HERBERT

and her very, very first orchid. Still no dice. When Valentine's Day came around, he sent her a bottle of her favorite scent, but with typical boyish caution he enclosed a phony greeting that read: "You're so sweet when you pass on the street, all the boys stare. Gee, it's too bad you've got such big feet."

Miss Granville kept the perfume and made no comment on the card. But when young Mr. Cooper called up for a date, she said, "Sorry, I'm too young." The truth of the matter was that Bonita, realizing that she had Jackie hooked, decided to get even with him for the comic valentine. So she proceeded to do the town with various escorts and even went so far as to turn up at parties in Jackie's home with other boys.

Being convinced now that he had made a mistake, he tried a fresh tack. Just before Christmas he sent orchids with a note stressing "good will toward men," and ending with the plea, "May I take you dancing soon?" P.S. The "humble pie" did the trick. She accepted . . . they danced . . . he complimented her . . . she complimented him . . . and the little guy with the bow and arrow sat grinning on the sidelines.

The payoff is that Mr. Cooper waited almost a year for that date and all because of a prankish valentine. However, Bonita and Jackie are now a usual twosome and Bonita beams about his thoughtfulness and his sweet personality.

Case Number Two might be that of Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes. When Mary was asked to meet Bob she turned her back on the invitation. When pressed for a reason, she explained that he had gone out with somebody else for a long time and then had stopped seeing that "somebody else" for no good reason. Finally, at Bob's urging, a mutual friend convinced her that she had confused him with another man. Mollified now, she agreed

YOU'LL BE HANGING OUT THE STANDING ROOM ONLY SIGN ONCE YOU'VE TRIED THIS HOLLYWOOD TECHNIQUE ON THE LOCAL TALENT!

to look him over from a distance but made no promises. Accordingly, some time later at Ciro's, Mary Beth sat at a table with this same friend while nearby, squirming under her appraising scrutiny, sat the hopeful Mr. Stack. Evidently satisfied, she nodded to her friend who then rose, approached the perspiring Robert and invited him to sit at their table. That evening was the first of many and today each thinks the other's terrific.

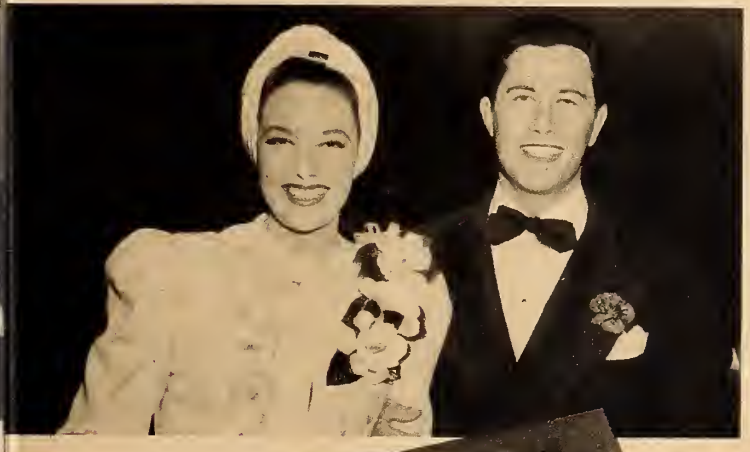
And just the way it might have happened in Paducah, it happened in Hollywood to Helen Parrish! Helen's a grown-up gal now, but three years ago she was at that awkward stage, fruitlessly devoting most of her thoughts to Charlie Lang, her brother Bob's handsome pal.

When he came to the Parrish home, he'd pass by Helen with a "Hi'ya, kid," and like any other teen age girl, Helen didn't appreciate the condescension. Why couldn't the big dope see that she was wearing her heart on her sleeve for him? But he didn't. It looked like a lost cause for Helen for Charlie suddenly decided to leave California. That was three years ago.

In the meantime, Helen outgrew that awkward age, and the Parrish telephone began ringing day and night as Rand Brooks and other Hollywood eligibles besieged her with dates. Helen went out with them but she was just marking time for Charlie Lang. When he did return a few months ago, he whipped over to see Bob Parrish. Helen opened the door and Charlie just stood stock still and stared. When he spoke his voice cracked, and he didn't call her "kid." He said, "Hello, Helen," and blushed. It was a sweet moment for Miss Parrish.

Weddings are always sentimental affairs, for the bride and groom . . . and the guests. Brother Bob's was no different. Helen looked divine to Charlie Lang, so he used the occasion of the wedding as the bait and asked for a date. Helen accepted.

They went dancing, and he held her as though she were a fragile piece of Ming. When he caught her eye she read the message he was too bashful (*Continued on page 80*)





Should you take to the shelf if "the only one" is miles and miles away? Linda Darnell (gadding here with Bob Shaw) has solved that one beautifully.

And let Ann Rutherford (nightspotting this time with Don Kahn) show you how to cope with the hectic business of having two best friends fall in love with you.

All this is Hollywood, too!



Here's the gaudiest, naughtiest, most wonderful town in the world—with all of its dives, its shops, its customs and oddities. Here is its glitter and heartbreak—its very soul!

There is only one item your passport must contain before you enter this strange land of Hollywood, and that's a visa stamped—"I have a sense of humor."

And, believe us, you must begin having that sense of humor before you step on a train Los Angeles-bound (there are no train depots in Hollywood), and before you request your home-town boy friends to write you in care of "General Delivery, Hollywood" (since the Hollywood branch post office does not accept "General Delivery" mail, and you'll have to travel six miles to central Los Angeles for such mash notes).

Hollywood is many things. It's the crackpot's wonderland, the shopgirl's heaven, the incubator for genius. Hollywood is a small town in Sunday clothes, a constant first night, an endless County Fair—where lights are brighter, voices are louder, colors are more vivid than anything you've ever known or dreamed. Hollywood is also the place where there are three times as many holy churches as unholy celluloid factories, where there are as many males toiling in aviation plants as on motion picture lots, where they've run absolutely dry on synonyms for "terrific."

And, above all things, Hollywood is the one place where you must avoid the Chamber of Commerce as you would the bubonic plague, unless you want to be harangued in this fashion by one of the board:

"Hollywood, California, is a great city of 197,000 inhabitants, living within a beautiful area of twenty-four square miles, at a breath-taking altitude of 1,200 feet, where there is marvelous sunshine 334 out of 366 days of the year. Hollywood is great, beautiful, breath-taking, marvelous! Hollywood has 130 miles of paved streets. It has thirty-five banks and branches. It has twenty-five hotels. There is money everywhere—and the average family earns $3,750 a year, which isn't hay. Hollywood is terrific! It's located a half hour from the Pacific Ocean, a half hour from downtown Los Angeles. It has Griffith Park, the largest, most terrific municipal park in America. Hollywood is the only city for you!"

If this has not sufficiently softened you, the Chamber of Commerce possesses exactly 799 other members, with the fanatical gleam of the Golden West in their eyes, to convince you.

But, at the risk of being hung as a heretic, we must tell you that lots of this is all wrong. Actually, as pal to pal, we're telling you there is no city of Hollywood, California!

In 1887, a chap named Horace Wilcox, and wife, purchased a piece of property in Southern California, built a ranch, named it Hollywood, after a rich aristocratic estate in England. Forty years ago Hollywood was being boomed as a real estate stunt. Thirty years ago, for the sake of economy and better facilities, Hollywood consolidated with Los Angeles and became a section of the City of Los Angeles. That's the way it is today. Hollywood is no more a city than, say, the Loop in Chicago is, or the North Side of St. Louis, or the upper West Side of New York. Hollywood has no mayor of its own. It has no chief of police. The nearest station is the Union Depot, six miles off in central Los Angeles.

Yet the minute you enter this foreign land without a ruler, without a boundary, without an official anything, you know you're in Hollywood!

You know it by the funny things you see, the familiar-sounding places, the strange sights.



It's a twenty-minute drive from the depot in Los Angeles, down the Boulevard to the center of Hollywood. At this point you cross Western Avenue, reputed to be the longest avenue in the entire world. And, at this point, also, a native Californian (you must remain twenty-four consecutive hours in Los Angeles to become a qualified "native Californian") will undoubtedly grip your arm and whisper hoarsely, "There it is!"

You will stare blankly, and see only a drab corner office building, housing a small drugstore, with a business entrance at one side. From here on in you must have imagination—for this is the Mecca of the many, the many with dreams of success and of fame. This is the building that holds the Central Casting Bureau! Here, through the dull, cold corridor, and up a creaking elevator, you reach the offices of Central Casting. Here, within the offices, are special files listing 17,000 extras. Of these, only about 3,000 (most of them girls) are working at one time. For appearing as an ordinary extra, each is paid $5.50 a day—whereas a trained dog gets $50 a day! There may be glamour here, but there are also empty stomachs, since the average extra girl earns an average income, throughout the year, of $7.65 a week! Only compensation is the fervent prayer that one day, maybe tomorrow, one of these 17,000—as in the rare case of Janet Gaynor—may become a star.

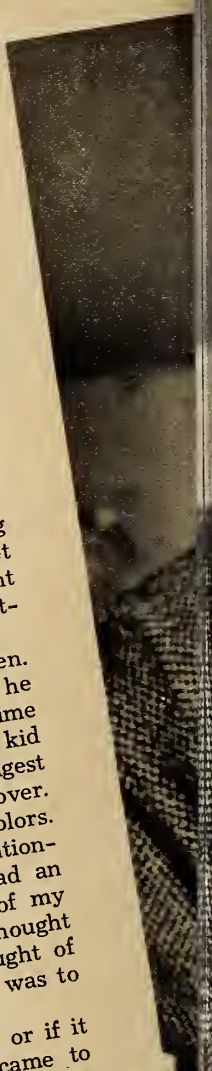
Driving on down Hollywood Boulevard you will have the impression of any busy main street in Kansas City or Boston, except that Hollywood contains no skyscrapers. Most of the buildings are low-slung and have plenty of elbow room. Nothing is way up in the air—except the sky. The reason for this is a city law limiting the height of all public buildings to fourteen stories—as a safeguard in the event of angry cement-cracking earthquakes. In fact, in all of Hollywood, there are only a dozen buildings constructed up to the limit, and these are set on giant underground rollers to help sway the structures during a major quake.

You are soon passing the bright Tele-View Theatre, a newsreel house starring such a variety of actors as Mr. A. Hitler, Mr. Donald Duck and other short subject luminaries. Peering into the box office, you're liable to see Buddy Adler, the owner, and his statuesque wife, Anita Louise, both checking on business and greeting such famous "regulars" as Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck and Charlie Chaplin. (*Continued on page 87*)

BY IRVING WALLACE

A THRILL A MINUTE...

BY JAMES REID



James Stewart didn't look happy, in spite of the fact that he and Hedy Lamarr were supposed to be lovers in a picture with the provocative title, "Come Live With Me." He looked miserable. He had a cold.

"You can always count on Stewart to get the breaks," he said, sneezing. "Here I am, desperately trying to gain a pound a month, and I've sneezed off at least three pounds in the last twenty-four hours. Hedy Lamarr comes into my life, and what happens? A cold makes me socially unacceptable. I can still work, but I have to work by myself—until I lose it. And a fine chance I have to lose it. I'm supposed to do a rain scene tonight."

Somehow, people don't think of a six-foot-three movie hero as being subject to a cold in the head.

"I caught it flying," Jimmy explained, half-apologetically.

Maybe you've read about Jimmy's flying and wondered, like a flock of other people, just how serious it is. He has never talked about it much, having no flair for self-dramatization. He doesn't regard interviews as golden opportunities to wax expansive. In fact, he is very much like a witness under cross-examination. He nervously waits for questions, then parries them dryly, intent on not being drawn into anything that sounds like a confession.

As a result, most people know James Stewart as a shy, but amusing young man, who isn't serious about anything, really, except his work. They're aware that he has a plane, but they think of it as a glorified plaything he has acquired —temporarily. They read in various columns that he is teaching Olivia de Havilland how to fly, and they think of his flying as a sly ruse to be alone with Olivia.

There's a laugh in the mental picture of Jimmy, playing the romantic hero, taking Olivia aloft and catching a brute of a cold doing so.

Only the picture is out of focus. It doesn't present things as they are.

He isn't teaching Olivia how to fly. What he is doing is meeting her for breakfast at six o'clock every morning at Metropolitan Airport, where he keeps his plane. Then, before reporting for work, Olivia goes up in a rented plane with an instructor for an hour's flying lesson—while Jimmy goes up in his own plane to practice turns and spins and to add another hour to his solo flying time. Please note that word "solo." It's important.

Up to now, he has flown about 400 hours solo. He's up in his plane every morning, every day off, every week-end, intent on accumulating 1,000 hours of solo flying time at which point he can try for a transport pilot's license. There's a serious reason why he wants one, too—few people know about that. Few people know anything about James Stewart, the flier. They should get acquainted with him. He's an entirely different person from the playful young-man-about-Hollywood.

His interest in aviation isn't something sudden. "I can't remember when it all started," he told me, between sneezes. "It was sometime during the last war. Anyway, I was just a kid about nine or ten. We took the Literary Digest and it always had a war scene on the cover. Action stuff, painted with a lot of bright colors. I can't tell you why, but I became aviation-minded. I'd tear off every cover that had an airplane on it and tack it on the wall of my room. Airplanes were the last thing I thought of every night and the first thing I thought every morning. My one ambition in life was to find out what it was like to be up in one.

"I've forgotten if the war was still on, or if it was over, when a barnstorming flier came to Indiana, Pa. I knew a long time in advance that he was coming, and I saved every cent I could. I made up my mind I was going to have an airplane ride.

"My folks said I wasn't. They said flying wasn't safe.

"Finally, the big day arrived. As advertised, this flier came down in a pasture outside of town and started taking up passengers for dollar-a-minute rides.

"I persuaded my folks to go out and watch, at least. My dad was a merchant; he knew people for miles around. Some people he knew went up and they came back intact, raving about the thrill. They helped me break him down, and he finally said I could go up. But he kept the car motor warmed up, just in case a wing fell off the plane, or something, while I was in it and he had to rush to (*Continued on page 75*)



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW JIMMY STEWART! HERE'S SOME "PLANE TALK" THAT'LL KNOCK ALL YOUR OLD NOTIONS ABOUT HIM FOR A LOOP



BY CAROL CARTER

"Look at those lovely hands," exclaimed one of Hollywood's top directors, enraptured as he watched the screen test of one of Europe's newest refugee actresses. "Those foreigners may not always have the prettiest faces, but their hands are certainly the most beautiful and expressive I have ever seen!"

We'd never thought of it just that way and, in our newly awakened consciousness of the superiority of everything American, we were in no mood to agree with him. However, his sincere praise did give us pause and make us think. Our mind flashed back over half a dozen foreign stars, and we couldn't deny the fluttering loveliness of the hands of Vivien Leigh, Isa Miranda and Ilona Massey or the fluid grace in those of Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Greer Garson. We remembered, too, the dramatic gestures of Dolores Del Rio and Luise Rainer and the expressive vivacity in the fingers of Sonja Henie, Annabella, Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon.

"Well," we said, "how about Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce and Betty Grable? Or Anita Louise, Margaret Sullavan and Ann Rutherford?" And it was gratifying to note that the director had no comeback to that!

But, French or English, Scandinavian or American, the principal question in our minds right now is—what makes hands lovely, what gives them the power to intrigue?

Shape is not important. Hands may be slender, tapering, short or medium, and still be beautiful. Training, care and grooming—there are your answers in a nutshell. Watch your gestures. Keep them rhythmic, slow and graceful. Make your motions in curved lines, not in nervous jabs. Watch your hands in front of mirrors. Cut out those choppy, meaningless, indecisive little gestures. Streamline your motions. If you want to break old habits and develop new ones, try keeping your hands perfectly motionless when talking. In the meantime, practice a few simple limbering exercises. Then, after you've gotten your hands relaxed and under control, begin to use them with new, more graceful motions. Piano or typewriting exercises practiced a few minutes each day on a table

Finger tips and fashion finds from Hollywood

hands to hold



If your nails are naturally round, file them to elongated ovals and apply polish from base to tip for length. Leave narrow margins at sides.



Oval nails are the ideal shape. Let your half moons show and leave only a tiny white tip at the end of each nail.

or desk are excellent for suppling your hands. Or, with palms flat on a table, slowly raise each finger separately eight or ten times apiece. Clench your fist, then extend your fingers, stretching them wide apart. Repeat this ten or twelve times. Bend back your open hand, stretching the fingers again. Now, dip forward from the wrist in a quick swan dive motion. Let your wrists go limp, then shake your hands loosely but not too vigorously. Hollywood lovelies, whose every motion must have a meaning, practice these and similar exercises regularly every day to give that restful, fluid expressiveness which we have come to take for granted.

Actual hand care begins with the skin. No one is going to hold or admire a hand that is red and rough to the touch. And in these days such conditions are inexcusable. With mild soaps, soft brushes, wonderful hand creams and lotions everywhere, such a situation springs from only one cause—carelessness. It isn't the washing that irritates, but how it's done that tells the tale. Even though you don't use harsh, strong soaps you must thoroughly rinse off all traces of any kind at all. And how do you dry your hands?

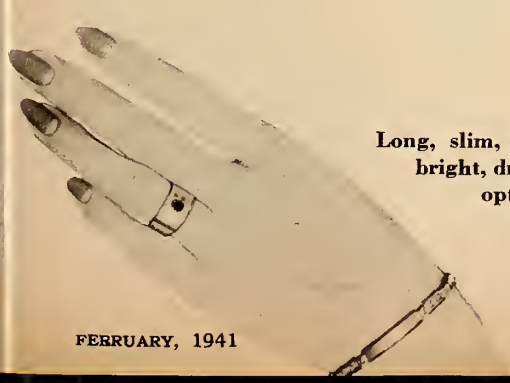
Be sure you do a thorough job of it, pushing nail cuticle back with your towel as you go and rubbing hand skin back toward the wrist, never toward your finger tips. Follow this with a protective cream or lotion applied with a circular, deep rotary motion. If you spend much time outdoors, a coat of vanishing cream and a dusting of talcum powder will add an extra film of protection.

If your nails are brittle, as they're likely to be, come winter, keep a bottle of special oil or a jar of nail softener with your kit of hand protectors. Use it after every wetting and, of course, the last thing every night. In fact, never go to bed without (*Continued on page 74*)

Square nails will appear oval if you will polish in exaggerated half moons and file their tips to shapely ovals. Leave margins at sides.



Nails with oval bases and square ends look best with tiny moons and polish extended to the oval-filed tips.



Long, slim, exotic nails need polish in bright, dramatic shades. Half moons are optional but they generally add grace.





Roz Russell was wheeled past Master of Ceremonies Benny in a huge hatbox. He made some crack about her hat; Roz hooted, then popped out of her tissue and kissed him!

One of the most hilarious features of the opening was Dr. Giovanni (a professional pickpocket.) He lifted everything —from Jack Benny's suspenders to a pair of someone's shorts!



Designing Males

A quartette of mad hatters stole the spotlight at Hal Kemp's Cocoanut Grove opening!



Rudy Vallee left his own Pirates' Den for the occasion, but refused to enter the hat-designing contest for men. Couldn't bear to be separated from nineteen-year-old Sheila Ryan—one of the cutest of the new Wampas Baby Stars.



Entrants in the contest were given a big selection of untrimmed hats and ornaments, and three minutes in which to indulge their Lilly Daché instincts. Here's Spencer Tracy—blushing—in his prize-winning off-the-face, flower-trimmed bonnet.

And don't think Spence didn't have some pretty frou-frou competition! That's Herbert Marshall in the feather and veil arrangement; Eddie Sutherland in something more on the conservative side; Tracy (giving the profile), and Gene Markey, elegant in a toque with plumes.



Mary Livingstone Benny (always her hubby's best audience) guffawed after each of Jack's side-splitting introductions—ignored dinner partner Herbert Marshall completely. He perked up considerably, however, when his favorite singer, Mary Martin, did a number with the orchestra.

Rosemary Lane tells her Nana about *all* her love affairs—and poor Nana's problem is to keep secrets!



MISTRESS



Vic Mature drives his Carolyn mad by absent-mindedly throwing bits of the newspaper all over her clean floor.

BY JEANNE KARR

You've had servant problems, no doubt, or have listened to the woes of those who have, but did you ever hear the other side of the story? Really, the master and the mistress problems some of the stars' servants meet up with make servant problems too footling to rate even a footnote!

Garbo's servants, for instance, must play the part of deaf-mutes. Not only must they see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil, but they must see, hear and speak nothing at all, under pain of instant dismissal.

Then there's Maureen O'Sullivan's Nellie who had to overcome her fear of animals when working with Maureen on the Tarzan pictures. Cheeta, the monkey, would not only jump onto the dressing table and make up his face, but he'd frequently try his hand at Nellie's knitting!

Eleanor Powell's Ruth had to break in Eleanor's dancing shoes for her during her last picture when Eleanor's mother, who usually does it, was ill.

Lucille Ball's Harriet merely says that she had to learn to like rare, red steak in the morning, because the minute Miss Ball opens her peepers she yells for some!

But these are piffling problems—you haven't heard anything yet!

John Barrymore's Carl Stuever, nurse, companion and mother, has met a really major problem and has solved it. For five solid months John has been cold sober and doesn't know it! Carl has given him his Five Fruits daily, at first with the customary amount of alcohol, then with gradually decreasing doses until, five months ago, John started drinking the Five Fruits straight. Moreover, so clever has Carl been that John is elated at how healthy he feels and boasts about how well he is "carrying his liquor." Up in the sprawling great mansion in the hills John and Carl are literally camping out. The place is "furnished" with a camp cot and a broken-down davenport. There are no cooking facilities, and there isn't a dollar bill to spend on the place. John says, "I don't mind camping out in my Chinese tenement. After all, I'm the outdoor type!" But Carl sees to it that John fares well gastronomically, at least once a day, by contriving to get him invited out for dinner at the homes of various friends! And wherever John goes, there Carl goes, too. Socially, professionally, domestically, they are always together, and Barrymore, unique in everything, is actually a "hero to his valet." For Carl, admittedly, adores "the great man."

When a maid has to be as good an actress as her mistress, that's another major problem. And that's what Joan Crawford's faithful Alice has to be. When Joan is hysterically happy, because she has gotten a good picture or someone has given her a new piece of jewelry, Alice must be hysterically happy, too; when Joan sees her rushes and they are bad, Alice must go to pieces along with Joan; when Joan has a big, dramatic scene to do in a picture, Alice is seen tearing her kinky hair. On the other hand, Alice's menial labors aren't much of a problem because Joan does most of them herself. Joan always makes her own bed, keeps a dustpan and brush in her bedroom so she can do her own "light cleaning," counts the outgoing laundry and sorts and puts away the incoming laundry. "It's just that you have to be in tune with Miss Joan's moods," Alice explained.

Bette Davis' Joanna confides, "Miss Davis is very exacting—the New England housewife if I ever saw one! She has a phobia about dust and, as she also has a mania for moving (*Continued on page 90*)

PR

STARS' PERSONAL

GENTLEMEN DISCUSS



You don't know the meaning of the word trouble, says Ann Sothern's long-suffering Marie, until you've worked for an ice cream worshiping star who's on a very strict diet.



Ida Lupino's Lily must remember the quirks and whims of every single dinner guest. Each one has to be treated as a member of the family.



Fred Astaire's valet has to have a good bit of the slapstick comedian in him. It's his chore to keep Freddie from getting into a "mood."



...mance

There's an old Hollywood saying: "You can't make a Glamour Girl cry." It has a double meaning.

No woman is beautiful when she cries—and a Glamour Girl should always be beautiful. And you can't make a Glamour Girl cry because she doesn't know how. Her beauty has kept her from having any contact with heartache.

But Madeleine Carroll has learned how to cry.

Madeleine has learned how to do a great many things these past two years. Director E. H. Griffith has been responsible for part of her education. Life has been responsible for the rest.

Before she met Griffith, everybody thought of her as probably the most beautiful blonde in existence. But everybody had the general impression that she was too poised, too cultured and (perhaps) too beautiful to be emotional.

Griffith, a smart showman, aware of the fact that audiences like to be surprised, got the idea of presenting Madeleine Carroll as a headache to the hero—instead of an inspiration.

He cast her as a spoiled society girl, given to wisecracks and wild impulses. Audiences were as delighted as they were surprised. Next, he gave them Madeleine as a determined career girl who discovered that she couldn't get along without sex and went in desperate pursuit of a man. Audiences began to think of Madeleine as not only beautiful, but warmly human and amusing.

But then Griffith wanted to prove that, while she could be an amusing person, she could also become involved in a serious emotional tangle. Accordingly, in "Virginia," he cast her as a light-hearted showgirl who goes back to the South to sell an estate she has inherited and finds herself torn between two loves. Among other things, he asked her to cry.

Just before she was to do that crying scene, he talked to her in her dressing-room.

"This is probably the most difficult thing you've ever done," he said. "You've never cried as if your heart would break. You've always been beautifully 'brave.' But this girl has run up against an unbearable situation which she is helpless to change. It's too much for her. She breaks down completely—

They call her the loveliest blonde in the world

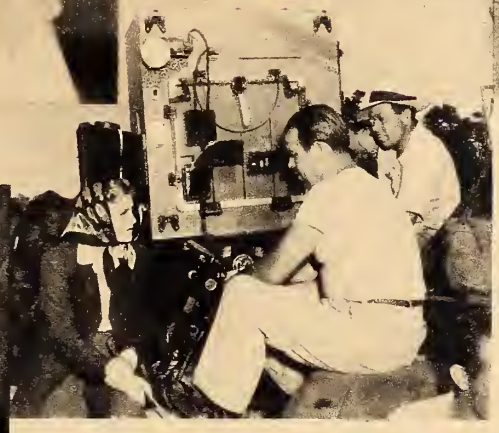


Her honey-colored hair is naturally curly



Madeleine and Anatole Litvak at Cira's





Her favorite rig—dungarees and bandana

MADELEINE CARROLL'S IS THE MOST DRAMATIC STORY EVER TO COME OUT OF HOLLYWOOD!

for a moment. It's only human that she should. And we want to get that point across. It's got to look real, Madeleine. Let yourself go. Cry real tears if you can; if you can't, we'll use glycerine."

Madeleine nodded. She didn't say anything.

A few moments later, she walked on the set and took her place in front of the camera—dry-eyed. The whole crew was tense, waiting to see if she would cry. It was hard to believe she could. It was hard to associate tears with Madeleine.

The sound man rang his bell for "Silence." Griffith said quietly, "All right, Madeleine."

For a moment, she looked only like a woman inexpressibly worried. Then, suddenly, tears welled in her eyes. Her face contorted in a paroxysm of emotion. She sobbed. She cried as if her heart would break.

When Griffith called "Cut!" the crew was silent for a moment, a little embarrassed about having watched any woman cry so heartbrokenly. Then they told her how convincing she had been. They broke into spontaneous applause.

Madeleine, her face streaked with tears, picked herself up and half-ran to her dressing-room.

Griffith gave her a few moments to compose herself, then walked over and knocked on her door. She called, "Come in." He entered to find her at her dressing-table, trying to repair the damage to her eyes and make-up, trying to squelch the last snuffling remnants of her sobs. She forced a smile.

"Did it look real?" she asked.

"It was the greatest bit of acting you've ever done," he said, sincerely.

Madeleine stared at the mirror a moment, as if she saw something there besides herself. Just as sincerely, and very quietly, she said, "I'm afraid I wasn't acting."

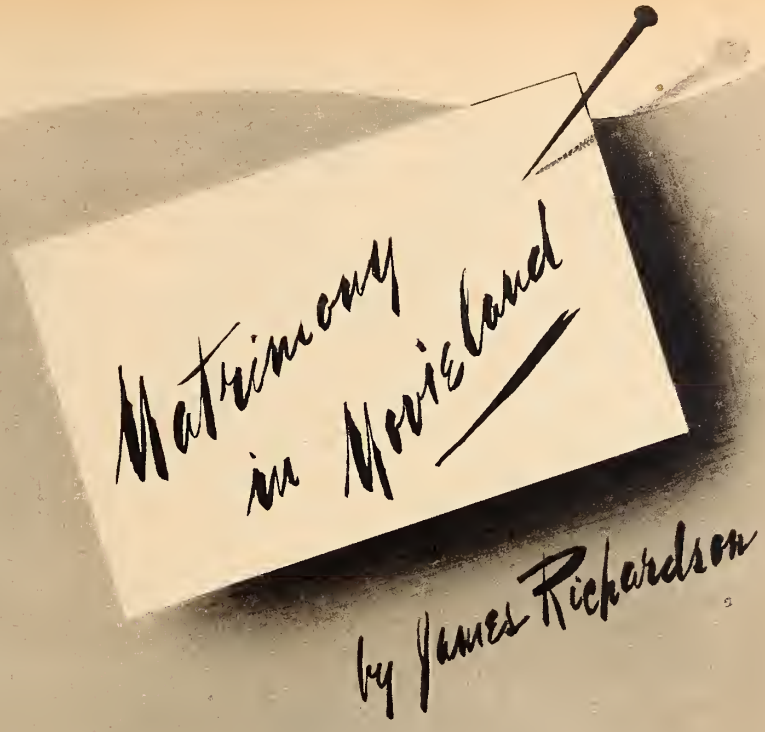
That is the only hint she has given of some of the things life has taught her—the only admission she has made of the emotional turmoil she is in, herself—the only confession of the difficulty of "carrying on."

To the world, she is still the beautiful, poised, serene Madeleine Carroll—the woman with the loveliest smile in Hollywood. And that crying scene in "Virginia" won't dispel the illusion that the picture, as a whole, creates: namely, that she is a woman who has found the recipe for happiness.

Nothing could be more ironic, because there is no actress on the screen today who has less reason to be happy than Madeleine. (*Continued on page 93*)

NAME	MARRIEDTO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Aherne, Brian	Joan Fontaine	Aug. 20, 1939	Actress	None	None	Bride 'n' groomish
Albertson, Frank	Virginia Shelley	Mar. 7, 1931	Dancer	None	Frank, 6; another on way	In the groove
Allen, Fred	Portland Hoffa	May 4, 1929	Actress	None	None	So sober, it's funny
Allen, Gracie	George Burns	Jan. 7, 1926	Comedian	None	Sandra, 6; Ronnie, 5, both adopted	Whacky, but wonderful
Ameche, Don	Honore Prendergast	Nov. 30, 1932	Non-prof.	None	Donnie, 7; Ronnie, 5; Tommy, 1½; Lonnie, 6 mos.	Perpetuol joyride
Anderson, Judith	B. H. Lehman	May 18, 1937	Professor	None	None	Firm as Gibraltar
Andrews, Dana	Mary Todd	Nov. 17, 1939	Actress	One	David, 7; by first wife	Getting along nicely
Annabella	Tyrone Power	Apr. 23, 1939	Actor	Three	Ann, 10, by prev. marriage	In the "Torrid Zone"
Arthur, Jean	Frank J. Ross, Jr.	June 11, 1932	Studio Vice-prexy	One	None	Lessan in longevity
Astaire, Fred	Phyllis Potter	July 13, 1933	Socialite	None	Fred, 5; Peter, 9, by wife's previous marriage	Tap-happy
Astor, Mary	Manuel Del Campo	Sept. 19, 1938	Film Editor	Dr. Thorpe, K. Hawkes	Anthony, 1½; Marilyn, 8½, by Thorpe	Heat wove
Atwill, Lionel	Louise MacArthur	June 7, 1930	Socialite	Elaine Mackay	Son, 20, by first wife	For keeps
Autry, Gene	Ina May Spivey	Apr. 1, 1932	Teacher	None	None	Happily roped in
Bainter, Fay	Reginald Venable	June 8, 1921	Ret. Naval Officer	None	Reginald, Jr., 17	Smooth sailing
Bancroft, George	Octavia Brooke	May 30, 1913	Non-prof.	None	One daughter	Old Faithful
Bari, Lynn	Walter Kane	Mar. 15, 1939	Actors' Agent	None	None	Bari, Bari good
Barnes, Binnie	Mike Frankovich	Sept. 28, 1940	Radio Announcer	Samuel Joseph	None	Honeymoon Express
Barry, Donald	Peggy Stewart	Sept. 7, 1940	Actress	None	None	Give 'em a chance!
Basserman, Albert	Elsa Schiff	Dec. 31, 1908	Actress	None	Carmen, 30	Love's Old Sweet Song
Baxter, Alan	Barbara Williams	Apr. 28, 1936	Dancer	None	None	All Quiet
Baxter, Warner	Winifred Bryson	Jan. 29, 1918	His former leading lady	One	None	Goes on, ond on, and on
Beery, Noah, Jr.	Maxine Jones	Mar. 30, 1940	Non-prof.	None	None	Off to a good start
Benchley, Robert	Gertrude Darling	June 6, 1914	Non-prof.	None	Nathaniel, 25; Robt., 21	No short subject
Bennett, Joan	Walter Wanger	Jan. 14, 1939	Producer	John Fox, Gene Markey	Diane, 10, by Fox; Melindo, 6½, by Markey	Grade A
Benny, Jack	Mary Livingstone	Jan. 12, 1927	Actress	None	One	Crossley roting: 100%

(Continued on page 60)



There are worse places for a man to marry a woman than in Hollywood. There's Java, where a groom must prove he is healthy before a board of ladies, then sit by himself in silence for forty days, then spend the first three nights of married life with an old woman sleeping between his bride and himself. And there is Koryak, in the North Pacific, where the groom must chase his fiancée miles, catch her and, with a knife, slice off her bridal costume, a suit sewed together with thick leather thongs.

Sure, there *are* worse places for marriage than Hollywood, but the actors in town don't think so. They think California wedlock laws are too slow, and so they rush off, via chartered plane or 1941 coupé, to Nevada, Idaho, Arizona or Mexico.

But, to understand why, for example, a couple like Dick Halliday, the handsome writer, and Mary Martin, the equally handsome songstress, will leave comfortable Hollywood, avoid the cozy courthouse which is only a half hour from their home, and drive by night to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married at the stroke of twelve by a yawning Justice of the Peace—to understand such loony antics is simple enough if you understand California's legal commandments.

In Hollywood, when a young actor decides that he would like a better half, he goes to the Hall of Records in the midst of downtown Los Angeles. There he fills out, with his prospective wife at his elbow, an application for a marriage license. This is sometimes difficult, especially when one is famous. The rush of reporters at the License Bureau scared Edna Best and agent Nat Wolff away. In the case of Tyrone Power, his throat became practically paralyzed and the clerk, undoubtedly a movie fan familiar with Mr. Power's biography, had to answer most of the questions for him.

Now then, two important factors enter the scene. The actor and actress, with the honeymoon glaze in their orbs, must each submit medical certificates signed by family physicians, certifying that they have been examined for social diseases, have received the standard test for syphilis as required by the state law and have been found healthy. No other papers need be submitted except if the male is under 21 or the female under 18, in which case they must have written consent of their parents or guardians. Finally, having applied, the bride and groom must wait three days for their license—the three-day wait being designed to give them a last chance to think it over before engaging in the most delightful penal servitude on earth.

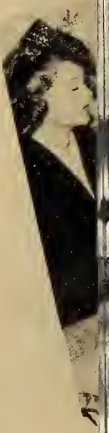
After three days, they need only pay $2 for their license and wander into a nearby chamber, where a Los Angeles judge will knot them forever and ever—and insist that they keep their fee as a wedding present! Or, they may, as Tyrone Power did when he said "I do" at Annabella's Bel Air home while 40 photographers waited outdoors, be married under (*Continued on page 72*)



Unhooked from Willis Hunt, Jr., after four hectic months of matrimony, Carole Landis is reportedly altar-bound with Franchot Tone.



Fred MacMurray's one of those rare souls who likes mad hats, hence that ultra in headgear worn by dancing partner Mrs. M.





Randy Scott sneaks in a couple of dates with movie-aspirant Gayle Mellott, while her steady boy friend trustfully enjoys his vacation.



Martha Scott celebrates maid's night out at the Brown Derby with the chap who first gave her a radio break, hubby Carleton Alsop.



When Lana Turner met Tony Martin at a San Francisco wedding, she found a new love and now they're inseparable.



Those bangs Bette Davis sports while dancing with her radio agent are a hangover from her sheared locks in "Elizabeth and Essex."



Gene Markey is tops for a good time, but on the serious side Lucille Ball's heart belongs exclusively to Desi.



South American beauty Maria Montez fills in the gap between Mischa Auer's dates with his recently divorced wife Norma.

Rally 'round for a table-trotting tour of filmsters' spree spots



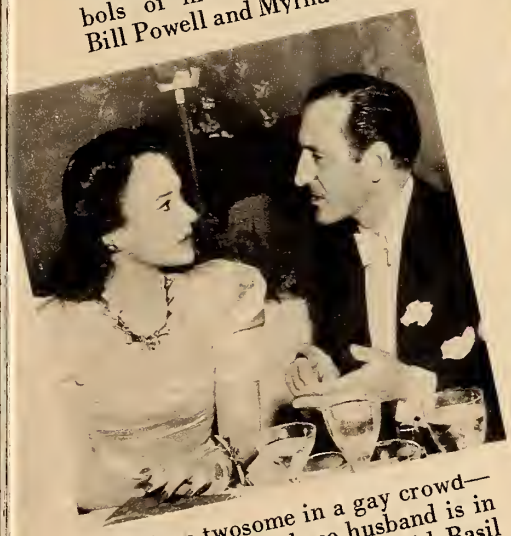
Diana Lewis has a quick one with the screen's "symbols of married love," Bill Powell and Myrna Loy.



The Bart Marshalls plan a big blowout on the anniversary of their wedding which took place last Feb. after a front-page romance.



Autograph-signer Deanna Durbin and that rapidly rising young producer Vaughn Paul will step off as soon as he scores his first hit.



Serious twosome in a gay crowd—June Duprez, whose husband is in England, exchanges news with Basil Rathbone, whose son is at the front.



Cobina Wright, Jr., supposedly betrothed to a New York socialite, dines with George Montgomery during her Hollywood job hunt.



Errol Flynn, who's consoling Mrs. Ruth Foran on her marital woes, should remember that charity begins at home!



It's no new experience for Burgess Meredith to forget to bring his wallet, but he shudders to break the news to Lili Damita Flynn.



Two years as Mr. and Mrs., but Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan still get a kick out of hand-holdin

ERROL SKINFLYNNT?

An ancient mining engineer, recently returned from the faraway Indies, reports a revolution fomenting in romantic British Guiana. The cause of the trouble, he tells us, is Hollywood's own Errol Flynn who vagabonded through that country before becoming a famous movie star. Our engineer asserts Errol borrowed dough from practically every explorer, miner and native on the island, used his gleanings to pay his steamship fare to America—and, to date, hasn't kicked back a cent! The boys in Guiana didn't mind for the first few years, but they've run into lean times of late and could use the money. They claim they've written Errol on several occasions and asked for it, but they've had no response. This department is fond of Errol and wouldn't want to see anything happen to him. That's why we're tipping him off, here and now, that the gang is planning to finance a trip for one among them who will come to these shores and personally put the bee on his neglectful old-time pal!

ON THE SPOT

Not because she's trying to duck a cleaner's bill, but because she must retain her reputation as the most smartly-dressed woman in Hollywood, Kay Francis has taken to ordering wine the same color as her gown! Kay found that on too many occasions she spilled liquids down her dress fronts and had to leave Ciro's looking as bespotted as a high-chair baby. Now the stains blend with her gown, and Kay reports she could almost bathe in her beverages without appearing untidy! All of which is by way of being a fashion tip to you, and you, and me—only, in our cases, it would probably be wiser to buy dresses that match our ice cream sodas!

ASIDE TO BETTY GRABLE

Vic Mature was once a married man! So swears a woman we know who knew him when. According to our informant, Vic's wedded life was brief and stormy and, when the end came about a year ago, he was still deeply in love with his divorced wife. The ex-Mrs. Mature is said to have resembled Betty Grable slightly and Lana Turner even more. All of which leaves one wondering whether Vic just goes soft on the luscious, lively type, or whether he's constantly trying to relive the romance that was.

HOW ABOUT DONALD DUCK?

In the dear, dead days beyond recall, a star's popularity was determined by the amount of fan mail he received, but in this modern, streamlined era, they're counting marriage proposals instead of letters. According to studio experts, any star receiving fewer than twenty proposals a month either has not clicked or is slipping! For example, Dean Jagger is riding the crest because he collects sixty a month, Alice Faye does more than hold her own with forty, Tyrone Power cut his down to twelve by marrying Annabella, and Cesar Romero, the most eligible male of the lot, trails the rest with only ten. Funny thing about these proposals is the fact that though they are considered important popularity gauges, they are never answered! The stars have torn their hair trying to find a suitable response, but their final decision is that there just isn't anything they can say!

SERMON OF THE MONTH

The much discussed night-club scandal which just a short while back broke around the heads of a noted director and a famous actress should be considered a closed incident now and forever. With all its contacts and newsgathering facilities, this magazine, to date, has been unable to find a single eye-witness to the so-called shocking behavior of the pair, and it is our conviction that the malicious gossips who conceived and have been elaborating on the tale, owe the deepest apologies to the very unhappy couple.

DIDJA KNOW

That Clark Gable sleeps in only the upper part of his pajamas . . . That W. C. Fields has a wife and son living in Beverly Hills . . . That Eddie Horton's estate is called "Belly Acres" . . . That Olivia de Havilland flies an airplane solo now, but is still earthbound by Jimmy Stewart . . . That there are 400 Robert Taylors in the United States . . . That if Lana Turner blossoms out in a new full-

YOU'RE REALLY IN THE HOLLYWOOD KNOW WHEN YOU'VE READ

GOOD NEWS

GATHERED FOR YOU BY OUR SUPER SLEUTH —SYLVIA KAHN!

John Howard



Hedy Lamarr





Lupe Velez

length ermine coat, you may be certain it's a gift from Tony Martin . . . That Melvyn Douglas has danced in every one of his last five pictures . . . That Patricia Morison whose initials are P. M. has a brother whose initials are A. M. . . . That Irene Rich passed around six boxes of cigars when her grandson was born . . . That to avoid forgeries, Maureen O'Sullivan, like most movie stars, has a special signature for checks . . . That Ruth Nagel, daughter of Conrad Nagel, is a junior at Wellesley College . . . That John Howard owns stock in every major film company in Hollywood . . . That Hedy Lamarr's No. 1 husband, Fritz Mandl, phoned Hedy long-distance on her birthday and talked for a solid hour while his brand new bride sulked green-eyed in an adjoining room?

Meanwhile, friend Carroll, not to be outdone, met and married little Steffi Duna. In due time, that marriage crashed and O'Keefe, still in the matrimonial mood, wooed and won the ex-Mrs. Carroll. But here's the topper. "Wild Jack" recently left the much-married Louise, sued her for divorce and—please believe us—has again taken up residence with his closest buddy, John Carroll!

SUSPENDED ANNIE-MATION

The long line of jobless gathered outside of Hollywood's Unemployment Insurance Headquarters, gulped twice and rubbed their eyes when a sleek, chauffeur-driven limousine drew up to the curb and discharged a beautifully garbed young woman. But when the young woman

Errol Flynn





Betty Grable



Ann Sheridan

LOVE IN TWO-TIME

It can only happen in Hollywood. Just a few years ago, three of the town's choicest Lotharios, Dennis O'Keefe, John Carroll and Addison "Wild Jack" Randall, shared their bachelor bliss in a comfortable Malibu cottage. Their life together was a perfect song until, one day, O'Keefe upped and married divorcée Louise Stanley. Carroll and Randall thereupon moved into smaller quarters and might be there yet had not O'Keefe, returning from a location trip some months later, discovered that his pal, "Wild Jack," had galloped off with the affections of his lovely bride. He promptly sued for divorce and, when the decree became final, "Wild Jack" took the former Mrs. O'Keefe into the Randall clan. casually sauntered toward them and took her place on the line, the jobless almost swooned. Who wouldn't? Ann Sheridan, under suspension by Warner Bros., and technically unemployed, had come to town for her weekly $18 compensation and no amount of stares or wisecracks was going to cheat her of it! "Why shouldn't I collect?" asked Annie. "I've chipped in my share, and when I no workee, the studio no payee! Heck, a girl's got to live, doesn't she?"

MICKEY ROONEY

Mickey Rooney's a great little sport, and let no man say otherwise. The other afternoon, on the set of "Men of Boys' Town," Mick was doing a sequence with small-fry Darryl Hickman when he realized that Darryl was hamming and mugging all over the place in an attempt to steal his scenes. And did Rooney the Star rage and rant over this professional larceny? He did not! He permitted Darryl to have his fun and, when several takes had been completed, ambled up to Spencer Tracy who was chuckling on the side lines. "It's okay with me, Spence," said he. "Now I know how you feel when I'm in your scenes!"

SIDELIGHT ON CARY

Maids and matrons who would give their all to come into the daily presence of "easy-going" Cary Grant would do well to heed the story of one of Cary's former housekeepers. After a single month of service in the Grant ménage, that lady wearily quit her job! "Couldn't take another day of it," says she. "Mr. Grant was driving me daffy! He has a terrific cleanliness phobia and conducts a daily dust-hunt on every piece of furniture in the house! I believe in a clean house, too, but don't like being handed a note each morning telling me I skipped three-quarters of an inch on the bureau top. Mind you, there's nothing mean about Mr. Grant but, if he were a woman, I think his friends would pack him off to a home for fussy old maids!"

GARY AND THE GEISHA

Miss Kazuko Yamamoto, tiny, satin-skinned queen of Tokyo's geishas, has one foot on the road to ruin. Miss Yamamoto, the only geisha to ever bob her hair, don modern clothes and become an American movie fan, has long been famous as a precedent-breaker, but her latest deed may prove her undoing. She's let it be known that she's passionately in love with Gary Cooper! She's aware that Gary has a wife, and a daughter, too, but no such trifling items can throw a damper on her Japanese ardor. She even admits that although kissing in public is a criminal offense in her country, she'd plant her lips on Gary's before the Imperial Palace itself. Her second choice is Charles Boyer, but she wouldn't risk as much for him. Says he'd have to step inside.

OUR TOWNE

Heartiest chuckle of the month is contributed by Gene Towne, 50 per cent of the zany writing team of Towne and Baker. Gene went to Ciro's the other evening to celebrate the completion of a new story and ran into a chubby-chinned producer who felt like celebrating, too. The pair settled in a quiet corner and were shortly joined by a bottle of champagne and then another and another. Towne, who is as great a salesman as he is a writer, began to improvise a screen story and did such a fine selling job that, before the night was out, the producer handed him a check for $10,000 for an idea Towne hadn't even dreamed of a few hours earlier! The following morning, the pair sobered up and got together for a story conference and, after much hemming and hawing, it was discovered that neither could remember a single line of the plot! Back went the ten grand to the producer—and on the water wagon went our friend Mr. Towne.

HEDY IN EXILE

Don't go forgetting the Hedy Lamarr-John Howard romance just because you're not handed a daily reminder by your favorite columnist. It's still blazing, and the only reason the publicity's died down is that Hedy's been ordered by the court to keep her nose out of nightclubs and her name out of newsprint if she wants to retain custody of her adopted baby son. Hedy almost lost little Jimmy by leaving Gene Markey's bed and board, but when she came before the judge she likened herself to a woman whose husband had just died and asked if a child would be deprived of its mother under such circumstances. The grim analogy won Hedy the right to keep her son another year, but the memory of her plea still makes Markey squirm.

LIFE WITH FATHER

Jane Withers doesn't object to Darryl Zanuck as a studio father, but she definitely would not want him as her real-life pa. Jane's heard stories of how Mr. Z. trains his youngsters and the Zanuck Plan doesn't appeal to her. It seems Zanuck abhors fearfulness in children and has worked out some novel schemes to build the courage of his own youngsters. For example, one afternoon when daughter Darrylin wasn't looking, he slipped a harmless but slithery snake into her pocket. When she reached in for a lollipop, out came the squirming reptile and along came her dad to tell her why she mustn't be frightened! Zanuck also scrapped his children's fear of water by teaching them to swim when they were infants. Now all three kids must pop out of bed each morning and take a pre-breakfast workout across their pool, come sticky weather or frosty.

CLAUSE-TROPHOBIA

William Powell and Henry Fonda are both married men. As such, they enjoy married men's responsibilities, and neither can afford to be tossed out of his job because of a fight with a studio boss. That's why both have had unique clauses written into their contracts. Fonda knows the only reason he'd ever want to leave the Fox fold would be to do Thornton Wilder's "Heaven Is My Destination" should it be adapted into play form. His agreement with the studio, therefore, stipulates clearly that there will be no hard feelings should he ever pull up stakes and head for Broadway and "Heaven." Bill Powell's stipulation is a bit screwier. For years, Bill has had an unholy and unfounded fear that he would be asked to portray Cyrano de Bergerac, Durante-nosed hero of the Rostand play of the same name. As insurance against that, he extracted a written promise from his Metro bosses that, though they might ask him to portray anyone from Nell Gwynne to Romeo, they'd reserve the Cyrano role for Bob Taylor or one of the other boys.

IT WAS IN THE CARDS

A newcomer, trying to crash the golden gates of Hollywood, would do well to land Connie Bennett as his agent. Richard Ainley will testify to that. Ainley barnstormed with Connie and her stage play last year, and when Connie returned to the coast, he came right with her. For several weeks he angled for audiences with studio bigwigs, but met with success of zero proportions. Then, just as it appeared he would have to hit the road again, Connie took matters into her own hands. She went over to Jack Warner's home for one of her regular poker sessions and, before the evening was out, Richard Ainley, with no previous movie experience, was in possession of a Warner Bros. contract guaranteeing him $650 weekly for the next fifty-two weeks! No, we don't have Connie's phone number. Or Mr. Ainley's, either!

BEDTIME STORY

Lupe Velez will probably be "Big Boy" Williams' little woman by the time you read this. Lupe, who had originally planned an October marriage, postponed her wedding because, as she explains, "I married Weissmuller in October. That was a lousy marriage for me and brought bad luck. I didn't want to risk it again." In a conversation with Lupe, we learned that her greatest pre-marital problem was the decoration of her boudoir in "Big Boy's" home. She simply couldn't decide whether to retain her own black lacquered bedroom suite with its ten-foot-wide bed, or buy new furniture with a "beeger" bed. One thing Lupe was positive about, however, was that her room must be forty-five feet long. "It must be tremendous," said she, "because I want space for a fireplace, a bar, my piano and an icebox. You know me. I spend half my life in my bedroom."

NO ACTORS WANTED!

After only a few months of wedded life, Binnie Barnes has discovered a fly in her marital ointment. Binnie can't stand leading men—and Mike Frankovich, her sports announcer groom, has broken down and admitted he wants to be a leading man! The disease set in when Mike accompanied Binnie on a cross-country personal appearance tour and found himself swamped with fan mail and requests for autographed photographs. He immediately developed a streak of ham so wide, Binnie's threatening to cut it out with a knife. But the odds are she'll cool down about an acting career for her husband. The pair has been offered a not-to-be-sneezed-at sum to co-star in a Broadway play—and Binnie is an extremely practical girl. She and Mike keep little flour sacks in their bedroom into which they pour their extra nickels and dimes against a rainy day. And they want to fill those sacks. So maybe Mike will be an actor after all!



OUR MISCHA

Since the morning Mischa Auer picked up his newspaper and learned he was separated from his wife, his life has taken on an entirely new complexion. Hollywood bachelorettes who previously ignored him are now giving him the eye and asking numerous intimate questions about Mischa the Man. We don't pretend to know all the answers but the following tidbits may tell you whether he's the type that could make *your* heart bounce and bound. (a) He always tops his breakfast

with a stein of beer and a bag of pretzels. (b) He's good-natured and, to prove it, presented his beautiful Encino ranch to his wife as a "goodbye to love" gift. (c) He loves to play the concertina. (d) His principal hobby is photography. Although his favorite subject is his son, he once took a picture of Broderick Crawford that was so good, Crawford ordered 1500 to send to his fans. (e) He studies his next day's lines in the bathtub. (f) His dearest possession is a costly Storytone piano equipped with tubes and a loud speaker. By twirling a knob on the instrument it can be converted into eight different types of pianos, varying from a tinkling spinet to a booming concert Steinway. (g) All his victrola records are Strauss waltzes. (h) No matter where he lives he must have a huge painting of Czar Nicholas of Russia hanging over his dining-room table. And there you have him, ladies. Mischa "Heathcliffe" Auer, the reason girls leave home—and go into convents.

Sonja Henie





Bette Davis



Ray Milland

BABY TALK

After seven years of married life Charles Boyer is having his first painful encounter with Monsieur Stork. Not that the great Boyer is about to become a father. Nothing like it! He's merely suffering because Margaret Sullavan is about to become a mother! It seems Boyer and Maggie are co-starring in "Back Street"—and Maggie's third baby is due any minute. In order to beat the stork the picture is being produced in frantic haste, and Boyer, accustomed to leisurely lunches, rests between scenes and 6 o'clock quitting time, must now hop about like a younger edition Mickey Rooney so that no delays can be hung on him! Boyer's not complaining, but the studio head responsible for bringing the picture in on time makes up for him. Moans he: "When we had John Barrymore on the lot we had to build our shooting schedule around a court calendar. Now that we have Sullavan, we have to build it around a stork calendar!

STARDOM DEFERRED

Tyrone Power, who's done so much to get so many kids started in films, will be amazed when he learns that he's the reason Bob Shaw has had such a tough time getting a break. Darkly handsome Bob has been under contract to the same studio as Ty for a long while, but officials have been afraid to give him juicy roles and a build-up for fear feminine fans would hail him as a "new Tyrone Power," thereby injuring Ty's heartthrob value. Nine-year-old Joan Carroll is another who got the same deal. She was bound to a contract and held to small parts because she looked like a threat to Shirley Temple. Happily, however, both these youngsters are now on their way. Bob's bosses finally relented and lent him out for "Legacy," and Joan, who went to New York and became a sensation in "Panama Hattie," is currently being courted by several major studios who want her to stage a comeback as the "new Joan Carroll!"

STAR BLIGHT

If you think movie stars are calm, cool creatures who could meet kings, gods or their Maker without a ruffle in composure, you've got another think coming. Actually, many of the biggest names in pictures have less poise before an audience than little Susie Zilch has before her Sunday school class. For example, Martha Scott, making a recent appearance on a radio show, wore dark glasses throughout so that she couldn't see her studio audience and become upset. And Charles Laughton, veteran stage star, still will not appear on the boards unless a brilliant spotlight hits him full in the face, practically blinding him and completely blacking out the folks down in front.

SONJA'S FOLLIES

The fates are giving Sonja Henie an awful shoving around these days. First, Sonja had lawsuit trouble. She was sued by an agent who was willing to call the whole thing quits for $20,000. Sonja rejected the proposal, fought her case, lost it and had to pay the agent $77,000! Next, 60 members of her Ice Revue troupe balked at rehearsals the day before they were to start their tour and refused to go back to work until they were given substantial salary lifts. And now, to crown her woes, word's been brought to her that Hollywood high school students have taken her off their list of screen favorites because they object to her marriage to Dan Topping! They poutingly protest she can't manage a career and a fortune at the same time and contend that by wedding a wealthy man she has failed in her duty to them.

DATELESS BETTE

Bette Davis, who's probably the greatest actress in films and a darned pretty trick besides, has more escort trouble than any girl we know. Eddie Albert would like to date her but is so afraid she'll turn him down he doesn't dare broach the subject. And Bette, in turn, is hankering for an evening of dancing with Cesar Romero but naturally can't phone him. She once did hint to a friend that she'd like to know Cesar better, but when Cesar heard of it he smiled regretfully and said he was sorry. "Sure I want to date Bette," he admitted. "Who wouldn't? But can you picture the two of us strolling into Ciro's? Everyone would say, 'Look at Romero. He's angling for publicity.' It wouldn't do either of us any good to have people thinking I was trading on Bette's fame."

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Brian Donlevy, well on his way to becoming an important star, will definitely be someone to be considered when he shoots Bob Taylor dead in their next picture. But even if he never killed Bob, Brian would still be worth a second glance. He's the man who owns the largest bathroom in Hollywood, and let no one forget it! After years of suffering in hotel two-by-fours, Brian has built his own home and indulged his oldest and goofiest yen by knocking a wall out of the architect's plans and converting two tremendous bedrooms into a single, perfectly huge bathroom just for himself!

(Continued on page 94)

Classic, Casual and Chic...

Classic for class! That's our motto and will be yours, too. America's contribution to fashion is the classic, always right and better than ever. Peter-Pan or open throat tailored collars; button fronts; pleats and full skirts that flatter. Perennial youth captured in the clothes that Americans love. All eyes on Spring in the 1941 classic hats and dresses. You can't get along without them.

Right. Tonic touch for midwinter; two tones are better than one. Grey for the blouse and belt trimming; dusty rose for the side-pleated, top-stitched skirt and sleeves. Under seven dollars; J. P. Stevens, Chicago.

Stitched straw beret. Under two dollars; Macy's, New York.

Genuine snake charmers. Three dollars; Kitty Kelly.





Left. A McKettrick classic with skirted front fullness in Wedgewood blue and white in stripe effect. Under six dollars; Arnold Constable, New York. Pert patent leather opera pumps, Kitty Kelly.



Above. Irresistible—a love—in light blue wool angora to wear as a dress or as a suit with a blouse underneath. Set-in fitted belt; dramatic pockets. Under seventeen dollars. Side roll, off-face felt hat. Under four dollars. Emily Shops.

Brown Morocco d'Orsay bow pumps; Ansonia Shoes.

Snow

GET OUT, GET OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

Home in the north—home in the south; or lucky you taking a trip.

Ski trains take you to your fun in the snow. The sun beckons on land and sea. Wear the season's gifts to fashion at a price. **1.** In New York, Gimbels features a Brenda Gale ski suit. Navy blue wool and cotton gabardine; jaunty mess jacket, brass buttons; gold zippered pants; under fourteen dollars. Bright red regulation poplin hat and gloves; each under two dollars. **2.** Combine your own: man-tailored ski pants in wool gabardine and a bright print waterproofed poplin jacket lined in snowy white. Each under eight dollars; Franklin Simon. **3.** After skiing, for fun indoors, Brenda Gale's beer jacket, beige and brown flannel slack suit. Cozy! Under seven dollars; Gimbels.

3.



2.



1.



Sun



1.

1. There's something about a sailor slack suit in clear blue spun poplin. Trousers button on to blouse; rows of white braid trimming. Under eight dollars; Emily Shops. Authentics' wood jewelry.

2. Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Dance in jersey, broad blue and white stripes, jacketed in red; an emblem on the sleeve. Under seventeen dollars; Burdine's, Miami.

3. All the new details in an aquamarine Sacony sports dress: set-in ribbed waistband, stitched, gored skirt. Under eleven dollars; Burdine's. Back-fringed calot.

4. Ballerina-type play suit—jacket, backless and sleeveless dress, separate shorts. Combination red and white striped and plain chambray. Under five dollars; Emily Shops. Kitty Kelly Shoes.



2.

4.



3.



PROP SHOP

It's the little things that count though they don't cost much



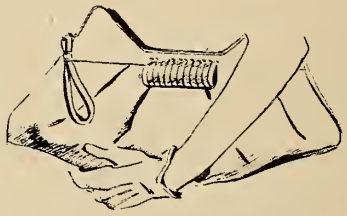
Wind a two-tone Persian colored knit scarf high on your head. $1.95; Lord and Taylor, N. Y.



Chosen by Joan Bennett in "The Son of Monte Cristo": antiqued gold clips. $1 each; Lord and Taylor, N. Y



Darling of Spring is a sheer white embroidered blouse, lace trimmed. $2; J. L. Hudson, Detroit.



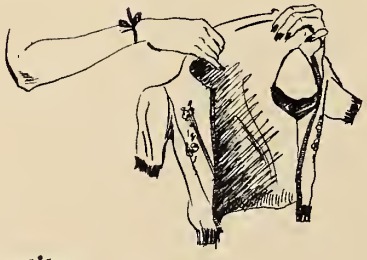
The bigger the better; white washable capeskin bag. $2.95; Burdine's, Miami.



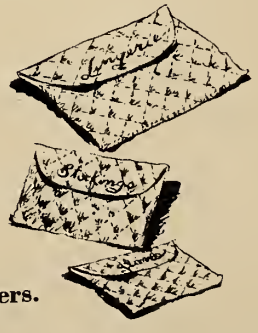
A hold-up! Ski-braces—Tyrolean fashion; 75c. Kleinert.



Merry, yellow rubber tomatoes, plastic chain. A Silson design. $1; McCreery's, N. Y.



New, petite pin-in sport shields; 35c. Young notions by Kleinert.



Going places? Use handy travel kits that you've made yourself. Singer Sewing Centers.

For information concerning fashions write to the Fashion Editor of MODERN SCREEN magazine



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AMERICAN PASSPORT

WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—*twice*-clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:—

SMOOTH ON your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then *slap* your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippy cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

AGAIN SLAP with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

FOLLOW with the COOL, WET FRAGRANCE of Pond's Skin Freshener.

COAT this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to *disperse* remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silky-smooth—pliant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indubitable mat finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your make-up demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—as do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

Send for Trial Case. **Fill in and forward coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVB, Clinton, Conn.**

So I may start my Pond's ritual at once, please send my trial kit of basic preparations I need, including the 3 famous Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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(Continued from page 46)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Bergman, Ingrid	Dr. Peter Lindstrom	July 10, 1937	Dentist	None	Tia, 1½	Long-distance devotion
Best, Edna	Nat Wolff	Feb. 6, 1940	Actors' agent	Seymour Beard, Herbert Marshall	Sarah, 6, by Marshall	Best in the West
Blondell, Joan	Dick Powell	Sept. 20, 1936	Actor	Geo. Barnes	Norman, 6, by Barnes; Ellen, 2½	Two Dreams Met
Bogart, Humphrey	Mayo Methot	Aug. 20, 1938	Actress	Helen Menken, Mary Phillips	None	Four bells
Bowdon, Dorris	Nunnally Johnson	Feb. 4, 1940	Producer-writer	None	None	"Okie"-dokeh
Boyd, William	Grace Bradley	June 5, 1937	Actress	Elinor Fair, Dorothy Sebastian	None	Riding high
Boyer, Charles	Pat Paterson	Feb. 14, 1934	Actress	None	None	Toujours
Brennan, Walter	Ruth Wells	About 1920	Non-prof.	None	Two sons; one daughter	In line for an Oscar
Brown, Joe E.	Kathryn McGraw	Dec. 25, 1915	Nurse	None	Mike Frankovich, 27, adopted; Don, 24; Joe, 22; Mary, 10; Kathryn, 8	Good bet for golden wedding
Bruce, Virginia	J. Walter Ruben	Dec. 18, 1937	Producer	John Gilbert	Susan Ann, 7, by Gilbert	Three down and life to go
Bryan, Jane	Justin Dart	Dec. 31, 1939	Businessman	None	None	Nothing else matters
Burnette, Smiley	Dallas MacDonald	Oct. 26, 1936	Writer	None	Linda, 2½; Stephen, 8 mos.; both adopted	In the Autry tradition
Burns, Bob	Harriet Foster	May 30, 1937	Formerly Bob's secretary	One	Barbara, 2½; Robin 1½; Stephen Foster, 3 mos.; Robin, Jr., 19, by first wife	Improves with age
Burns, George	Gracie Allen	Jan. 7, 1926	Comedienne	None	Sandra, 6; Ronnie, 5, adopted	Still "Burns *and* Allen"
Cagney, James	Frances Vernon	About 1928	Former vaudeville partner	None	May adopt red-headed baby boy	Object Lesson for Newlyweds
Carey, Harry	Olive Golden	Spring, 1917	His first leading lady	None	Dobie, 20; daughter, 18	Looks permanent
Carlson, Richard	Mona Mayfield	June 11, 1939	Model	None	None	Not newsworthy
Carradine, John	Ardanelle Cosner	Dec. 31, 1935	Non-prof.	None	John, 4; Bruce, 8, by wife's former marriage	As You'd Like It
Carson, Jack	Kay St. Germaine	Aug. 21, 1940	Singer	One	None	Just plain wonderful
Chaney, Lon, Jr.	Patsy Beck	Oct. 1, 1937	Non-prof.	One	Lon, 12; Ron, 10	Right as rain
Chaplin, Charles	Paulette Goddard	June, 1934	Actress	Mildred Harris, Lita Grey	Sidney, 16; Charles, 15	You've probably heard
Colbert, Claudette	Dr. Joel Pressman	Dec. 24, 1935	Surgeon	Norman Foster	None	Don't believe the gossips
Colman, Ronald	Benita Hume	Sept. 30, 1938	Actress	Thelma Raye	None	The sun never sets
Colonna, Jerry	Florence Charlotte	Nov. 2, 1930	Non-prof.	None	None	Not bad, not bad
Comingore, Dorothy	Richard Collins	June, 1939	Writer	None	First due momentarily	Romeo and Juliet were amateurs
Cooper, Gary	Veronica Balfe	Dec. 6, 1933	Socialite	None	Maria, 3	Another Cooper triumph
Crisp, Donald	Jane Murfin	Aug. 15, 1932	Writer	None	None	Mature and serene
Crosby, Bing	Dixie Lee	Sept. 29, 1930	Actress	None	Gary, 7½; Phillip and Dennis, 6½; Lindsay, 3	Solid sending
Crosby, Bob	June Kuhn	Sept. 22, 1938	Socialite	None	Cathleen, 1½	" "
Cummings, Robert	Vivian Janis	Feb. 27, 1935	Ziegfeld beauty	None	None	In the clouds
D'Arcy, Alexander	Arleen Whelan	Sept. 2, 1940	Actress	None	None	Red hot
Darro, Frankie	Aloha Wray	July 30, 1939	Actress	None	None	Still baby-talking
Davis, Joan	Serenus Wills	Aug. 31, 1931	Joan's manager	None	Beverly, 7½	No time for comedy
Davis, Johnny	Martha Garber	Apr. 1, 1934	Non-prof.	None	Judith, 1½	Scoffs at scandal
Dee, Frances	Joel McCrea	Oct. 20, 1933	Actor	None	Joel, 6; David, 5	Why lawyers starve
Dekker, Albert	Esther Guerini	Apr. 4, 1929	Actress	None	Jan, 3; John, 6 mos.	Heaven can wait
Del Rio, Dolores	Cedric Gibbons	Aug. 8, 1930	Studio art director	Jaime Del Rio	None	Religion blocking divorce
Devine, Andy	Dorothy House	Oct. 20, 1933	Actress	One	Tad, 6; Dennis, 2	Somebody loves a fat man
Dietrich, Marlene	Rudolph Sieber	May 17, 1924	Director	None	Maria, 15	Kept on ice
Dinehart, Alan	Mozelle Britton	June 28, 1933	Actress	None	Son, 5	Standpatter
Dix, Richard	Virginia Webster	June 29, 1934	Secretary	Winifred Coe	Daughter, 8, by first marriage; Richard and Robert, 5½, by second	Matrimonial marathon

(Continued on page 62)

Junior Debs

Hollywood's wee ones give their chic mamas some stiff competition!



Juanita and Rita Quigley spectate at the showing of fashions designed by Emily Wilkens especially for youngsters.



Blond and cherubic Sandra Burns personifies sophistication at six in a house coat and the up hair-do.



Joan Benny prefers shirts and shorts, but is a dazzler nonetheless in her crisp, butterfly-embroidered organdie.

Joan Bennett's and Gene Markey's Melinda wore plaid and was escorted by her dog in a twin coat.





Left, Joan Benny models her pink, beaver-trimmed ensemble that stole the show. It features infinitesimal spats!



Right, George Burns only had eyes for his leg-conscious Sandra, who changed to a dream of pinafore.

(Continued from page 60)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Donat, Robert	Ella Voysey	Aug., 1929	Actress	None	Joanna, 9; John, 7; Brian, 4	Disrupted by war
Donlevy, Brian	Marjorie Lane	Dec. 22, 1936	Singer	One	None	Neighbors can't talk
Douglas, Melvyn	Helen Gahagan	Apr. 5, 1931	Actress	One	Peter, 7; Mary Helen, 2½; Son, 17, by 1st wife	Democracy at home
Duna, Steffi	Dennis O'Keefe	Oct. 18, 1940	Actor	John Carroll	Juliana, 3, by Carroll	Fair chance for survival
Dunn, James	Mary Gifford	Dec. 25, 1937	Non-prof.	None	None	Keeping its skirts clean
Dunne, Irene	Dr. Francis Griffin	July 16, 1927	Dentist	None	Mary Frances, 6, adopted	Something to sing about
Eddy, Nelson	Ann Franklin	Jan. 18, 1939	Socialite	None	Sidney Franklin, Jr., by wife's first marriage	Worth waiting for
Eilers, Sally	Harry Joe Brown	Oct. 22, 1933	Studio exec.	Hoot Gibson	Harry Joe, Jr., 6	Beats a career
Ellison, James	Grace Durkin	Apr. 25, 1937	Actress	None	Dirk, 8 mos.	Gossip-proof
Erwin, Stuart	June Collyer	July 10, 1931	Actress	None	Stuart, Jr., 8; June Dorothea, 5	June dittos Sally Eilers
Fairbanks, Douglas	Mary Lee Epling Hartford	Apr. 22, 1939	Socialite	Joan Crawford	Daphne, 9 mos.	Nothing here, Mr. Winchell
Fairbanks, Lucile	Owen Crump, Jr.	Oct. 12, 1940	Writer	None	None	Plotted for success
Fields, Gracie	Monty Banks	Mar. 18, 1940	Actor	Archie Pitts	None	Field(s) day
Fitzgerald, Geraldine	Edward Lindsay-Hogg	Nov. 18, 1936	Song-writer	None	Michael, 8 mos.	Short-cut to Paradise
Flynn, Errol	Lili Damita	June 19, 1935	Actress	None	None	Three-ring circus
Fonda, Henry	Frances Seymour Brokaw	Sept. 16, 1936	Socialite	Margaret Sullavan	Jayne Seymour, 3; Peter, 1	Closed corporation
Fontaine, Joan	Brian Aherne	Aug. 20, 1939	Actor	None	None	Almost poetic
Foran, Dick	Ruth Piper Hollingsworth	June 7, 1937	Socialite	None	John Michael, 2½; James Patrick, 1½	On the brink of divorce
Foster, Preston	Gertrude Warren	June 27, 1925	Teacher	None	Stephanie, 2½, adopted	Hardy perennial
Gable, Clark	Carole Lombard	Mar. 29, 1939	Actress	Josephine Dillon, Rhea Langham	None	Out of this world
Garfield, John	Roberta Mann	Jan. 28, 1933	Non-prof.	None	Katherine, 2	Love on the run
Gargan, William	Pat Kenny	Jan. 19, 1928	Former chorine	None	Barrie, 10; Leslie, 8	First and last
Gaynor, Janet	Gilbert Adrian	Aug. 14, 1939	Designer	Lydell Peck	Robin, 6 mos.	Designed for living
Gilbert, Billy	Ella McKenzie	Sept. 12, 1937	Actress	None	Barry, 11, adopted	Nothing to sneeze at
Gleason, James	Lucille Webster	Aug. 22, 1906	Actress	None	Russell, 30	Till death us do part
Gleason, Russell	Cynthia Hobart	June 9, 1938	Actress	None	Michael, 1½	In his father's footsteps
Goddard, Paulette	Charles Chaplin	June, 1934	Actor-producer	None	None	Slated for Mexican divorce
Gorcey, Leo	Katherine Marvis	May 16, 1939	Non-prof.	None	None	No "tough guy" at home
Greenwood, Charlotte	Martin Broomes	Dec. 22, 1924	Composer-producer	None	None	No kick coming
Grey, Nan	Jackie Westrope	May 4, 1939	Jockey	None	None	Track fast and clear
Gurie, Sigrid	Dr. Lawrence Spangard	Aug. 6, 1939	Physician	T. W. Stewart	None	Nothing ails them
Hale, Alan	Gretchen Hartman	Sept. 19, 1914	His former leading lady	None	Alan, Jr., 19; Karen, 16	Hale and hearty
Hall, Jon	Frances Langford	June 4, 1938	Singer	None	None	South Sea idyll
Hardwicke, Sir Cedric	Helena Pickard	Jan. 8, 1928	Actress	None	Edward, 8	Foundering
Hasso, Signey	Harry Hasso	Nov. 12, 1933	Cameraman	None	One son, 6	Temporarily suspended
Hayden, Russell	June Clayton	Jan. 6, 1939	Actress	None	Sandra, 6 mos.	Branded for happiness
Hayes, George "Gabby"	Dorothy Earle	Mar. 4, 1914	Actress	None	None	A long, successful run
Hayward, Louis	Ida Lupino	Nov. 17, 1938	Actress	None	None	Ida-eel
Hayworth, Rita	Eddie Judson	May 30, 1937	Texas oil operator	None	None	Love congas all
Henie, Sonja	Dan Topping	July 4, 1940	Millionaire sportsman	None	None	No frost on this one
Herbert, Hugh	Rose Epstein	Summer, '14	Former vaudeville partner	None	None	Still pitching woo
Hersholt, Jean	Via Anderson	Apr. 11, 1914	Non-prof.	None	Alan, 25	Accent on romance
Hervey, Irene	Allan Jones	July 26, 1936	Actor	One	Jack, 3; Gail, 9, by first marriage	No sour notes
Hobart, Rose	Wm. Grosvenor, Jr.	Oct. 15, 1932	Chemist	None	None	Proper ingredients present

(Continued on page 82)

IT'S BEAUTY NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD!

LORETTA YOUNG



Now YOU can give your skin screen star care—*right in your own home*

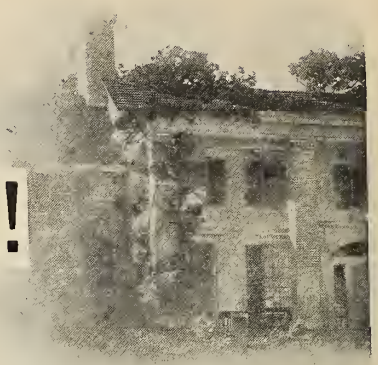
Lovely Loretta Young shows you just how screen stars protect million-dollar complexions. Now you can give *your* skin regular beauty facials just as they do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—help you keep skin *smooth!*

Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure!
ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness



IT'S A SCOOP!



Hattie McDaniel—in character

My, my! Here's Scarlett O'Hara's "Mammy" to tell us how to make her favorite Southern specialties

Now that "Gone With The Wind" has celebrated its first anniversary in such fine style down in Atlanta and is being released all over the country at popular prices, it occurred to us that millions of new admirers would soon be added to the countless people who already have enjoyed Hattie McDaniel's fine portrayal of "Mammy" in that epic of the old South. It seemed high time, therefore, to try and secure for our cooking columns some of those special recipes of "Mammy" McDaniel's we had been hearing about for years.

We finally caught up with her in the beauty parlor where, completely at our mercy, she promised to tell us how to prepare her justly famous dishes.

"Only you'll have to wait a while," she declared, "because, you see, I cook by instinct like so many of my race. But I know you'll want things all set down clearly, so's folks can follow them easily. I'll have to make some of those favorites of mine and write down how much I use as I go along."

She proved as good as her word for in a day or two along came these recipes, together with her favorite menu and some practical cooking suggestions.

So, if you have ever wondered what kind of a meal Mammy herself would have served to the O'Haras, here is your golden opportunity to learn—thanks to Hattie McDaniel.

Mammy's Southern Dinner Menu

Plantation Chicken with Dumplings
Corn Bread *Onions in
String Beans Cream Sauce
Cranberry Jelly
Tomato and Watercress Salad
McDaniel Dressing
Cracker Cake
Coffee

**or Sweet Corn Pudding*

Chicken With Dumplings

Dress, clean and cut up a large (year-old) chicken. Put in a stew pan and cover with about 2 quarts of boiling water. Add 1 small onion, sliced; 2 stalks of celery, chopped; 2 sprigs of parsley and 4 peppercorns. Cover and cook slowly until tender. Add 2 teaspoons salt the last hour of cooking. Remove chicken, strain liquor and skim off any excess fat. Measure chicken stock—there should be 6 cups, so either add water or boil down stock to make required amount. Thicken with ½ cup flour (directions for thickening gravies will be found in the Special Suggestions at the end of this article.) Cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Return chicken to this gravy, add dumplings and continue cooking as directed in dumpling recipe.

Dumplings

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon shortening
¾ cup water

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder and salt. Rub in shortening with your fingers. Add water gradually, mixing it in with a knife. Drop dumpling dough from tip of spoon into stewpan, an inch apart and resting on the chicken so they don't drop down into the gravy. Cover pan and steam dumplings — without removing cover—for 12 minutes.

Corn Bread

1½ cups flour
4½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup cornmeal (yellow or white)
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup milk

Sift flour, measure; add baking powder, salt and sugar and sift again. Mix in cornmeal. Beat egg until light, add melted and cooled shortening and the milk. Stir into dry mixture, beat thoroughly, and turn into well-greased, shallow, square pan. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes, or until done.

Sweet Corn Pudding

Chop fine 2 cups whole grain canned corn, or cooked green corn when in season. Add 3 eggs, slightly beaten, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Stir in 1½ cups scalded milk. Turn into greased casserole; bake in slow oven (350°F.) until knife inserted in pudding comes out clean—about 40 minutes.

Cranberry Jelly

Pick over and wash 1 pound (4 cups) cranberries; add 1 cup boiling water and boil gently for 20 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add 2 cups sugar, cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Turn into a mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill, unmold and serve.

McDaniel Dressing

Grate an onion into a bowl. Add 1 teaspoon each of salt, paprika and prepared mustard, ¼ cup sugar and ½ cup vinegar mixed with ½ cup water. Stir in 1 can (condensed) tomato soup and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 1 cup salad oil gradually and beat with egg beater until thick. A clove of garlic also may be added, if desired. Keep in covered quart jar in refrigerator.

"And here's just the dessert to have when you expect company and don't mind being a little bit extravagant," suggests Hattie McDaniel. However, since this recipe of hers serves *12 people* you can divide these amounts in half, still have enough for the average size family and not feel extravagant at all!

Cracker Cake

1 (pound size) box graham crackers
1 cup butter (½ pound)
2¼ cups powdered sugar (1 pound)
6 eggs, separated

Fine foods were traditional on plantations like "Tara."



By Marjorie Deen

1 cup coarsely chopped pecans
1 cup (½ pint) whipping cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Roll out or grind crackers to make fine crumbs. Melt half of the butter and mix it with crumbs. Cream the remaining butter, add sugar a little at a time, creaming well. Separate eggs, add yolks to sugar mixture one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Add pecans and the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Take a loaf pan, line neatly with waxed paper—allowing enough paper to have it hang over on each side of pan. Put a layer of crumbs in bottom of pan, then a layer of filling, then more crumbs and filling alternately until all has been used. Have the last layer of crumbs. Cover with waxed paper and chill 12 hours in refrigerator. Lift out of pan carefully by grasping paper at the sides. Top with additional whipped cream.

Special Suggestions

"There are some little cooking secrets of mine I want to give you, too," Mammy wrote, "and here they are:

"To thicken gravy—when making the chicken dish I gave you, and stews and pot roasts as well—put the necessary amount of flour in a small jar, like a salad-dressing jar. Add enough water to cover it, put top on jar and shake about 1 minute. Results are perfect.

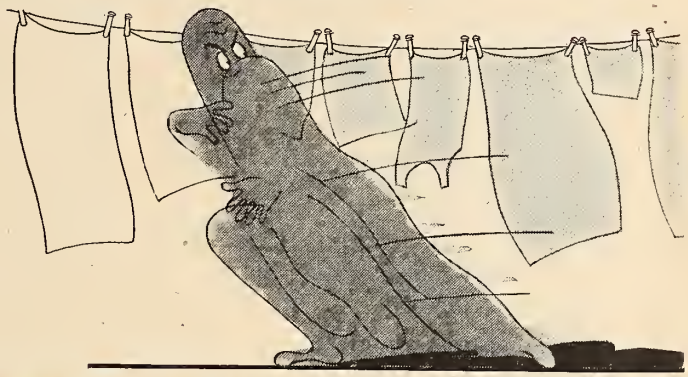
"Here's the way I do onions to keep the odor from penetrating my fingers. I either grease my fingers or hold the onions under water while peeling.

"Be sure your oven is good and hot before you put in your biscuits.

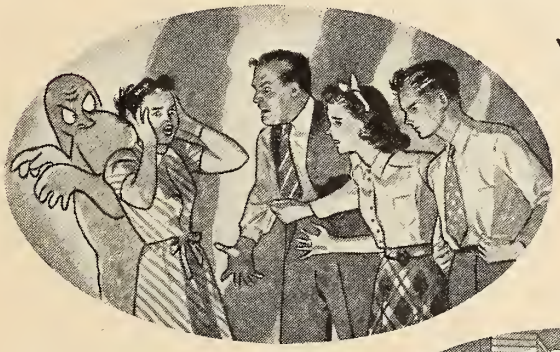
"To flour chicken for frying, mix flour, salt and pepper in heavy brown paper bag. Add chicken pieces which have been wiped and dried. Shake the bag and chicken will be well floured.

"When you are going to cream butter it's always a good idea to let it stand at room temperature until it's soft. Makes it so much easier to work with."

The SINISTER SHADE *fled from our home!*



Every week an ugly, sinister shadow darkened our home. My clothes never came out of the wash completely clean. Things reached the point where washday was a nightmare to me . . .



You can imagine that what I heard from the various members of the family was even worse! John and Junior fussed and complained about the dull, gray color of their shirts. Dotty's delicate party frocks were a fright. And my lovely linens . . . ugh!

It was a lucky day when I got a peek at my neighbor's linens. Such snowy, sweet-smelling things! "Try Fels-Naptha Soap," she said, "and your things will look just like these. It's the gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap that get *all* the dirt out."





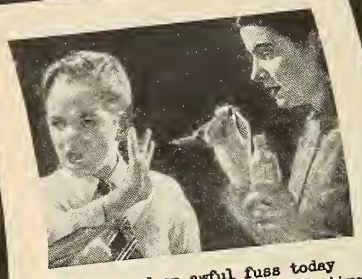
It worked like a charm. With about half the usual trouble, shirts, linens, dainty dresses—came out so clean and sweet I scarcely recognized them. I'll never forget the day Fels-Naptha Soap banished The Sinister Shade.

For free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, write Fels & Co., Dept. 11-B, Phila., Pa.

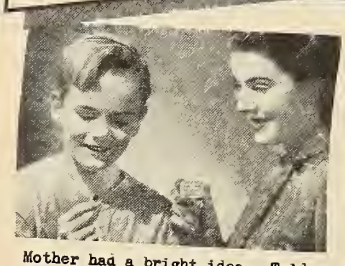
Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



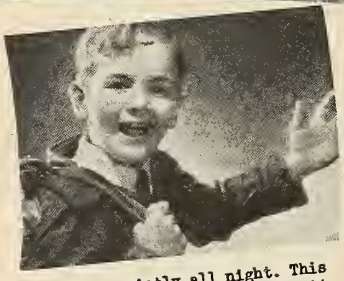
Mrs. T---- handles a Difficult Case



Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates - but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



LADY HAMILTON

(*Continued from page 29*)

found out they were all alike and it was too late. But I didn't deceive Charles by pretending to be what I am not. He knew before he promised to marry me—and I'm different now—not only my clothes, but inside. I'm good now. I know I'm good!" Suddenly she burst out in a full realization of what had happened, "Why did he play this trick on me? Why did he lie to me? What am I doing here?"

It was a long time before Sir William could make her understand. The truth was that he had seen her with his nephew in London and had wanted her from the moment he'd laid eyes on her. Charles, needing five thousand pounds for his debts, had received the money with real gratitude and with no qualms had sent in exchange to his uncle the beautiful Greek statuary, the paintings—and Emma.

"I'm *not* going to be your mistress. I refuse to stay!" she stormed. "The buyer is as bad as the seller!"

BUT Sir William was patient. She was young, he said, and the young heal quickly. He urged her to sleep and wait a few days, and he spread before her all he could give. "You'll learn singing and languages from the finest of tutors. Everyone of account in Europe comes to my house. You'll dine with famous soldiers, artists and statesmen," he promised, "but, of course, you can't be presented at court."

At length Emma went to her room. She lay on her bed and talked with her mother. And finally she fell asleep. She dreamed of her whole life—even of when she was a little slavey wielding a vigorous but unwilling scrub-brush before she did the Dance of the Seven Veils. And through her dream ran the rhythm of her mother's voice, "We'll go back to London—back to London—back to London." And then it changed to the rhythm of Sir William's words, "Forget London. Charles is a blackguard. Of course, you can't be presented at court—you can't be presented at court!"

Suddenly Emma awakened. "Why shouldn't I be presented at court?" she demanded.

And she was. And when it happened, Sir William was beside her.

Emma had been Lady Hamilton for three years when she waked on another morning. The sound of cannon shattered her sleep. From her window she saw a battleship. It was offering a salute to the King and Queen of Naples, to be sure, but it really should have been to Emma. Three years had done a lot for her. The new advantages had made her no less beautiful and far more accomplished and, by now, even the Queen would no more think of buying a new gown without Emma's advice than the henpecked King would think of asserting his own ideas when the Queen stated hers. In fact Emma was going to help her Royal Highness decide some points of fashion that very morning.

Before leaving for the palace she sailed into Sir William's study. She took no notice of an English Captain who rose, slim and erect, from his chair as she entered. She went straight to the point with her husband. "William, dear, what *is* this absurd business about the French Ambassador? I want him for the party Sunday night, and Gavin comes telling me about some stupid political tension."

Sir William introduced the Captain of the "Agamemnon," saying that he could best answer her question. She turned to the man and reproved him for waking her with his guns.

"I'm sorry," he said to that and, to her first question, "We're at war with France." It was clear that he was eager to complete his mission to Sir William and be gone. So Emma was persuaded to leave.

"We have captured Toulon," said the Captain when she had left, "but the Admiral needs ten thousand troops to hold it. It would take too long to bring them from England, but our treaty with Naples provides for such cooperation. The Admiral expects you to secure these troops from the King of Naples without delay."

He was horrified when Sir William said that the necessary application for an audience with the King and then the further negotiations would take some time. No one had hurried in Naples since the earthquake in 1752. While Sir William went into his office to begin drafting the application, the angry, impatient Captain strode about looking at the art treasures and came to a halt before Romney's picture of Emma as "Circe."

"Yes, that's me," said Emma, who had been listening at the keyhole, quite as her mother had taught her, and who now came in. "What would you say if I would get you the troops like that?"

THE Captain was not a ladies' man and he most certainly doubted her ability in an affair like this. Emma was not one to be doubted. She had an appointment with the Queen that very hour, did she not? And was not the Queen the *real* King of Naples? In no time at all the Captain found himself with Emma listening to that same Queen browbeat her spouse in a domestic quarrel carried on in Italian, of which he could not understand one word. In the midst of this, Emma and the Queen discussed the troops.

The Captain and the Lady returned to Sir William's study just as he was finishing the application which might have got five thousand troops in three weeks or more.

"We asked for twenty thousand," stated Emma, "and we got ten. Here." She gave him the document assuring them.

At this moment a young midshipman entered and handed a message to the Captain, who introduced the boy. "My stepson," he said.

So, the gruff and charming fellow was married and this young man was his chaperone! "How comforting for your wife!" exclaimed Emma.

The message summoned the Captain to proceed at once to Sardinia.

"Next time you come," said Emma, brushing aside his protestations of gratitude for her help, "there's no need to blow your cannons off. Just drop in without knocking. What did you say your name was?"

"Nelson," he said and left swiftly.

1794—1795—1796—1797—1798—the dates were written in flame. Through the blood and misery of the French revolutionary years the peace of all Europe was wiped out by the will of one man who rose to menace and dominate, one man who wanted to conquer the whole world—Napoleon Bonaparte.

The "Vanguard," with the British ensign hanging limply from its mast, lay off Capri. In the Admiral's quarters, a man tramped angrily up and down. He

was so changed by the years of battle that only when he spoke could one realize it was Nelson. His stepson, Josiah, read to him his appointment as Knight of the Bath for his brilliant victories. But he was disconsolate. The oil was low in the ship's lamps. His men needed food and ammunition. One could not catch Bonaparte with honors or with the new regulations of silly detail that came through from London. What were they thinking of there? He had sent Trowbridge ashore to get supplies from the King of Naples and the man had not come back.

Captain Hardy approached him. "Why don't we sail up to Naples and blow them out of their beds? They'd give us water and meat quickly enough then!" Like the other men, he was on edge.

"D'you expect me to fire on a neutral port?" demanded Nelson.

"Neutral against *England!*" snapped Hardy. "Trowbridge won't be back. He wore his uniform when he went ashore—the fool!"

But Trowbridge did come back and he brought someone with him.

"Where is the Admiral?" asked Emma.

The lamp, which had been dark to conserve oil, was lit. Then Emma saw him—and all that had happened to him. He pulled the black patch over one eye with the only hand he had left. Emma stared at the mutilated man. "I had no idea," she murmured. "They told us of your victories, but not of the price you paid."

NELSON laughed. "Please, my lady. Don't make a fuss about it. What is your news?"

"They are all terrified," reported Emma. "The King refused to see Sir William—refused, mind you, to see the British Ambassador! You can't conceive how the success of this nasty little Bonaparte has changed them. We're their friends, but they daren't show it."

"Don't they understand what I'm trying to do for them?" Nelson spoke furiously. "Bonaparte's fleet is in Egypt. For the first time in five years I know where they are! If I smash them up, I give Europe a chance to breathe again!"

But Emma had not come to him empty-handed. Once more she had seen her husband's failure and had gone to the Queen, who was panicky but from whom, nevertheless, Emma had wrung a mandate for the replenishing of the British Fleet under Admiral Nelson.

"You are even more lovely than five years ago," he said.

"Five years—or is it five centuries?" asked Emma.

They spoke of his wife whom he had not seen in all this time. But more than all else, they spoke of the war. Bonaparte had swallowed half of Europe.

"Now it's Egypt—and tomorrow it may be India," mourned Emma.

"We are alone but unafraid," smiled Nelson and she knew he was in a hurry to be off and at them.

"Goodbye, *Sir Horatio,*" she said, stressing his new title. "It's a bit of a mouthful, isn't it?"

"You've helped me for a second time," he said gratefully and kissed her hand. "Goodbye, Lady Hamilton."

Nelson won the battle of the Nile.

The Neapolitans gave him an ovation. On his return they brought him to the British Embassy in glory.

Sir William's secretary, Gavin, spoke contemptuously, "When Nelson wins a battle, they hang round our necks. When Napoleon wins, they spit on our trouser legs and kiss the French."

When Emma saw Nelson he looked ill and she was fearful. Only a few mo-

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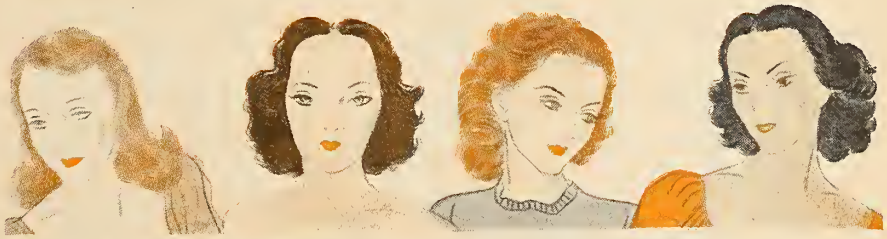


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Why I switched to Meds



by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used *internal* sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 20¢ a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.



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due to colds

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Gives COMFORT *Daily*

ments later he said, "Lady Hamilton, may I speak with you?" and walked into the house away from the others and collapsed.

Days later Emma sat beside him. She was wan as one is who hasn't slept in many nights. Nelson lay in her bed.

The doctor stood looking down at him. "When they come to write his history, they'll tell about his victories at San Vincent and the Nile—"

"He's not—dying?" gasped Emma.

"No, my lady," said the doctor. "I was going to say that this will be his greatest victory. I never thought he would defeat death the way he did."

When Nelson woke, they were alone. "This is the third time you've helped me," he said. "You sat here nine days—night and day—and all the time I felt you round me—even when I was out of my senses, I knew you were here—"

As the days passed Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson became Emma and Horatio to each other, and, after he was up and around, their names were heard so loudly on the lips of the gossips of Naples that even the singers at the opera had trouble to dominate the sound of those two names with their voices.

THE Casa Rossa was the poorest *bodega* on the Naples waterfront. Its orchestra was one old lazzarone whose fingers fluttered uncertainly over his mandolin. Its patrons were sailors, beggars and street girls.

Two people drinking wine at a far table were turned to conceal their faces. Dark cloaks covered the splendor of his uniform and the brilliance of her evening dress. They had fled from the Queen's party for Nelson.

"What a pleasure a banquet is when you can get out of it," he said.

Emma was bubbling with joy. "Let's have the party here!" She imitated the King, the Queen, Sir William and others. She delighted him. And then she impersonated Lord Nelson—in a *bad* mood, a *good* mood, in an exuberant mood and, for each, she distorted her features into Nelson's grimmest face. They were all the same expression.

"You must make allowances for a sailor," he laughed. "Shall I give an impersonation? Lord Nelson in—guess what mood?"

"I don't dare say it."

"Lord Nelson in love," he answered softly.

Abruptly the quiet of the *bodega* was interrupted. Sailors poured in at the door—some of them drunk—sailors from the "Agamemnon," and Josiah was among them. He was the only one who gave her a swift glance before he called noisily for drinks.

"Let's go," said Nelson, but sat back when Josiah spoke loudly.

"What's a pretty barmaid doing in a place like this when women worse than barmaids go to the Opera with the King and Queen?" he demanded hilariously. The sailors roared with laughter.

"He's drunk," said Nelson.

"I wonder," Emma felt Josiah's party here was no accident.

"I'm sorry," shouted Josiah to the waitress. "How much do I have to pay for the pleasure of your company? Don't be too expensive. There's heavy competition in town. Married women entertain for nothing."

"I never saw him like that before," Nelson spoke through set teeth.

"Friends," cried Josiah, "I give you Sir William Hamilton!"

Nelson rose. He approached them glass in hand. All but Josiah were startled and horrified when he appeared. "That's an excellent toast, Josiah," he said quietly. "May I drink it with you?" And they drank.

He sent Josiah for a carriage. "Lady Hamilton and I are leaving," he told the embarrassed boys. "You're off duty. Don't let me disturb you. Have a good time!"

It was after the guests were gone from the big ball given at the Embassy in honor of the hero, that Sir William informed his wife of a dispatch that had arrived for Nelson. He had ordered it sent on to the ship instead of giving it to Nelson at the ball. "I wouldn't spoil your evening, my dear," he said.

"You mean you wouldn't have spoiled yours, William! You wanted to prevent me from saying goodbye to him." She knew that Sir William enjoyed this little game, although it was quite clear that he was not perturbed at being a deceived husband. In fact no one tried to deceive him. He had wanted her as an ornament for his drawing room—like the pictures and the statues. She was that and nothing more to him. But he had enjoyed preventing her goodbye to Nelson.

She would not bid Sir William goodnight. "I won't show you my face," she said, "I'm always ugly when I hate!"

Her mother came for her and, when Emma got to her big bedroom, Nelson was waiting there. He had come back. She ran to him, and their first kiss was deep and it united them.

The dawn-mist hung over the harbor and, within it, voices rose from two shadowy figures who stood very close together.

"Go back now, darling," said Nelson. "You shouldn't have come. People will see you. They'll talk."

"Let them talk. I don't care. Do you? Are you sorry?"

"Sorry for all the wasted years I've been without you—for all the years I shall have to *be* without you. You are married. I am married. Those things stand out very clearly in the dawn." He held her tenderly as the long boat coming for him approached the shore. "We have to obey the codes and creeds that we've sworn our lives to. I know I *must* not come back, and I know nothing in this world can keep me away."

She watched the long boat carry him into the mist.

EMMA!" Another voice came from behind her. Sir William leaned out the window of his coach. "I think it advisable for you to come back by coach, Emma. A little strange to see the British Ambassador's wife in the fish market at this hour of the morning."

Days were beaten into the past by the heavy waves of the sea on which Nelson sailed. One night as a storm attacked his vessel, he held a council of war with the captains of his several ships. Malta was to be the objective upon order of Lord Keith of the Admiralty. The plan of attack was being made when the bo'sun entered with the report of two fishermen who had been saved from the storm.

"Revolution has broken out in Naples," he said. "They were just waiting till they saw the back of us."

Hardy and Trowbridge went on with the talk of bottling up Bonaparte, who was said to be making a run for it back to France. But from the moment of the news of revolution in Naples, Nelson did not hear them. Suddenly he gave orders for all but his own ship to follow the original plan.

"What course are you taking, sir?" asked Hardy.

"Back to Naples," growled Nelson, ignoring orders and arguments alike.

In the Board Room of the British Admiralty in London there was violent

indignation. Lord Keith demanded Nelson be relieved of his command. Others were as indignant as he. Only Lord Spencer stood up for him.

"He didn't catch Bonaparte, it's true," asserted Spencer, "and he might have by obeying orders. But he did save the Royal Family of an allied nation from certain death at the hands of a mob. He also saved the British Ambassador and his wife."

"What was the point of saving the husband?" demanded a sarcastic voice—and the fury over Emma broke loose, indignation summed up by one of them in the words, "Not even the greatest hero is strong enough to defeat the prejudice and conventions of society." Their communications made it clear to Nelson.

In Palermo where the party from Naples had been landed, Emma and Nelson stood on the balcony of the casino overlooking the harbor. It was New Year's Eve. Nelson had ignored three orders to return to England. He knew now he must go—and alone. And Emma knew it, too, for Sir William, speaking not at all as her husband but as a dutiful diplomat in the best interests of England and England's hero, had told her she must force Nelson to go. He had worked out a plan. She must tell Nelson she had accepted the invitation of some friends for a trip to Egypt.

"My husband suggests I play a little comedy all for your benefit." She outlined the plan. "As if lies were necessary between us—as if we couldn't face the truth!" She nestled close to him. "Of course, I'll go to Egypt," she sighed and put her arms about his neck. "Darling, this is a farewell scene again. It seems to be our destiny—always to say goodbye."

INTO the music from the orchestra of a nearby ship struck the sound of ship's bells.

"What are those bells?" she asked.

"Have you forgotten this is the last night of 1799? Eight bells for the old year, eight for the new. Eighteen Hundred, the dawn of a new century!" The bell stopped for a moment, and he gave her a long kiss that ended with the chime for the New Year. "Now I have kissed you through two centuries," he said. They clung to each other.

"Say you hate the pyramids," he begged.

"I loathe them!" responded Emma.

"Say you abominate the sphinx!"

"I wouldn't look at it if you served it to me on a plate!"

"We'll go to London together!" he cried.

"I would have died if you'd left me behind," sighed Emma. "Happy New Year, darling!"

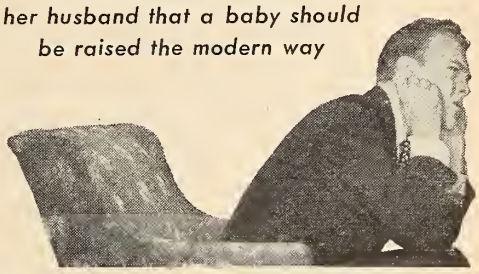
"Happy New Year, my beloved!"

In London Lady Nelson and the Reverend Nelson, the hero's proud father, had established themselves in the Hotel Nerot to await the younger Nelson's coming. To be more accurate, Lady Nelson had established them, for the rosy-cheeked, white-haired old clergyman in the bath-chair had nothing to say when his severe-featured daughter-in-law took charge. She was very proud to be "Lady" Nelson—perhaps prouder of it than of her husband's exploits which had given her the title. Her manner was full of self-conceit. It was, then, hard enough on so ambitious a woman to be told that her husband had arrived not on his flagship in triumph, but quietly on a mail packet because, as the embarrassed Lord Spencer said, "it is not customary for ladies to travel on battleships." But it was even harder for her to learn that there was to be no official welcome because of it. When the populace disre-

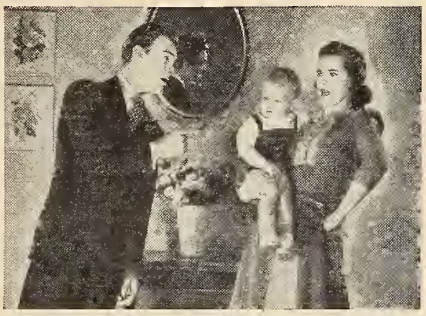
"And I thought a baby brought parents closer together"

A new mother convinces her husband that a baby should be raised the modern way

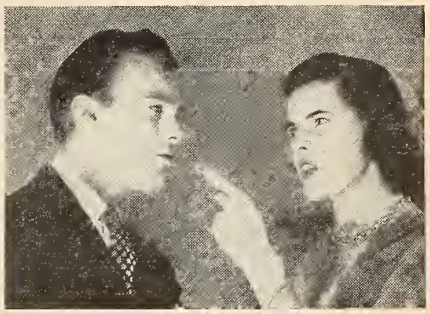




1. Bill and I used to be the happiest couple in the world . . . until after our baby was born. We both wanted him and we both adore him. That's why it broke my heart when we began to quarrel about raising him. Bill's favorite argument was that I was raising a sissy—pampering him.



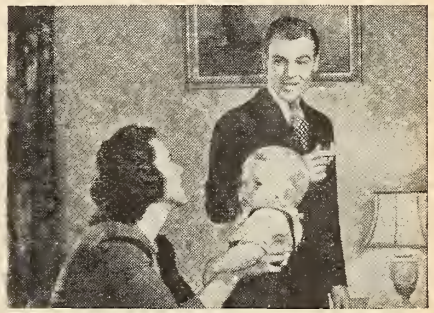
2. Well, the whole thing came to a head the other day, when Bill Jr. needed a laxative. "Don't tell me you've got a special *laxative* for that kid, too!" Bill yelled. "Special foods, special diapers, and now . . . a special laxative! You're turning him into a regular cream puff!"



3. Did I burn up! "I've had just about enough of this!" I yelled back. "I'm going to raise my baby the way the doctor told me to . . . the modern way . . . giving him things especially designed for a baby's needs. That's why he's going to get Fletcher's Castoria!"



4. "Let's not quarrel any more about Bill Jr.," I pleaded. "He's the healthiest baby on our street. And naturally I want to keep him that way. The doctor says you can't take chances with a baby's system . . . it's too delicate. If you treat it like an adult's, you'll have trouble."



5. "He recommended Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh 'adult' drug in it. It's effective . . . but mild! And *safe*. It isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system. I wouldn't give him anything but Fletcher's Castoria."



6. "And just look at the way he goes for it. You know what a strong will our baby has. If he doesn't like a medicine, he just won't take it. But he *loves* the taste of Fletcher's Castoria." That settled it. Bill is finally convinced that the doctor and I know best after all.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

NEWEST FASHION COLOR
ROCKET RED
FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK

Just out! Try this ravishing, deep fiery red in America's favorite lipstick...FLAME-GLO ... created to blend perfectly with new fashion colors. You'll like its satiny lustre, its bewitching fragrance, its radiant glow that captures the fire of youth! A water-repellent film seals this rich color to your lips... keeps you KISSABLE! Longer lasting, or money back.

Other popular FLAME-GLO shades: Glamour Red, Raspberry, Royal Wine



Flame-Glo
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LIPSTICK
10c and 25c
AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES
Also Rouge to Match

Marvel
WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women
$3.50
At Drug Counters Throughout the World
Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., Dept. 417, New Haven, Conn.



Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
..AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 60c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE
The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
309 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.
Check shade wanted:
☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Print Your Name and Address

garded official frowns and burst forth into a tremendous ovation as Nelson neared the hotel, it was clear they cared not a whit by what boat he had come or what lady had come with him—and to his furious wife this heaped insult on injury.

By the end of an exhausting day in which Emma and the redoubtable Lady Nelson met, it was clear to Emma and her Horatio that his wife would not be moved and that their life from then on would be one of furtive meetings and deception.

"I can't stand that," cried Emma, "I hate hiding and deceit!"

That night, they talked in circles. At last he left her. "There's no need to be frightened," he soothed. "Something will happen. We'll see it through and we are going to win, darling." He kissed her goodnight.

WHEN Lord Nelson made his maiden speech in the House of Lords, the interest in the Peeresses Gallery was less in what he said than in what he would do when it was over. When that moment came, Lady Keith and Lady Spencer waited with others in the outer vestibule to see that for which they had really attended. Would he, upon emerging, go to his wife or to Lady Hamilton? As he came from the inner hall, his first glance found Emma, but he went directly to his wife. And the disappointed ladies were without their scandalous tidbit.

But he had no more than given the coachman the address when a cry rose behind him. "Stand back!"—"Give her air!" He turned. Emma lay on the pavement in a dead faint.

"Horace!— Come on!" His wife grabbed his arm. He wrenched himself away and went to Emma.

Her mother spoke in a low voice as Nelson knelt beside her. "She's been ill —all the while."

On the edge of the little group around them, Lady Spencer was saying to Lady Keith, "My dear! It's natural to women of *all* classes. *I* fainted when little Bertie was on his way."

At the Hotel Nerot, Lady Hamilton bitterly gave her husband an ultimatum. When his choice was clear, she said icily, "All right! I shall go away, but I shall never drag the name of Nelson through the divorce court. As long as I live I shall be your wife."

Sir William Hamilton's home was at 23 Piccadilly. It was evident that Sir William's mind was rapidly failing. Gavin, who was with him, was glad he didn't have to tell him that all his art treasures had been lost when the boat carrying them from Italy had sunk. Emma's mother pottered about the kitchen. There were no servants and she had returned to her old field of operations with something of real pleasure. Her Emma sat talking with her as she had many a time.

She had just come from visiting her two-months-old daughter who was being kept by a Mrs. Gibson in a nursery in St. John's Wood. "Mother! If only you could see her! You'd adore her! She isn't like a two-months-old child at all!" And she had news, too, that Nelson had beaten the Danes. Emma was ecstatic.

But her mother was worried. While she was away, Charles Greville had brought a lawyer and made his uncle change his will. Even though Sir William's brain was going soft, her mother thought there was still time for Emma to take steps so that she, his wife, would not be poor.

"I've never been his wife, Mother. Let Greville have the money," Emma said cheerily. "I shall be rich. I've my child —*his* child. That's more than all the money in the world!" Emma had changed in these months. She was free—a woman who had grown greater with love.

Soon the bells of London tolled for Sir William.

And soon those same bells rang joyously for another Nelson victory. In the Board Room of the British Admiralty, where they had once considered tossing him out, they now congratulated him, a hero of increasing greatness. But Nelson was not filled with their gaiety. He knew that peace with Bonaparte was no peace but merely an interlude to give the dictator time to re-arm, make an alliance with Italy and Spain and then continue the attempt at destruction of the British Empire. He implored them not to ratify the peace.

It was as they were leaving that Lord Spencer, who had always been his friend, delicately conveyed to him the news that Emma had lately been seen frequently with an Italian opera conductor, prominent in the Covent Garden season, and that it was rumored she was going to Italy with him and some other acquaintances. Nelson hurried to her.

She was living again at the Nerot. She seemed very gay and happy—and very evasive, though she kissed him as usual. She prattled of how busy she was. The house in Piccadilly had been dreary. That was why she had moved to the hotel. And then she tried to hide some letters from him. The letters became the subject of a quarrel. But finally the distraught Nelson discovered the truth about his Emma. The letters were bills. She was drowning in bills—up to her neck. She'd been thrown out of the house in Piccadilly. She hadn't been to see her child because she owed Mrs. Gibson for her keep. She had dined with the "musical gentleman" because he had offered her a contract in his opera house. She'd worked before and would work again.

Nelson gasped at these things. "Emma! Why wasn't I told?"

"They're *my* troubles, not yours," she said and meant it.

He took her in his arms and there were no more bills, and Miss Horatia Nelson up in St. John's Wood received a visit from her parents.

SHORTLY thereafter, the summer house at Nelson's home ten miles from London was redecorated as his daughter's nursery by a very distinguished man, if not an artist with the brush. Having splashed a good deal of paint on himself and more on his wife who stood below giving critical advice, he at last descended his ladder and inspected his work. Each of his ships was there on the tossing sea on the nursery wall, and it was to be hoped that little Horatia could look at them each morning and night with a quiet stomach. They planned to go and fetch her from St. John's Wood that afternoon.

"We've had happiness for a long time together," he said to Emma, "but now we know the meaning of contentment and peace as well."

She left him and went into the house to find out about a meal. To her surprise Captain Hardy was in the living room. He was swift in what he had to say. "It's you I came to see, not him. Napoleon's made himself Emperor of France. His next move is the invasion of England. In a few weeks from now, all he'll need is a fair wind—"

"And all you need is Nelson?"

"That's it, milady. He was right about this peace and others were wrong. He's refused to see Lord Spencer and Lord Keith— They've sent me to talk to *you*—to get your help."

She refused to speak for them to her husband. He had given enough—his arm, his sight, his health. He needed rest now —peace of mind. She would use all her

influence, yes. She would use it to persuade him this new war was none of his affair. Hardy left hastily.

Emma was alone. She called up her anger to justify her behavior which in her heart she knew was wrong. She looked around the room at the relics of Nelson's victories. On his desk was a manuscript—"Memorandum by Lord Nelson on the Defense of England." A passage read: "In case of a new war, Boulogne, Calais, even Le Havre may become the points from which the enemy will seek to land in Sussex and Southern Kent—"

Nelson came in. "I don't think we'll go to St. John's Wood today, Horatio," said his wife who was very pale. "It'll save two journeys if we pick up the child tomorrow after you've been to the Admiralty." She told him of England's tremendous need of him.

A FEW weeks later autumn leaves swirled around the carriage waiting in the drive. In a room on the second floor of the house, Nelson, in civilian clothes, prepared to leave as he talked with Emma, persuading her not to close off part of the house for the winter. "We'll need the whole of it when I come back at Christmas," he said. "We'll have a real old-fashioned Christmas—with a yule log, carols, plum-pudding, roast beef and everything!"

"And perhaps peace on earth," said Emma with a subdued smile.

He kissed her hair. Downstairs a clock began to strike. They heard Hardy's voice.

"I'll tell Captain Hardy you're coming." She went down to him.

Very quietly Nelson went into the next room where his child lay asleep. In the darkness he knelt beside her and prayed the prayer of a gallant father.

Emma's mother wrapped a hot-water bottle in a rug and gave it to a servant to put in the carriage. "It'll be freezing on the high road over the downs," she told Nelson as he followed her slowly to the outer door.

"Yes. I'll take the small rug I use in my study," he answered.

"I'll get it." Emma ran up the stairs.

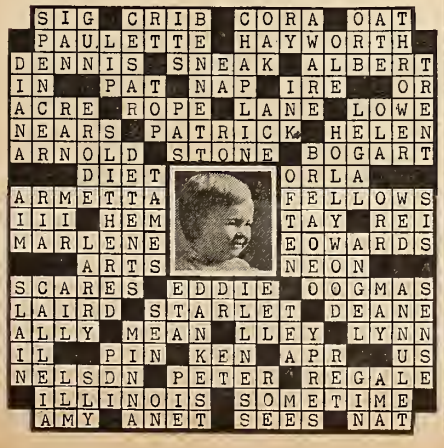
When she came down, the coach had gone. "He thought he wouldn't need the rug," said her mother and Emma understood.

She waited there in the doorway, watching the lights of the carriage disappear through the gates at the end of the drive.

"He'll never come back," she said softly.

And Emma, Lady Hamilton—but never Lady Nelson—was right.

Solution To Puzzle on Page 14





"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"



"Funny—your tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"



"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat'll have a tough time getting a toe hold!"



"Babies have it pretty soft these days! Downy, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder costs so little any baby can have all the sprinkles he wants to keep him comfortable!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.

"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and *extra* good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavortite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

MATRIMONY IN MOVIELAND

(*Continued from page 47*)

domestic circumstances, if they prefer.

Well and good. These laws, administered by the men whose Bible is Blackstone, aren't too strict. But most motion picture stars, impulsive and impatient people, don't like to bother about hurdles like medical examinations and three-day license waits. And so, they charge off to some Gretna Green in a nearby and more liberal state.

Now, Gretna Green is synonymous with runaway marriages. The original town is found in easy-going Scotland. There, back in 1754, when England passed a law banning elopements, amorous mates raced across the border to be married.

STREAMLINED counterparts of the Scottish haven in the movie-making area of the United States, catering to streamlined hurry-up movie folks, are such convenient marts as Las Vegas, Nevada, Yuma, Arizona, and Tia Juana, Mexico.

The most popular of the marts is Las Vegas, 250 miles northeast of Hollywood. The laws of Nevada are liberal, permitting a couple to wake a Justice of the Peace at any hour and present a $2 license obtained without delay from the local county clerk. The couple need not bother about showing a medical certificate.

Most prolific Justice of the Peace in Las Vegas, for many moons, was George E. Marshall, recently elected a judge. In the last two years he united 6,000 couples, including some of the biggest motion picture stars. It was to Las Vegas that Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian went two years ago for their wedding, to be followed last year by Diana Lewis and William Powell. And more recently, Arleen Whelan and Alexander D'Arcy stood in the Apache Hotel at three o'clock in the morning, while a bleary-eyed judge, who had traveled 325 miles to marry them, droned the ceremony.

Yuma, in Arizona to the south, is another made-to-order matrimonial mill for the speedy. Here, too, no medical certificate is required, no wait for a license is necessary (a special marriage agent will hand you one pronto). It was to Yuma, six years ago, that Charles Boyer brought Pat Paterson, after suddenly proposing to her in the midst of a screen preview, and it was here that he was married without delay. Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman were another pair to avoid the three-day stall in Los Angeles and convert themselves from plural to singular in this desert town.

Finally, stars have crossed the border to Tia Juana and Juarez, in Mexico, and paid $30 to a Spanish-speaking clergyman or Justice of the Peace to hear the solemn and legal words. There are no preliminaries to a wedding below the Rio Grande, though it's safer to have the local American Consul as a witness. The entire ceremony takes maybe five minutes as Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, wedded below the border over a decade ago, will testify. The legality of Mexican wedlocks, however, has been so constantly questioned that Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, after marrying in Tia Juana in 1934, were welded again in Carmel, California in 1938, just to be sure.

But now, alas, the villain enters this piece. The villain's name is divorce, and when you ask him why he ever interferes, he replies, "Mental cruelty."

Divorce is a simple enough process in some parts of the world. In Russia, when man and wife agree to disagree, they just walk up to the Commissar in charge, say they wish a divorce, give exactly no reasons and are split in a few minutes. In Morocco, if a wife desires a divorce, she gets it by merely fleeing to the house of another man (a common practice in Hollywood, too, though not quite as uncomplicated).

But, in California, the machinery of separation grinds slowly, tediously and carefully.

For an X-ray of the California system consider the recent case of Gail Patrick, 28-year-old cinema star. After four years of married life to Bob Cobb, popular boss of the Brown Derby restaurants, Gail could no longer stand his indifference toward her and his humiliating attitude. She went to her attorney and poured out her troubles. The barrister, like a good relative, attempted to dissuade her from seeking a divorce. This is done in every case. He failed. Then he took down her complaints against her husband, dressed them up in legal language and filed them with the Clerk of Court, on the fifth floor of the Los Angeles Hall of Records.

NEXT, the paper listing Gail's complaints was served on her husband. The law gave him ten days to reply or contest her charges. Few men reply. At the end of ten days, he defaulted and, after a behind-the-scenes property settlement, the divorce suit was placed on the court calendar. The trial, as per law, came up in two weeks. Gail, in a black crêpe suit, accompanied by her secretary-manager, a required witness, appeared. The attorney and the judge asked some questions. She answered them. Typical stuff being—

Gail Patrick: "I went with him for two years before our marriage in Tia Juana. Yes, I was aware of his faults."

Judge: "And knowing his faults you married him anyway?"

Gail Patrick: "Yes." (Smiling briefly.) "You see, we're both Irish!"

Her divorce thus granted at trial, Gail Patrick, or any other movie personality, must now wait one year for the final divorce decree. Wife may be seen with husband, but, according to law, must not "co-habit" with him, i. e., for one year must not live under same roof and sleep in same bed with him.

After that year, if no reconciliation is effected, the couple are split and neither may remarry for twelve more months.

This slow divorce, in California, costs the average movie celebrity anywhere from $1,500 to $5,000, but it would cost *you* a mere $125.

There are numerous grounds for divorce in California. There's desertion, adultery, drug addiction, habitual drunkenness, incest and bigamy (each punishable as a felony), public defamation, impotency (which must be shown to be permanent) and extreme cruelty.

In the case of movie stars, the most popular of these reasons is "extreme cruelty." According to the California Civil Code, Section 94:

"Extreme cruelty is the wrongful infliction of grievous bodily injury, or grievous mental suffering, upon the other party by one party to the marriage."

Most Hollywoodians don't care to air their fisticuffs in a divorce court. The publicity is too harmful. One handsome actor's wife divorced him for physical

cruelty because he threw tomatoes (i. e. canned) at her. The handsome actor is still looking for a job. Mental cruelty is a simpler item. It covers everything—systematic ill-treatment, scolding and fault-finding, public profanity, studied contempt, nagging and general intoxication, and so on ad nauseam.

BUT California is lenient compared to New York. The movie and stage stars residing in New York can obtain a State divorce on only one ground—adultery. In other words, in blunt words, your wife must find you on a bed or sofa in the company of some wench (preferably blonde and in a state of partial undress). This type of thing is often faked by respectable movie couples. The husband hires a girl for $25, takes her to a hotel room—and is "surprised" by his wife and detectives. This is labeled "hotel evidence" and was used when Wallis Simpson (now the Duchess) got her divorce.

No wonder stars flee from the slowness of California and the strictness of New York to obtain mile-a-minute fadeouts of their wedlocks in the two most efficient spots on earth—Reno and Mexico.

Reno—"Biggest Little City on Earth"—has a population of only 20,000 but handles over 4,000 divorces and divorcees a year, which bring in over four million dollars to the countless lawyers, fourteen cabarets, forty-six bars and twenty roulette houses.

When the business of mining fell down in Nevada, the State went after a new and more prosperous business. It liberalized its divorce laws to bait that lucrative trade. Today, in Reno, you may set up residence for merely six weeks or forty-two days, as Constance Bennett did recently, pay $250 if you are of the masses, $2,000 if you are a movie star, or $50,000 if you are Barbara Hutton, and behind closed chambers, obtain a divorce decree.

There are many grounds for divorce ranging from the usual mental cruelty and adultery to inability to provide and epilepsy. Added advantage—you don't have to wait a year, in fact you don't have to wait a day, to remarry.

But Nogales and Tia Juana and Juarez, in Mexico, are even more accommodating. Miss Hollywood Star doesn't even have to take up residence or put in a personal appearance. She may be divorced for a mere $75 (half paid in advance, please) through the mail! The divorce can be final in five days!

Juarez, boasting such clients as Norma Talmadge and Katharine Hepburn, advertises that "it is not necessary for divorcing parties to appear." The Juarez divorce factory cleans up $45,000 a month!

Only stumbler is the fact that neither Nevada nor Mexican divorces are legal for Hollywood stars! Smart stars stay in California and do it the hard way. Of the 4,000 divorces in Reno last year, only 2% were valid. Practically none of the Mexican divorces are valid.

The one exception, where a Mexican divorce was found perfectly okay was in the case of George Brent. He married Constance Worth, the Australian lass, down in Mexico. Then, when he realized it was a mistake, he tried to have it annulled on the grounds that they were never married since Mexican marriages are illegal. The court replied, in effect:

"Mr. Brent, since you avoided California to be married in Mexico, you can now go right back to Mexico if you want a divorce. But you can't have it annulled here."

So Mr. Brent went back to Mexico. Legal history was made. And another milestone sadly added to matrimony in movieland.



* Brenda Joyce and Robert Conway, popular 20th Century-Fox players. For romantic, soft hands, thousands of loved girls use Jergens Lotion.

"When you bid for Love... your HANDS must be silken-soft," says Brenda Joyce*
(Romantic Hollywood Star)



Know this Famous Way to Lovable HANDS

Try it just once! So soothing to parched skin! Two fine ingredients in Jergens Lotion are relied on by many doctors to help rough "likely-to-split" skin to adorable smoothness. Faithful use helps *prevent* hateful roughness and chapping. No stickiness. Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00.





JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS
(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, 3720 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please send my *free* purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.
*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____



RADIANT Highlights . . the secret of GLAMOROUS HAIR

If you *long* to have hair that invites admiring glances . . the kind that sparkles with a brilliant luster . . use Nestle Colorinse. What a thrilling difference . . and how economical . only five cents a rinse. Nestle Colorinse is not an ordinary dye nor a bleach . . washes out with shampooing. If your hair looks dull, dry, lifeless . . select one of the 14 Colorinse shades to enhance the beauty of your hair. Ask to see the Colorinse Color Chart at beauty counters. For best results with Colorinse use Nestle Shampoo.

10c *for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.*



25c *for five rinses at drug and department stores.*

BEAUTIFUL HANDS TO HOLD

(Continued from page 39)

thoroughly cleansing and lubricating your hands. If you'll make these simple, little habits routine in your daily program, harsh ugly hands will soon be a fading memory.

Speaking of brittle nails, while you're checking up, be sure that your diet includes sufficient calcium and minerals (citrus fruits, milk and green vegetables contain the right kinds), for nails must be nourished from inside as well as out. If you eat and sleep right and keep generally fit, then nail creams will help, but don't blame poor results on the preparation if you fail to look after your own physical health. For health is the beginning of beauty—even in your finger tips.

Manicure your nails thoroughly at least twice a week when possible, say, every Tuesday and Saturday. Then do touch-ups and repair jobs every time they're needed.

Your home "tool chest" or manicure kit should contain a small bowl for suds, a soft hand brush, mild soap, nail scissors, flexible file, emery board, orange stick and cotton, oily polish remover, cuticle softener and remover, polish, liquid or paste, nail white, a buffer and a softening cream or lotion. A bit of powdered pumice and peroxide or plain lemon will help with stubborn stains.

FIRST, remove every vestige of old polish with cotton dipped in remover—or by dripping on one of those new tube polish removers. Second, file and shape your nails. File from the corners toward the center, and keep emery board or file away from nail corners. Thin nails must be filed gently with either fine, long flexible steel or else an emery board. Next, soak your nails in warm, soapy water.

Third, scrub nails with a soft brush. Never dig or scrape them with metal implements. Fourth, apply a cuticle softener. During winter months, especially, an oil massage at this point is an extra luxury that smooths and improves hand skin immensely.

Fifth, remove old cuticle with a cotton tipped orange stick dipped in remover. Work this all around gently to loosen cuticle and also stubborn dirt under the nails. A moistened pumice stone rubbed over calloused or rough finger skin will smooth it beautifully. Now for a bit of nail white under the free ends before a final gentle scrubbing.

Dry your fingers separately and your hands thoroughly and you're ready for nail polish. Buffing will smooth ridged, thick, uneven nails. And a clear nail protector applied under polish will save nails and keep polish ever so much smoother and longer. After protector is thoroughly dry, stroke on polish quickly and boldly. Remove all excess with an orange stick dipped in remover, and after this is entirely dry apply another coat of protector.

If your nails are short, polish from base to tip will make them look longer. If they are long, half moons are lovely when carefully done. If your nails are square, leave slim margins beside the polish. Leave moons at the bases and shape their ends into medium long ovals. Remembering that a slim oval is the most graceful nail shape, use your file and polish to achieve this effect. Fit your polish colors and nail lengths to your way of living. Suitability is the first rule of good taste. Bright, gay colors are for gay occasions. Soft or burnished tones are best for business and daytime wear.

If your hands are large or bony, wear heavy rings and bracelets, loose sleeves and carry large hand bags. If your hands are small, play them up with beautifully molded jewelry, contrasting cuffs, tight sleeves and feminine accessories. Plump hands need very simple lines in sleeves, jewelry and accessories.

Think grace and poise and composure and your hands will convey that impression. Though your face may deceive, your hands are a dead give away of what is in your mind. If your hands express beauty, gaiety and sensitive feelings, there will be plenty of men around to hold them!

Training, care and grooming are three essentials to hand loveliness, and what an important third is grooming! Haven't you seen nails that were perfectly polished but around whose rims the cuticle was so torn, ragged and inflamed that you shuddered inwardly and turned away? We have. But there's no excuse for such carelessness. Hacking of cuticle has gone out of style. Nowadays, professional manicurists and girls all over the country are using a preparation which removes cuticle without cutting and is, therefore, safe, neat, modern and efficient. The name? Trimal—pronounced Trim-all—and it's one of the most useful little bottles full of concentrated magic we've ever had the good fortune to find. Just wrap your orange stick with cotton, dip it into Trimal and run it 'round your cuticle. Allow this to remain a few minutes, then soak your fingers in warm water. The dead cuticle will separate, and you can wipe it away with a towel or tissue. Ever hear of anything simpler? It surely is the safe, modern way to attack that dangerous old problem of cuticle. Ask for Trimal at one of your local chain stores.

HOW often have you had to waste precious time, as well as temper, applying nail polish over and over because your hand shook and the stuff just wouldn't go on straight? Moons would look like scalloped pie crusts, side edges took on the appearance of gory wounds and by the time you had finished you were ready to cuss or cry, according to your powers of endurance! Well, then, you'll be glad to know about a perfect gem of a gadget upon which you can rest all of the fingers of one hand comfortably and solidly with nary a slip or quiver while you engage in the fine art of finger nail painting. The name? Le Sager Finger Rest. The price? Believe it or not—ten cents! Where? At chain stores from coast to coast! It's the neatest trick we've spotted in many a week and the best time and disposition saver we ever saw for a dime. Got a pencil handy? Well, then, put it on your shopping list this very minute—or we won't be responsible for what happens the next time you try to apply nail polish!

INFORMATION DESK
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

A THRILL A MINUTE . . .

(Continued from page 36)

the scene of the crash and pick up the pieces.

"I wanted a long ride. So I blew my entire savings of $15 on one magnificent flight. Afterward, my only regret was that it would take me so long to save up for another ride.

"Not that I would have had many chances to go up even if I'd had the money. Fliers didn't come to Indiana every day or even every year.

"I had to take out my enthusiasm for flying on something, so I started building model planes. I put 'em together by the gross."

In other words, he gave a thought to aviation long before he thought of acting.

"I got a certain satisfaction out of making toy planes fly. And even more out of an occasional airplane ride, of which I probably had four or five all told, while I was growing up. But my idea of something really satisfying was to learn how to pilot a plane. Only flying lessons were 'way out of my reach. So far out of my reach that I sort of forgot about them after a while.

BUT I didn't outgrow my interest in airplanes. Just before we came to Hollywood, Hank Fonda and I were saving expenses, sharing the same hotel room in New York. We went down to Macy's toy department to shop for toys for some kids we knew. I spotted a box full of parts for a big model airplane, and I bought that for myself." He grinned sheepishly.

"Hank and I didn't have any money to spend on entertainment," he continued, "—especially after Christmas. So we stayed in our two-by-four hotel room and worked on that model airplane. I've never seen such a complicated one. It had hundreds of parts. Hundreds! And most of them were so small we needed tweezers to handle them—and magnifying glasses." He pantomimed the painful labor of joining one infinitesimal part to another.

"We still didn't have it finished when Hank got this sudden offer from Hollywood. He left me to finish it. About three weeks later, I got a sudden offer from Hollywood, myself. I wired Hank. He didn't wire back congratulations. He simply wired, 'Don't forget to bring airplane. Guard with life.' Before I left New York I got five more wires from him all relating to the plane. I didn't know whether he had been talking up the plane to pals on the Coast or just had visions of the struggle I would have, lugging this enormous, fragile thing 3,000 miles. I detected a note of scornful challenge in Fonda's wires. He didn't think I could get it to Hollywood in one piece.

"I finally found a packing case big enough to hold the thing, and I put a handle on it so that I could carry it. And don't think I *didn't* carry it. I wouldn't let a redcap so much as lay hands on it. On the train, I kept it under my seat by day, under my berth by night. I'm sure the little old lady across the aisle suspected me of transporting a cut-up cadaver, I was so uneasy if anybody got anywhere near the box. . . . Often wonder whatever became of that plane. Fonda kept it on display for a long time, so that he could inform sundry visitors, 'Believe it or not, Stewart piloted that plane across the United States.'"

At that particular point, his interest in planes was a matter for jocular comment



A girl's private life—

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—not something to be taken seriously, even by myself. As a stranger to Hollywood, he had a lot of new things to learn, new experiences to savor, new people to meet. All of which occupied most of his time.

Then he made "Of Human Hearts" directed by Clarence Brown—now directing him again in "Come Live With Me." Brown not only flies, but owns a plane and has a private airport at his Camarillo ranch. He and Jimmy started talking aviation between scenes. Jimmy also ran into aviation talk at the home of his agent, Leland Hayward (whose wife is Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy's favorite actress). Hayward not only has his own plane but is a director of TWA.

"I got re-enthused," Jimmy explained now. "I suddenly realized that for the first time in my life I had enough money to do something I had always wanted to do: take some flying lessons. So I got a student flier's permit and went over to Clover Field and started learning how to fly. I soloed after ten hours. That was a big thrill—taking a ship off the ground by myself and bringing it down again on all three wheels.

SOME people take flying lessons just to get that thrill. Then they're satisfied and give up flying. But that was just a teaser to me. I decided I wanted to learn to fly well.

"I sort of kept it quiet because I didn't want people worrying about me and maybe grounding me. By the time they found out, I wanted to be able to say, 'But look—I've passed the test for a private pilot's license. The Government says I'm able to handle a plane. You don't have to worry.'

"I still don't know whether my contract forbids my flying or not—I've never read my contract—but I didn't see how the studio could object if I wanted to risk my long neck between pictures—as long as I didn't risk it during production. Anyway, I operated on that theory. I stayed on the ground while I was making pictures, until I had my license. The only trouble was that I got so little time off between pictures, it took me months to build up enough solo flying time to try for a license.

"When I got that license, that was another big thrill. There it was in black and white: I was qualified to operate a private plane. But where was the kick in operating a plane somebody else owned? It was like getting a driver's license just to go riding in a U-Rent-It car. I decided I had to have a plane of my own or bust. I mentioned the matter to my business manager. He screamed to high heaven. He said, 'You don't believe those rumors about your salary that you read in the newspapers, do you?' But he finally said I could have a small one.

"I picked out a Stinson 105, a two-seater, with a fuel tank that would hold enough gas for seven hours' flying. I went to Kansas City last January to fly it out and incidentally to give myself a navigation test.

"Between the weather and my navigation, that trip took five and a half days. I was forced down five times. The fifth time was the bad one. I got lost—and I stayed lost for an hour and a half. I was riding the radio beam into Kingman, Arizona, from about 100 miles away, when it faded out and I couldn't pick it up again. Below there was nothing but mountains, and they all looked alike. I couldn't tell where I was, and I only had a couple more daylight hours in which to get my bearings. To make matters still worse, the storm was tossing the plane around like a cork. It was like riding to Catalina on a rough day. I was worried that the buffeting was going to tear the plane apart, and I was getting a little air-sick myself. To understate matters considerably, I had to find a place to land without too much delay. I studied the map frantically. It showed a railroad running east and west to the south of me somewhere. I turned south, finally picked up the railroad and followed it into Kingman—with about a half-hour of daylight to spare!"

Apparently afraid that he had come perilously close to dramatizing himself, relating that adventure over Arizona, Jimmy added wryly, "I wonder why it is that I can't get any of my pals to go flying with me? They invariably have something else to do."

He claimed, with a knock on the commissary table, that that Arizona experience was the only close call he had had. He discounted that last trip from Kansas City a few weeks ago. After finishing "The Philadelphia Story" (and wait till you see him in *that*!), he rushed East via airliner for a quick visit with his family. He had an East-bound aviator-friend fly the Stinson to Kansas City, where Jimmy picked it up on his way back to the Coast. This time he spanned the distance in three days. ("I'm improving," he commented.) But darkness overtook him between San Gorgonio Pass and Los Angeles—and he had never made a night landing.

"That was when the two-way radio came in handy. I got in touch with the night supervisor at Clover Field, where I was keeping my plane then and told him I was coming in. 'Come on,' he said. It was easy enough to find Los Angeles and to follow Wilshire Boulevard out toward Santa Monica. But then came the tough part: finding Clover Field. It doesn't have any landing lights. The supervisor literally 'talked me down' to the pitch black field."

And Jimmy flies "because it's such great relaxation!"

"I don't go up in the clouds to get away from it all," he said. "But there's so much to think about up there, just to *stay* up there, that you forget things down below. Flying is something altogether different from the way I'm earning my living. That's what I like about it. I used to make professional movies six days a week and then make home movies on Sunday. That wasn't relaxation. I was always around people who were talking shop, and I was constantly talking shop, myself. Now I'm bumping into people who speak a different language, and in my spare time *I'm* speaking a different language. When you make four pictures a year, as I do, you can use every bit of variety you can get.

I'VE been lucky so far in the different roles I've had and the different people I've worked with. But flying is a sort of guarantee that life will continue to have variety."

Of late, people have wondered if the Stewart-de Havilland romance has ended—because Jimmy and Olivia haven't been seen at the night spots. The answer to that is those airport breakfasts. Another answer is: When you're going to put an airplane through spins and turns at 6 A.M., you can't do much carousing.

"To get a transport pilot's license," Jimmy explained, "you have to pass tests in precision flying. You have to execute a succession of figure 8's around two pylons a certain distance apart—which isn't so easy when you have to make your turns in a limited amount of space. You have to be able to come in from a thousand feet and make a full-stop landing within forty feet of a certain white line. You have to know how to go into,

and come out of, tailspins. You have to know how to fly by instruments. I've got all the instruments on my plane that an airliner has, and consequently it's so loaded down with gadgets I can hardly get off the ground with two people in it.

"You not only have to pass flying tests to get a transport pilot's license, but you have to pass a four-hour written examination. That's another reason why I'm staying home nights. I'm cramming for that exam—with an Army instructor who comes to the house every night."

But what does Jimmy want with a transport pilot's license? What's he going to do with it?

"To get in the air corps, you need that kind of training. If we get into the war, I want to get into the air corps. And if we don't get into it—well, I'll know some things about flying I didn't know before, anyway."

Meanwhile, you know some things about Jimmy Stewart you haven't known before. Including the fact that he's as serious about flying as he is about acting—though for some inexplicable reason he worries more about acting.

Incidentally, don't overlook the fact that Olivia de Havilland is the one girl who shares both of his big interests in life. That may mean something. Even though Jimmy *says*, smothering a smile, "N-no, I don't have any marriage plans."

HOLLYWOOD'S NO. 1 MENACE

(*Continued from page 27*)

at the tip of my tongue. How can you be conceited when you're so unversatile. I can't play a pale poet or a languid lover." He flashed a burlesque leer at me and added, "Not a *languid* one! I couldn't, for instance, play Donat's Mr. Chips!

"I can't play anyone with an accent. I'd have to struggle with it. I just can't do that. If I can't believe what I'm doing, I can't make others believe it. That's not being an actor."

"You played 'Boom Town.'"

"A man of action. That's my trouble—I've got to have some action somewhere. I can't play old men. I had a part in 'Strange Interlude' a few years ago and I had to age. They put paint and more paint on my puss, then powder galore and more bags under my eyes than the American Express Company ever carried. It was still Gable! In this picture, I wear a long beard in some scenes—have my map covered with enough hair to keep it warm in an Icelandic blizzard. This, I thought, will fool 'em. But total strangers took one look at me and said, 'Hi ya, Gable!' Even the pigs knew me," he mourned.

"I can't get into 'moods,'" grinned Gable. "What the hell is a mood, anyway? I can't be one of the fellows who study every move they're going to make. I don't think I ever played two takes of the same scene alike. Why, if I figured out in advance what I was going to do in a scene, I'd be so self-conscious, I'd be thinking about my big hands and feet instead of what the scene means."

"Maybe," I reflected aloud, "it's just as well you can't age. Maybe those looks of yours put you up there."

"I'm way overpaid when it comes to my looks, honey," laughed Mr. G.

"But do you really like being an actor?" I asked.

"Sister," he said, "I certainly wanted to act or I wouldn't be out here. No one pushed me up on the stage. I walked up there under my own power. I'm just as

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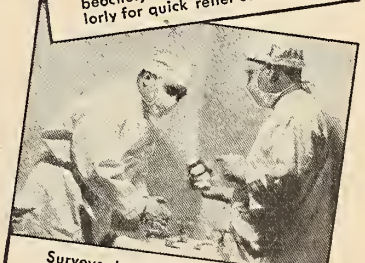
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much of an exhibitionist as the next ham."

"Well, anyway," I said, impatiently, "I don't see what not being able to play old men has to do with your still wearing the same size hat."

"Plenty to do with it. Unless an actor can strut his stuff from slapstick to Shakespeare and back again, he has no reason for bellows in his chest and an oversized hat. You may say that the actor isn't born who can play everything. There are damn few of them, but I can think of one without trying—John Barrymore. If he should want to make the grandstand gestures, he has the right, he's earned it. I just play the same fundamental character everytime."

I accused him of false modesty.

Gable laughed, "I'm being serious. I'm suffering from a lot of things (such as the desire to hop in the car with Carole and go far away from Hollywood) but I do not suffer from false modesty.

"Thing is, I've got my limitations and I know them. When you're fenced in with limitations, you can't rampage like a prize Spanish bull; you might get hurt."

SPEAKING of things Spanish," I interrupted, "reminds me of that trip of yours to South America. The cheering multitudes, the swooning señoritas and all that kind of dilates the inner man, doesn't it?"

"Say, do you remember reading the newspaper accounts of Will Rogers' trip to South America?" countered Clark. "And Bob Taylor's? And Ty Power's? The multitudes cheer and the señoritas swoon over anyone with a name who goes there. Something pretty swell about it, too, but nothing individual. That's what I mean. Why anyone should think he is any different from anyone else is beyond me. If a man does something no other mortal man has ever done, that's something else again. But that's not true of actors, by and large. The fan mail comes into the studio and is sorted alphabetically. Get the idea? The crowd follows me out of a restaurant or theatre, then turns around and follows Taylor. Same crowd. In pictures, everyone has a niche and I have mine. But how does that make me better than the fellow in the next niche? Follow me?

"No, honey, I can't get up the wind over this business of being a movie star. An actor sells himself, sure, but only if he gets the material. A story can make a star, a star can't make a story; ever think of that? Then, you've got to have a director who knows what you do best and helps you to do it. The producer does pretty much the same for you. A cameraman can like you and fix you pretty or he can hate the shape of your nose and screw you up so that you can ham your fool head off—right on the cutting room floor. It's certainly not a *personal* success. That's why I can't understand why anyone in movies should feel he is an Institution, let alone an invaluable one.

"I'm glad to have a chance to discuss this, though. I really am. It's a funny thing, but with all the stuff written about me since I came to Hollywood, I don't believe anyone ever asked *me* to explain *me*. I've read a lot about this 'being natural' business, and it doesn't seem a matter of much importance to me or one that should require any explanation. But if people are interested in why I haven't blown my hat, I'll tell 'em: It was already blown before I came to Hollywood! There's your answer in a great big nutshell.

"I guess everybody, at one time or another, gets to thinking he's pretty good, especially if he's an actor.

"I went through it when I was a punk kid and had a job with a stock company. The leading man quit and the company couldn't afford a bigger name, so they put me in to play his parts. With the help of the company and the director, I made good. Of course, I thought I was doing it all myself. I got so not a hat I owned fitted me. That was youth, inexperience. To top it, I played in 'Machinal' on the New York stage, and that went over well. Then I *knew* no one in the world could top me. After that, I had nothing but flops for two whole years. I was even taken out of a couple of shows so that the shows *could* go on.



Jeff Lynn, who only a short time ago vowed his allegiance to Hollywood's bachelor brigade, plays traitor and switches loyalties to gal friend, Dana Dale.

"Somewhere during this period David Belasco made it clear to me that I hadn't the semblance of an idea about acting. He said he didn't know that I'd ever make it. Then I went to the other extreme, depression, melancholy, but I came out of that, too, onto middle ground. Am I glad Belasco blew me down like that? Damn right I am.

"What I'm getting at is this—and it's something no one ever knew or, for that matter, cared about: I came to Hollywood with humiliation. When I came, in a pretty potent play, 'The Last Mile,' I had no idea of getting into pictures. Lionel Barrymore saw me and spoke for me. Get it? I wasn't rushed out by a chartered plane from New York because Hollywood hungered for Gable.

"I was no 'overnight' success after that either. I think it's pretty well-known that at first I couldn't even get a job as an extra. When I did break in, I got very small parts. A laundryman was one of my first assignments. I played a chauffeur at Warner Brothers. I had a small part with Jean Harlow in 'The Secret Six.' Both of us spent our time wondering whether we'd ever get another job! I made any number of 'B' pictures. Yep, it took me two years to get started after I appeared in that first film. Got my first recognition as the heavy in 'Dance, Fools, Dance.' And why? Because the man I played was a potent guy who bumped off a brace of men and then sat in tails in a drawing room and played soft music on the piano. Why, the boy was a 'natural' when the author's brain conceived him!

"You can't figure stardom. That's why you can't take the bows for it. Like when I played the gangster with Norma Shearer in 'A Free Soul.' I hadn't picked that part for myself with rare acumen—I played it only because every other actor in Hollywood turned it down. Too small for them, they said, too risky. When I socked Norma across the jaw in that picture, it might have done for me, but the women applauded the scene and the goose hung high! What makes a man a star is your guess as well as mine. But I don't have a standing order at the florist to send myself bouquets because *I* engineered the breaks I've had, for myself!

"When Claudette and I made 'It Happened One Night,' we were both being 'punished' by our studios. I forget what for. The thing wouldn't be any good, it was thought, so we'd just rip through it, have some laughs, let it go at that. You know how that panned out.

"So, again I say, why should anyone take bows for being a part of a good motion picture? Conceit is a disease of the very young."

The assistant director looked in on us again. "We're through for the night, Clark," he said. "See you tomorrow."

Clark reached for his hat. A gray fedora; old, battered, somewhat out of shape.

"Ten years old, this topper," he grinned. He put it on his head. It fit. Perfectly.

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DATE BAIT

(*Continued from page 33*)

to utter. Nowadays the Parrish telephone is gathering cobwebs. Hollywood's younger suitors don't bother to call, and when they speak of Helen and Charlie, they hyphenate the names.

A few years before Brenda Joyce became one of the most promising starlets in Hollywood, she was "the popularity kid" in school and always the center of a group of the smoothest boy students.

WHEN Brenda first met Owen Ward she looked him over, liked what she saw and smiled her Sunday smile. Which is very, very Sunday. Ward returned the smile blandly and said, "Nice to have met you. Goodbye." And walked away.

That was a new one in Brenda's book. Never before had a boy been able to dismiss the high voltage look in her eyes. It fascinated her and piqued her a bit, too. She decided that Owen needed looking into. From that day on, Brenda contrived to meet him in the school corridors between classes, at the lunchroom and at the games. In fact, Miss Joyce began to make a career out of meeting Owen Ward. Finally, she shook her pack of pursuers one day and ran into Owen alone. She grabbed his arm as he attempted to pass by with just a brief nod, and asked quite bluntly, "What's wrong with me? Why do you avoid me?" Two very leading questions that most girls would rather die than ask. But not Brenda.

Owen pondered and smiled quizzically. "I like you, but I don't care to be just one of the boys."

Soon it was just Owen Ward and Brenda Joyce. It still is today. Owen's an unusual type of American youth. He wants no part of Brenda's publicity and ballyhoo. He refuses to take her to the well-known night-spots frequented by the stars, and he won't have himself mugged by the hocus focus men with Brenda.

Casting director Lew Schrieber pleaded with Owen to take a screen test, but the answer was an unqualified "Nothing doing," and he meant it. But that's all right with Brenda. Owen's studying to take his public accountant examinations, and when he passes them the two kids will probably team up together for life.

It didn't happen in Hollywood but in Dallas, Texas—the meeting between Linda Darnell and Jaime Jorba (pronounced Hymie Yorba). This young Spanish refugee hadn't been a high school student more than a week before practically all the girls were swooning over "the marvelous new man." All of them except Linda Darnell who thought it was disgusting to go so completely haywire over some insignificant boy.

When she met him accidentally at lunch one day, she found him as courteous as he was handsome. She was glad to admit she was wrong, and from the way Linda talked to us about Jaime, it was easy to infer that she had "fallen" for him at the first meeting. And apparently he for her.

In order to be near Linda, Jaime defied the government and overstayed his six-month visitor's permit. As a result, he had to go to Mexico City where he has remained for over three years. Each week, however, Linda gets a letter from Jaime written in Spanish, which she learned with a speed that she had never shown in her other school subjects.

"I have been dreaming about seeing Jaime for the past three and a half years," Linda told us. Of course, I've been seeing dozens of other boys—having a wonderful time, but I could never fall in love with anyone else until I found out for sure about Jaime. I don't know whether it would be possible for us to be happily married or not. He is even more jealous than the average Spaniard.

"He's jealous of my career, for instance. He told me he would demand that I quit pictures immediately after marriage. But who knows—if he is the same person I knew in Dallas, I may even be willing to do that."

We all know it's no trick to look provocative sipping champagne, but when a girl can look glamorous guzzling a double dip soda, a fellow really has something! Just ask the man who dates one. Don Kahn's the lucky chap in question this time, and Ann Rutherford's the gal. Yes, the way to Ann's heart was via the chocolate soda route. Don lured her out for one ten minutes after they were introduced, and the romance was off to a swell start—until....

ONE morning, Chuck Isaacs, one of Don's closest pals, went along to a breakfast party given by Ann at her new Westwood Hills home. One look and he knew she was the girl he'd always wanted to share a chocolate soda with—but every time he took her out Don went along!

Chuck is a yachtsman of some note on Pacific waters, so he asked Ann to go sailing with him. She consented and blithely suggested that Don go along, too. Chuck had to agree, even though the idea didn't appeal to him much. As they sailed from Coronado to Catalina, Chuck gave Ann a few lessons in navigation while Don sat nearby in the cockpit and burned.

He felt much better about it, though, when he read in a Hollywood column that "Chuck Isaacs, the boy with the yacht, is running around with Ann Rutherford—who likes yachts." That was a measure of consolation. Maybe Ann liked the yacht better than Chuck. Don asked her point-blank, while the three of them were sipping chocolate sodas.

Ann told the two boys she liked them both equally well and that she didn't know two other boys whom she liked better. But, she added, she had to think only of her career for the present. Only a super-diplomat could say that to her two most persistent suitors and make them like it.

They liked it and Ann so well that the breach which was ruining a good friendship was mended. They still go out with Ann together most of the time. They accept with grace her breaking of dates at the last minute, because they know she does so only when she's working overtime or is too tired from long hours before the camera. They're on hand, too, when she asks them to take her out at the last minute.

Yes, Don and Chuck like Polly Benedict Rutherford so well that it has reached a point where the three of them have even dipped three straws into the same chocolate soda! That's really the test of friendship and adolescent love!

But having boy meet girl is the same old headache to the Hollywood scripter or praiser. He still speculates on how he can cleverly get the verb "meets" to fit cozily between "boy" and "girl." Somebody ought to tell him how well the real Hollywood boys and girls manage that all by themselves!

SHOOTING FOR THE STARS

(*Continued from page 25*)

"On the other hand, an actress like Merle Oberon gives the photographer a good deal of work. Her countenance can only be photographed from certain angles. And as to clothes, her body requires that she wear either fluffy dresses or evening gowns to show her up to advantage. Jean Arthur, a dear friend of mine, won't mind my mentioning that her face is also a lighting job, but, when it comes to attire, she is perfectly photogenic in anything from a cowboy costume to a bathing suit.

"Thinking back on personalities, I recall that I had difficulties with Ingrid Bergman when I worked on 'Intermezzo.' Ingrid is really two persons. Shoot her from one side and she's breath-takingly beautiful. Shoot her from the other, and she's average."

Toland paused for punctuation, then smiled.

"Of course," he said cheerfully, "I'd rather photograph girls like June Lang and Arleen Whelan with their pretty little faces, than any. Because they're no work at all. You set your camera and your lights anywhere, and they still look cute. If I shot them constantly, though, I'd become far too lazy."

Now he spoke of the stronger sex.

"The most photogenic male is Gary Cooper. But he looks best when he isn't photographed well! Here's what I mean. If he's shot casually and naturally, without frills or fuss, he has plenty of femme appeal. He doesn't have to be dolled up like the juvenile leads. If you don't believe me, just take a gander at him in 'The Westerner.' He's grand in it and without special lighting or any make-up.

"Henry Fonda is another I enjoy working with. He also doesn't require make-up. And he's so damn intelligent. Understands props, stage business, electricity. You know, Fonda's main hobby is photography, and on 'The Grapes of Wrath' he spent half his time looking through my camera, which, of course, gave him a better understanding of what I was after."

I inquired about Toland's most recent and celebrated patient, Orson Welles.

"SHOT 'Citizen Kane' in sixteen weeks," explained Toland. "It's an unusual picture. For example, we worked with no beams or parallels (to hold spots) for the first time in Hollywood history. All sets were given natural ceilings, which made bright lighting difficult but also made for realism.

"Orson Welles was an interesting type to shoot, especially his characterization, changing from a lad of twenty-five to an old man of seventy, and wearing, in old age, blood-shot glass-caps over his eyes.

"His problem, today, will depend on whether audiences prefer him as a character actor or as himself. I like one quality in his acting and direction. Stubbornness. He would bitterly fight every technical problem that came up. Never say die. Never."

Gregg Toland confessed that the one defect he'd found in most actors and actresses was discoloration and lines or wrinkles under their eyes. "Were we to leave them natural, it would make them appear tired and haggard on the screen, especially since they are amplified so greatly. So, I place bright spotlights directly in their faces, which wash out these lines and make their faces smoother."

Then Toland began discussing technical problems in a very untechnical manner. It was a liberal education in cinema craft. He spoke fondly of "The Grapes of Wrath." Said he enjoyed much of it because he was able to shoot his favorite type of scene—building somber moods through shadowy low-keyed lighting, such as the opening candlelight scene in that classic of the soil. "We slaved, Jack Ford and I, to make that picture real," Toland revealed. "We sent the cast out to acquire good healthy sunburns. We threw away soft diffusion lenses. We shot the whole thing candid-camera style, like a newsreel. That's the trend today in Hollywood. Realism.

"Of course," he added, "sometimes realism is attained only through complete trickery. Remember the third or fourth shot in the beginning of 'The Long Voyage Home?' The scene of the ship floating and rocking on the water? Here's how that was done. I had the studio build half a miniature boat, set it on a dry stage. Then I took a pan full of plain water, placed it on a level with my lens—and shot my scene over this pan of water, catching the boat and giving the perfect

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(Continued from page 62)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Holden, Fay	David Clyde	Winter, 1914	Actor	None	None	Love found Ma Hardy
Holt, Tim	Virginia Ashcraft	Dec. 10, 1938	Student	None	Lance, 1	Definitely stable
Hope, Bob	Dolores Read	Dec. 25, 1934	Singer	None	Linda, 16 mos.; Tony, 6 mos.; both adopted	Yehoodi beams on this one
Howard, Leslie	Ruth Martin	Mar. 13, 1916	Social worker	None	Ronald, 22; Leslie, 17	The rumors persist
Hubbard, John	Lois Golder	Apr. 1, 1939	Non-prof.	None	Initial production on way	Bill-y and coo-y
Hudson, Rochelle	Hal Thompson	Aug. 16, 1939	Disney director	None	None	Storm warnings posted
Hunt, Marsha	Jerry Hopper	Dec. 23, 1938	Film editor	None	None	Christmas every day
Hunter, Ian	Casha Pringle	Fall, 1926	Actress	None	Jolyon, 12; Robin, 9	Ecstatic in a reserved way
Hymer, Warren	Virginia Meyer	Feb. 21, 1936	Non-prof.	None	None	Not too happy
Jagger, Dean	Antoinette Lowrance	Jan. 29, 1935	Writer	None	None	Won't emulate Brigham Young's
Jones, Allan	Irene Hervey	June 26, 1936	Actress	One	Jack, 3; son, 11, by first wife	Close harmony
Jones, Buck	Odelle Osborn	August, 1915	Non-prof.	None	Maxine, 23	Riding high
Joslyn, Allyn	Dorothy Yockel	Mar. 7, 1934	Actress	None	None	Yockel-girl makes good
Kibbee, Guy	Brownie Read	Aug. 27, 1927	Advertising copywriter	None	Shirley, 9; Guy, Jr., 5	Still Lohengrinning
Kruger, Otto	Susan MacNamany	Sept. 20, 1919	Actress	None	Ottilie Ann, 14	A wear-ever model
Lake, Arthur	Patricia Van Cleve	July 25, 1937	Actress	None	None	On an even keel
Lake, Veronica	John Detlie	Sept. 26, 1940	Studio art director	None	None	June in January
Lang, June	John Roselli	Apr. 1, 1940	Businessman	Vic Orsatti	None	Too sudden to be sure
Langford, Frances	Jon Hall	June 4, 1938	Actor	None	None	Love in tune
LaRue, Jack	Constance Deighton-Simpson	Jan. 31, 1937	Socialite	None	None	Coasting along
Laughton, Charles	Elsa Lanchester	Feb. 28, 1929	Actress	None	None	They Found What They Wanted
Lederer, Francis	Margo	Oct. 16, 1937	Actress	One	None	Separation looks permanent
Leeds, Andrea	Bob Howard	Oct. 25, 1939	Millionaire sportsman	None	Heir en route	In fine shape
Leigh, Vivien	Laurence Olivier	Aug. 30, 1940	Actor	Leigh Holman	Suzanne, 7, by former marriage	A fire hazard
Livingston, Robert	Dorothy Gee	Nov. 30, 1935	Non-prof.	None	None	Made in heaven
Lockhart, Gene	Kathleen Arthur	June 12, 1924	Actress	None	June, 15	Long term contract
Lombard, Carole	Clark Gable	Mar. 29, 1939	Actor	Wm. Powell	None	Ask Mr. Gable
Lorre, Peter	Cecile Lvovsky	June 22, 1934	Actress	None	None	Two sensible people
Louise, Anita	Maurice E. Adler	May 18, 1940	Theatre owner	None	None	Sittin' pretty
Loy, Myrna	Arthur Hornblow	June 27, 1936	Producer	None	None	There's been talk
Lugosi, Bela	Lillian Arch	Jan. 31, 1933	Non-prof.	Beatrice Weeks	None	Thrills but no chills
Lupino, Ida	Louis Hayward	Nov. 16, 1938	Actor	None	None	Nothing wayward about Hayward
MacDonald, Jeanette	Gene Raymond	June 16, 1937	Actor	None	None	Molasses and honey
MacLane, Barton	Charlotte Wynters	Nov. 22, 1939	Actress	One	None	Toast-burning stage
MacMurray, Fred	Lillian Lamont	June 20, 1936	Show girl	None	Susan, 5 mos. adopted	Stars in their eyes
March, Fredric	Florence Eldridge	Spring, 1928	Actress	None	Penelope, 8; Tony, 6½; both adopted	Perpetual devotion
Marshal, Alan	Mary Grace Borel	Nov. 18, 1938	Socialite	None	One infant	They're likethis
Marshall, Herbert	Lee Russell	Feb. 27, 1940	Actress	Mollie Maitland; Edna Best	Sarah, 8, by Edna Best	Safe on third
Martin, Mary	Richard Halliday	May 4, 1940	Literary agent	None	None	Aflame
Massen, Osa	Alan Hersholt	Dec. 15, 1938	Film critic	None	None	Following in the Hersholt tradition
Massey, Raymond	Dorothy Whitney	July 10, 1939	Socialite	Peggy Fremantle, Adrienne Allen	Son, 17, and daughter, 7, by first wife; son, 3, by second wife	This time's the last time
Maynard, Ken	Bertha Denham	Nov. 15, 1939	Circus performer	Mary Elsa	None	Faring better than first
McCrea, Joel	Frances Dee	Oct. 20, 1933	Actress	None	Joel, 6; David, 5	Dee-lightful
McHugh, Frank	Dorothy McIsaacs	Feb. 27, 1933	Non-prof.	None	Michael, 5; Peter, 11, and Susan, 8, by wife's first marriage	The real McHugh
McLaglen, Victor	Edna Lamont	Oct. 28, 1919	Non-prof.	None	Andrew, 20; Sheila, 17	Good as new
McPhail, Douglas	Betty Jaynes	January, 1939	Singer	None	Joan Lorraine, 1	Smooth sailing
Menjou, Adolphe	Verree Teasdale	Aug. 25, 1934	Actress	Two	Peter Adolphe, 4	Verree happy
Merkel, Una	Ronald Burla	Jan. 1, 1932	Engineer	None	None	"Perfect," says Una

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Milland, Ray	Muriel Webber	Oct. 2, 1931	Non-prof.	None	Daniel David, 9 mos.	Honeymoon for three
Mitchell, Thomas	Rachel Hartzell	Jan., 1938	Actress	One	Ann, 22, by first wife	Like the 'Frisco quake—shaky
Montgomery, Robert	Elizabeth Allen	Apr. 14, 1928	Actress	None	Betty, 7; Robert, 4	Having wonderful time
Moore, Constance	Johnny Maschio	Apr. 29, 1939	Actors' agent	None	None	Lifelong option lifted
Morgan, Dennis	Lillian Vedder	Sept. 5, 1933	Retired drama teacher	None	Stanley, 6; Kristen, 3	Going down for the 3rd time
Mowbray, Alan	Lorraine Carpenter	Aug. 1, 1930	Non-prof.	None	Patricia, 10; Alan II, 6	Entitled to service stripes
Muni, Paul	Bella Finkel	May 8, 1921	Former stage actress	None	None	Stands the test of time
Murphy, George	Juliette Johnson	Dec. 28, 1926	Former dancing partner	None	Dennis Michael, 2	Lucky partners
Naish, J. Carrol	Gladys Heaney	Feb. 10, 1928	Actress	None	Carol Elaine, 9	It's a "take"
Niven, David	Primula Rollo	Oct. 3, 1940	Social worker	None	None	No recent communique
Nolan, Lloyd	Mell Efird	May 10, 1933	Actress	None	One en route	Straight from "Modern Romances"
Oakie, Jack	Venita Varden	Mar. 23, 1936	Actress	None	None	Peaceful at present
Oberon, Merle	Alexander Korda	June 5, 1939	Producer	None	None	Complete ac-Korda
O'Brien, George	Marguerite Churchill	July 15, 1933	Retired actress	None	Erin, 5½; Darcy, 1½	Must be unlucky at cards
O'Brien, Pat	Eloise Taylor	Jan. 23, 1931	Actress	None	Mavourneen, 6; Sean, 3; Christopher, 2; all adopted	No quarrels yet
O'Hara, Maureen	George Brown	May 28, 1940	Film technical adviser in Eire	None	None	Oceans apart
O'Keefe, Dennis	Steffi Duna	Oct. 18, 1940	Actress	Louise Stanley	None	Made for each other
Olivier, Laurence	Vivien Leigh	Aug. 30, 1940	Actress	Jill Esmond	Simon, 5, by first marriage	Story-book stuff
O'Sullivan, Maureen	John W. Farrow	Sept. 25, 1934	Writer; now in Canadian army	None	Michael, 1½	Temporary war casualty
Pallette, Eugene	Marjorie Cagnacci	Sept. 19, 1932	Non-prof.	None	None	No news is good news
Parker, Cecilia	Dick Baldwin	June 2, 1938	Actor	None	First on its way	Look up synonym for "bliss"

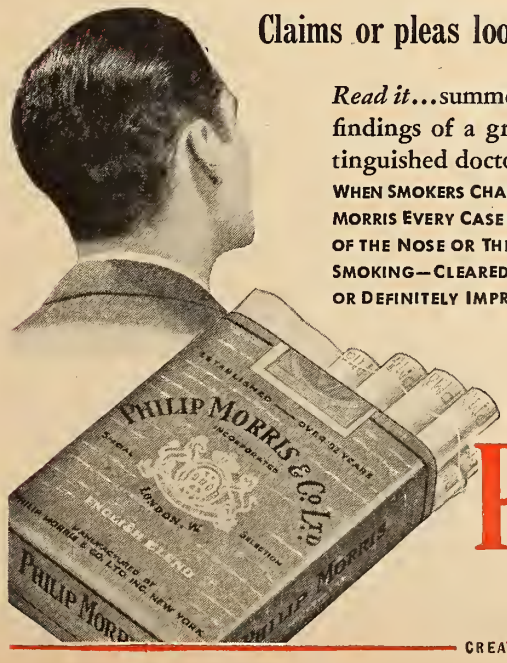
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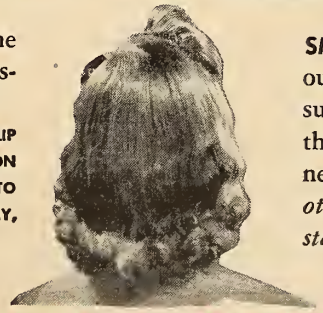


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illusion of its being in the water. But I better not tell you too much of that. Trade secrets, you know. You better have another beer . . ."

But, instead of another beer, I indulged in something equally stimulating. I saw another ace cameraman. I left Toland, drove out into the Valley north of Hollywood and halted before an intimate Oriental restaurant bearing a blinking neon that read "Ching How."

This restaurant was the hobby and hide-out of the cherubic Chinese cameraman, James Wong Howe, the place where he came in the evening, to chat with old friends or supervise a steaming chow mein after a hard and tiresome day with Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr or Loretta Young!

LOOKING at Jimmy Howe, you'd never know what he's been through and what his keen eyes have seen. Not because he has the "inscrutable" yellow man's face of fiction, the traditional face that hides feelings and emotions, but because he is so cheerful, so friendly, so disarmingly sincere.

You wouldn't know that he once fought gory battles in the fistic arena for ten bucks a knockout, or that he got his first job in Hollywood as a camera assistant at that same price. But you would know, immediately, that Jimmy Howe is as American as you or I, born in Pasco, Washington, of a farmer father; and you would know, too, immediately, that he understands more about Hollywood stars than any photographer alive.

I found Jimmy Howe a little interview-shy when it came to discussing personalities. That was because he'd been burned once. Recently, a reporter asked him about Bette Davis, and Howe told the reporter that Bette's enormous eyes were her finest feature, and that they must be emphasized by lighting, whereas her long thin neck must be shadowed. The reporter misquoted him as stating that Bette was badly pop-eyed. Ever since, Howe has been afraid to explain the truth to Bette—and if she reads this—well, hell, Bette, the guy thinks you're the greatest actress on earth!

Over a delicious dish of aged Chinese eggs, bamboo shoots and other Far Eastern delicacies, in a nook of his popular eatery, Jimmy Howe softened sufficiently to discuss the women he had captured for celluloid.

He digressed on the subject of glamour gals.

"Hedy Lamarr has more glamour than anyone in Hollywood. Her jet black hair and fine light complexion, marvelously contrasting, requires no faking soft diffusion lens. But, like all glamour ladies, she must be aided by the cameraman. First of all, I took attention away from her lack of full breasts by playing up her eyes and lips. With a bright light I created a shadow to make you forget her weak chin. Then, I really went to town! I planted an arc on a level with her eyes, shadowing her forehead and blending it and her hair into a dark background. Now, all attention was focused on her eyes. Remember her first meeting with Boyer in 'Algiers?' Her eyes got away with lines that would never have passed Mr. Hays.

"It's an old glamour trick. The average girl should learn it. For example, when you wear a hat with a low brim, and then have to peer out from under the brim, it makes you more interesting, centers attention on your orbs. When you sport a half-veil, you have to look from behind it and thus become an exciting and intriguing person. There's no question about it. The eyes certainly have it.

"Now Ann Sheridan. Her gorgeous throat and shoulders, and those lips. I light them up and disguise the fact that her nose is irregular and her cheeks overly plump. Incidentally, to correct her nose, which curves slightly to the left, I put kliegs full on the left side of her face, pushing her nose perfectly straight. Once, on 'Torrid Zone,' when Annie arrived on the set with a pimple on her chin, I had the make-up man convert it into a beauty mark, and then viewing her through the camera, realized that this concentrated attention on her full lips, which made her even more glamorous!

"Each actress, no matter how beautiful, becomes a problem. Madeleine Carroll has a good and bad side to her face, like so many others. I always shoot her three-quarters, because it thins her out. A full face shot makes her too fleshy. With Myrna Loy, there must not be white around her neck, because it's too contrasting to her complexion. Moreover, lights must be low, shooting upward, to reduce the size of her underpinnings.

"Zorina, off-screen, relaxing, is an ordinary woman, with a good-sized healthy body. But, the minute she dances before the camera, her true personality grows. Her face turns from good looking to gorgeous. Her body becomes smaller and willowy. She's easy to work with, except that an enthusiastic uncle of hers, a doctor, gave her four vaccination marks when she was young, and we have to get rid of them with make-up and special lights.

"But you want to know the most photogenic lady I ever set my lens upon? Priscilla Lane. An absolutely eye-soothing face, despite a generous mouth. A fine skin texture. A rounded facial structure. Mmm. Lovely to look at.

"There is no perfect camera face, Confucius say. Not even Loretta Young, who is reputed to have a camera-proof face. Why, she wouldn't want a perfect face and neither would any other actress. A perfect face, without irregular features, would be monotonous and tiresome to observe. Of course, a well-balanced face is another thing. Oh, I've seen so-called perfect faces—those composite photographs showing Lamarr's eyes, Leigh's nose, Dietrich's lips—but the result is always surprisingly vacant!

MOST women must be photographed with flat lights, shooting down from a forty-five degree angle, because this lighting washes out any defects. Whereas, a cross-lighting from either side, while it makes the face natural and round and real, also accentuates wrinkles, blemishes and bad lines. There are exceptions. Flat lighting would wash Joan Crawford's face clean to the point of blankness. Cross-lighting chisels her beautifully. But others can't stand up as well.

"I'm not telling you these inside items on the stars to give you a sensational story. I'm trying to point out this—that while the Chinese author, Lin Yutang, wrote a book called 'The Importance of Living,' I should like to write one called, 'The Importance of Lighting.' It's all-important. Take a look at the way celebrities appear in a newsreel, without careful kliegs adjusted to them. They seem messy.

"Why, the only newsreel personages I ever saw who looked decent without expert work on them, and who were, in fact, once offered a million dollars to come to Hollywood, were the Windsors. Now Wally Simpson is a bit too thin in the face and has some blemishes. But this could be corrected by shooting her

three-quarters, the lights flat against her. She should never be shot in profile. As to the Duke, Edward himself, well, while he often appears a bit weary and haggard, he would have to be kept that way in Hollywood. It's part of his adult charm. We wouldn't want to wash that out with faked brightness."

Now the little man expounded on picture-making. He told exactly the way pictures should be made. Here's Howe:

"My theory of picture-making is that a movie must run true. It must be real. You must not feel that it is obviously a movie. A big fault is that photographers often try to make their photography stand out. That is bad. If you go away raving about the photography of certain scenes, you've seen a bad photographic job.

"When I was a beginner, 'way back, I had that common failing. I never gave a damn about the actor. All I wanted was to get those fat beautiful clouds in, so people would say, 'Some shot. Some photographer.' But now I know that's not professional."

There was one more thing. I had a hunch a lot of photographers, like producers, were repressed actors at heart. Did James Wong Howe ever aspire to histrionics?

"Oh, once I almost became an actor. The late Richard Boleslavsky wanted me to play with Greta Garbo in 'The Painted Veil.' Just a bit part. I refused. My place is behind the big machine, not in front of it. Besides I'd be scared stiff. Me, Wong Howe, an actor? Hell, the boys would rib the pants off me!"

To continue my scientific study of the lads behind the lenses, I went to a party of General Service Studios. There, on the lavish set of "Lady Hamilton," Vivien Leigh was passing out cake to celebrate her birthday, and a stocky, dark-haired handsome man named Rudolph Mate was celebrating his first year as a full-fledged American citizen.

Rudolph Mate, born in Poland, student of philosophy, lover of fine paintings, was the cameraman on the newest Leigh-Olivier vehicle. His previous pictures had been movie milestones—"Love Affair," "Foreign Correspondent" and "Seven Sinners."

I asked Mate about the ingredients that make a tip-top photographer, and he answered very slowly and very precisely. He spoke slowly to prevent becoming mixed in the languages he knows—French, German, Hungarian, Russian, Polish, English and pinochle—all of which he speaks fluently.

TO become a good photographer, one must have a complete knowledge of the technical end," stated Mate. He pointed toward his $15,000 movable camera. "One must make everything about that instrument a habit, a second nature, as natural and uncomplicated as walking. This complete technical knowledge gives one time, on the set, to think in terms of the story being shot. A photographer must be creative, imaginative. Above all, he must have a talent for continuity.

"What do I mean by continuity? The celluloid mustn't be scatterbrained. For example, every day a cameraman looks at the daily rushes of the footage he's shot. Some photographers have excellent daily rushes, excellent separate scenes—but, when the film is cut, patched together, it's mediocre and without full meaning because the cameraman had no feel of harmony, no sense of continuity.

"A cameraman must be thorough. I study a script page by page and solve each problem as I study it. Also, on the side, I study oil paintings and works of art. In fact, I have a big collection of my own, because this study gives a cameraman knowledge of composition and color."

Rudolph Mate was ecstatic about Vivien Leigh as Lady Hamilton.

"A marvelous subject. Cool. Positive. The certain beauty of a steel dagger. No bad facial angles. And an actress in her head and in her heart. Laurence Olivier is fine for me to shoot, too. His face is so expressive. It has so much character.

Mate admitted that he had enjoyed toiling with Marlene Dietrich on "Seven Sinners," and that he was scheduled to do her next opus at Universal.

"She has a wonderful head. I mean both brains and shape. Furthermore, like no other actress, she understands lighting problems and angles, and takes all suggestions without a fight. She is cooperative despite the nonsense you read. She will pose for fifty different takes if need be. The reason she knows so much is that she acquired her photographic education from Josef Von Sternberg, her first director, who still has the best pictorial mind in the cinema business."

Mate, I understood, was a master magician at trickery. He could make anything real. In "Lady Hamilton," you'll see the Battle of Trafalgar, when Olivier as Lord Nelson is killed. It'll be a terrific scene, realistic as war and death—but remember, it was made with miniature boats, only five feet tall, costing $1,000 each, and the cannon balls were tiny marbles shot into thin balsa wood.

Remember, too, that Mate can—and often has—made mob scenes involving thousands of people with just a half

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dozen extras. This he has accomplished with a special "button lens," one with 220 separate openings for images, thus multiplying anything it is focused upon.

Rudolph Mate had a date with Vivien Leigh, in front of the camera, and I had one, at Warner Brothers Studio, with a gentleman named Ernie Haller, a studious architect who wound up by becoming the genius to put that little tidbit labeled "Gone With the Wind" on celluloid.

Good-natured, bespectacled Ernie Haller didn't waste words. "The cameraman's main duty is to tell a story with lighting. Next, he must have a thorough understanding or feeling for composition; you know, how to group and balance people and objects properly. It's like salesmanship—you create a point of interest, and you try to sell the fans a star or an idea by subtly focusing attention on this point of interest."

Haller referred to a few tangible points of interest.

"I'm not merely being loyal to Warners when I tell you Ann Sheridan is the most photogenic female in this town today. Her features are well proportioned and take lighting easily. The most photogenic man is Errol Flynn. His oval face stands up from any angle or under any lighting condition.

"But, as you know, we have our sticklers, too. There's Clark Gable. I always shoot him three-quarters, so that you see only one of his ears. If you saw both at once, they'd look like mine do—stick out like the arms of a loving cup.

BRENDA MARSHALL, whom I'm working with at present, is a fine actress. Her only defects are a slightly crooked nose and eyes set too closely together. I light up one side of her face more fully to straighten the nose, and push inkies square into Brenda's face to spread her eyes.

"When I shot GWTW, I found Vivien Leigh ideal for Technicolor. But I learned too much light was extremely bad for her. Her face was delicate and small, and full brightness would wash out her features and spoil the modeling of her countenance. Another thing. She has blue eyes. David Selznick wanted them green. So I set up a baby spot with amber gelatine, placed it under my lens, and Scarlett wound up with green eyes.

"Listen, they all have handicaps that we have to correct. Most have square jaws, which must be softened and rounded. Some have prominent noses, which requires a low light set at the knees to push up their noses. Some actresses have thin legs. We plant spots right at their feet to fill 'em out.

"There's no limit to what we have to do. We keep middle-aged actresses young by using special diffusing lenses that make faces mellow, hazy, soft, foggy, ethereal. We use these lenses on mood scenes, too, thus enabling us to create cold, crisp mornings on hot, sultry days.

"In my time, I've put them all in my black box. Some who were difficult and some who were easy, ranging from Mae Murray and Norma Talmadge to Dick Barthelmess and Bette Davis. I've never had trouble because I knew sculpturing, knew the basic foundation of the human face and was able to become, literally, a plastic surgeon with lights." Says Haller:

"Most trick stuff is in the hands of the Optical Printing Department of any studio. This is conducted by specialized cameramen and special effects men who manufacture 75% of the mechanical trick scenes. Most impossible scenes are done in miniature, caught by a camera that blows them eight times normal."

Ernie Haller, with an eye for the unusual, summarized some of the crazy paradoxes he'd run into during his many semesters in the movie village. He said that big banquet scenes were always filmed right after lunch, because the extras weren't so hungry then and wouldn't eat so much expensive food! Moonlit night scenes were taken in the daytime with a filter, because real moonlight was not photogenic. Faked fights photographed better than real ones, because real ones appeared too silly. Sequences on an ocean liner had to be faked on dry land, because an honest-to-goodness boat pitched and heaved too much for the average camera. Blank cartridges recorded better on the sound track. Real ones were too high-pitched.

"In barroom sequences," concluded Haller, "cold tea is better than whiskey, not because it photographs better but because actors have to drink a lot of it—and tea, sir, keeps them sober!"

So there. You've met some of the boys from the ASC. Now paste Gregg Toland's classical outburst into your hat—

"Tell 'em we're not low-grade mechanical morons, we cameramen. Tell 'em we're creative artists, by God!"

And, by God, they certainly are!



How it feels to be one of the world's most envied wives is illustrated by Pat Paterson's happy smile as she dinner dates with husband Charles Boyer.

ALL THIS IS HOLLYWOOD, TOO!

(*Continued from page 35*)

Across the street and just a half block before the renowned intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street is the massive Pantages Theatre. This movie temple, along with Warner's Theatre and Grauman's Chinese, represents all of Hollywood's first-run show houses. The film capital of the world possesses only three first-rate theatres!

But on premiere nights, when strips of virginal celluloid make their public débuts, these theatres are really carnivals to see. Brightly carpeted in front, decorated with microphones and crouching cameramen, studded with stars, packed with energetic autograph collectors and five hundred members of the inky-fingered sect—the theatres are topped by a battery of three or four metal-capped kliegs, their long white slivers of light piercing the blue heaven above in crazy patterns, crossing and criss-crossing.

AND here, if we may be so unromantic as to inject a purely financial note, we would like to observe that these three or four klieg lights, each maneuvered by a union workman in overalls, have made a fortune for their owner, Mr. Otto K. Olsen. This should help you understand that like these dazzling kliegs, glamour itself has a price in Hollywood and is only a commodity to be bought, sold, exploited. Mr. Olsen, one of the few community bigwigs who isn't connected directly with films, famed renter of giant searchlights, started out making $5,000 a year. Now, after seventeen years of letting these kliegs, he has pyramided his yearly take to almost $300,000 per annum. Moreover, Mr. Olsen, we are happy to add, is not a snob. His blinding searchlights not only brighten the weekly premiere, but also the opening of any new vegetable shop or shoe store that is willing to pay greenbacks for glamour. Indeed, this is Hollywood!

But now, initiated, you've torn yourself away from the premiere at the Pantages, and suddenly, you are at the most famous corner in the world. It has been immortalized by a million amateur Homers, in verse, in anecdote, in shady stories, in gossip and in the song—"Hollywood At Vine."

This corner is guarded by a department store, a restaurant, a bank and a drugstore. This corner is inhabited by cranks, tipsters, those who have been stars and those who want to be stars, by shoppers, curiosity-hunters, visiting firemen, the Barrymores and the Hardys.

This is Hollywood at Vine, and when you stand on the corner, you know it's everything you've dreamed about. It's in the air. You can taste it. Hollywood! The city needs no historian. It needs only Hollywood at Vine. Nearby is a steel bench where housewives still sit, waiting for the ten-cent bus to take them home. This is the "Lon Chaney" bench, where that neurotic, elastic-faced son of deaf-mute Colorado parents used to sit, in the early twenties waiting to ride to the studios. Nearby is a bar, run by a man with a pancaked nose and scrambled ears, a prizefighter who will show you I.O.U.'s collected in the early days from Charlie Chaplin and Wallace Reid and Al Jolson.

This is Hollywood at Vine where the old guard will fill your ears with stories —about Mae West, who has the biggest collection of books on sex and courtesans in the world, who combs her hair and puts on her hat before pulling on her slit dresses, and who has told the boys on the corner, "The best way to hold a man is in your arms!"; about Walt Disney, who used to go down to the Los Angeles zoo every week to study the animals and their noises; about George Gershwin, once called "A Drunken Schubert," who got five dollars for his first song, fifty thousand for his last, suffered from nervous indigestion and took three music lessons a week until the day he died; about the late Lilyan Tashman, whose home was the gaudiest in Hollywood and whose toilet seat was covered with white ermine!

It's all there on that corner, the crazy, crazy cavalcade of Hollywood—the saga, told and retold, of that handsome Italian with slickum on his hair, Rudolph Valentino, who died fourteen years ago, and whose death prompted the women of Rio de Janeiro to hold High Mass, a chorus girl in London to take poison and leave a note for her girl friend begging her to "look after Rudolph's picture," and 100,000 fans, including Pola Negri and Texas Guinan, to crowd his funeral; the story of W. C. Fields, who has fifty hats hanging in his smoking room to compensate for the years of bumming when he never had a place to hang his hat; the Cinderella legend of a plump, hard-boiled dame who came to this town, danced the Charleston, doubled for Norma Shearer and became the brightest of stars, meaning, of course, Joan Crawford.

Those are the things you'll hear on Hollywood at Vine, and they're as much a physical part of Hollywood as the buildings and premieres and wide clean streets.

The remaining blocks of the Boulevard, perhaps a mile of blocks, comprise the central shopping district. According to Thurston H. Ross, consulting economist, 25% of the people on the Boulevard shop for food, only 10% visit the night clubs and bars and a mere 7% are out to buy clothes. Then, with pretty colored graphs and charts, our economist reveals that three out of every ten persons on Holly-

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(*from a letter by* G. S., Redding, Calif.)



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(*from a letter by* L. W., Chicago, Ill.)



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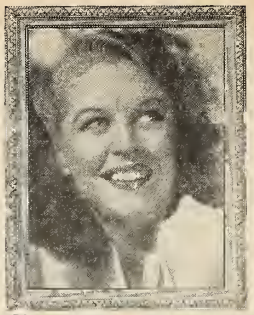
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wood Boulevard are there because it is supposed to be glamorous, because it is so informal, because there isn't much traffic or noise and because they want to see some stars.

Proceeding up the Boulevard, you pass Nancy's, bright and expensive—where you can get a dress from $5 to $50, and where the sales girls wear slacks. And there is MacIntosh, English tailors, frequented by Don Ameche, Joe Louis and Jackie Cooper, who sometimes pay $150 a suit. Across the Boulevard is Gettlesons, a ticket brokerage, where you can reserve one of the 20,000 seats in the Hollywood Bowl or purchase a pasteboard to the Friday fights at the nearby American Legion Stadium, and there sit beside Lupe Velez, waving ten spots for bets, or Rochester, a Harlem jumping bean.

THE Boulevard becomes a whirl of neons now—Thrifty Drugstore, where giant malteds may be had for a dime; two tremendous five and ten cent stores, where we once saw Bing Crosby buying toys for the ailing son of a minor studio technician; the open air Hollywood Market, where grinning Japanese will sell you a bucket of oranges for pennies; and The Jade, an oriental-styled nightclub where some singer named Vivien Lee is capitalizing on a famous name.

Next you are passing the famed Bradley's Five and Ten, where for fifteen cents you can have a hot dog and a stein of beer big enough to make you see pink elephants, where you can sit in oversized soft chairs and observe bit players, second-rate agents and all the fringe of Hollywood's society move in and out. Your head is on a swivel now, trying to see everything—Miller's Stationery Shop, where Garbo sneaks in for books on philosophy and Errol Flynn grabs a few more copies of "Beam Ends," which he wrote. Next, the Pig 'n Whistle, an eatery, where the door opens automatically as you approach.

Finally you are at Highland Avenue. There is the Bank of America, and next door to it Max Factor's $600,000 makeup factory, where research workers have learned that there are forty-five different color types among women, each requiring a different cosmetic combination, and where Joan Bennett and Myrna Loy are often used as guinea pigs. Cater-cornered stands the old-fashioned, sprawling, wooden Hollywood Hotel, where you can sleep for $12 a week. Two blocks along the Boulevard, and the garish fantastic Chinese Grauman's Theatre holds your attention—with blocks of concrete (so easy to remove once a star has slipped down the ladder) in the forecourt, each holding the handprints and footprints of some star, running the gamut from Marie Dressler to Tyrone Power to the late Tom Mix, who added the fine touch of gunprints.

A half block from Grauman's is a spot, with booths, called Brown's. It specializes in hot fudges covered with toasted almonds and costing 30c each, and in pretty waitresses who serve them. One of the waitresses who served them was Ellen Drew, and an agent saw her and then Paramount—and that's Hollywood Boulevard.

You may have other fleeting memories of the Boulevard—of the unusual lack of jay-walking, since there is a five dollar fine for this offense; of the Duke of Hollywood, a stocky, cheerful negro wearing top hat and tails, who'll shine your shoes for a dime; of Jim Tully, the Irish hobo-author who once punched John Gilbert in the nose, arguing on a corner and telling a friend what he thinks of the mansions in which movie stars live, "By God, you could feed five poets on what it costs to keep up one of their lawns!"

If the Boulevard is the spine of Hollywood, there are numberless other streets and sights to make up the flesh and bones of the twenty-four square mile body.

There are ordinary things like the twenty-five public schools and the one junior college, and extraordinary things like the drugstore across from Hollywood High School which sells more contraceptives than any other drugstore in the area (and we state this only as a fact, and not for obvious sensationalism). There are eleven radio stations in all of Los Angeles, but the two mammoth networks, CBS and NBC, have streamlined studios that seem to have been designed by Jules Verne.

Across from them is Earl Carroll's Restaurant. Of course, you'll see it, maybe even work in it. There's an aura about the place—because it is masterminded by forty-eight-year-old Earl Carroll himself, the skinny, baldish sex expert, who was once a journalist in Hongkong, a baseball pitcher in Japan. Over a decade ago, Carroll gave a party at which he paid a seventeen-year-old girl $700 to appear before guests clad only in a chemise and shoes, then had her strip naked, then ordered her into a bathtub of wine, while Carroll remarked, "Gentlemen, the line forms to the right!" He was sent to the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary for this—but there was a happy ending, because today his film restaurant is jam-packed nightly.

No less a landmark would be the Angelus Temple in Echo Park, which isn't exactly in Hollywood but near enough and cuckoo enough to be adopted. The round dome and twin radio masts of the Temple are the headdress on a building containing 5,300 opera chairs, an organ eighty feet high—and 49-year-old Aimee Semple McPherson, America's greatest actress-evangelist. Aimee, widowed at the age of nineteen in China, came to Los Angeles, preached, raised one and a half million dollars for her shrine for sinners and became famous enough to enable a local paper's circulation to jump 300% when it announced that she'd changed the color of her hair! We saw her once as she appeared before her converts, attired as a railway conductor, waving a lantern, shouting, "All aboard the Father, Son and Holy Ghost Limited For Gloryland!"

BUT no story on Filmville would be half complete without an essay on the natives of this topsy-turvy paradise. In fact, it's better to observe the natives than the gorgeous blue hills rimming Hollywood to the north.

Something happens to the average person who moves into Hollywood. It must be a cosmic thing. A young man coming to Hollywood immediately gets into a polo shirt and colored neckerchief, wears

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high-waisted, pleated trousers that bag at the knees and shuffles around in Mexican-styled shoes. A young lady forgets what her mother told her, sports a bandana, too much make-up, sloppy slacks and even takes to wearing her bedroom slippers in public. Everyone talks big. Very big. The language is well punctuated with the language of the movie sets. Words like "inkies," meaning incandescent lights; "gobo," meaning small-sized spots; and "blimp," meaning the felt-padded coverings that dull the whir of the camera, are tossed around with the clumsiness of a medicine ball.

But, to the men and women of Hollywood who taste fame, an even rarer phenomenon occurs. Sometimes they "go Hollywood"—which is pure Californianese for becoming uppity and forgetting your friends. More often they go plain crazy.

William Morris, the dean of movie agents, once tried to explain the insane antics of the stars by saying:

THEY are a pathetic group of poorly educated children, driven by forces incomprehensible to them, seeking diversion and security . . . Why, if you'd never had anything but a wardrobe trunk and a lousy second-rate hotel room to call home, you might spread yourself, too."

However, sometimes even that doesn't suffice to explain the daffy doings of an Ida Lupino, inviting guests to a party, asking them to come formal and then pushing them into a swimming pool fully dressed, or of a Glenda Farrell purchasing eye-glasses for her pet cat, or of a Joan Crawford building a special oversized piano done in stainless white and decorated with satyrs chasing nymphs.

The best explanation we've heard comes from Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright, who served several sentences in Movieland. When a friend wondered why Hollywood actresses cavorted so close to the lunatic fringe, he replied:

"Imagine the plight of a Hollywood heroine, a not too complex cutie who has been boosted suddenly to a dizzy eminence and is rather puzzled by it all. She awakens in the night with the realization, 'At this moment I am being subjected to vicarious rape by countless hordes of Jugo-Slavs, Peruvians, Burmese, Abyssinians, Kurds, Latvians and Ku Klux Klansmen!' Is it a wonder that a girl in that predicament finds it difficult to lead a normal life, that her sense of balance is apt to be a bit erratic?"

Still, the erratic lives of the actors and actresses have helped make Hollywood the razzling-dazzling village it is today. When you walk down a Hollywood thoroughfare and see Katharine Hepburn in blue overalls and hob-nail shoes, or Mary Pickford shutting her eyes as she passes a butcher shop (meat has nauseated her since she read "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair years ago), or Tony Martin, coatless, hatless, informing a friend how he wishes he could sing like Bing Crosby—when you see the stars, so informal, so human, you begin to succumb to Hollywood's charm.

But there is another Hollywood, too, and it's no use avoiding it. The Hollywood known throughout the wide world, as the wildest den of vice and the most prolific playground for wholesale sexual orgies on this mad mudball earth.

And how much of this infamy is true? Ask any member of the Chamber of Commerce, and he assumes a horrified facial expression and points to Hollywood's sixty-nine churches and nineteen Service Clubs. Ask the boys in the poolroom and they grin and tell you another dirty story, which is mostly untrue, about one motion picture star or another.

Somewhere in between is the truth. The day of the "Casting Couch"—when a girl had to exercise her libido instead of her talent for a job—is almost dead. The much-publicized and traditional Hollywood orgy died that evening when Fatty Arbuckle became involved in the community's most colossal scandal which meant the end of Virginia Rapp. Today Hollywood parties are pretty dull and business-like affairs, where Darryl Zanuck is talking about himself, and boring Joe Pasternak who would like to talk about himself, and where Jack Benny won't talk at all for fear of losing a gag to Bop Hope and Ken Murray who are also silent.

But, most of the 28,500 persons in Hollywood—one-sixth of the population—who work in the twenty-one major studios, live decent, ordinary, useful lives and do their share in turning out the six hundred films a year.

Now, you must understand, space has forced us to skip many word photos of the Hollywood scene. We haven't had time to tell you about the novel Studio Club, a sort of "Stage Door" setup, a combination club-hotel exclusively for girls interested in the movies. We haven't been able to mention Billy Wilkerson, a hidden power in the colony, owner of Ciro's and boss of the industry's Bible, the Daily Hollywood Reporter, and of Wilkerson's colorful editorials (he once referred to the death of an agent, Mr. Joyce, by writing, "God has lifted His option on Frank Joyce"). We haven't been able to describe the wonder of Harold Lloyd's lordly home at 1225 Benedict Canyon, with its golf course and seventy Great Danes romping loose.

No matter. You need remember only one more thing about Hollywood. This—

Within three blocks of each other there are three places symbolic of the heart of Hollywood. There is the Paramount Studio, which recently took Betty Brewer, a poor, unemployed fourteen-year-old, off the streets and made her rich and famous, made her life something glorious and of fiction. There is the Pacific Ciné Arts Film Company, where other unemployed girls become employed by stripping off their clothes, and for $3 an hour, performing in the nude for two days at a time to help make suggestive movies for stag parties. There is the cemetery, green and white, where a well-known movie woman was recently buried. She had been living beyond her means, and had inhaled monoxide to pay her debts.

We make no further comment, but to quote the parting shot of visitor Vicki Baum:

"What I like about Hollywood is that one can get along quite well by knowing two words of English—swell and lousy."

That, normal Americans, is Hollywood in composite. Swell and lousy!

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You Get Benefits of Increased Stimulating Vaporizing Action

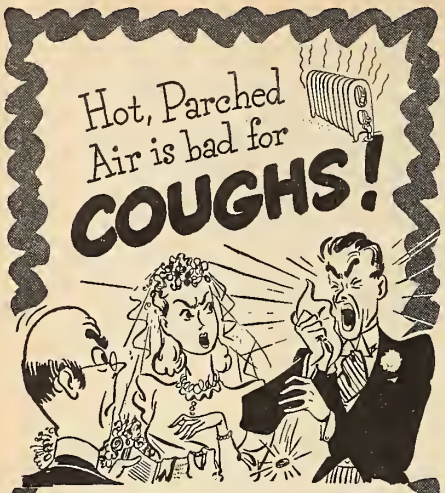
THIS MORE THOROUGH TREATMENT—perfected by Vicks staff of doctors—actually increases the important stimulating and penetrating action of Vicks VapoRub... MORE EFFECTIVELY stimulates chest and back like a warming poultice or plaster... MORE EFFECTIVELY penetrates cold-irritated breathing passages with soothing, medicinal vapors. And starts to work right away—bringing you grateful relief!

Works Faster and Longer

Now here is all you do to get a 3-minute "VapoRub" Massage. First, massage VapoRub for three full minutes on RIB-AREA OF THE BACK as well as on throat and chest. Spread a thick layer over the chest and cover with a warmed cloth. Then notice how this improved Vicks treatment makes VapoRub work faster and longer to relieve distress of colds!

FOR BETTER RESULTS USE VICKS VAPORUB THE IMPROVED WAY

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By drying out the air, most heating systems can make much worse a cough due to a cold.

Pertussin combats this dry-air irritation. It stimulates the tiny moisture glands of the throat. Helps them pour forth their soothing natural moisture. Then you can raise that tickling phlegm —and your cough is relieved fast!

For over 30 years, many physicians have prescribed this most effective remedy—**Pertussin!** Safe even for babies. Get **Pertussin** today from your druggist.

A scientific product based on the therapeutic properties of Thyme.

Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

If you suffer from rheumatic or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two week's supply, mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave you, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale by druggists everywhere.

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MISTRESS PROBLEMS

(*Continued from page 42*)

furniture around, I dare not leave a mote anywhere. So I have to be a contortionist to crawl into crannies and under rugs." Bette's cook says her main problem is figuring a thousand ways to cook potatoes, since Bette can't enjoy a meal without them.

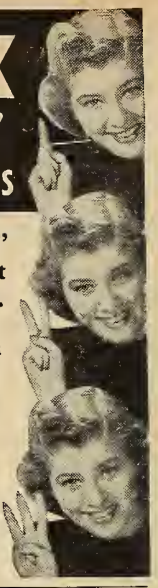
ROSALIND RUSSELL'S Hazel says that she wishes she were a mind reader; it would cut her work in half. For example, let's say Roz makes up her mind to go to New York. Hazel packs her bag with things she'll need there. Five minutes before train-time, Roz will change her mind and decide to go to Sun Valley to ski. Or she'll buy tickets for Alaska, switch plans and go to Palm Springs. Poor Hazel lives in a perpetual whirl of taking woollies out and putting sun-suits in and vice versa. However, she's licked her problem by packing half a dozen bags every time Miss R. is gypsy-minded. Then as Roz goes out the door, Hazel hands her the bags packed for the ultimate destination!

Ann Sheridan's Elizabeth says that when Ann is working, no one is more punctual, and Miss Annie is always on the set twenty minutes ahead of anyone else. But when she is not working, she can sleep the clock around, and it's always four or five in the afternoon before she gives evidence of life. Hence, since she is sure to be dining with Mr. Brent, Elizabeth must solve the problem of waking her. She has several systems, which include rattling the Venetian blinds like castanets; running the bath water with the velocity of a thundering Niagara; playing the radio loudly enough to blast the eardrums of Gargantua; and pretending to be on the phone and saying, "Yes, Mr. Brent, yes, Mr. Brent!" as many as fifty times on a rising scale. Elizabeth also has to be a voice mimic so that when Annie doesn't want to talk on the phone, but feels she should, Elizabeth can do it for her. So well does Elizabeth simulate the Sheridan contralto that she can even fool George Brent. In fact, on one occasion Brentie could not be convinced that it was not Annie he was talking to. And was Elizabeth's face red, were Elizabeth's eyes shining and her breast heaving at what she heard! Don't ever tell Elizabeth that Brent isn't the Great Lover, she *knows*!

Rosemary Lane's Nana says that her problems with Miss Rosie were solved before they arose. For Rosemary, when interviewing a new maid, spends an hour at it, explains to the applicant in detail that "I am a so-and-so when I'm working but a very pleasant girl when I'm not. When I get into a temper and bawl hell out of you, just don't pay any attention to me—skip it. I am much too particular about everything when I'm on a picture. My mirror, brush, comb and toothbrush must always be just where they belong even though I, myself, have taken them into the kitchen or out under a tree! No matter what I have done with them, I expect them to be where they belong! It's like playing Hide-the-Thimble, working for me, and if you're not good at it, let's part company now." Nana says: "I really have only one major problem with Miss Rosie, and that is to keep secrets. She tells me all her love affairs. And this is one of God's chilluns that wouldn't have wings if I blabbed my big mouth on Miss Rosie!"

When Jimmy's Malcolm took over the Stewart ménage, the place was overrun

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by mice. Mice so tame, so housebroken, that when Jimmy played his accordion they all came out and danced. They loved Jimmy's accordion and, according to Malcolm, Jimmy loved them. Malcolm fixed up the mice situation—but now he has another worry. Jimmy won't encourage him to be efficient. "Mr. Jimmy says to me," complained Malcolm, " 'Malcolm,' he says, 'there's so much *less* you could do, you know.' When I ask him to please elucidate, he says, 'When someone calls me on the phone and asks whether I'm in, you could just say "no." But instead you go into a detailed itinerary of my day. You say, "Mr. S. got up at seven fifteen, took a shower, ran around the block, called Miss Olivia on the phone and went to the chiropodist." Take your job as less of sacred duty, Malcolm,' he says. Then there's the times Mr. Burgess Meredith is staying with us. Strange parcels are always arriving at the door. Strange women, too, to tell the truth. I takes the parcels in and keeps the women out and *then* I've done the wrong thing. When Mr. John Swope stays with us, he and Mr. Jimmy rarely has an evening together. How we know they finally get together is when we find nut-shells from cellar to roof. Way that is, we always keep a huge big bowl of nuts by the fireside. The evening Mr. Jimmy and Mr. Swope are together, they don't eat any dinner, just talk and eat nuts. And when the last nut is gone, they go to bed. Mr. Jimmy has odd people come to the house, too. Like one day he told me, 'Malcolm, one of my trees is deathly ill. Termites, Type B.' Next thing I know a man comes to our door, says he is the Tree Doctor and performs a operation on the banana palm! Another time Mr. Jimmy says, 'Malcolm, our lawn has got fleas and must be de-fleaed.' Pretty soon a man comes up, says he is the 'de-fleaer.' I pass 'em in. You get accustomed to most anything when you are working for him."

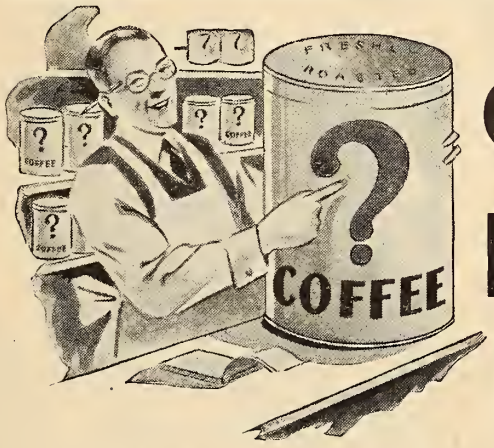
EDDIE ALBERT'S houseman started life as a Portuguese fisherman. He is now working for Eddie, because Eddie heard him singing Portuguese folk-songs and offered him a job just to have him around. Now, Eddie's house is just barely hanging by the skin of its shingles over the edge of Hollywood's highest hill and you'd think no one in the world could possibly find it. But according to Renaldo, Mr. Eddie "has a million lady friends, and they come up at all hours of the day and night!" The windows are always open, the doors are always open, the Capehart phonograph is always playing, so there are no defenses! Eddie's passionate interest in World Events is one of Renaldo's big worries. It causes him to take all the pictures off the walls and hang huge maps from floor to ceiling. On the maps are arranged serried rows of pins, showing the positions of armies and air forces in Europe. Renaldo says that walking on eggs would be child's play compared to dusting between pins, any one of which might be Il Duce or Der Fuehrer. Nor is this all. Eddie has a huge collection of records and books. He keeps them all on the floor. Says he can't find them when they are on shelves. One day, one of his girl friends, Beverly Holden, dropped by and, finding Eddie out, turned housewifely and put things in order. Renaldo said he couldn't tell a lady what Eddie said to her when he got home! Eddie is always in a hurry. On his way home from the studio, therefore, he starts undressing. By the time he reaches his front door, he has on a necktie! Renaldo has then to go on a scavenger hunt for the missing garments. He finds the Albert shoes in a cuckoo's nest, the Albert shorts on the rear-view mirror! I feel maybe I'm working for Gypsy Rose Lee," he sighs.

Constance Moore's maid is of West Indian extraction. Connie calls her Daiquiri. Daiquiri's particular problem is to keep anyone who can possibly have anything to sell off the premises—Connie being susceptible to sales of any kind, ranging from the Queensboro Bridge to a rubber mouse. Fuller Brush men, to a man, vote Connie their Ideal Choice for a desert island!

Joan Bennett's French maid, Madeleine, has taken it upon herself to keep as many newspapers and news broadcasts away from her mistress as it's humanly possible to do. Joan is positively allergic to the disturbing nature of today's headlines, and a bad turn in Europe not only sends her into a depressed mood for the rest of the day, but actually causes her to break out in red blotches!

Ann Sothern's Marie was particularly voluble. "Miss Ann is not supposed to eat fattening foods," she informed us, "but she's always sending me for ice cream on the sets! Well, I just say to her, 'Miss Sothern, you know you're not supposed to eat ice cream,' and I get her an apple instead! Then, she will suddenly yell at me, 'Marie, we have to be in the studio, on the set, in five minutes!' This happens every day Miss Ann is working. Well, I calls Robert, the chauffeur, tell him to bring the car around fast as those wheels will *re*-volve. Then I tears around like a crazy woman. I gets Miss Ann's lunch basket (she always takes her own lunch to the studio), I get her make-up box, her knitting, the book she's reading, her stationery, (she writes her letters on the sets but never mails them), her extra coat and shoes. Then I gets in the car. I waits and I *waits*. Then I gets the palpitating miseries. I think, Lawd have mercy, Miss Annie has sho' broken her neck falling down the stairs! I rush into the house and there is Miss Ann, straightening pictures on the wall or fixing a rose in a vase! I also has to keep reminding Miss Ann of dates and appointments and such. Sure as I live, she will make an appointment with some big gentleman from the studio and just when he raises the knocker on the door, Miss Ann is off having a permanent! I tries to get her to keep a date-pad but she won't on account of how she is using 'mental discipline,' she says."

Virginia Field has only her Danish Mrs. Kjar for "general housework." Virginia doesn't believe in having a personal maid at the studio. "Too bloody silly," she said. "There's a make-up man, a wardrobe girl, a hair-dresser for every woman player. If that's not enough for them, they *should* fall apart!" Mrs. Kjar's most "worriting" problem is to make Virginia eat enough. Especially since Richard Greene has gone away to war. Mrs. Kjar will whip up some little Danish numbers, and Virginia will scream at her, "Get out of here with those lovely things or I'll kick you!" Which, as Mrs. Kjar sniffed, "Don't make no sense." Then, Virginia is constantly losing things; her camel's hair coat, her silver foxes, her purses. And Mrs. Kjar spends hours making out inventories, writing Virginia despairing notes which



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The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and send us a new name for coffee, one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two, or three words, separate or combined. Only one name for coffee will be accepted from an individual. This offer is open to anyone living within the 48 states. It costs nothing to send in a name for coffee. You may win one of the

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say, "those two lace-edged brassieres, where are they?" Mrs. Kjar must also, she told me, take every phone message clearly and exactly. Phone calls properly delivered are the Field phobia. "If I don't get the name and the message straight," sighed Mrs. Kjar, "she say she beat me over the head with the ice-box!" Another of Virginia's habits that constitutes a major problem to thrifty Mrs. Kjar is her mania for shopping in the five and tens and bringing home things that make flowers in the bath-tub, awful candies, all the framed pictures of Richard Greene that are on sale there! Mrs. Kjar maintains that, "Miss Field she love the five and ten too mooch. That iss Mr. Greene's only rival." Mrs. Kjar also admits to a worship of young Mr. Greene. "Miss Field, she tell me," she laughed, "that I act all gooey and pecooliar over him! I says she is describing herself and how she act over him, not me! But she is goot, nice young girl, my Miss Field. She iss never moody, never cross except in the late of nights when she is all alone, and I hear her crying in her pillow now he iss gone away!"

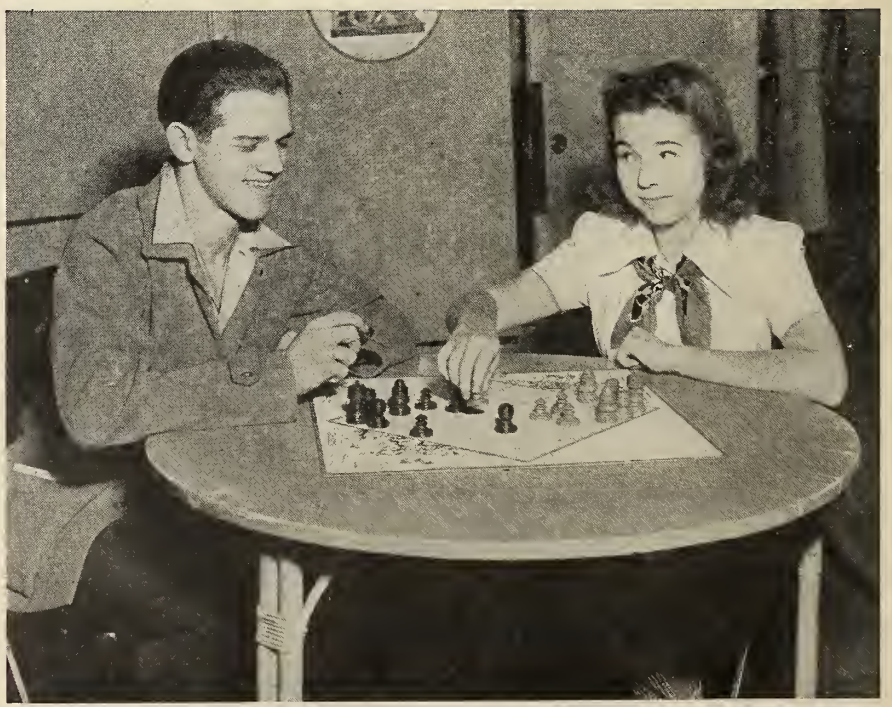
Desi Arnaz's Richard started life with theatrical ambitions of his own. Now he is devoting himself entirely to Desi in every capacity, one of which is that of critic. Desi never comes off a set that Richard doesn't say, "Don't mugg so much," or "You didn't mugg enough." Getting Desi out of bed in the morning used to be Richard's biggest worry, but he has fixed him at last. He's bought an alarm clock with lungs like Big Ben and a Big Bertha combined. He hides the alarm clock in Desi's room, set for the time he thinks a Cuban gent should arise. The alarm goes off. Desi bawls for Richard. Richard "can't find" the clock, "forgets" where he hid it. In sheer desperation and to the accompaniment of language not to be printed, Desi leaps out of bed and locates the screaming time-piece.

Olivia de Havilland's Alma has but one complaint: Olivia (now that she is the New Olivia, a free soul, a sophisticate) gets invited out so much (and not only by Mr. Stewart, Alma let slip) that Alma never gets a chance to show off her cooking.

Madame Ouspenskaya's Gladiola loves to answer the telephone. So does Madame. The phone rings and they both run, struggling to see who gets there first. Gladiola also has the problem of having several mistresses: Madame Ouspenskaya, the spider monkey and the love-birds. Gladiola's chief duty is to keep the love-birds happy and amused. When there is a première at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Gladiola must remember to put covers over the cages so that the nearby lights don't get in their eyes!

Ida Lupino's Lily must awaken Ida with three cups of tea each morning. It takes the third to give Idsey the vaguest idea that another day has dawned. Then, there's the dinner problem. Dinner, Ida gives orders, must be on time to the minute. It is. Ida says, "Just five minutes more, Lily, Helen Hayes is on the radio." It is announced again. Ida says, "Just five more minutes, Lily, Mr. Hayward is listening to the news broadcast." By the time the Haywards sit down to dinner the ducklings have become old ganders, and the hot coffee is iced. Every Saturday night everyone in town "drops in" and everyone must be treated as "a member of the family." So Lily must know, not only the intimate tastes and distastes of the Haywards, but also those of about five hundred of their "intimate" friends. Lily could qualify, she says, as a "mood detector." Because Ida, being a dramatic young person, can never make up her mind what she wants to wear, and Lily must determine whether the Lupino mood is a "black mood," a "white mood" or one of sultry scarlet!

Now that you've seen and heard how the other half lives, don't all those "Servant Problems" seem pale and tepid compared to "Mistress Problems," which require servants to be contortionists, jitterbug artists, voice mimics, deaf-mutes, salesmen, tap dancers, lie-detectors, scavenger hunters, mousers, critics, Beatrice Fairfaxes and mind-readers in order to give complete satisfaction?



Jane Withers and her screen discovery Buddy Pepper do some plain and fancy jumping in Citadel, Hollywood's favorite game, twixt scenes of "Golden Hoofs."

A GREAT PERFORMANCE

(*Continued from page 45*)

The background of the picture is the countryside around Charlottesville, Virginia—filmed in Technicolor. It is a land of peace and plenty, where life is leisurely and graceful. It's easy to think of Madeleine in such a setting.

That's ironic, too, because it didn't seem natural to her to be there. It was like a dream. Unreal.

Only a few days before she had been in a place where people were starving and life was a nightmare of brutality and horror and suffering with war the only reality.

Every British player in Hollywood has been hard hit by the war. All of them have offered their services. And England has told every last one—including David Niven and Richard Greene—to stay in Hollywood, to keep on working, to help financially. Acting isn't easy for any of them these days, reading and hearing and thinking about what's happening Over There. And, particularly, it isn't easy for Madeleine. She has also *seen* what's happening.

WHEN she finished "North West Mounted Police" last May, she faced a six weeks' vacation. It was her first vacation in months. And, perhaps, her last chance to try to see the people she loved. The Germans were beginning to bomb London, overrun France.

She boarded the Clipper, bound for Europe.

She didn't think of it as courageous; she felt it was the only thing to do.

She wanted to get her parents and her younger sister, Marguerite, out of England—to safety. She wanted to make sure that the 200 orphans of the Maison de Charite in Paris, for whom she had assumed financial responsibility when war broke out, could be evacuated from her chateau near Oise in case that became a danger zone. And—last, but not least—she wanted to marry the man she loved, Lieut. Richard de la Rozier, skipper of a French bomber . . . while there was still time.

By the time the Clipper landed in Lisbon she was frantic. The Germans were threatening Paris—and Oise was only 17 miles away. She couldn't think of anything but getting there before it was too late. She left her baggage on the pier at Lisbon, except for an overnight bag, and rushed north across Portugal and Spain to the French border.

The day she arrived in Biarritz, across the Bay of Biscay from Spain, Paris fell.

She had no way of knowing what had happened to the orphans. She had no way of knowing what had happened to her fiancé, who had been stationed in Paris. No way of knowing whether he might have been shot down, or taken prisoner, or wounded or whether he might still be flying.

Frantically she sent wires to the places where the French government was rumored to have gone, to officials she knew—begging them for information. Then she waited in an agony of suspense for their answers. None ever came.

She determined to try to go north herself, searching for someone, somewhere, who would know. She offered fabulous sums for a car and driver. People looked at her as if she were mad. No one would think of driving north, with the roads clogged with refugees fleeing south. Every day they were pouring into Biarritz. And no one would part with his car for any price. He might need it to save his life, tomorrow, next week.

She tried, desperately, to find someone with an airplane who would fly her north—or to England. That search was as fruitless as the other.

There was nothing she could do but wait, hoping against hope, reading news bulletins, watching the endless lines of refugees, doing what she could to help care for some of them—especially the children, ragged and starving and dazed, lost from their parents.

For days, weeks, she watched those endless lines of refugees—pitiful, terrified people, driven from their homes, going they knew not where. She heard nothing else, except that the Germans were pressing relentlessly forward.

SHE knew that France couldn't hold out. She knew, too, that when France fell, the conquerors would consider her an enemy. But still she stayed. Even after the French authorities began stamping the visas of all foreigners every half hour to discourage their staying. She didn't cross back into Spain until the day before France surrendered.

She had a bad moment at the border. A suspicious official asked her if she hadn't played in the picture, "Blockade," which the present government of Spain didn't like. She had to act on the spur of the moment. She forced a laugh. "Oh, no, that was another actress named Madeleine Carroll," she said. He decided to believe her.

She went to Madrid, sent more wires that brought no answers, made more efforts to fly to England that brought no results.

Long before the civil war in Spain, she had bought a house in Spain for vacations. She went there now. No one was there except the old couple who took care of the place. She stayed with them—while she still waited for word from France, or word from her parents that they could come to her. She passed the time cleaning, working in the garden, in the suit she had worn ever since she had stepped off the Clipper.

The only word she had before it came time for her to take the Clipper back to the United States to return to work was from her parents. They said they didn't want to leave England. It was where they had always lived. It was where they wanted to die.

She had been back in America several days before she had her first word from her fiancé—a cable from North Africa, telling her that he had flown his bomber there to join General Nogues' forces, which would still fight on. But General Nogues changed his mind about fighting on. He ordered Lieut. de la Rozier to fly his plane back to France.

Since then, there has been only silence.

It was weeks, too, before she heard what had happened to the orphans. A letter from one of the Charity Sisters finally broke through the wall of silence between occupied and unoccupied France. The children were back at the chateau now, safe. They had received some of the money she had sent.

All this time Madeleine had been sending money to the orphans with no assurance that they were getting it. All she could do was to hope. She's still sending it, still hoping.

Soon after her return to America the Germans started their mass bombings of London. And all she could think of was her father and mother and sister, living



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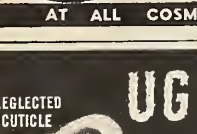
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AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS

at 51 Lexham Gardens, on the fringe of Croydon Airdrome—bound to be a constant target. In answer to her desperate pleas she finally had word that her father and mother had moved to the country, to Kent, though her sister, who worked at Harrod's department store in London, was still staying at 51 Lexham Gardens.

With all these things preying on her mind, Madeleine threw herself into her work—to try to forget a little, to make work an anodyne. She went to bed early, got up early, took part in no social activities, with the single exception of functions for British War Relief.

The morning she had to do that crying scene, the climax of a quarrel with Fred MacMurray, she had a letter from her sister describing her life and her parents' life.

Marguerite had spent the weekend before with her father and mother in Kent. There had been an air raid, and she had seen the effect on "Daddy." All his life, he had been a professor of romance languages, a man living in the past. These bombings were his first contact with brutal reality. "Mummy has an awful time with him during a raid," Marguerite wrote. "He turns white with horror. I'm afraid the shock may kill him."

And just before Griffith knocked on her dressing-room door, Madeleine had been reading the end of the letter again:

"How pleasant it must be over where you are—no war and no air raids—just warm sun. I will say goodbye to you now. Cross your fingers for me."

That was the last letter Madeleine was ever to have from Marguerite.

Only a few days later, a bomb landed squarely on 51 Lexham Gardens—and Marguerite was there.

Madeleine was at home when reporters phoned her the tragic news. "I won't believe it," she told them. "It can't be true. I haven't had direct word from my mother or father."

Distraught, she cabled her mother. No answer had come by the time she had to leave for the studio next morning after a sleepless night. But she didn't beg off from work. She reported as usual right on the dot of nine.

Halfway through the morning, a messenger handed her a cablegram. A confirmation from her mother of the news report.

Madeleine didn't break down—at least, not where anyone could see her. She went to her dressing-room, closed the door and stayed inside about a half-hour. Then she came out and went back to work.

She wanted to fly to Europe again after she finished the picture and would have if Paramount hadn't begged her to make personal appearances in Canada with "North West Mounted Police"—with the proceeds to go to British War Relief.

Even those who know the story and know Madeleine wonder how she has been able to go on acting, making personal appearances, forming knitting clubs for British War Relief and helping this cause and that—when her own heart must be breaking.

Someone asked her the other day how she has been able to "carry on."

Her only answer was: "Well, it's a wonderful thing for a woman to be able to work at a time like this, with so many unfortunate people needing help."

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 53)

DISCORDANT DUET

From a reliable source comes word that the team of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy may be broken up forever. Jeanette and Nelson, we are told, have not worked together happily for a long while and only their terrific combined box office appeal has prevented them from splitting before this. Recently their studio announced that they would star in separate pictures in the future, so it seems fairly certain that "Bittersweet" must have ended on a sour note.

SHORT SHOTS

John Garfield's exhibiting a letter from a fan who enclosed a dollar and asked him to get a haircut. . . . Eddie Norris' home is decorated with pictures of his three former wives, the first, a Philadelphia socialite, the second, actress Lona Andre, and the third, our own Annie Sheridan. . . . In appreciation of Albert Basserman's great performance in a recent flicker, writer Clifford Odets sent him orchids. . . . Harold Lloyd is plotting an early-in-the-year return to acting. . . . Those beautiful corsages Jeanette MacDonald's wearing on her concert tour are made of artificial posies. Real flowers give her hay-fever. . . . Arty Richard Halliday, who once rented a house in Beverly Hills because he liked the crayon drawings in the dining room, now selects all of wife Mary Martin's clothes. . . . Rudy Vallee is pulling the crowds away from his own Pirate's Den by appearing at the Victor Hugo, a rival nite-spot. . . . Credit Perc Westmore with rigging up the most unique Christmas tree in town. It stood in his beauty salon and was hung with green, gold and silver compacts instead of Christmas balls. . . . Claude Rains has snapped at least one picture of his daughter, Jennifer, every day for the last two and one-half years. . . . Dotty Lamour, taking advantage of the new glass shoe fad, is sporting a slender gold ring on her little toe. . . . Dick Powell has opened a new drugstore in Hollywood. . . . Jane Darwell lost a strong part in "Tobacco Road" because the role demanded that she run around in bare feet—and Janie's got a complex about it!

SAGA OF THE WEST

Mae West, the most durable glamour girl in show business, is on the verge of making her forty-second comeback. Only this time Mae will return as a film producer and not as a purveyor of sex appeal. For a full year she's been in retirement, has lazied

(Continued on page 96)

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EXPECTANT?

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(Continued from page 94)

around Hollywood and her valley ranch, slept till noon and spent long hours tap dancing, reading, beating her shiny set of drums and entertaining the bankers, doctors and lawyers who are her friends. Now Mae's ready to get back into harness, and we don't mean the 1890 kind! She plans to produce three pictures in the next year and will operate out of her four-room satin-hung Hollywood apartment. There's an interesting story attached to that apartment, incidentally. It's located in a building that's owned by an organization which aids unfortunate boys. Mae's lived in it ever since she came to the coast six years ago and, though she'd like to move out, she won't because she realizes that her name in the door bell induces free-spending tourists to rent neighboring apartments. And so Mae West, always connected with sex and sin, remains in a small, inexpensive flat and plays fairy-godmother to over 400 unsuspecting males!

HAIR NOTES

Number One: Rita Hayworth was converted into a "Strawberry Blonde" by having her hair bleached yellow and then hennaed. . . . Number Two: No movie actress who has consistently worn a sleek, upslung-in-the-rear hairdo has remained popular. Seems there's an ugly spot on the neck that, left uncovered and blown up several thousand times on the screen, robs a woman of her attractiveness. . . . Number Three: Tony Martin, asked how he liked Lana Turner as a blonde, replied: "Say, I'd like that one even if she were bald-headed."

JOB INSURANCE

Randolph Scott is a very busy man. And the thing that keeps him busy is Randolph Scott. Randy is the town's foremost male worshipper of the torso terrific and devotes three or four hours a day to swimming, riding, golfing and hiking, just to keep himself lovely. "Other actors spend their spare time learning to waltz or warble," explains Randy. "I spend mine keeping my body in trim. But we're all doing the same thing. We're building fan appeal."

AN ORCHID TO JEFFREY

While we haven't given Jeffrey Lynn's personal health record a careful check-up, we're certain he's escaped one affliction that most rising stars suffer. That's the affliction known as "Going Hollywood," and its symptoms are an abnormal swelling of the head plus an inability to remember one's old friends. Our proof that Jeffrey's still an okay guy is the little wooden file box he keeps atop his bedroom bureau. In the box are cards containing the names and addresses of all the acquaintances, friends and relatives he assists monthly with money and gifts, and it's our pleasure to report that the number of cards increases as Jeff's income does. Aside from that we have no comment to make about Jeffrey Lynn, except this: if Dana Dale doesn't grab that man right quick, well, gangway—we're putting on our war-paint!

MODERN DAY CYRANO

Mike Gordon has written love letters to almost every beautiful actress in Hollywood. He's written to Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich and Alice Faye—written of their eyes, their lips, of the moon and a secret rendezvous. He's written over 250 passionate letters to great stars, all of which have been read and many of which have been answered. Yet Mike Gordon has never been married, jilted or sued. Who is this strange person? Well, we'll tell you. He's a professional love letter writer, that's what. When the script of a movie calls for a romantic letter, Mike Gordon is the gent who composes it. He reads the story, gets in the mood and then knocks off a poem of passion like pancakes at breakfast. "Nothing to it," he confesses. "But I never write them outside the studio. They're too dangerous. Besides, when I leave the lot, I gotta keep my mind off my work."

MUCHA SWELL

While still recovering from a series of earthquakes, Hollywood was hit by a South American cyclone. And a very lovely one at that. Her name is Carmen Miranda and she's the lassie who scored so terrifically in "Down Argentine Way." Carmen's sequences in that picture were filmed in New York and then tacked on to the finished product, but for her role in "The Road to Rio" she's come all the way out to the coast. Carmen's giving the town plenty to talk about. She always wears red, seldom removes her head-hugging turban and refuses to learn English. It's this last item that's driving her voice coach, Charles Henderson, nearly crazy. In order to teach her to sing in English, he must learn Portuguese!

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

When Don Ameche disappeared from home recently, leaving behind his wife and four children, the Hollywood scandal-line buzzed with speculation. Where had Don gone, and with whom, asked the curious—and when would he be back, if ever? His wife would say nothing, his studio would say less. The Ameche mystery seemed insoluble. Then one sunny morning about four weeks later, the runaway returned to town. The first person he met was an old friend, a former school chum. "Just between us," said the friend, "who was the date, Don?" "The date," Don repeated. "There were eleven of them! I spent the last month touring the country with the Notre Dame football team, eating with them, sleeping with them and sitting on the benches while they played. I attended four colleges in my youth—but this is the first time I've stuck to one school long enough to see it through a football season!"

FIRE PREVENTION

Residents living in the vicinity of Warner Bros. report that three times in the past week the studio has appeared to be in flames. However, snoopers searching for the arsonbug found the real source of the sizzle on the set of "Footsteps in the Dark" where Miss Lee Patrick was doing a big strip-tease scene. So hot was Miss Patrick that half the Will Hays censorship board stood on the sidelines ready to pounce while she did her number. According to reports, they nodded approvingly as she removed one garment and then another and another, but when she leaned over and began to roll her sheer silk stockings down the fullness of her thighs, they screamed. That was too suggestive! Remarked Miss Patrick: "Well, the censors taught me one thing—that brassieres may come and brassieres may go, but my stockings stay on forever!"

DISA AND DATA

Greta Garbo, cold weather notwithstanding, strolls around town with open sandals and stockingless tootsies . . . Ann Sheridan has a private detective guarding her home against prowlers . . . Bill Gargan used to write magazine yarns under the name of Belden Fitzgerald before the movie bug bit . . . Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville have a daily luncheon date in the Metro commissary even when they're not working . . . There's a new swimming pool in Ginny Weidler's back yard . . . Babs Hutton has 20 servants in her Brentwood home.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
Always a Bride (RKO)	2½★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M)	3★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)	2½★
Argentine Nights (Universal)	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount)	4★
*Arizana (Columbia)	4★
Beyond Tomarrow (RKO)	2½★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)	3★
Black Diamonds (Universal)	2★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia)	C 2½★
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal)	3★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Captain Cautian (United Artists)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
City for Canquest (Warners)	3½★
Colorado (Republic)	2½★
Comin' Raund the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Cross Cauntry Romance (RKO)	2½★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount)	2★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal)	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal)	2★
*Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners)	3½★
Dr. Kildare Goes Home (M-G-M)	3★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Earl of Puddlestone (Republic)	2★
East of the River (Warners)	2½★
Escape (M-G-M)	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
Five Little Peppers in Trauble (Columbia)	C 2★
Flowing Gold (Warners)	3★
Foreign Carrespondent (United Artists)	4★
Free, Blande and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount)	2½★
*Gallant Sons (M-G-M)	2½★
Gambling an the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Gay Caballero, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Ghast Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Girl from God's Country (Republic)	2★
Girl from Havana, The (Republic)	2½★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia)	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia)	2★
Gold Rush Maisie (M-G-M)	2½★
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes af Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M)	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hired Wife (Universal)	3★
Honeymaon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
House af Seven Gables (Universal)	2½★
Hawards of Virginia, The (Columbia)	3½★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
' Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I Lave You Again (M-G-M)	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3★
I'm Still 'Alive (RKO)	2½★
In Old 'Missouri (Republic)	2★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Isle af Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
I Want A Divorce (Paramaunt)	3★
Kit Carson (United Artists)	2½★
Knute Rackne—All American (Warners)	3½★
Ladies Must Live (Warners)	2★
*Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners)	3★
Last Alarm, The (Monogram)	2★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Little Bit af Heaven (Universal)	C 3★
*Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)	C 3★
Long Vayage Home, The (United Artists)	4★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
Mad Men af Europe (Columbia)	2★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal)	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Man Who Talked Tao Muck, The (Warners)	2½★
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Meet the Wildcat (Universal)	2½★
Men Against the Sky (RKO)	3★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Money and the Woman (Warners)	2½★
*Moon Over Burma (Paramaunt)	2½★
Mortal Starm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Mummy's Hand, The (Universal)	2½★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
My Favarite Wife (RKO)	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners)	3½★
My San, My San (United Artists)	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
Narth West Maunted Palice (Paramount)	3½★
Narthwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
No Time for Comedy (Warners)	3★
Oklahama Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Renegades (Republic)	2½★
One Crawded Night (RKO)	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
Our Town (United Artists)	4★
Out West With The Peppers (Columbia)	C 2★
Pastor Hall (United Artists)	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO)	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Pop Always Pays (RKO)	2½★
Prairie Law (RKO)	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Quarterback, The (Paramount)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Queen of the Yukon (Monogram)	2★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO)	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramount)	3★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount)	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramaunt)	2½★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal)	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic)	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M)	2★
Slightly Hanorable (United Artists)	3★
Slightly Tempted (Universal)	2★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
South to Karanga (Universal)	2½★
So You Won't Talk? (Calumbia)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Sparting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstane (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Stranger on the Third Flaor (RKO)	3★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and Gad (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO)	3½★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists)	3½★
Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Faces West (Republic)	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Thundering Frantier (Columbia)	2★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Tam Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Taa Many Girls (RKO)	3★
Tower af Londan (Universal)	2★
Triple Justice (RKO)	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
*Victory (Paramount)	3★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)	3½★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	3★
We Wha Are Young (M-G-M)	3★
When the Daltons Rode (Universal)	3★
World in Flames, The (Paramaunt)	3★
Wyoming (M-G-M)	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO)	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Young People (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M)	C 4★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox)	2★

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(Continued from page 83)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Payne, John	Anne Shirley	Aug. 22, 1937	Actress	None	Julie Ann, 6 mos.	Still on honeymoon
Pidgeon, Walter	Ruth Walker	Summer, '31	Non-prof.	One	Edna, 18, by first wife	Parted but friendly
Powell, Dick	Joan Blondell	Sept. 20, 1936	Actress	Mildred Maund	Ellen, 2½; Norman, 6, by Joan's first marriage	Sweethearts forever
Powell, William	Diana Lewis	Jan. 5, 1940	Actress	Eileen Wilson, Carole Lombard	William, 16, by 1st wife	Still kiss in public
Power, Tyrone	Annabella	Apr. 23, 1939	Actress	None	None	Inseparable
Preston, Robert	Kay Feltus	Nov. 8, 1940	Actress	None	None	Matchmates
Price, Vincent	Edith Barrett	Apr. 23, 1938	Actress	None	Vincent, 4 mos.	Couldn't be swoonier
Raft, George	Grace Mulrooney	About 1916	None	None	One son, about 23	In name only
Rains, Claude	Frances Propper	Apr. 8, 1935	Non-prof.	Isabel Jeans, Marie Hemingway, Beatrice Thompson	Jennifer, 3	This one seems to have taken
Rambeau, Marjorie	Francis Gudger	Nov. 19, 1931	Retired studio vice-prexy	About five	None	This time it's real
Rathbone, Basil	Ouida Bergere	Apr. 18, 1926	Scenarist	Ethel Forman	Rodion, 24, by first wife	Every day is party day
Ratoff, Gregory	Eugenie Leontovich	Dec. 8, 1922	Actress	None	None	On again; off again
Raymond, Gene	Jeanette MacDonald	June 16, 1937	Actress	None	None	Sweetness and light
Reagan, Ronald	Jane Wyman	Jan. 26, 1940	Actress	None	None	Infanticipating
Robinson, Edw. G.	Gladys Lloyd	Summer, '26	Former stage star	None	Manny, 7; daughter, 24, by wife's first marriage	Mutual adoration society
Rogers, Buddy	Mary Pickford	June 27, 1937	Retired actress	None	None	Love-birds
Rogers, Roy	Arline Wilkins	June 11, 1936	Non-prof.	None	Cheryl, 5 mos.	No chance for rustlers
Ross, Shirley	Ken Dolan	Sept. 18, 1938	Actors' agent	None	None	Still hold hands at movies
Schildkraut, Joseph	Marie McKay	May 27, 1932	Non-prof.	Elise Bartlett	None	No disturbances
Scott, Martha	Carleton Alsop	Sept. 16, 1940	Radio producer	None	None	The real McCoy
Scott, Randolph	Marianna Somerville	Mar. 23, 1936	Socialite	None	None	No hope
Shirley, Anne	John Payne	Aug. 22, 1937	Actor	None	Julie Anne, 6 mos.	A potential Darby and Joan
Sidney, Sylvia	Luther Adler	Aug. 12, 1938	Actor	Bennett Cerf	Jacob, III, 1	Soulmates
Sondergaard, Gale	Herbert Biberman	May 8, 1930	Stage director	None	None	Having fun
Sothern, Ann	Roger Pryor	Sept. 27, 1936	Band-leader	None	None	"Just wondy"
Stanwyck, Barbara	Robert Taylor	May 14, 1939	Actor	Frank Fay	Dion, 8, adopted	Honeymoon's over
Stephenson, James	Lorna Dinn	Dec. 1, 1938	Non-prof.	None	Peter, 8 mos.	A bit of all right
Stone, Lewis	Hazel Woof	Oct. 16, 1930	Non-prof.	Two	Two daughters by 1st wife	Hazel has the heart of Stone
Stuart, Gloria	Arthur Sheekman	July 28, 1934	Writer	Gordon Newell	Sylvia, 5½	So far, so good
Sullavan, Margaret	Leland Hayward	Nov. 15, 1936	Actors' agent	Henry Fonda, Wm. Wyler	Brooke, 4; Bridget, 1½; 3rd coming	Really smitten
Sutton, John	Charlotte Meier	Apr. 25, 1933	Non-prof.	None	None	Sutton-ly is clicking
Tamiroff, Akim	Tamara Shayne	Aug. 6, 1932	Russian actress	None	None	Accent on love
Taylor, Robert	Barbara Stanwyck	May 14, 1939	Actress	None	None	Winchell fodder
Tracy, Lee	Helen Thomas	July 21, 1938	Non-prof.	One	None	Hearts are trump
Tracy, Spencer	Louise Treadwell	July 28, 1923	His former leading lady	None	Johnny, 14; Susy, 6	Academy Award winner
Treacher, Arthur	Virginia Taylor	May 23, 1940	Stand-in	None	None	Very good, sir
Trevor, Claire	Clark Andrews	July 27, 1938	Script writer	None	None	No rumors
Tucker, Forrest	Sandra Jolley	Sept. 25, 1940	Showgirl	None	None	Time will tell
Wayne, John	Josephine Saenz	Spring, 1933	Socialite	None	Michael, 6; Toni (girl), 4; Patrick, 16 mos.; 4th coming	Love's definitely not on the Wayne
Weaver, Marjorie	George Schart	Oct. 22, 1937	Ensign in U. S. Navy	None	None	Distance lending no enchantment
Weissmuller, Johnny	Beryl Scott	Aug. 20, 1939	Socialite	Bobbe Arnst, Lupe Velez	John Scott, 3 mos.	Going along swimmingly
Whelan, Arleen	Alexander D'Arcy	Sept. 2, 1940	Actor	None	None	Off to a good start
Wilcoxon, Henry	Joan Woodbury	June 29, 1936	Actress	Sheila Browning	Wendy, 1	Much to be thankful for
William, Warren	Helen Nelson	Oct. 15, 1920	Socialite	None	None	Lifetime guarantee
Wyman, Jane	Ronald Reagan	Jan. 26, 1940	Actor	Myron Futterman	One en route	Every woman's hope
Young, Loretta	Tom Lewis	July 31, 1940	Advertising executive	Grant Withers	Judy, 5, adopted	"Marriage ain't Measles"
Young, Robert	Elizabeth Henderson	Mar. 6, 1933	Non-prof.	None	Betty, 8; Carol Anne, 5	Gilt-edge security

NEXT MONTH—Another chart listing ex-marrieds who live alone and like it

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Miss Eleanor Frothingham, *Boston*
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MODERN SCREEN

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DARNELL

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Even if you're not a Queen of Beauty...

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"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

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In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

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Keep your smile at its sparkling best... guard against "pink tooth brush"... with the help of the modern dental health routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may or may not be in for trouble. He may tell you your gums are weak and sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. Like thousands of dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

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This is a Winter's Tale. Not told by the Bard of Avon, but by the Bard of M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is the story of things to come as the blustery season goes into the home stretch.

★ ★ ★ ★

Good things to come. Exhibits A, B, C, D.



A. James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr in Clarence Brown's production *Come Live With Me*. The screen play is by Patterson McNutt. It's a romantic comedy drama, the story of a circumstantial marriage in which the woman attempts to pay.

★ ★ ★ ★



B. Wallace Beery in *The Bad Man*, screenized by Wells Root from the famous Porter Emerson Browne play which was produced by William Harris, Jr., and directed by Richard Thorpe. It has action, great humor of a high order, and Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day and Ronald Reagan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you like our Exhibits?

★ ★ ★ ★



Well, **C** is the long-awaited co-starring of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in *Men of Boys Town* by James Kevin McGuinness, directed by Norman Taurog. Those of you—meaning all of you—who enjoyed "Boys Town", will understand that this new Father Flanagan-inspired film promises to be a contribution of remarkable merit.

★ ★ ★ ★



And **D** is *The Ziegfeld Girl*, gay, glamorous, glittering, gorgeous. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it will present for the delight of those with eyes and ears a galaxy of stars which include Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Charles Winninger and many, many others.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's A, B, C, and D.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your best alpha B E T is



— Leo

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MODERN SCREEN

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FASHIONS

From Now On 56-57-58

PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

Cover Girl: Linda Darnell, natural color photograph by Gene Kornman

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...*and* be my love," says gorgeous Hedy Lamarr to handsome James Stewart. Does he? We'll say he does! And she pays him $17.60 a week in the bargain!...You can't believe it? *Wait 'til you see it!*

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in CLARENCE BROWN'S *production of*

Come Live With Me

with

IAN HUNTER · VERREE TEASDALE · DONALD MEEK

Screen Play by Patterson McNutt · *A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

February's short on days, but terrifically long on famous birthdates. There's Washington's, Lincoln's, Barrymore's and Gable's! Yep, you February-ites are pretty wonderful, even though the astrologists tell us you're definitely on the eccentric side.

You're mad about bizarre clothes and doing unconventional things. You're the first to try out a new fad and are almost foolhardy in your daring. You pride yourself on your Soul and would trade your only winter coat for a Philharmonic subscription. Yes, you're a wack, all right, but gosh, you're swell.

You're the most hospitable person in the world, unselfish to a fault and unbelievably sympathetic. Everyone loves you and you love everyone. You're a pacifist through and through—but when you're really irked you can fight rings around Joe Louis.

You're a bit of a flirt and not always the most constant mate—but you've got a special kind of charm that lets you get away with murder!

You're allergic to moods and make it a point to be gay, so this is probably superfluous. Nevertheless—



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Send greetings to . . .

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Grace Sterlen, Pittsburgh, Pa. Roy Rogers is very happily wedded to Arline Wilkins, who hails from the Texas ranges and shares Roy's interest in horses and ranch life. They have a little five-months-old adopted girl, Cheryl Darline, who keeps them home nights!

Mary Lawler, Philadelphia, Penn. 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., would be glad to send you a picture of Linda Darnell for 25c in coin or stamps. Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal., send photographs of Dennis Morgan, autographed 'n' everything, for a mere quarter.

Duke Roberts, Piedmont, Cal. Linda Darnell's 17 years old, five feet, five inches tall and weighs a mere 109 pounds. Her favorite sports are tennis, swimming which she enjoys on a par with dancing and whipping around in her new car. Her next picture sounds grim—"Blood and Sand" in which she plays opposite Tyrone Power.



Virginia Jwahlen, El Dorado, Ark. Looks like maybe Ginny Simms and Kay Kyser are Mr. and Mrs. The other day while ordering clothes for Ginny, Kay slipped and mentioned her as "my wife" to the sales girl. They *were* trying to keep it a secret, but that certainly didn't help the matter any!

Blondie, Sharon, Mass. Laurence Olivier's latest picture is as yet unnamed, but concerns the love affair of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton (played by Vivien Leigh). A few weeks ago, he and wife Vivien left for England to give their services to their native country for the duration of the war. You can get his picture at United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Errol Flynn's photograph is distributed by Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal.

Ida Campi, Berkley, Mich. Billy Halop will be 21 on February 11th. His most recent movie was "Give Us Wings." You can get an autographed picture of him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. James Cagney's photos are obtainable at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal. He answers all the fan mail he possibly can in his too few spare moments.

A fan, Brooklyn, N. Y. Your favorite John Shelton's next thriller will be "Fools Rush In," with Virginia Grey. . . . Priscilla Lane's making "Miss Wheelwright Discovers America."

L. De Marco, Jersey City, N. J. Margaret Lindsay's unmarried at present but everyone expects a quick change into Mrs. Bill Lundigan any time now. . . . Her next picture is "Hard Boiled Canary," in which she plays opposite Allan Jones. . . . Ann Sheridan's newest is "Honeymoon for Three," with George Brent.



A fan, Erie, Pa. Ida Lupino's father, famous comedian and stage dancer, was responsible for Ida's dramatic ability through both environment and heredity. From the time she was seven years old, he trained her for the stage in a private theatre in their London garden. At the age of ten, Ida knew the complete roles of all Shakespeare's leading women, and at fifteen took the lead in a British motion picture "Her First Affair." From that time on, her career was assured. Paramount talent scouts discovered her and brought her to Hollywood, where she's been making history ever since. Now, however, she's switched to Warner Brothers.

Mary E. Stoddard, Pictou, N. S., Canada. Madeleine Carroll's portrait is sent out by Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., and Andrea Leeds' picture may be obtained at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal. 25c in coin or stamps is the fee per photo.

Joan Smith, Omaha, Neb. Cary Grant was born Archibald Alexander Leach, in Bristol, England, on January 18, 1909. At the age of fifteen he ran away from home and joined the Bog Bender's Acrobats, known in England as the "knock-about" comedians. So successful was his "knocking about" that he continued in show business and soon appeared on the London stage. 'Twasn't long before his antics were brought to America via a juicy Hollywood contract. His last pictures were: "In Name Only," "His Girl Friday," "My Favorite Wife," "The Howards of Virginia" and "The Philadelphia Story."



Sally Robillard, Gloversville, N. Y. You can get a picture of Ian Hunter at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., for 25c in coin or stamps. He was born in Cape Town, South Africa, June 13, 1900, is six feet tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.

(*Continued on page 11*)


David L. Loew • Albert Lewin present
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Ask any man! He'll tell you irresistible lips are soft lips, smooth lips, dewy-fresh! Glamorous women know this and choose a softer, creamier lipstick like IRRESISTIBLE. Easy to apply, non-drying, stays on smoothly for hours because it's WHIP-TEXT through a secret new process. Thrilling range of fashion-right colors includes such favorites as: RUBY RED, FLASH RED, CANDY STRIPE RED, FUCHSIA PLUM with matching rouge, face powder and powder foundation.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



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5 & 10¢ STORES

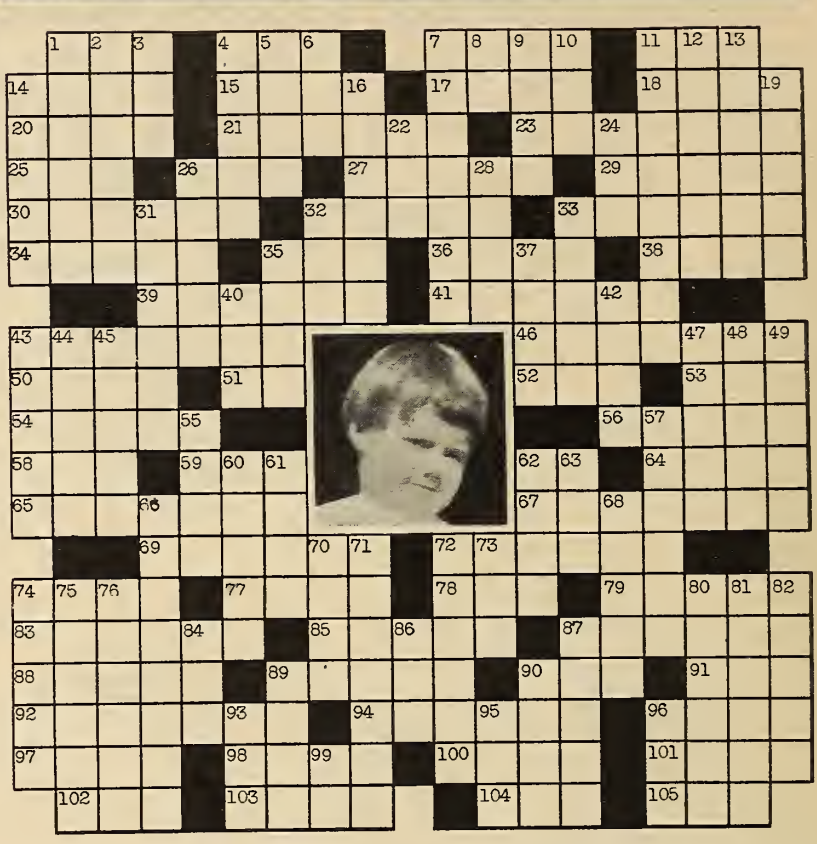
DOES HE LOVE YOU?

New! Irresistible Valentine Perfume holder spins and tells all! Wear this enchanting IRRESISTIBLE fragrance on your next date. Then spin the heart! Our guess: He loves you.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 92

ACROSS

1. Famed "oomph girl"
4. Roe: Scot.
7. Bonita's mother in "Gallant Sons"
11. Marshall's role in "Foreign Correspondent"
14. Foot gear
15. Star of "No, No, Nanette"
17. Gown designer for 1 across
18. Gardener
20. "The Thundering - - - -"
21. She'll star in "Legacy"
23. Silent day actress
25. Young man in "Honeymoon For Three"
26. Number
27. Receives cargoes
29. Seed coverings
30. Edible hulls
32. Persian coin
33. Ribbed cloth
34. All film players make these
35. Japanese coin
36. Movie sports commentator
38. Moistens
39. Greatest of "Young People"
41. Beloved girl of "Spring Parade"
43. Lana is the "- - - - - - - girl"
46. Tested
50. Melt
51. Cagney's home state: abbr.
52. Explosive
53. Man's name
54. Singing Irish star
56. Charles - - - - - ett
58. Exist
59. "Victoria R - - - na"
62. "The mammy singer"
64. Soon
65. Uppermost strata series
67. Films, cut and shown by the week
69. Lion tamer in "Wagons Roll At Night"
72. Shiny fabric
74. Gelatinous substance
77. Singer, - - - - Ray
78. Our star's real name: Cl - - - Lou
79. Stupefies
83. Tuneful Universal musical
85. Cozy corners
87. He gave us "Fantasia"
88. Star of "One Night in the Tropics"
89. Where Isa Miranda hails from
90. Even: poet.
91. Birthmonth of 1 across: abbr.
92. Female prophet
94. Star of "Mark of Zorro"
96. Persian poet
97. Dirk
98. "The March of - - - -"
100. Lanky screen comic
101. Small stream
102. Emmet
103. Belgian river
104. Printed notices
105. Mineral deposit

DOWN

1. Business man in "Hired Wife"
2. Ex-hubby of our star
3. Dour comedian
4. Friend of "The Lady with Red Hair"
5. Wife of John Payne
6. Vivien Leigh's home-land: abbr.
7. She dances in "Second Chorus"
8. Measure of area
9. Angers
10. Lya - - -
11. Last name of our star
12. Law enforcement department
13. Color
14. Film a scene
16. She's returning to films
19. Reclines
22. Actor in "Bitter Sweet"
24. Sailor
26. Assault
28. Great lake
31. Canadian capital
32. Dolores - - - Rio
33. A dowel
35. Agile
37. A film's dramatis personae
40. "Little - - -"
42. Fruits of the oak
43. Strip of leather
44. Whence
45. Anxious
47. Femme in "Go West"
48. Jeb Stuart in "Santa Fe Trail"
49. Mends
55. Actor Hamilton
57. Spoils
60. Star reporter of "Comrade X"
61. Arrow poison
62. "The Thin Man's" dog
63. Tot in "Virginia"
66. With Boyer in "Back Street"
68. Plant exudation
70. Rave
71. Where we see 1 across
72. Woodland deities
73 "- - - Gratia Artis"
74. Accumulate
75. Ore of lead
76. Who is Hollywood's "Cinderella?"
80. Not just
81. Pointed sewing implement
82. Gifted child actress
84. "New W - - -"
86. Cunning
87. Considers
89. Egyptian goddess
90. City in Oklahoma
93. Pen
95. L - - - Lane
96. Sign of a packed theatre
99. Personal pronoun

(*Continued from page 8*)

Helen Stephens, Waterloo, Iowa. The complete unabridged name of Mrs. Gene Autry is Ina Mae Spivey Autry.

Barbara Wicks, Providence, R. I. You can get stills from "Wuthering Heights" by sending your request and 25c in coin or stamps to United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pauline Hurley, Hollister, Mo. Clark Gable's marriage to his first wife, Josephine Dillon, took place in 1924 and lasted four years. . . . Katharine Hepburn became Mrs. Ludlow Smith in 1928, but has since been divorced. . . . Ginger Rogers has played in a host of pictures, including: "Sap from Syracuse," "A Night in a Dormitory," "Honor Among Lovers," "The Tip-Off," "Suicide Fleet," "Bad Timber," "Broadway Bad," "Thirteenth Street," "Rafter Romance," "Professional Sweetheart," "Chance at Heaven," "Flying Down to Rio," "Don't Bet on Love," "Sitting Pretty," "Twenty Million Sweethearts," "Upperworld," "The Gay Divorcée," "Romance in Manhattan," "Finishing School," "Change of Heart," "Roberta," "Star of Midnight," "Having Wonderful Time," "Vivacious Lady," "Carefree," "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," "Bachelor Mother," "Fifth Avenue Girl," "Primrose Path," "Little Mother," "Lucky Partners" and "Kitty Foyle."

Jean Connor, Mansfield, Ohio. Yep, Frank Morgan did the imitations of Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert and others in "Hullabaloo." You can get the clever fellow's autographed picture by writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and sending twenty-five cents.



Grace Bradley's a sophisticated dancer in "Hard Boiled Canary," but after hours she's Cowboy Bill Boyd's sweet young frau—his third!

Shirley Chevrette, Dearborn, Mich. Errol Flynn has penned several literary pieces, chief among which are two full-length books, "The White Rajah" and "Beam Ends." He loves to read as well as write and spends most of his free time doing one or the other. You can get an autographed picture of him by writing and enclosing twenty-five cents to Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lois Jean Jewell, Story City, Iowa. Tim Holt's real name is just that, and he's the son of Jack Holt of movie fame. He was born in Beverly Hills, Cal., on February 5th, and still lives thereabouts. He's married and has a son about a year old. Like his father, he enjoys the outdoors and is a crack swimmer, badminton expert and polo player. He's tanned as an Indian, dislikes formal clothes and closed cars, but is not a genuine cowboy by any means. He enjoys the luxuries of life and travels extensively in Mexico and the West. His hobbies are raising dogs and taking pictures. His latest movie's "Along the Rio Grande."

Ralph Thompson, Dawson, Texas. Your friend, Mary Lee, was born in Centralia, Ill., on October 24, 1925. She went to school there until Ted Weems discovered her and took her to New York with his orchestra when she was only 3. Her two ambitions are to be a movie star and radio singer, and she's getting pretty much what she wants at this early age! During her leisure hours, she swims, dives, collects phonograph records and dates her army of young men. She's four feet, eleven and a half inches tall, has curly brown hair and brown eyes. Her favorite colors are blue and red.

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin – and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay's greater mildness is a help to Every Woman —even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception they left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

NOW a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay's milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness!





Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey says about Camay, "Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

MOVIE

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

It's absolutely tops in entertainment from almost any standpoint. It has sophistication, sparkle, wit, humor—plus a down-to-earth basic plot with human elements such as any of us might face.

Katharine Hepburn is perfect as the society girl who has been divorced from Cary Grant because she's seeking perfection in life and men, and who is about to marry John Howard. Jimmy Stewart is a reporter who is trying to write a yarn about the wedding, and Ruth Hussey, his photographer, loves him. Jimmy and Katharine spend a crazy few hours in each other's company, drinking too much and talking too much—as a result of which she realizes that John is not her man and goes back to Cary. And Jimmy hands himself over one hundred per cent to Ruth.

Just in case these aren't enough big-time personalities to lure you, the minor parts are handled by such top-notch people as Roland Young, Mary Nash, Virginia Weidler and John Halliday.

What makes this a really important film is that every second of it is real. The writing is smart, brittle and intelligent—but none of the characters talk like people in a play, like human beings.

All three of the stars are perfectly cast, and Ruth Hussey moves a couple of notches higher up the ladder. Directed by George Cukor.—*M-G-M.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Jimmy Stewart makes his bow as basso profundo in "The Philadelphia Story," in which he adds intrigue to the rollicking Katie Hepburn-Cary Grant feud.



★ ★ ★ ★

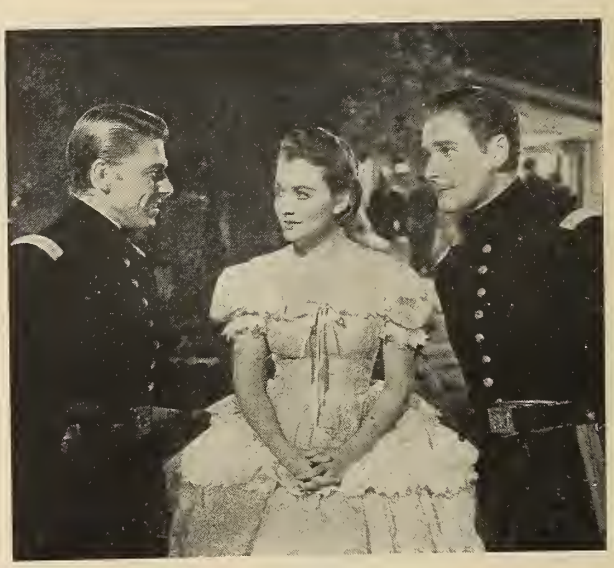
SANTA FE TRAIL

When a movie company goes to a great deal of trouble to advertise and ballyhoo a film, a lot of us are inclined to become acutely critical and wonder whether it isn't a case of putting a good bit of fancy icing on a simple piece of angel cake? Well, this is not one of those cases. All the advance adjectives and hurrahs you have heard about this one are well deserved; it is a thriller!

The story has to do with the fantastic career of John Brown and his battle to liberate America from what he called "the cancer of slavery." Errol Flynn is a young West Point graduate who is sent out to Kansas to catch Brown and stop him from trying to split up the Union. He almost does this, but does not actually succeed until Brown tries to get a second start in Maryland. That leads to the historic battle at Harper's Ferry, when Brown, badly outnumbered, forces a heroic, though futile, fight.

John Brown is played by Raymond Massey, and this is one of the strongest bits of acting you have seen in a long time.

The swashbuckling and romance are in the hands of Errol Flynn, with beautiful Olivia de Havilland as the romantic goal, and Ronald Reagan as the romantic hurdle that Flynn has to clear away. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warners.*



There's grim suspense when Olivia de Havilland has a double proposal of marriage from bosom chums Ronald Reagan and Errol Flynn in "Santa Fe Trail."

REVIEWS

By Wolfe Kaufman

Ginger Rogers takes to a white collar and Dennis Morgan to Philadelphia's Main Line in the screen version of Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle."





To make it really authentic, the cast of "Virginia," headed by Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll, settled in that state during the entire filming!

KITTY FOYLE

Ginger Rogers' interpretation of the title role is tremendously exciting, and if it doesn't get her an Academy Award it will certainly pull her right up to the brink of one. Equally thrilling is the perfect job the writers and producer have done. It wasn't easy to put Morley's book on celluloid, but here it is, adult without bothering anyone's moral scruples, and an exciting hunk out of real life.

The story—told via flashbacks—has to do with Kitty, a poor gal with a lot of dreams and imagination, who lands a job on a society magazine. She gets involved with the handsome, rich and snooty young editor (Dennis Morgan, who's really terrific) and they fall in love. However, hard as they both try, there seems to be no luck in their love affair, and Ginger runs away to New York.

There is another romance with a young interne —James Craig. She promises to marry him, when along comes her first love, whom her heart hasn't forgotten. He is married, but is leaving his wife and wants Ginger to go to South America with him. That's the decision she faces at the beginning of the film.

Besides top-notch acting by Ginger and the two men, there are some excellent supporting performances by Ernest Cossart and Odette Myrtil. Directed by Sam Wood.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★★

★★★½

VIRGINIA

If nothing else, the fact that Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray are at top form in this film should insure healthy box office reception. But added to that is the fact that the film is in astonishingly beautiful Technicolor and the scenery is just about the most unusual and thrilling of the year. It was all filmed right on the ground, in Virginia proper, and the results justify the expense.

The story is rather rambly, due to the fact that the writers tried to get too much into it, in the belief that they were creating an important film epic. The central theme is that of an ex-Virginian, Madeleine, brought up in New York and completely broken with Southern "tradition." She comes back to Virginia to sell the old mansion and land, because she is broke.

MacMurray is her next-door neighbor. The rich people from up North are kicking tradition and heritage in the face, but Fred believes that it is important to hold on to them. After a long and complicated struggle, he convinces Madeleine that she belongs down there, playing it his way.

An important element in the film's favor is the presence of five-year-old Carolyn Lee. There is a new young leading man, too, named Stirling Hayden. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.—*Paramount.*

(*Continued on page 15*)



Yes—You will be more beautiful with Princess Pat Rouge

Suppose you found you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn't give you all the beauty you *could* have. It gives that "painted, artificial look."

Now, let's see about
PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—*if it can give you thrilling new beauty*. And it does because it's duo-tone . . an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade. Not just another rouge, but *utterly different*. Princess Pat Rouge changes on your skin!—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, amazingly, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn't that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible. Until you experience the excitement of wearing this duo-tone rouge, you will never know how glamorous you really can be. Try Princess Pat Rouge today—*before tonight.*

And lips to match . . . For perfect harmony in loveliness and allure try Princess Pat Lipstick to match your rouge. Get the big, Princess Pat *Night and Day* Double: which carries a different shade at either end. Comes in all combinations for light, medium and dark types. Be fascinating in your daylight make-up . . . be irresistible by night-light. Convenient and economical. Two Lipsticks in one . . . and think, it's only 25c.

for faces of fashion



Miss Gloria Brewster, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.

PRINCESS PAT

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M)	3★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)	2½★
Argentine Nights (Universal)	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount)	4★
*Arizona (Columbia)	4★
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)	3★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia)	C 2½★
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Captain Caution (United Artists)	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
City for Conquest (Warners)	3½★
Colorado (Republic)	2½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M)	3★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount)	2★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal)	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal)	2★
Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners)	C 3★
Dr. Kildare Goes Home (M-G-M)	3★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)	2½★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dulcy (M-G-M)	3★
Earl of Puddlestone (Republic)	2★
East of the River (Warners)	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)	2½★
Escape (M-G-M)	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)	C 2★
*Flight Command (M-G-M)	3★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists)	4★
*Four Mothers (Warners)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M)	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Gay Caballero, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Girl from God's Country (Republic)	2★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia)	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia)	2★
Gold Rush Maisie (M-G-M)	2½★
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M)	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hired Wife (Universal)	3★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia)	3½★
*Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I Love You Again (M-G-M)	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3★
I'm Still Alive (RKO)	2½★
In Old Missouri (Republic)	2★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount)	3★
Kit Carson (United Artists)	2½★
*Kitty Foyle (RKO)	4★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia)	3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners)	3★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
*Let's Make Music (RKO)	3★
Little Bit of Heaven (Universal)	C 3★
Little Men (RKO)	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)	C 3★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists)	4★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	3½★
Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
*Mad Doctor, The (Paramount)	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Meet the Wildcat (Universal)	2½★
Meet the Missus (Republic)	2★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Mummy's Hand, The (Universal)	2½★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners)	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Nobody's Children (Columbia)	2½★
North West Mounted Police (Paramount)	C 3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
No, No, Nanette (RKO)	2½★
No Time for Comedy (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Renegades (Republic)	2½★
One Crowded Night (RKO)	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	2½★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
Pastor Hall (United Artists)	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M)	4★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
*Playgirl (RKO)	2★
Pop Always Pays (RKO)	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Quarterback, The (Paramount)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Queen of the Yukon (Monogram)	2★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO)	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramount)	3★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount)	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal)	2★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
San Francisco Docks (Universal)	2½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners)	4★
*Second Chorus (Paramount)	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal)	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic)	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M)	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Slightly Tempted (Universal)	2★
Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists)	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
So You Won't Talk? (Columbia)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO)	3★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO)	3½★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists)	3½★
Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)	3★
*This Thing Called Love (Columbia)	3½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Thundering Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Too Many Girls (RKO)	3★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal)	3★
Triple Justice (RKO)	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
*Virginia (Paramount)	3½★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
We Who Are Young (M-G-M)	3★
When the Daltons Rode (Universal)	3★
Wyoming (M-G-M)	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO)	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Young People (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox)	2★

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

★★★½ Second Chorus

There are so many very good things about this picture that the first impulse is to put it right up at the head of the parade and call it the best musical of the year. But, analyzing it, you realize that there are a number of serious faults, too—and so the best you can do is call it a pretty good show.

Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith and Artie Shaw are the personalities to be reckoned with here—and that's personalities enough for anybody's movie. Astaire and Meredith are both trumpet players, and they deliberately flunk their courses in college every year because they don't want to graduate. The gag behind it is that as long as they stay they can continue playing in the school band which is a mighty good way to earn a living, it seems. Then, along comes Paulette. Both lads do nip-ups trying to outsmart each other, and both get graduated. Then they have to go out and earn a living.

It's a good framework because it keeps the music flowing into the picture quite naturally, without seeming to be dragged in by the ears. Also, it gives all of the characters a good chance to do their stuff, since they are all just about equally spotted. Trouble is that the producer was in such a hurry to get the picture made that a lot of it was written and rewritten almost as fast as it was photographed, and a lot of it needs polishing and editing. Several weeks more of advance preparation would have made all the difference in the world.

Paulette returns to romantic light comedy here and, no doubt about it, the gal has emotional range. And Meredith, too, will surprise you. He is perhaps the most underrated actor in Hollywood.

Astaire doesn't do as much dancing in this picture as he has in others; he's been trying to stop dancing in films, as you probably know. As for Artie Shaw—he's Artie Shaw; right down the groove if you're a jitterbug; a little noisy and brash, if you're not.

The music and songs are way up there, and the Clarinet Concerto in Swing is something you're not likely to forget very easily. Directed by H. C. Potter.—*Paramount.*

★★★½ Love Thy Neighbor

One of the oldest headaches in the movie business is the one about why Joe Doakes is a big sock attraction in stage shows but a dead fish in movies. Any number of times terrific Broadway or radio attractions have tried making movies (Kate Smith, Ben Bernie, Ed Wynn, Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Pearl, to name only a few) but couldn't make the grade. That is why it is so pleasant to be able to report that Jack Benny and Fred Allen are both in this movie and they're swell!

Benny, of course, is an established movie as well as radio star, but Allen has tried movies a couple of times without too much hurrah. And here they are both resorting to the Benny formula—the trick that has kept him on top in his two mediums—and they really click. So it's a good trick, and it's worth remembering. All the actors have to do is—be themselves.

Jack and Fred are battling all the way

If she can't take a tip—she'll surely lose her job



Why risk offending? Use Mum every day. Be sure underarms are always fresh!

NANCY couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought.

Carelessness of this sort... the merest hint of underarm odor... can pull you down so quickly! That's why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you're safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum's sure protection.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

MUM IS SPEEDY! Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor all day long.

MUM IS SAFE! Can't irritate your skin... can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day... be sure you're always sweet.

SMART GIRLS MAKE A HABIT OF MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins

More and more women who want no worries about daintiness are using Mum for this important purpose. And Mum is so gentle, so safe.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

through the picture. They hate one another and are saying nasty things about and to each other. For purposes of complication, Benny is preparing a stage show and Fred has a niece who goes into Jack's show as a singer. She is Mary Martin, and you can't blame Jack for hiring her, or for falling in love with her—but uncle Fred can't see anything but red. He burns up, swears revenge and hires Jack's boy Friday, Rochester, and makes him his personal valet. You can imagine what that does to Jack!

Well, it's that kind of lunacy; it's back and forth, up and down, hit-and-run humor. The scene where Fred Allen is trying to sleep and is counting sheep and every sheep looks like Jack Benny; the scene in which Fred is eating sleeping tablets by the dozen, and all they do is give him indigestion; the one in which Jack and Fred almost make up and tell each other what nice guys they both are—they're all highlight comedy scenes. Add a dash of good singing via Mary Martin and Theresa Harris (Rochester's dusky girl friend), throw in a couple of A-1 dance routines by the Merriel Abbott Dancers, get a whiff of Virginia Dale, a new cutie with a swell chassis and a hotcha sense of rowdy humor, and you have a total of—"Love Thy Neighbor," a sock comedy directed by Mark Sandrich.—*Paramount.*

★★★½ This Thing Called Love

And here is still another in the recent parade of good, solid sophisticated comedies. It's plenty on the rough side but it is chuck full of laughs and, no matter how you feel about it all, you will be forced to do your share of chuckling.

Roz Russell and Melvyn Douglas are the couple who, this time, get mixed up about their marital relations. It all reminds you, somehow, of an Esquire cartoon—but one which is spread out into eight reels. Roz thinks that the first three months or so of married life should be spent platonically. Melvyn, naturally, is amazed, but agrees and then tries to make Roz change her mind. Well, he succeeds, along about reel four—but by this time, Mel has changed his mind, so that all her wiles are of no avail and she turns to the audience with one of the most amusing cracks of the film.

There are a goodly number of lightly hilarious scenes, and it is all beautifully paced, so that it keeps you interested and entertained all the way. Mel and Roz do most of the acting, but Binnie Barnes, Allyn Joslyn (this guy is climbing these days), Sig Arno and Lee J. Cobb all do well with their scripts. Directed by Alexander Hall.—*Columbia.*

★★★½ Chad Hanna

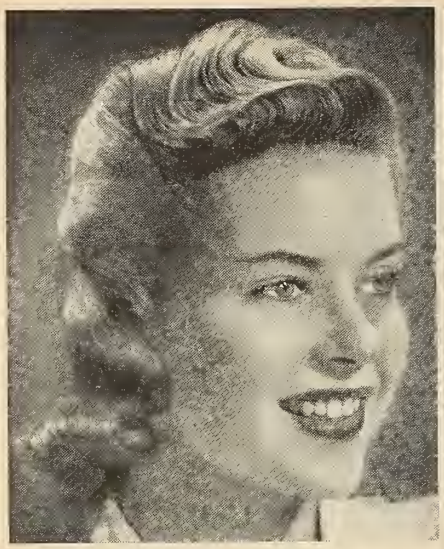
There is a charming reminiscent quality to this story which should endear it to its audience, but you can't help wishing that it had a bit more coherence. The character of Dorothy Lamour, for instance, is never really clarified. Nevertheless, the picture manages to hold your interest and keep you consistently excited about the escapades of Henry Fonda, who—as Chad Hanna, a country bumpkin—joins a traveling circus.

Henry falls in love with Dorothy Lamour, a bareback rider with few moral scruples, but he marries Linda Darnell, a country lass who joined the circus to get away from her sordid home. Both the romance and the circus run into trouble; but Dorothy saves the former and Chad saves the latter, so all's well.

Fonda, of course, is perfectly cast in the title role. He's the oldtime conception of a country boy to his very fingertips. Linda Darnell is beautiful and believable as the girl. Lamour will rather surprise you as the other girl; she's a competent actress here, not depending on looks alone. Unfortunately, as stated, the script is not clear (probably in deference to the censors) as to just what she is trying to do most of the way, but Dorothy lends the role so much piquancy that you are ready to throw your hat in the air and shout—and pray that she never gets mixed up with a sarong again.

There are a lot of other good performances in the smaller roles, notably those of Guy Kibbee and Jane Darwell. And the Technicolor is very good, especially in the re-creation of the red circus wagons and uniforms. Directed by Henry King.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

(*Continued on page 18*)



HAIR RADIATES NEW COLOR
with One Shampoo

WHEN hair is radiant, dancing with youthful highlights and color, it reflects new overtones of beauty in your eyes, your complexion, your whole appearance. That's why your shampoo is so important.

So do as millions of women are doing, and try Halo Shampoo. Because Halo contains no soap, it therefore leaves no dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair.

Once Halo removes these accumulations of dulling soap-curds from each tiny hair shaft, your head-dress fairly radiates with color and brilliance. What's more, with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl. How it gives eye-appeal to "mousey" hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, and leaves it fragrantly clean.

And Halo, because of its new-type sudsing ingredient, makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10c or larger sizes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

HALO SHAMPOO



with this remarkable, new

HAND CREAM

Women are raving about this new beauty cream for hands. Contains the fragrance of costly perfumes. No stickiness—no greasy feeling—quick disappearing. Big value for your money—in 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ jars, at toilet goods counters.

Campana HAND CREAM



It's a sixtieth wedding anniversary for the devoted couple in "Cheers for Miss Bishop." Minus the hair and specs, they're Bill Gargan and Martha Scott!





Are your fingernails the most beautiful?

Your exquisite fingers, flame-tipped with the lustrous beauty of Dura-Gloss—like tiny beacons, flashing a message to a masculine heart falling under your spell! Let Dura-Gloss, the durable, easy-onflow, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world, bring flashing beauty to *your* fingertips! Exult in their longer-lasting gem-hard lustre—and *compare* this superlative polish, Dura-Gloss, to polishes costing *five, ten times as much!* Buy Dura-Gloss—*Buy* Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

(1) Some nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.

(2) Some nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.

(3) Some nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."

(4) Some nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss is true to its name—it lasts.

"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN $5.00 says KLEENEX

We will pay $5.00 for every Kleenex "True Confession" published. Mail to Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE COLD RUSH IS ON



THE WHOLE FAMILY CAUGHT COLDS, AND THE TRAFFIC AROUND THE KLEENEX WAS TERRIFIC. NOW WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A SORE RED NOSE BETWEEN US, THANKS TO SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES.

(from a letter by M. M., Bend, Ore.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar

LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY ...BUT THANKS TO KLEENEX, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(from a letter by Midshipman H. E., Annapolis, Md.)



THE NIPPER WAS A DRIPPER...

SMART MOTHER FEEDING BABY DAUGHTER, GOES ABOUT IT LIKE MOTHERS OUGHTER, TUCKS KLEENEX UNDER BABY'S CHIN, BABY SMILES AND DIGS RIGHT IN.

(from a letter by M. S., Silver Spring, Md.)



Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... use Kleenex

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

★★★ Let's Make Music

Here is a neat little surprise package, an unpretentious picture with good fun, hot rhythm and neat entertainment. Bob Crosby, Bing's kid brother, makes his movie début here and welcome. He's a good-looking kid, sounds exactly like his older and more experienced brother and has an astonishingly large number of the same mannerisms as Bing.

The really swell story revolves around the antics of Malvina Adams, a small-town schoolteacher who writes a novelty song on the side. It is picked up by Crosby and becomes a smash hit. Malvina thinks this makes her a famous song-writer and is, of course, heart-broken when the novelty wears off and she can't repeat.

It is a good, true story base, wound around a neat love story with some novel twists and some very funny situations, and it all ends well, of course, for both the schoolmarm and the lovers.

Aside from young Crosby's début, the picture introduces Joseph Buloff in a comedy assignment. He's a new RKO discovery who has tremendous talent and should go very far in films. Elizabeth Risdon as Malvina Adams does an absolutely top-notch job which should move her quite a way up in the acting ranks. Jean Rogers is pretty and desirable as the girl friend. Bob Crosby's orchestra and the Bobcats, a Crosby band quartette, are swell.

If there is any fault to be found with the film it is that the direction is a bit too slowly-paced. Directed by Leslie Goodwins.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Hudson's Bay

There is nothing in the world that can slow up a film as much as too much dialect—unless it is Paul Muni's propensity for long speeches. And here we have a picture burdened with both.

And so it is our painful duty to report at this point that "Hudson's Bay," an adventure yarn dealing with early Canada, has a lot of beautiful background and a good deal of exciting story content—but loses itself because of its lack of action and its terrific overdose of gab.

Before you run away too hastily, let it be mentioned that there are at least two important performances here, both from brand new young actors. There is a gent named Lair Cregar, who will certainly go places in a big way; he's a giant of a man, a character actor, and he can troupe like nobody's business. And there is a lad named John Sutton who seems to have all that it takes to make femme hearts flutter.

Well, to get back to "Hudson's Bay," it tells the history of the early days up north. Paul Muni, a Canadian trapper, discovers the place, which abounds in furs. He wants to lead the trappers there but only on condition that they deal honestly and fairly with the Indians. The French don't see any sense in this, but Paul convinces the British, and so the Hudson's Bay Company, consisting of Englishmen under a grant from Charles II, is born.

There is sufficient basic merit in the story to warrant filming, but the emphasis was thrown on talking rather than acting and that is distinctly unfortunate. Muni is a lovable rogue in the leading role, but one gets tired of those long speeches. Vincent Price turns in a swell job as King Charles, and as for Gene Tierney and Virginia Field, they don't get much to do. Directed by Irving Pichel.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★ Four Mothers

This series goes on and on—and why shouldn't it? Except that the producers will have to be a bit more imaginative if they want to keep it running. The current sample is a bit too manufactured; it's so full of clichés that everyone in the audience knows exactly what the next sequence will be. As it happens, it's done so well that it doesn't matter too much; it's still fun.

The story complications, this time, comes from the fact that Frank McHugh has become rich in Florida real estate and Claude Rains has induced the entire community to buy land down there. Yes, you know the rest. There's a typhoon, the money is lost for everyone, and all the Lemps have to go to work to save the pieces.

All four girls (including the one whose name is not Lane but Page) are exactly as you think they will be throughout. The same is true of their men folks (Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Frank McHugh and Dick Foran) and the old folks (Claude Rains and May Robson) as well.

Oh, but there are some swell babies to look at—they are *really* new, and *really* fun.

Next in the series will be "Four Fathers"—and that will be better—no doubt about it. Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ The Son of Monte Cristo

This is a picture full of action, color and imagination. Alex Dumas, the inventor of Monte Cristo, isn't mentioned anywhere in the screen credits but should have been; it's his type of imaginative tale-telling. Alex would have been very pleased with this yarn.

Louis Hayward is in the title role, a swashbuckling, quick-on-the-draw gent who is Europe's richest man, best swordsman, champ villain-hater and top lady-killer—all in one. The lady is Joan Bennett and the villain is George Sanders, who has never been better.

(*Continued on page 87*)



Mary Martin

She's a fugitive from raven locks and musical roles that are sheer froth! Watch out for a gorgeous blonde who's plenty dramatic in Paramount's pulse-quickening story of life in a great metropolis—"New York Town"



NED SCOTT

"Ziegfeld Girl" brings you a

beware the eyes of March

Lana Turner's as Irish as the corner cop in M-G-M's musical extravaganza, and she's never been

Fredric March

refugee in Loew-Lewin's swiftly paced "So Ends Our Night"

ore appealing Lana

ed's irresistible as the adventurous

more lovable

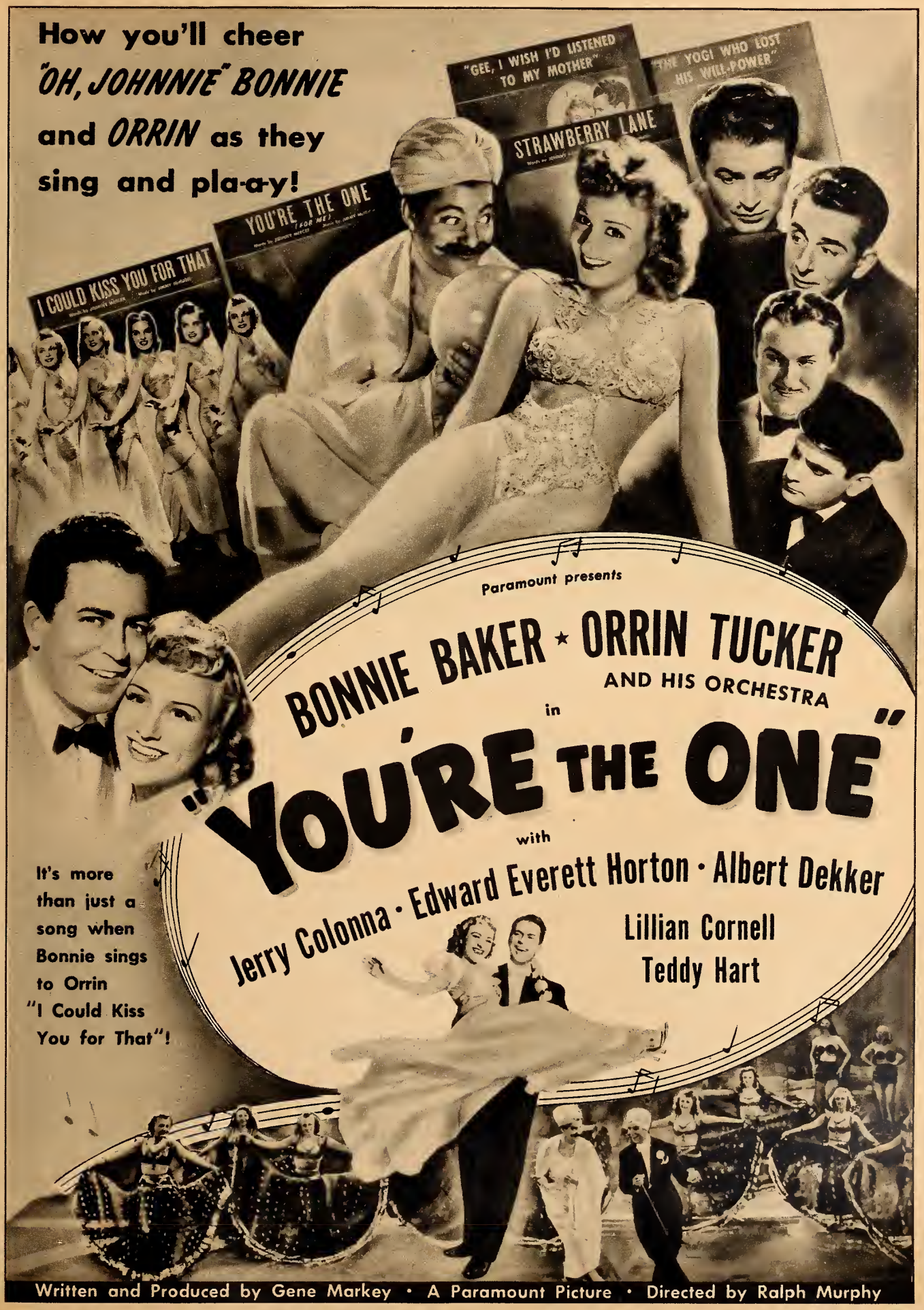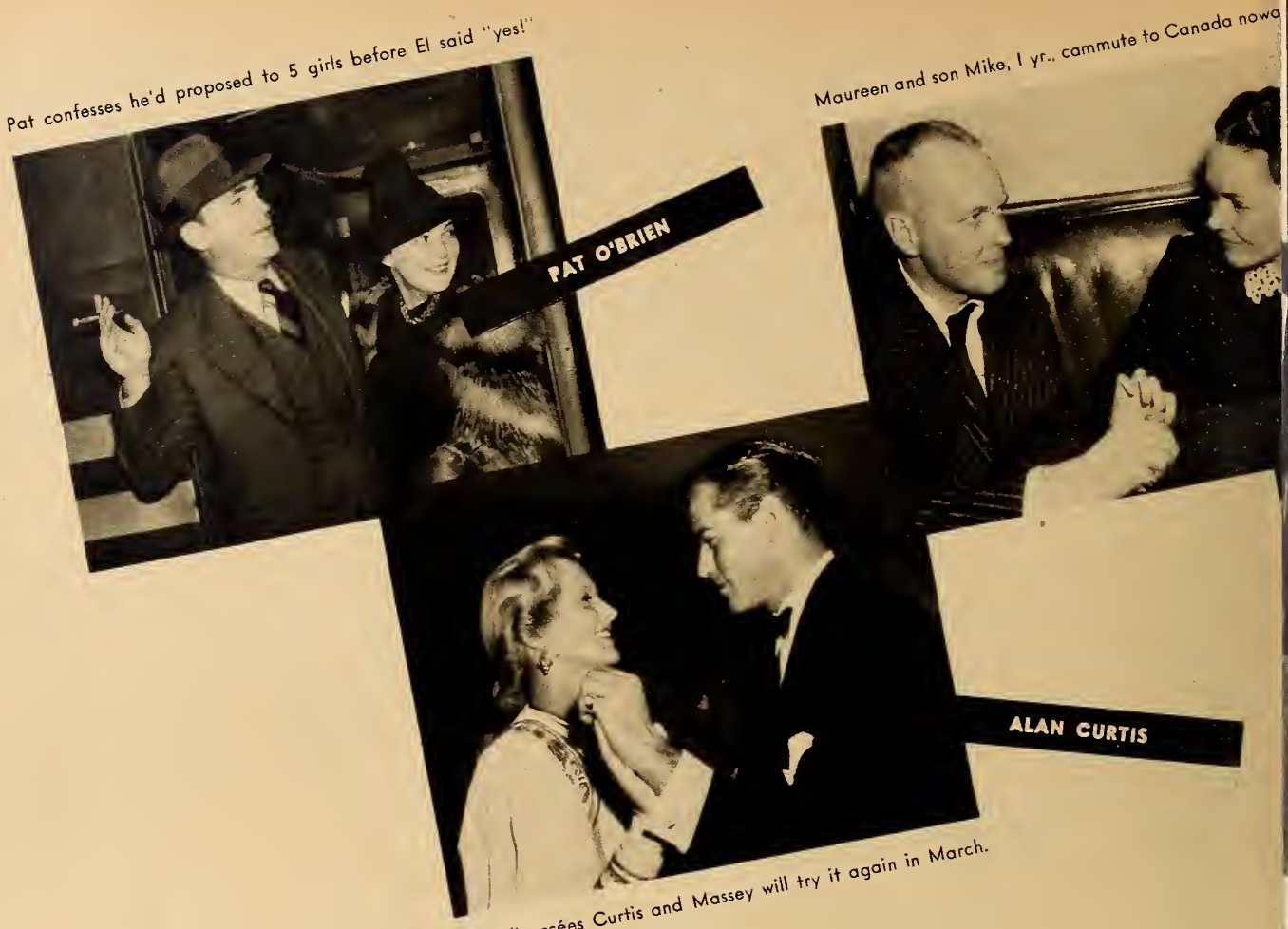


WILLINGER



Rosemary Lane

Imagine neglecting a wife like piquant, cuter-than-ever Rosemary Lane! Eddie Albert's the anniversary-ignoring hubby in Warner's heart-warming, homespun comedy, "Four Mothers" — fourth and swellest of the series


How you'll cheer
"OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE
and ORRIN as they
sing and pla-a-y!
"GEE, I WISH I'D LISTENED TO MY MOTHER"
STRAWBERRY LANE
"THE YOGI WHO LOST HIS WILL-POWER"
YOU'RE THE ONE
I COULD KISS YOU FOR THAT
Paramount presents
BONNIE BAKER ★ ORRIN TUCKER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
in
"YOU'RE THE ONE"
with
Jerry Colonna · Edward Everett Horton · Albert Dekker
Lillian Cornell
Teddy Hart
It's more than just a song when Bonnie sings to Orrin "I Could Kiss You for That"!
Written and Produced by Gene Markey • A Paramount Picture • Directed by Ralph Murphy



How they Proposed

Attention, girls! Are you in your middle teens? Do you flop on your bed, stern up, chin in palms and spin visions of the fairy prince—who somehow looks like your favorite movie star—and what he'll say to you when he comes along? Are you married or engaged? Did he stammer when he popped the question? And even while you melted in his arms, did you quash a disloyal pang, wishing he could have put a dash of Gable or a touch of Olivier into the business?

If you did, forget it. The love scenes you watch are written for them, but on their own, they're different. Here's a representative cross section of glamour boys and gals—how they proposed and were proposed to. Read it, you youngsters, and don't expect too much from Mr. Right. And you others, you may find that your own Jim has outclassed a movie hero, who can be as jittery and desperately offhand as any man in love. As for Gloria Gorgeous, though she's been kissed by Melvyn Douglas and socked by Cary Grant and remained unmoved, she'll yield as hungrily as you to a commonplace "Will you marry me?" from the right lips.

* * *

Mary Martin was dining at Dick Halliday's house one Saturday night. They'd been a steady twosome, but Mary was starting "Rhythm on the River" the following Monday, which seemed to depress Dick.

"After tomorrow," he growled, "I'll have to fight for a glimpse of you."

"Well, it won't be easy—with me working all day and dead tired at night."

Pause. "Suppose we got engaged."

Chuckling inside, Mary kept her pan dead. "How would that help? Besides, I don't like engagements."

Somewhere between those lines he read hope. "We couldn't get married tonight, could we?"

"No-o, I guess we couldn't."

That brought him to his feet. "What do you mean we couldn't? I guess we could if you would. Will you?"

They flew to Yuma that night.

* * *



By Ida Zeitlin

Ronnie Reagan is an athlete. Jane Wyman isn't. They met on the set of "Brother Rat." Their first date was on the golf course, their second on the tennis court, their third at the beach, where Jane wore a fetching one-piecer and never set toe to water. Then came the football, followed by the baseball season. Next he took her ice-skating and picked her up without a murmur every time she flopped. At last came the moment when Jane knew, as women do, that her fish was hooked. She suggested they go out and rhumba. On the way home they stopped at the Tropics for a nightcap. Ronnie had always dreamed of proposing to his girl by moonlight. But he couldn't wait. He grabbed for her hand across the table, all but upsetting a drink into her lap. "What are you doing for the next fifty years?" he demanded.

Jane was demure. "Well—I did have a date—but I'll try to get out of it."

By the time this sees print, they'll be three.

* * *

Henry Fonda went on a Thames boating party while he was making "Wings of the Morning" in London. Frances Brokaw was there, too. From then on, she couldn't lose him. The picture finished, he followed her to Budapest, to Munich, to Paris. They were sitting in the Bois de Boulogne one day, nothing on their minds—so the lady thought—but idle chatter. Hank broke off in the midst of a sentence. "Will you marry me right away?" he asked. One look at his face, and she realized that the transition wasn't as abrupt as it seemed. She couldn't stand the suspense in his eyes. "Not here," she said. "At home."

In Maine her mother had been seeing a Fonda film for the first time. She thought it a little odd that a cable should arrive from her daughter that very night, saying she planned to marry the man. "Are you sure?" mother cabled back. The reply was peremptory. "Of course I'm sure. Announce our engagement."

A month later the (*Continued on page 80*)



"I'd Make An Awful Husband"

SURE, JEFF SNORES, SPURNS NECK-TIES AND FLATLY REFUSES TO SHAVE —BUT THE FUTURE MRS. LYNN WILL STILL BE GETTING A BARGAIN

Mr. Jeffrey Lynn, of Auburn, Massachusetts, has been in Hollywood for three years.

During two and a half of these three years, the mild-mannered Mr. Lynn has been about as radical as rock-bound New England, as unpredictable as the Plymouth Rock and as scandalous as the Pilgrim Fathers.

When people in the film colony wanted a definition for the words "conservative" or "respectable," they didn't go to their Webster's Dictionary, they merely stared at Mr. Lynn. He was an unshakable Puritan in a land of satyrs, this ex-schoolteacher, this good-natured son of the traditional East.

Wild parties might come and go. Mr. Lynn did not attend them. Glamour gals might give young men the come-hither. Mr. Lynn did not go thither. Actors might threaten to dynamite studios for better roles. Mr. Lynn remained silent.

In fact, all of Hollywood might be a vast lunatic asylum—but though he dwelled in it, Mr. Lynn never became an inmate.

That is, not until very recently. Then something happened to him. Something akin to playing handball with a package of TNT. He was stricken with a sudden amnesia that made him forget his conservative nature and his respectable background. Something happened to Mr. Lynn—and how! At first it seemed he had sold out to the boogie-woogies, or anyway, joined those extroverts on the side of professional daffiness.

The word swept Movieland. Mr. Jeffrey Lynn was seen out with Dana Dale the other night. Jeffrey Lynn was planning to move from his cozy apartment to a sprawling mansion. Jeff Lynn was fighting with his studio for better parts and was now on suspension. Lynn was dancing the wildest Conga ever seen west of the Rockies. Jeff had gone Hollywood! It was as if the Plymouth Rock had taken up swing music!

After a very enlightening session with him, I feel safe to announce that, in all honesty, Jeffrey Lynn has not suddenly gone Hollywood at all—but simply become used to Hollywood.

Take yourself, for example. You may be shy in the presence of strangers. But, after you become better acquainted, then you yourself change and lose your frigidity. Thus with Jeffrey Lynn. Hollywood was the stranger Mr. Lynn met. A wild, crazy, upside-down village, which frightened Mr. Lynn into his New England shell of conservatism. However, with each succeeding year, Mr. Lynn became better acquainted with this stranger. Until, recently, he emerged from his shell, and began acting as normal as he used to when he was a student at Bates College in Maine or when he played stock at the famous Barter Theatre in Virginia.

Today, you see Jeffrey Lynn as he really is and it's pretty plain that the last months haven't changed him so much. Only loosened him up. He is still quieter, humbler, more reserved than those about him. But—not because he is conservative or grimly respectable, but because he's just naturally serious.

The best insight into Jeffrey Lynn is his attitude toward matrimony. Mention marriage to him and he still jumps like one who has inadvertently sat on a cactus plant. Is his anti-marriage phobia a result of thoughtful conservatism? No, not a bit. It's just that Mr. Lynn feels that women and children don't always come first.

"Marriage would jar me out of my career line," was the way Lynn put it. "Besides, for the present, I have too many other responsibilities."

So, if any of you have been planning to hand him the old routine—moon eyes, fluttering lashes, parted lips—that's fair warning. Because, believe me, even though Jeffrey Lynn is twenty-eight years old, tall, handsome and unshackled, he gets a minor case of apoplexy when he observes his name on those yearly "Most Eligible Bachelor in Hollywood" lists.

"Furthermore," he admitted to me at a recent luncheon, whilst drowning his sorrows in a crisp salad bowl, "I would be a poor catch for any girl. The ladies have the wrong slant on me. Maybe because of the roles I play on the screen, where I'm always the kind of son that mothers would like their daughters to marry. Actually, I'm sure I'd make an awful husband."

Mr. Lynn mercilessly revealed the gruesome details about himself.

"I snore," he said, with diabolical delight. "Yes sir, tell 'em I snore when I sleep on my back. And I'm picky about food. The sight of celery makes me ill. And I have a breakfast allergy. Can't stand eggs, milk or orange juice. And I go unshaven for days.

"But that's only the beginning. I'm untidy. Toss socks and shoes all over the floor around my bed until, at the end of the week, I have to wade to sleep. I'm a poor listener. When someone is talking to me, I take mental journeys elsewhere. I hate neckties. I weigh minor problems too carefully. I never answer letters from the East. I find lengthy and involved psychological excuses for all my shortcomings and mistakes. My face is too sober on and off-screen, and I never know what to do with my hands."

Having finished with his elocution lesson, Jeffrey Lynn fell back, a trifle exhausted—but evidently well pleased. On his face was the satisfied and familiar grin of the cat in the throes of digesting the canary.

I wondered, aloud, why, if all his shortcomings were so evident, well, why in the heck Dana Dale, the blonde beauty whom Paramount has recently re-christened Margaret Hayes, even bothered with him. He shrugged, then smiled.

"Have you ever heard how I met Dana? Well, it was just recently, when I was loosening up. After Bette Davis finished work on 'All This, and Heaven Too,' she threw a big shindig. I went to the party, still wearing the sideburns I'd worn in the picture, and after a few cocktails, I felt pretty gay. I was attracted to a new girl who had come with Bob Taplinger, our publicity head. (*Continued on page 92*)



2 YEARS WITH A PSYCHIATRIST...





Virginia Gilmore's doctors explained away a million strange fears—but her tragic, almost mystical romance has baffled them all!

By Gladys Hall

"I think I used to be afraid of everything in the world except one thing. And that was acting. I had an awful fear of people. Not of strangers, so much, because I could always act for them, but of people who tried to know me, come close to me. Even worse was the fact that I always fell in love with someone who didn't care for me. When someone did care, I couldn't respond.

"Because of these and other phobias, I went first to a psychiatrist in San Francisco, and later to a practical psychologist here in Hollywood."

It was young Virginia Gilmore speaking. She *looks* very normal, I thought; clear brown eyes, clean-cut features, with her manner and voice suggesting a younger Margaret Sullavan. I had been warned she might run away when I questioned her. She didn't. I had been told that she was "complex" and "different." She is. Obviously.

I said, "You seem pretty well oriented to life. Certainly well adjusted to Hollywood. Efficient. Successful."

"I am," she explained, "in my work. I have no inferiority complex whatsoever about that. When I first came to Hollywood, there were two or three parts I said I knew I could play. This probably sounded presumptuous, since I had never made a picture, and my interviewer wasn't easily convinced. 'You must be a hell of an actress,' he snapped, and I came right back with, 'I *am* a hell of an actress.' I have no fear of my work because I know my job. I feel I can take any role and, on a day's notice, turn in a really good performance.

"But I'm confident only about my acting. As a person, I have no substance. I am a thousand people. I'm one person with you—what you want me to be. And I'm someone else with the next person. I once met a man who attracted me very much. The night I met him I was pretending to be a sweet, little girl. He said that was why he liked me, so every night for three weeks I went on being sweet until I nearly went mad. I was afraid to change and I just couldn't go on pretending, so I ran away.

"I have one major phobia in particular—a dread of having my personal privacy invaded. In all my life I've had only two intimate friends—the twin sons of the poet, Robinson Jeffers.

"Today I live alone in a miniature house here in Hollywood. It's so small that even the woman who cleans for me must leave before I come home, for the place couldn't hold us both. It has only one bedroom; a defense, you see, against any remote possibility of my having guests. I dance only the schottische and polka, because they were the dances the Jeffers boys knew. I have one dinner dress to my name. I know hardly anybody. I rarely go anywhere.

"Primarily it was with the hope of losing my lisp and my fear of people that I went to the psychiatrist in San Francisco.

"In order to offer me some immediate relief he gave me a few definite formulas to apply to my everyday life. One of my worst phobias was the belief that nobody liked me. Whenever I had to go to a party or anywhere among people, I was literally in agony. The doctor advised me always to manage it so that all the people in my particular group would go into a room well ahead of me. I was then to walk in and say to myself, 'I like everybody in this room'—and mean it. As I didn't really dislike anyone, this was comparatively simple, and when I tried it, I was astonished to find that a sort of aura surrounded me, something palpably warm and reaching. People *did* gather around me and conversation became easy.

"Another suggestion he made was that, whenever I was rendered speechless by that dreadful fear of invasion, I was to say to myself, 'I will not think of aeroplanes, I will *not* think of aeroplanes,' or 'I will not think of horses.' The idea being that whenever you tell yourself not to think of something, you immediately, of course, think of that very thing, to the exclusion of everything else. Consequently, one of two things happens: either you begin to chatter volubly about aeroplanes or horses, or you are thinking so much (*Continued on page 75*)

"WHY I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE ONLY ONCE"

By James Reid

Fred MacMurray does a double-recoil when he hears the question. "You want to know why I've fallen in love only once?" he asks, and pauses for confirmation. "That's what I *thought* you said," he mumbles—and reaches for a glass of water, the strongest potion in sight. He takes a swallow, sets the glass down, puts on his most disarming grin, raises his eyebrows in mock bewilderment, and asks, "But why pick on me?"

That's easy to explain.

He is a member of the male sex. He lives in Hollywood, where the opposite sex is unusually attractive. He is tall, dark and handsome. He is a romantic actor by profession. And the average romantic actor isn't famous as a one-woman man. There seems to be something about the work—constantly turning on emotion, constantly making imaginary love to very real beauties, constantly getting dream-heated fan mail from women—that can unnerve a man and give him wandering eyes and wandering ways.

Yet, in spite of it all, Fred has managed to stay in love with just one girl—Lillian Lamont MacMurray.

Fred shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

"Well," he says, with a flicker of a smile, "I guess one good reason is that I'm sure *she's* in love with *me*. She fell in love with me when I was playing a saxophone in a band."

In other words, he's luckier than a lot of actors. He fell in love before he was a success. So, unlike some of the boys, he doesn't have to wander around, looking skeptically for a girl who could be happy with him, and with whom he could be happy—if he *weren't* a movie star.

The way Fred talks, when a man has been lucky enough to find a girl like that, he can't help appreciating her for keeps.

But there are other actors who apparently don't feel that way. They too, fell in love in their struggling days—only they, after being given a whirl by Hollywood and getting a taste of popularity, have regretted it. How does he explain his strange immunity from Hollywood-success-itis?

"I was here once before," he says wryly. "I was here for a year and a half, doing extra work and sign painting and any other job I could lay my hands on. I was strictly outside the whirl. I had a good chance to see how it operated. Popularity was always in direct ratio to success—and success was a matter of luck. It could be mighty short-lived. I saw young fellows who were 'finds' one week and forgotten men the next. So when I came back and they called *me* a 'find,' I wasn't swept off my big feet." He grins cheerfully.

Fred, giving press-agents all the credit for the attention he was suddenly attracting, was immune from any notion that he, personally, had suddenly become terrific. Or that Glamour Girls had suddenly become susceptible to his charms. Besides, he was already in love.

If he hadn't fallen in love with Lillian, he probably wouldn't have been in Hollywood at all.

He can't explain how the phenomenon happened.

This is interesting, and a revelation of the inner MacMurray because, from the way Hollywood stresses sex appeal, you might think anyone in Hollywood could explain love as a simple matter of biology. Fred seems to think of love as a baffling matter of chemistry—when one combination of elements fuses with another; something that doesn't happen unless those particular combinations of elements are thrown together.

Fred and Lillian happened to be thrown together because he was a big, gangling hulk who played a hot saxophone and did an occasional vocal with a dance band called the California Collegians, and she was one of the taller, prettier John Powers models. The Broadway musical comedy, "Roberta," needed a dance band whose members could pass for college boys— (*Continued on page 77*)

Married 5 years, the MacMurroys are perpetual honeymooners.



Fred hates to dance, but Lillie occasionally heckles him into it!



FRED MacMURRAY, WHO'S MADE CELLULOID LOVE TO MORE BEAUTIES THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN HOLLYWOOD, EXPLAINS THAT ONE TRACK MIND OF HIS!

He never used to go to any of his own movies. Enjoyed seeing "Virginia" though. Forgot he was in it.





Mrs. Gary Cooper's Mrs. Mac's only rival. Fred thinks she's swell.

How TO HANDLE WOLVES WITH

By Dorothy Spensley



Lucille Ball used to have more than her share of wolf-trouble before she used the flabbergasting technique that sends 'em running in a friendly way.

"The young wolves are twice as fast as the older ones," says Ann Miller, and she should know. A girl doesn't cavort in the Scandals and migrate to Hollywood without picking up knowledge about the predatory boys.

Her hazel eyes twinkle as she says, "I've had the biggest wolves in New York come to my back door and howl. And I've found them easier to handle than the sly boys you don't suspect."

To the undergrads and the old form boys and girls we'll explain that present-day wolves are what were known yesteryear as rakes, roués or predatory males. They may sound like menace, but half the time their howl is worse than their bite.

It would be silly to pretend that the wolves prowl only in Hollywood and the glades of Gotham, for they don't. There are just as many roving males with like impulses in Middletown as there are in Manhattan.

As for the impulses, no one can condemn them, for half the time the Big Bad Wolves are nothing more than little boys looking for affection, which can oftentimes be double-harnessed into a state of matrimony.

On the other hand, when a girl sees no hint of the potential husband lurking in a wolfish heart, it's time for her to bring out the kid gloves and handle with care!

If a girl turns the chill shoulder and loses a date, she very possibly misses a chance to meet The One. So, if she wants to keep up her dating average, stepping out with the best of the belles, she has to keep up stag-line interest.

"Wolves—" says Annie Sheridan with one of her big infectious laughs. "I'm not afraid of them. They're old friends. When I was trying to get a start in Hollywood, the wolf lived at my door, nuzzling the latch, sniffing the doorsill. I used to shoo him away with a shotgun before I was able to leave the house and make the rounds of the casting offices.

"Now when I meet him or his brother at parties, I greet him like an old friend . . . as a wise-cracking pal of mine would say 'fang to fang.' No, I'm not afraid of wolves."

This may be a grand attitude for Annie with her abundance of oomph, her zestful attitude, but not all of the girls have Annie's fearlessness. Consequently



Annie Sheridan's one gal who isn't afraid of that big bad wolf! She's much too well-acquainted and, besides, she's got George Brent for sock-appeal!

After years of trial-and-error experimenting, Maureen O'Hara found there's nothing that sends leers fleeing faster than her own Irish sense of humor!



KID GLOVES . . .

TAKE A LESSON FROM HOLLYWOOD'S SOPHISTICATES AND STOP BEING A FOOTBALL FOR THOSE OFF-GRIDIRON FORWARD PASSES

they must rely on diplomacy and feminine maneuvering for defense measures!

For instance, the "Have You Read Any Good Books Lately?" formula is good, and Doris Davenport says that if you can get a man who has subversive thoughts on his mind to talk about his favorite political candidate or why Willkie didn't win, you're cruising in safe waters.

Margaret Lindsay uses the "Mysterious Man in the East" technique to skate over thin situations. It runs something like this: Margaret meets a man at a friend's home, and all evening he showers her with attentions. Rather than hurt him, she manages to insert gentle, but obvious references to a "boy in the East" into her conversation.

When the new acquaintance asks if he can take her to Perino's for dinner, it's an easy exit for her to say that she's sorry but Jim, the boy from the East, will be in town for a month and her time will be taken up. This is pretty final treatment, so be sure that you really don't like the gentleman before you use it.

Another, but brutal defense measure is one told us by Eda Edson, the dramatic coach, who heard about it from one of her screen deb pupils.

"I know how to handle those too bright boys, now, Miss Edson," the young lady confessed. "One phoned me the other night, and I didn't like the way he talked. I had to be nice to him because he was a friend of a good New York friend, so I accepted his invitation to dinner, and we went to Chasen's, at my suggestion. I ate from the right-hand side of the menu to the left, ordering all the expensive dishes. He wasn't at all the kind of man that I like to know, and he will never ask me to dinner again. The check came to twenty-five dollars!"

As long as we are in the Cold Cuts department, there is the splendid Irish, red-headed rebuff offered by Maureen O'Hara to a pick-up on a train. She was sitting watching the blunt foothills of the Pacific slope slide by when she felt someone staring at her. In a moment she heard a man's voice, silky and purring:

"Ah, we have something in common, Miss O'Hara," the stranger said, sliding into the vacant seat beside Maureen.

"Yes?" parried Maureen, with a faint smile.

"I have Irish ancestors, too."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. My family name is Fitzmaurice," he beamed.

"Really?" said Maureen, taking her time. "And do you know what Fitzmaurice means?"

"Well, now, no, I don't, Miss O'Hara," he answered.

"Then I'll tell you . . . 'Fitz' means illegitimate in Ireland," the RKO lass said, turning to give him a straight, unsmiling look. The would-be wolf sheepishly slunk away.

"Gosh," said Maureen, telling the story later. "I hope no one ever tells him that my real name is Fitzsimons!"

This technique may do very well for the casual contact, but it's a different story when it comes to the gay bounder one meets on the social rounds. The problem there is to keep up a spirit of camaraderie without allowing him any undue advantage. It would be a wonderful world if all men could be met and managed the way Olivia de Havilland does it.

There is a kind of metaphysical twist to the way Livvy looks upon the whole situation. She never *thinks* of them as wolves, and therefore they cease to become predatory. She never *looks* for insults, and she never (*Continued on page 71*)



Ida Lupino maintains that even married women aren't safe from the advances of these parlor snakes-in-the-grass.



Carole Landis is downright old-fashioned with her "Home by the Fireside with Mother and Pup" line of resistance!



HERE'S A WIDE-EYED, QUESTION-POPPING LASSIE WHO'S SO BUSY BEING FASCINATED THAT SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW TERRIFICALLY FASCINATING SHE'S MAKING HERSELF!

Olivia makes an Investment

BY SYLVIA KAHN

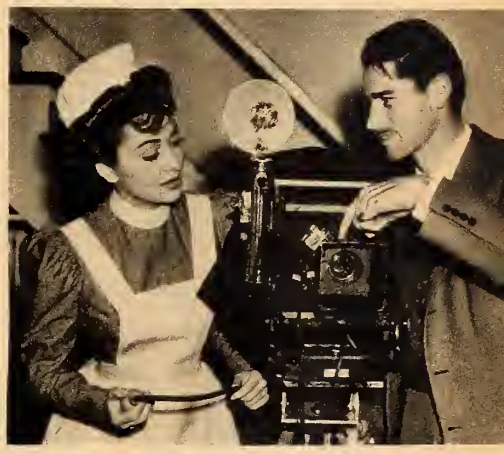
Smart women, from the age of ten on up, have one thing in common. They all burn to be "interesting." Some achieve their ambition by nibbling briefly at books, music and the arts, and then spouting high-sounding names in the abashed faces of less accomplished folk. Others use the more direct method of pasting dime-store lashes on their eyes, fluttering scarlet claws and emitting throaty laughter. Both systems work. But only temporarily. Polls taken in high schools, colleges and conscription camps reveal that a victim assaulted in either fashion grows weary of such shenanigans, turns his back on his charmer and goes home to play solitaire.

Olivia de Havilland plays neither of these games. That's why she's the pet of every masculine "best bet" in Hollywood. While her cinema sisters (and those in the outer world, too) crack their craniums to become "interesting," Olivia follows her natural bent and concentrates on being "interested." At the studio, at home, at parties or night clubs, she's a walking interrogation point.

It would be a lowdown trick to ask Olivia to classify her enthusiasms according to the old "first-second-third" formula. She couldn't do it. Her mind pokes its nose into too many things at once—enjoys with almost equal relish huge-voiced Marian Anderson or a brain-busting crossword puzzle, the brilliance of a Noel Coward play or the career problems of Burgess Meredith and Franchot Tone. Her particular thrill is the music of Jascha Heifetz, yet she's mad about shopping binges. She confesses that all Ernest Hemingway's vigorous novels leave her beating with excitement; still she likes nothing better than dining and chatting peacefully by candlelight. She finds time to paint a bit, to design her own costume jewelry and run her own home.

Her mental acquisitiveness sends her to lectures and art exhibits. Her daring (plus a prodding from Margaret Sullavan) sends her to the airfield for flying lessons. She's made her first solo flight and may buy a plane. She spends hours on the phone with Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne, to whom she is enormously devoted. And when she's not on one of her three-times-a-week night club sprees, she's visiting Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband.

To Olivia's social calendar, as proof of her durability, still cling Tone, Meredith and, rumors notwithstanding, Jimmy Stewart. This discriminating triumvirate was recently joined by Connoisseur Gene Markey. When a girl receives that kind of dividend on her interest—well, she must have the right idea.



Above—Still photographer, Scotty Welbourne, says it's impossible to make a poor shot of Olivia.

Below—She's terribly friendly and loves listening to her hairdresser's accounts of her big dates.



Below—Cagney always snacks in costume, but Olivia changes to one of her peasant-style jumpers.



HE EARNED HIS LETTER

By Jeanne Karr

JIMMY STEPHENSON "WARMED THE BENCH" SEASON AFTER SEASON, BUT WHEN THEY LET HIM GET IN THERE AND FIGHT—HOW HE SHOWED 'EM!

Director Willie Wyler was completely bewildered.

While casting "The Letter," which he was to direct for Warner's, Fred Brisson, the agent, had urged him to take a look at "White Banners." "See if there isn't a guy in that movie who's made to order for this lawyer chap."

For once, a director agreed with an agent. Wyler went to the front office. "Who's this fellow that played the boy's father in 'White Banners?'"

"James Stephenson. Why?"

"Well, I think he'd be good for Howard Joyce."

"Oh, no, you don't want Jimmy. Let's get a name for you."

In Wyler, opposition builds up resistance. But his arguments made no dent on the big shots. Then he got hold of Brisson. "What is this?" he bellowed. "I want a guy on the lot, and they won't let me have him."

This was the result of one of those perverse situations that develops at studios. For want of roles, a potentially valuable property deteriorates. It happened to Deanna Durbin at Metro. It happened to Dennis Morgan at Paramount. Stephenson had been with Warner's for three years. He'd made an impression in "White Banners," bringing to the part an atmosphere of charm and distinction. The studio had had every intention of pushing him, but the right roles didn't turn up. So they gave him bits, and as time marched on, there grew—of itself, like Topsy—a persuasion that Stephenson had been born to play bit parts. Option time was around the corner. The front office showed no enthusiasm about picking his up.

Which suited Mr. Stephenson, who had also reached the point of feeling that the most profitable exchange between him and Warner's lay in the word goodby. It was a feeling whose luxury he hadn't till then been able to afford. And anyway, he'd nourished lingering hopes. There was the time when he'd been cast for a leading part in "Dawn Patrol." He'd been given his wardrobe and his script. They were within a day or two of shooting. He smiled at his wife and she dared to smile back. "This is the beginning," they said. "We're off at last."

It was just another false beginning. The front office broke it to him kindly. They needed a second name in addition to Flynn's, on which to sell the picture. They'd decided to repeat the Robin Hood combination—Rathbone and Flynn. Stephenson saw their point, but it made him none the happier.

Meantime, he'd been saving his money. Now he was ready to ask for his release and try free-lancing. He and the studio would have been in accord on option day. It was Willie Wyler who threw a wrench into the works.

He put up a dogged fight for Stephenson, who had heard that he was being considered for the role and spent the better part of his days assuring himself that it wouldn't happen. In this he was nobly abetted by Lorna, his wife, on the theory that hopes which weren't allowed to soar couldn't be dashed. "You won't get it, Jimmy. Make up your mind to that. You'll never get it."

One day the casting office phoned him that he was set, and that he was to report to Wardrobe for his clothes. Lorna made a last stand. "I still don't believe it," she insisted, eyes shining.

"Neither do I," he grinned, "but maybe I'd better put in an appearance."

We were among those who couldn't understand his eclipse after "White Banners," and in new pictures looked for his face with its suggestion of quiet strength and kindliness. Meeting him, that suggestion is confirmed. He's a well-poised Britisher, self-described as "an oyster and the despair of publicity men." That's an exaggeration. His Anglo-Saxon reserve is tempered by an individual warmth. On the lot they call him Jimmy, which startles you at first as unsuited to a certain austerity in his features. You soon discover, though, that there's none in his manner. Lines of humor radiate from his eyes, and his smile is something to watch for. As a woman, we offer his bosses a free tip. Let him smile now and then on the screen. If his fan mail doesn't multiply, we'll eat it.

He entered "The Letter" happy and confident. He felt he could play the part standing on his head. "By the end of the first week, I'd been convinced that I was the worst damn actor in the world. I dreaded leaving home for the studio in the morning. I envied every man I met on the road who didn't have Willie Wyler to face that day."

Wyler's a perfectionist who's never made a poor picture. He gets what he wants by using words like a knife with which to carve egos. Everyone who's known him on the set tells the same story. Every player who's worked with him will—if not gladly, then bravely—undergo crucifixion again for the sake of his direction. He found excellent carving stuff in Stephenson, whose ego is less tough than the average actor's, to begin with.

Stephenson had been (*Continued on page 73*)



...e calls Jim o "gorgeous, gorgeous mon."



He's tops in this one—"Flight From Destiny!"





He got a huge kick out of his Philo Vance roles.



Scored a hit in "A Dispatch from Reuter's."



His home's like himself—gay and original.

Constantly cast in serious parts, Stephenson hankers after a slapstick, Bill Powell-ish role. Doesn't consider himself good-looking and, unlike most Britishers, the thirty-seven-year-old James is no fashion plate off the screen!

FUGITIVE FROM

After hours, Johnny (her dad's nickname) wears little make-up, looks 15.



By Kirtley Baskette

It looked like a dirty joke. Here was this Gene Tierney I'd heard all about, the darling of Hollywood's most eligible beaux, the bewitching new starlet of Twentieth Century-Fox, the pet of Broadway's blasé critics, the Blue Book baby graduate of the Ritz stag line.

Here she was looking like something the cat dragged in!

A grimy smear streaked her square little face. Stringy, absolutely filthy hanks of mousy hair drooped lankly around one of the dirtiest necks I've ever seen on a nice girl. She wore a dismal calico dress which looked as if it had been fried in grease, then rolled in a dustpan, and two very nice legs twined in muddy abandon beneath the table.

"Am I a mess, or not?" grinned Gene.

"You certainly are," I said.

"Good!" chuckled Gene. Her green eyes sparked and her Hepburn-high cheeks cracked with a white smile. It made me forget the dirt momentarily. Then Gene, who had been dipping daintily into her eggs Benedict, dropped her fork and clutched wildly at her dusty scalp. "Please pardon me," apologized Miss Tierney, "but it itches!"

It took a little concentration, at that point, to picture this half-witted, hare-lipped, slatternly Ellie May of "Tobacco Road" as the erstwhile lovely young débutante of Connecticut's exclusive country set.

But not too many months ago Gene Tierney was making her society début in wealthy Fairfield, Connecticut. The right boys from *the* Eastern families and the approved schools, Yale, Harvard and Princeton, whirled her around under Japanese lanterns while the correct society orchestra played and correct mothers and fathers beamed approvingly. In bubbling vintage champagne they toasted her bow to the tight little Four Hundred of her class.

Gene had just been properly "finished" at Miss Porter's in Farmington. Before that there had been Brillmont in Switzerland and exclusive academies, here and abroad. These between two grand tours of the Continent. And seasons in Paris and on the Riviera.

Gene was only seventeen, but already she had glamour. She was cut to the débutante stamp and was set for a Society campaign, eventually to marry some socially secure, financially eligible and, needless to say, properly approved young gentleman.

But there was a little omen—even at that very far-removed-from-Hollywood début party. Budding Gene wore a dress copied after the frock Bette Davis wore in "Jezebel." What was more ominous for Society, Gene had met Bette the year before and already a few ideas were buzzing around in her brain—and they weren't about the Junior League or The Bachelors' Cotillion, either!

"They mess me up like this every morning," Gene Tierney was rattling happily between bites. "First, they spray me with oil. Then they stand off and just *heave* dirt at me. If that doesn't work, they roll me on the ground! Every night I scrub in the basin, soak in my tub and polish off with a shower—and I'm still black! It gets in the pores and sticks. And my hair! John Ford says if I wash it while the picture's shooting he'll kill me. Dates? Oh sure, but they just have to take me (*Continued on page 60*)

THE FOUR HUNDRED

Con't resist mosquerades. Below, with Bob Dorrin, she's on 1890 chorine.



MEET GENE TIERNEY, THE LOVABLE RENEGADE WHO RAN AWAY FROM DOTING PARENTS, GORGEOUS CLOTHES AND PROSPEROUS SWAINS—BECAUSE SHE'D MUCH RATHER WORK FOR A LIVING!

ALIAS



Long curls, English accent, a 17th century gown—and the very Yankee Gene becomes the thoroughly British Lady Barbara, Jahn Sutton's fearless and beautiful fiancée in "Hudson's Bay."



The mud and calico disguise is practically perfect, but this is still Gene! The role of Ellie May, man-menacing hussy of "Tobacco Road," is the meatiest one of her whole career.

The South American Way

by Betty Harris



"Hollywood is Paradise! It is like the places you read about in books!" But let Carmen Miranda tell it herself—and with an accent!

"Hollywood, it has treated me so nicely, I am ready to faint!

"The first day I work on my picture, 'The Road to Rio,' I kiss Mr. Irving Cummings, my director, all day because he is so kind. He helps me with my lines. He pretend' to be Miranda so I can see how Miranda should make the faces. I kiss Mr. Don Ameche, too, even when I do not have to kiss him for the love scene, because he, too, is so kind. That is the Sous' American way!

"The extras, they all show me the little ways around. Even the porter who opens the sound stage door for me—he is Irish, his name is Mr. Sweeney—he learn to say 'Bon Dia,' which is 'Good Day' in Portuguese. He learn it to make me feel at home.

"Who is it say Hollywood is a cruel town, a hard town, cold like a jewel? It is kind, it is warm, it takes in a stranger with a heart as big as the country it is a part of.

"In Hollywood, I present myself to the world for the first time. Of course, I have been on the air and in the theatre, but then I present myself only to the few. In Hollywood, it is to all the whole world.

"It is like the places you read about in the fairy books, this Hollywood. But it is better than the fairy books, because it make the fairy things come true.

"In Hollywood, there are the beeg, strong, beautiful men!" Miranda gestured with her jewel-laden arms and hands; flashed the barbaric, dark jewels of her eyes; said, laughing, "really, ummmmm, *beeg!*

"Would I marry the Nors' American man, you ask, the Hollywood man? Si, yes, I might marry one of them after two, three years. When I am more sure I understand their ways. But now, I would be too afraid. I am too jealous. I have notice' the Hollywood men are very free to talk to every woman. 'Hullo, darling,' 'Hullo, sweetheart,' they say. I know, with my mind, they do not mean this more than kind and friendly. It is the Nors' American way. But it is *not* the Sous' American way. In Sous' America, if a man is trying to flirt with another girl and call her sweetheart names, he gets kicked under the table. He will have a beeg fight on his hands when he gets home!

"I was almost engaged once," laughed Miranda. "But I was so jealous I could keel heem. That was the reason we broke in two!

"In Hollywood, I have notice' how little there is of the jealousy. A man take' a girl out one evening, the next evening, another girl, and then another, and all are friends. People who have been married to each other and then are married to other people, they are all friends, too. I think this is what you call very civilize'. I think that this is showing Hollywood's heart, too, that does not hold any hate for anybody.

"When Sous' America looks at Hollywood, it should look first at how friendly Hollywood is to everybody. There is no jealousy here.

"I come here a new entertainer, a stranger, and they all come to see me work, not just one time, but again and again. They make friendly with me!

"When I am in New York, at the Club Versailles, at the Waldorf-Astoria, on the stage in 'The Streets of Paris,' Miss Alice Faye comes to see me and we become friends. Mr. Mickey Rooney comes to see me and Miss Sonja Henie. In Chicago, where I am with the Chez Paree, Miss Ilona Massey and Miss Binnie Barnes come to see me, with Miss Louella Parsons, too. When I come to Hollywood they try to help me all the time.

"I speak these words from my heart. I am to be believed. If I feel like speaking the bad words about anything, you bet I speak them, too.

"I never thought to see so many beautiful girls as I see in Hollywood. In the stores where I shop, in the places where I eat . . . everywhere such beautiful girls as men have not before dreamed of!

"A Sous' American man would open his eyes in Hollywood, and he would say, 'Dios, I have die' and gone to Paradise!' Men from anywhere would say this. When the Sous' American men read these words I say," laughed Miranda, "they will all come here.

"Since I was so high," she said, "always I buy the load of movie magazines. In Brazil, in Rio, my home, I spend the fortune on the Modern Screen alone. They cost $1.50 the copy in Brazil, the American movie magazines. But I buy them all the time. If they cost $1.50 the word I buy them, I read every word of them.

"As soon as I see Hollywood, I love it. It looks very much like Rio. I thought to find it a little village in the hills, and I find it a marvelous big city.

"As soon as I see Alice Faye and Don Ameche and Linda Darnell and the others, I love them, too. They, too, are more handsome and beautiful than I thought. Inside their hearts as well as outside. For all the words the papers and magazines print about the stars of Hollywood, they do not boast. They do not make the exaggerations.

"I like very much Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Mickey Rooney . . ." and Miranda giggled, suddenly, a child's gleeful giggle. "Yes, I love that Senor Mickey Rooney, because he is so funny. I have never missed a picture of his yet. He make Sous' America happy and laughing when they see him. And then, when I see him in the real, when I look at him here in Hollywood, he is just like on the screen. He is all alive down to his finger tips!

"I like very much Donald Duck, too, oh, very much . . . quack-quack—quack-quack-quack—! I adore Alice Faye, too. And I am not saying this to be nice because I work with her. I adore her when we meet in New York before I ever think such a thing could happen to me as I would be making a picture with Miss Alice Faye and Mr. Don Ameche, who are idols in Brazil and in the Argentine.

"I adore Miss Bette Davis, (*Continued on page 90*)

GOOD NEWS by Sylvia Kahn

Idol Talk

The most touching case of hero worship in the history of Hollywood is currently unfolding before the tear-filled eyes of its citizens. Errol Flynn, man of might and muscle, has developed a schoolboy crush on John Barrymore, paragon of all virtues, and the effect on both is beautiful to behold. Errol, who formerly dominated every party he joined, now sits spellbound at the feet of his new-found idol and thirstily absorbs the drops of wisdom that drool from the Barrymore lips. He's completely entranced by John's tales of his marital and theatrical adventures and has actually whittled his conversation down to one long song of praise for the Profile. John, for his part, is similarly affected. He feels Errol's a reasonably satisfactory facsimile of the Barrymore that was and loves him like a son. The only person not warmed by this tender friendship is Lili Damita Flynn. She's heard of the four "ex"-Mrs. Barrymores —and she'd rather Errol whipped up a case on Don Ameche.

Composer Gene; Inventor Jeanette

Pin your orbs to the musical best seller lists. Gene Raymond's composition, "Let Me Always Sing," will probably pop up on dozens of 'em. Wife Jeanette MacDonald plugged the song on her recent concert tour and, with a voice like hers behind it, a tune's got to ride into high. Incidentally, Jeanette's tour proved to all doubters that she's still the undisputed queen of the concert ways. Her reception by the press and public was terrific and she reports only one bad moment in all the weeks she was out.

That was the morning a newspaper man nabbed her for an interview in her suite at a Boston hotel. Jeanette was busily convincing the scribe that clothes were absolutely unimportant in her life when a corps of porters strode through the doorway and noisily deposited 11 trunks and 7 pieces of hand luggage in her bedroom! Yessir, they sure are creative, those MacRaymonds!

Medicine Man

Eddie Albert, Warner's flesh-and-blood Peter Pan, is an old-time patron of the sciences. Though he's shy about admitting it, for years Eddie has been supporting the research of an ancient Mexican who's seeking an herb cure for mumps! Eddie gives his protegé 50 cents a week to continue this great work ". . . because it keeps him busy—and looks funny on my tax returns."

"Alley" Finale

Alice Faye and Betty Grable are taking bows all over the place for the success of "Tin Pan Alley." That's all right. So are Jack Oakie and Darryl Zanuck. That's all right, too. But why, we wonder, has no one raised a voice in praise of the man who's really responsible for the whole picture? He's Tom Little, head prop man at Twentieth Century-Fox—and here's the story of why he should be in there lapping up the gravy with the rest: Six or eight months ago, Tom took a vacation trip through the Midwest. While touring, he hit upon some bargains in 1914-1918 furniture. Unable to resist, he bought the furniture and ordered it shipped to the studio. A few days after he returned to work, the furniture arrived —and so did the bills—totaling hundreds and hundreds of dollars! In due time, these were brought to the attention of Mr. Zanuck. Zanuck nearly hit the ceiling. Unless something were done about these ridiculous purchases, he threatened, Mr. Little might find himself looking for another job. Little was frightened. He couldn't return the furniture so, in desperation, he turned to his friends the studio writers—and begged their help. He had to have a story for his furniture! The writers were powerless. They didn't dare intervene for him, but they did the next best thing. Every time they had a story conference, they gathered around Mr. Zanuck and, with elaborate casualness, whistled melodies of the 1914-1918 period! Gradually Zanuck caught on, began whistling them himself, and finally demanded a story that would fit the music and the times! "Tin Pan Alley," a solid smash, was the outcome but Mr. Little, sitting at home, brooding about his narrow escape, thinks maybe he'll take his next vacation in his own back yard!

Ah!

Let no woman wonder what Hedy Lamarr and Joan Bennett saw in freckle-browed Gene Markey. That man actually has more talent for pleasing women than any tankload of glamour boys you can name! Who can top this act of gallantry, for example? The other evening, at the Brown Derby, Olivia de Havilland rummaged through her purse for a lipstick. None turned up. And what did Mr. Markey do? Nothing—except summon a messenger, hand him a ten spot, and dispatch him to the nearest drugstore for a new lipstick plus a bottle of Olivia's favorite perfume!

Short Shots

Dennis Morgan and Edward Norris are the new proprietors of a 2600-acre dude ranch in southeastern Oregon . . . 'Tis said Norma Shearer doles out $25,000 yearly to a public relations counsel . . . Dolores Del Rio follows Orson Welles into the Hollywood hills every Sunday afternoon. Orson paints the scenery, Dolores holds the brushes . . . Hot from the Adrian griddle comes word that next season's skirts will be shorter and tighter—the effect of the war abroad . . . Gin-rummy continues to fascinate the movie populace. Three studio bigwigs lost $10,000 apiece in a single sitting the other evening . . . Paulette Goddard ain't sayin' where she got it, but she's exhibiting a new clip in the shape of a golden monkey with a large diamond at the end of his tail . . . Due to bad flying weather, Dean Jagger was three days late for his own wedding . . . Dean and his wife are still making up for that lost time. There's a clause in the Jagger contract which states his wife may accompany him on all location trips—at the studio's expense . . . Judy Garland is superstitious about a pair of wool-lined zipper-fronted mules given her by Lana Turner. She believes

Paulette Goddard



Jeanette MacDonald





Jackie Cooper

if she doesn't wear them at radio broadcasts and on the lot, she'll turn in bad performances . . . Betty Brooks, Ingrid Bergman's stand-in and Oliver Hardy's sister-in-law, swears her real name is Betty Jean Jan June Jones!

Cagney Forgets a Line

Women with absent-minded husbands will shed a sympathetic tear for poor Mrs. Billie Cagney. You know—Jimmy's wife. Mrs. Cagney was busy with some late shopping the other evening and sent her husband over to his mother's for dinner. About soup-course time, she phoned him to confirm the color of a gift she was ordering. Unable to give her the information she wanted, Jimmy asked her to hang on while he queried the senior Mrs. C. "I hung on," Mrs. Cagney reports, "for a full half hour! Then I realized Jimmy had gone back to his precious soup and forgotten all about me! When I got to the house an hour later, Jimmy was reading a book, the receiver was still off its hook, and my mother-in-law didn't even know I had called!"

Charles Chaplin





Brenda Joyce



Ray Milland

Mr. Milland's Mystery

The oo-ers and ah-ers who gasp with delight at the sight of Ray Milland will be amazed to learn that Ray growls with disgust at the sight of himself. That is, if he happens to glance in a mirror when he's nude from the waist up. Though few people know it, Ray's shirt conceals the real sorrow of his life—the tattooed figure of an Oriental snake charmer! Ray acquired her one fantastic evening when, as a kid in London, he went out with the boys, had a bit too much, and wound up paying an ill-advised visit to a tattoo artist. Being an orderly, conservative individual, he's never quite grown accustomed to the beety little lady who will stick to his arm until eternity. He'd like to have her removed but can't because he'd risk serious infection if she were tampered with. As a result, he seldom exposes his torso to the camera, refuses to appear on a public bathing beach and won't even bare his biceps in his own garden for fear an enterprising candid camera bug will catch his lady in the middle of a wiggle! Poor Ray. You can take it from us—he's the one person in Hollywood who doesn't have to be told to keep his shirt on!

Fate Writes the Script

"Topper Returns," the new Joan Blondell starrer, is broad comedy but the other morning one of its sets was the scene of a great unspoken drama. Veteran actor H. B. Warner was called upon by the script to crash his car into a tree, die, and then, as a visible ghost, stagger to a log and sit there in a daze. Warner went through his scene without a slip-up. When it was all over, he approached Director Roy Del Ruth, complained of a headache, and asked to be excused for the day. A few inquiries revealed the cause of his distress. Twenty-six years earlier Warner had experienced a similar crash. Death had claimed one victim . . . his newly-wedded wife.

Homey Homily

Myrna Loy, a refugee from the memories in the Coldwater Canyon home she shared with Arthur Hornblow Jr., has moved into a small bungalow in the Hollywood Hills . . . Ball-shaped Alfred Hitchcock lives in the little white-shingled cottage that Carole Lombard called home before wedding that Gable fellow . . . If you want to see the inside of a real movie star's home, buy yourself a ticket to "No, No, Nanette." When Richard Carlson finished his role in the picture, he had two of the rooms in his new house designed exactly like two in the picture . . . The 12-foot rubber tree under which Bette Davis met her death in "The Letter" is now flourishing in Bette's back yard.

President's Precedence

Ronald Colman is still telling this one. Several years ago, a magazine editor approached him and asked permission to have one of his staff writers do a story on "The Life of Ronald Colman." Ronnie, then at the peak of his career, replied that he would enjoy cooperating with the magazine, but added: "If my life story is to be written, I want it written by someone more prominent than a member of your staff. I'll be happy to give you what you want—provided you get me Rupert Hughes." The editor was horrified. Rupert Hughes, one of America's foremost novelists, was paid at the rate of $1 a word. A story on Colman would necessarily run to 10,000 words. The magazine had never done anything so extravagant. But Ronald Colman was a great star, so off to Mr. Hughes trudged the unhappy editor. To his surprise, the noted writer did not leap at his offer. Instead, he sat back in his chair, enveloped in the deepest thought. At long last came his answer: "I should like to do a story on Mr. Colman but I must turn you down. I am now at work on 'The Life of George Washington.' That's a little more important, don't you think?" Mr. Colman's been a Hughes fan ever since!

Some Like It Hot

Whenever Dotty Lamour gets herself into really hot water, Harry Long's the one man she can thank. Harry, head plumber at Paramount, is in charge of the huge tank on the lot that serves the studio as ocean, river or stream, as the occasion demands. It's his job to see that the "icy seas" into which Dotty's sarong-studded career plunges her are kept at a constant, blistering temperature, because Dotty, unlike most stars who prefer a 75 degree dunking, won't put a toe in the tank unless the thermometer registers up in the 80's. Which reminds us—studio plumbers have more important jobs than anyone realizes. As one of them opined: "We even keep down production costs. For example, extras must be paid time-and-a-half if they know they're stepping into water that's under the required 75 degrees. We've got a way to fool 'em. If we haven't time to heat the tank, we blow artificial steam over the water, put the thermometer through that, and then show it to the kids. Psychology's a funny thing. When they get in, they think it's warm, so it feels warm! But do you know who our favorite 'patients' are? Crocodiles. They're never finicky!"

Didja Know

That Greta Garbo has submitted to a permanent wave machine . . . That "Weedy," Linda Darnell's pet rooster, died while Linda was vacationing in Mexico City . . . That Michele Morgan, RKO's delightful French import, is discovering Hollywood with Anatole Litvak . . . That Cesar Romero's new contract lifts his weekly earnings from $1250 to $2000 . . . That Louis Hayward has a new

mustache . . . That Laird Cregar, down to 285 pounds, swears he'll cut his calories till he melts away to 245 . . . That Deanna Durbin's next film will co-star her with Charles Boyer . . . That Glenn Miller, latest band and baton man to answer the lure of Hollywood gold, will début in Sonja Henie's next . . . That M-G-M shelled out 10,000 smackeroos for the exclusive screen rights to "The Last Time I Saw Paris," to be yodeled by Tony Martin . . . That Fred Allen swears Jack Benny is so low, he's the only guy he knows who can read by the light of a hotfoot?

The Duchess of Windsor

Bing Crosby has invited the Duke of Windsor to visit him in Hollywood, but we think the Duke ought to stay home. If he comes he'll have to bring the Duchess—and if he brings the Duchess there's going to be trouble! Wally has a crush on Bing's voice and admits that if she ever buttonholes him, she'll make him warble to her from morning till night! This little note on "the woman I love" was brought to light when Wally and her mate traveled from England to the Bahamas, carrying with them a tremendous collection of Crosby records. According to a Windsor servant, the Duchess is an ardent platterbug and, shortly after her marriage, wrote to Bing with her own royal hands, begging him to send her all new recordings the minute they came from the presses. "Shucks. It doesn't mean a thing," says modest Bing. But if Wally and the Duke ever do trek Hollywood way—look out Dixie!

Bing Hits the Jackpot

To go from royalty to royalties—Crosby fans (and the Internal Revenue Department) will undoubtedly be cheered to hear that Bing just inked a fresh contract with Decca Records which promises him $60,000 per year for the next five years. This, of course, is in addition to his new Paramount contract which calls for nine pictures in three years—and which pays off at the rate of $175,000 per picture.

Conductor's Guest

Gaylord Hauser—sit up and take note! While you were on a lecture tour just a few weeks ago, one Leopold Stokowski turned up in town. He rented a little house, hired a little secretary and set about doing some serious work. But do you know who his daily guest was? Greta Garbo! Your Greta Garbo! She popped in early each morning, puttered about the house while her host was busy, and sometimes didn't leave for twelve or fourteen hours! And there you have it, Mr. Hauser. From fruit juice to fugues in one easy lesson, and may the best man win!

International Incident

When the British were forced to rain hell and fire on the French fleet at Oran, they also blasted to bits the marriage of John Loder and Micheline Cheirel. As Hollywood's first war casualties, Englishman John and his French-born wife walked into court shortly after the Franco-British clash and told an American judge that their political sympathies had ripped them apart. They confessed that since their countries had split, they'd developed "war jitters" which resulted in frequent quarrels over the situation. Friends still hope the marriage may be repaired and point to happily wed Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson, and about-to-be-wed Madeleine Carroll and Count Richard de la Rosier, as examples of Franco-British accord. At present, however, a Loder reconciliation appears impossible.

Oriental Fan-tasy

Del Goodman, 20th Century-Fox's Far Eastern representative who spent the last 18 years feeding American movies to Oriental appetites, discloses the following: Alice Faye can sardine-pack any film house in China because her feet are so small . . . Deanna Durbin is the idol of the Orient because her voice is clear as a bell . . . Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are out of favor because they raised mustaches which all Orientals detest . . . Henry Fonda is worshipped by Nepalese warriors who gobbled up the knife-slinging sequences in a few of his pictures . . . The Cantonese think Sonja Henie's crazy. They've never heard of skating and can't understand her ice antics . . . Rosalind Russell is box office poison in China and Japan because her sophisticated comedy slides over all heads . . . And Jane Withers, because she portrays an independent, assertive, unafraid child, is absolute tops with the Igorotes, famed head-hunters of the Philippines!

As They Like It

Two Universal stars, Deanna Durbin and Broderick Crawford, trod this season's road to matrimony. But with what different steps! Deanna pecked along properly and with dignity. Her engagement to Vaughn Paul was announced according to all the dictates of her conscience and Emily Post. Her wedding on June 7th will doubtlessly be carried off in the same manner and all of her children are certain to be valedictorians. Brod, on the other hand, entered the sacred portals of husbandhood with a little less solemnity. He had as his best man sad-eyed Mischa Auer, fresh from a tussle in the divorce courts, then he tore off to a thrilling Honolulu honeymoon and returned to find that his parents had notified his friends of his wedding by wiring them as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Lester Crawford wish to announce, with a sigh of relief, the marriage of their son, Broderick, to Miss Kay Griffith!"

Glamour—1857 Variety

Last year it was Hedy Lamarr who headed M-G-M's glamour parade. This year, Mrs. Adeline de Walt Reynolds cops the honor. Though slightly older than Hedy (83 to be exact), Mrs. Reynolds is every bit as peppy, zippy and exciting as her gorgeous predecessor. She's the amazing little creature who, widowed at the turn of the century, raised four children single-handed and, at 66, decided to go to college. At 70 she was graduated from the University of California and, at 82, was discovered by a Metro director who saw her acting with a little theatre group. Mrs. Reynolds thinks being the oldest starlet in Hollywood's history is swell fun. She loves interviews and her sharp wit and unbelievable memory delight every interviewer who asks her for a story. Only one thing troubles her. She gets mixed up on dates. "Please don't ask me about them," she begged us. "The last time I discussed dates, I made a dreadful mistake. According to the years I gave, every one of my four children was born out of wedlock!"



Mystery's End

Now that Charlie Chaplin has acknowledged Paulette Goddard as his lawful wedded wife, the mystery that's been popping about them seems pretty well cleared up. That is, except for one thing —why there should have been a need for any mystery in the first place! Well, from a source close to Paulette, we hear that the whole idea originated with Charlie. Seems he loved Paulette and wanted her for his wife, but was afraid scandalmongers would have a field day if they knew he had married again. His two earlier marriages had been dragged through the divorce courts and newspapers, and he was too sensitive to risk the buzzing and speculation that would naturally follow "Chaplin's third fling." Paulette, aware of the burden the arrangement would put on her, acceded to his wish and for 6 years bore the brunt of the whispers in silence and alone. Now that the story is out, there doesn't seem to have been much point to their secrecy. At this writing Paulette is said to be winking at Reno—and "Chaplin's third fling" appears slated for the same fate as his first and second.

Greta Garbo





Jane Withers



James Cagney

Bluebeard Westmore

Off to the side of the Warner Bros. Make-up Department stands a little room which no star may enter. Its door is always locked, and its key is buried deep in the pocket of Percy Westmore. It is the mystery room of the studio—the room George Brent, John Garfield and Dennis Morgan have begged to enter, yet which no man but Perc has ever seen. And no wonder! The walls of the little room are festooned with rubber busts, hips and legs made from the actual bodies of every feminine star who has worked for Warner Bros.! By studying them, Beauty Expert Perc helps their owners to correct figure faults. "But you'd be surprised," he confides, "how many studio people have an attitude toward my collection that is distinctly unprofessional!"

Escape

Jackie Cooper doesn't know it, but he's due to play a big part in the future of little Janie Withers. Jackie and Jane are going to co-star in "Her First Beau," and Jane has resolved to make an intimate friend of her dashing leading man. Bonita Granville hasn't anything to fear, however. Janie doesn't want Jackie's heart. What she wants is entrée to the "sophisticated" Ciro's set. If Jackie dates her, that'll be okay, too, but what she's really praying is that he'll take her under his wing and introduce her to some "older man" like himself. "Ice cream parties are all well and good," says Jane, "but a girl's got to make the break sometime!"

Home Talent

When Paramount officials planted "A Night in Lisbon" on their production list, they shot out a call for a technical director who could tip them off on the customs of the Portuguese city. None turned up. Authorities on Paris, London and the Argentine were under every tree —but Portugal!—who'd ever heard of that? The officials went into a huddle. They thought of transferring the story action to St. Louis or Salt Lake City. They even thought of Hollywood. And then one of them woke up. The most expert of experts was right under their noses! Madeleine Carroll, the star of the picture, had spent six weeks in Lisbon attempting to get her fiancé, Count Richard de la Rosier, on the Atlantic Clipper to America and knew the city from top to toe. Madeleine was thereupon added to the payroll as technical director and now, besides having the obvious pleasure of collecting two salaries, has the added fun of rushing home each day and relating her studio experiences to the Count whose rescue she finally effected.

Shine and Rain

When it comes to regal authority, the gal who can tuck the queens of Hollywood in the back seat is none other than our own Marlene Dietrich. Not only does the glamorous Marlene get anything she wants from her friends and studio, but she comands the elements as well! Here's how she does it. A short while back, her friend, Josef Von Sternberg migrated to the San Fernando Valley and built himself a snappy, little ultra-modern home. Deciding he worked best when it rained, he installed a special contraption that sends gallons of water down his roof at the touch of a button. Now when Marlene gets tired of the eternal California sunshine, she jumps in her car, tears out to Von Sternberg's house and enjoys anything from a slow drizzle to a galloping northeaster!

Early to Rise

Virginia Field recently won newspaper mention by entering a hospital, eating 45 calories a day and dropping 11 pounds in three days. Shortly thereafter, Judy Garland broke into print with the news that careful dieting combined with religious exercising had rid her of 13 pounds in a few weeks. Now comes Mary Beth Hughes with the most impressive diet story of all. Mary Beth, by her own admission, was once a little bundle of cuteness weighing 173 pounds. When she decided to become an actress, she dropped 60 pounds in three months! Even today she must keep a hawk-watch on her figure. If she stays in bed beyond 8 A.M. for a single week, 10 new pounds promptly fasten themselves to her. These are so undesirable that regardless of the time she retires, Mary Beth dutifully leaves her pillow at 6:30 A.M. . . . seven A.M.s a week!

To My Valentine

When Brenda Marshall opens her eyes on St. Valentine's morn, she'll find three full-blooming rose trees in the garden of her home—a "little something" from boy friend Bill Holden . . . George Brent will add a tiny ruby heart to Ann Sheridan's charm bracelet—a bracelet which is already hung with little gold dancing shoes presented to Annie by Cesar Romero . . . Marie Wilson will brighten Nick Grinde's Valentine's Day with firecrackers! . . . Eddie Albert's message of love will be addressed to Maria Ouspenskaya . . . Mrs. Fred MacMurray will find a blood-red garnet set in a clip beside her morning coffee . . . And Carole Lombard is threatening her man with a pair of heart-shaped cuff-links. Clark doesn't know what he'll do with them, but he's grateful Carole isn't planning to duplicate a Valentine's gift she gave him before their marriage. At that time, she bought an ancient Model T Ford, painted it a virginal white, added a half dozen huge red hearts and left it on his doorstep!

(*Continued on page 70*)

Escape from Matrimony . . .

They're all here—the streamlined twenty-four-hour marriages and the thirteen-year marathons, with an up-to-the-second report on the unshackled ones' eligibility!

NAME	FORMERLY MARRIED TO	LENGTH OF MARRIAGE	CHILDREN	HOW MARRIAGE ENDED	PRESENT STATUS
AUER, Mischa	Norma Tillman	• 9 years	• Anthony, 7; Zoe, 14 mos., adopted	• Divorce, 1940	• Parted friendly
AYRES, Lew	Lola Lane Ginger Rogers	• 2 yeors 6 years	• None None	• Divorce, 1934 Divorce, 1940	• Seeing the town with girl-about-town, Pat Dane
BARRYMORE, John	Katherine Harris Michael Strange Dolores Costello Elaine Barrie	• 7 years 9 years 12 years 4 years	• None Diana, 18 Dolores, 10; John, Jr., 8 None	• Divorce, 1917 Divorce Divorce, 1935 Divorce, 1940	• Anything can happen—and will
BARRYMORE, Lionel	Irene Fenwick	• 13 years	• None	• Died, 1936	• Books and music fill the void
BEERY, Wallace	Gloria Swanson Rita Gilman	• 2 years 15 years	• None Carole Ann, 9; Phyllis, 1; both adopted	• Divorce, 1918 Divorce, 1939	• Angling for Swanson reconciliation
BENNETT, Constance	Chester Moorehead Phil Plant Marquis Henri de la Faloise	• 2 years 5 years 9 years	• None Peter, 11, adopted None	• Divorce, 1923 Divorce, 1929 Divorce, 1940	• Black-eyed Gilbert Roland is back in the picture
BRENT, George	Girl in Irelond Ruth Chatterton Constance Worth	• 1 month 2 years Few months	• None None None	• Annulled, 1922 Divorce, 1934 Annulled, 1937	• An Ann Sheridan monopoly
BROWN, Tom	Natalie Draper	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1939	• Ploying the field
BYINGTON, Spring	Roy Chandler	• No record	• Phyllis, 24; Lois, 22	• Divorce	• Wants to play "wife" roles in pictures only
BURKE, Billie	Florenz Ziegfeld	• 18 years	• Patricia, 24	• Died, 1932	• Living quietly
CABOT, Bruce	Adrienne Ames	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1937	• Hot on the Liz Whitney trail
CARROLL, John	Steffi Duna	• 3 years	• Juliana, 3	• Divorce, 1939	• Playing "hard to get"
CARROLL, Madeleine	Capt. Philip Astley	• 8 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Promised to a French Count
CRAWFORD, Joan	Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Franchot Tone	• 3 years 2 years	• None Christina, 1½, adopted	• Divorce, 1932 Divorce, 1940	• Eastern socialite is making her heart throb
CURTIS, Alan	Priscilla Lawson	• 3 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Ilona Massey-minded
DICKSON, Gloria	Perc Westmore	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, June, 1940	• Still pining
DREW, Ellen	Fred Wolloce	• 5 years	• David, 4	• Divorce, Oct., 1940	• Strictly a coreer gal
FARMER, Frances	Leif Erikson	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Her heart belongs to Broadway
FAYE, Alice	Tony Martin	• 2½ years	• None	• Divorce, Mar., 1940	• Cynical
FRANCIS, Kay	Dwight Francis Wm. A. Gaston Kenneth McKenna	• 2 yeors 1 year 4 years	• None None None	• Divorce Divorce Divorce	• Intermission
GARSON, Greer	Edw. Abbott Snelson	• 7 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Benny Thau's her steadiest beau
GILBERT, Helen	Mischa Bakeleinokoff	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Football star Bill Marshall knows the score
GRABLE, Betty	Jackie Coogan	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1939	• "What-a-man" Vic Mature keeps her happy
GRANT, Cary	Virginia Cherrill	• 1 year	• None	• Divorce, 1935	• Exclusively Barbara Hutton's
HARRIS, Phil	Marcia Ralston	• 12 yrs., 9 mos.	• One, adopted	• Divorce, 1940	• Very much the man-obout-town
HEPBURN, Katharine	Ludlow Smith	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1934	• Garson Kanin knows what he wants

(Continued on page 88)

no

GIRL IS HOMELY

Hollywood's High Court of Glamour proves that you, too, can be a thing of beauty!

Now, before going a word further, sit down in front of your mirror and take a good look.

If what you see in the mirror is a facial carbon of Hedy Lamarr or Marlene Dietrich or Linda Darnell, then, sorry, we've got the wrong number. But if what you see in the mirror is a face that could, well, stand a little improvement, a little extra glamour, a little more ummm instead of ugh—in fact, if the face in the mirror makes you wince, oh ever so slightly—then come along with us, because this is going to be one of the happiest days of your life.

We have talked with Hollywood's high moguls of beauty and they all issue one unanimous edict, one verbal exclamation mark—that if you have an average face, medium face, fair-to-middlin' face or downright homely face—don't despair!

"Because," as the experts put it, "there isn't a normal woman on this earth who can't make herself attractive!"

And you don't need any of the highly-paid, highly-touted Hollywood experts to accomplish the change for you. They admit you don't need them. You can do this yourself—with your own competent two hands, a mirror, some good beauty products and good advice. You supply the first three items and Modern Screen will give you the last. Every month we'll cover some phase of beauty (this month it's hair) and give you the authoritative lowdown, handed down by the High Court of Glamour, on the case of the Average Girl.

But to get back to what those Platos of Prettiness have to say. "I've never seen what I'd consider a permanently homely face. If a girl isn't a natural ravishing beauty, she can make herself chic and smart and be just as attractive. Consider, for example, the French women. Their beauty is legendary, yet, as a race, French women have big noses. But, they have been clever. Instinctively, they've played up their hair to take attention from their noses. And there's a point. Really beautiful hair is a plain girl's best chance at good looks. A shining cap of ringlets or a sleek, glossy shoulder-length coiffure will make the world forget she's a bit on the chubby side or that her complexion isn't strictly peaches and cream. And, of course, if her features and skin are lovely, she'll want to do them justice with an extra-special halo of beautiful hair. Yessir, when you think of famous beauties—say Lillian Russell, Jean Harlow, any one of them—you think first of their hair. I can't stress its importance enough, especially to girls who wear glasses or have imperfect teeth or facial structure."

"Nowadays," Warner's make-up man, Perc Westmore, told us, "people judge everything quickly, harshly, by what they see at a glance. Put bars on my window, and passers-by would think it a jail. They wouldn't stop to read the sign, 'Beauty Department' on the door. This is true of wearing flashy hair-dos and of using excessive make-up. You may be a nice girl, a swell kid, intelligent, decent, refined—but people will consider you cheap and common.

"Snap judgments have, to build my point, vetoed such a thing as the spit-curl. You may look cute in a spit-curl but don't wear one. I wouldn't have an actress wear one. Because, subconsciously, people resent spit-curls since the word 'spit' is related to saliva, a distasteful association. In the same way, you'll notice we've never had an actress, in all movie history, with tight black curly hair, who became famous. That's because kinky hair is identified with negroes, and, unfortunately, the masses have their foolish prejudices.

"So the most elementary steps a girl can take in improving her appearance are to simplify every- (*Continued on page 83*)



Jane Wyman

CROWNED HEADS

Hair is a plain girl's ticket to glamour, and even in Hollywood where they trade in beauty, more than one career rests upon a glamorous head!

Hair is a Hollywood problem. Katharine Hepburn washes hers in eggs and does it up on cleansing tissues. Priscilla Lane uses a castor oil shampoo. Constance Moore rebels when the studio orders "permanent." Joan Bennett must have a new coiffure with each new role or she won't play.

Jeanette MacDonald keeps her scalp in condition by pouring salt into her hair and brushing it out vigorously. Carole Lombard mixes her own shampoo of castile soap flakes and cocoanut oil. Bette Davis rubs warm olive oil into her hair at night, wraps a towel around it and steams it as she bathes. Ann Sheridan uses three brushes of varying degrees of stiffness for stimulation. Joan Leslie has a talcum powder shampoo once a week. Rosalind Russell sprays the ends of her hair with brilliantine while it is still wet, before she has it waved. Her theory is that oil applied to set hair makes it dull and sticky in a day or two. Ida Lupino changes her part every time she has her hair washed. Betty Grable refuses a vinegar rinse as darkening to her blonde locks. And she won't have lemon for fear it might be drying.

Frances Langford said nothing more than "shampoo and wave" until she married Jon Hall. Now she has as much daring about hair styles as any actress in Hollywood. Her latest is a crown effect of braids, with her hair brushed up like angel wings from either side of her forehead.

Irene Dunne is a natural redhead. She's felt thwarted for years because she couldn't wear her favorite color—red. This year she took advantage of the craze for turbans and found the solution for keeping her hair out of sight. So now she has a bright red coat and dress!

Marlene Dietrich has expensive hair. It's soft and fine as a baby's, and it's cost the studio a pretty penny. Every time Marlene makes a picture, a special hairdress has to be designed costing as much as twelve hundred dollars. Her natural hairline is left intact, but the rest of her coiffure has to be built up with false pieces and extra curls.

Actresses with narrow foreheads often wear bangs to conceal the hairline. Joan Bennett has her hairline shaved to broaden her forehead. Claudette Colbert uses a fringe of curls. Garbo, who has a wide, prominent forehead, accentuates forehead and eyes by brushing the hair back from her temples. You will usually see Ida Lupino with a wave dipping down towards one eye. Although this is not a particularly up-to-date way of wearing the hair, it is, in her case, the most logical. Lupino's hair is very soft and unmanageable, and a severe hairline would be difficult to manage.

Annabella is stubborn about short hair. Husband Ty Power prefers it that way, she affirms. And she won't wear hats either, because she doesn't like them. A far cry from Binnie Barnes, who buys a new hat when she wants inspiration for a new hairdress.

When Dorothy Lamour had her much-publicized haircut her mother, Mrs. Castleberry, saved Dottie's discarded hair and had it made into a switch. Madeleine Carroll owns a switch, too. She braids it and wraps it around her head, halo-fashion, for a formal hairdress.

This spring and summer a lot of girls are going to turn strawberry blonde, that luscious shade of pinkish copper seen on Rita Hayworth, star of "Strawberry Blonde."

Current Hollywood hair styles are okay with the men. When Pat Morison goes to Ciro's, she wears her long hair coiled at the nape of her neck, a fashion much admired by escort Tim Durant. Gene Markey had eyes for no one but Olivia de Havilland the evening she first experimented with a pompadour. Dave Rose likes a bow in Judy Garland's hair.

Last year's casual swinging bob is no longer tops. Virginia Dale and Geraldine Fitzgerald are die-hards for the old régime, but they will weaken, too. The days of easy hairdresses are over in Hollywood. Hair may be a headache, but after all—whoever has found a short cut to glamour?



Most Perfect Hairline is credited to Connie Bennett with her striking blonde widow's peak. To draw attention to her hair, she sports a diamond rose in the center of her part, even with her most informal daytime suits!

OF HOLLYWOOD...





Longest Hair in Hollywood belongs to Patricia Morison, whose auburn tresses fall way down her back, measuring thirty-nine inches in length. She's one of her studio's most valuable actresses because hers is the only scalp on the lot with completely unshorn locks!



Most Beautiful Blonde goes to Madeleine Carroll. Shirley Temple was giving her keen competition until she restored her hair to its natural light brown color. It seems the gold in her curls was a case of pure and simple bleaching!



Most Beautiful Brunette in Hollywood is Hedy Lamarr, whose dark brown tresses were the first to make the blonde-dominated film colony brunette-conscious! Her prototype, Joan Bennett, followed a close second but failed to cop the prize chiefly because she wasn't a "natural."

Curliest Hair is Martha Scott's. It gets so kinky on rainy days that production has to be held up while the make-up department rushes around with brilliantine and lacquer to "straighten" it. Dolores Del Rio takes the honors on the opposite side of the fence with the straightest locks in all Hollywood.

COIFFURES · that compliment your type . . .

By Patricia Pearse, 20th Cent.-Fox

ROUND • *LYNN BARI*



Her next is "Sleepers West"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

ROUND FACE. Even if you're the round-faced type with full cheeks and chubby chin, you can achieve that perfect oval effect! Here's a trio of hair-dos guaranteed to lengthen and narrow your face. CASUAL: Informal glamour. Part hair on side, since center part tends to broaden. Dress front hair into pin curls, then sweep side sections up off face into larger curls. Large, loose curls at nape of neck have a magically lengthening effect. CAREER: Neat and femininely efficient. To take away fullness at cheekbones, sweep sides up cleanly into rolls toward center. To disguise low forehead and to narrow the face, part in V-shape and bring entire top section forward into large V-shape roll over brow. HIGH DRESS: Sleek and smooth. Wave top hair and side sections back from the face into rolls to add height. Back section is dropped on neckline in soft curls and tied with a ribbon.

By Joan St. Oegger, Warner's

OVAL • *BETTE DAVIS*



Star of "Far Horizon"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

OVAL FACE. The oval face is egg-shaped—wide at the cheek-line, and with the forehead slightly broader than the chin. If this is you, you have nothing to alter or hide. Your principal job is to play up that oval outline, for you have the perfect face type! CASUAL: Just for fun. Comb hair loosely behind the ears and brush curls out at nape of neck. Comb front roll over brow into a suggestion of bangs. CAREER: For a chic careerist. Frame head with reverse roll to accent oval contour. The front may be varied, but is here shown with a dashing pompadour. HIGH DRESS: Striking. Here's an elegant one that spotlights your oval face. Brush the front hair up into a half-dozen fat curls. Side sections aren't waved, but are turned under at the ends, while the back hair falls into a sleek page boy. For variation, the front and side curls may be combed into a soft halo effect.

By Joan St. Oegger, Warner's

SQUARE • *PRISCILLA LANE*



Featured in "Four Mothers"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

SQUARE FACE. If, like cute Priscilla Lane, you have a straight hair line and a square jaw, your problem is to soften your angles into the perfect oval. Here's how. CASUAL: Easy-going smartness. Break squareness by side part and concentrate fullness on upper side of head. This is done by sweeping hair up behind ears into soft curls to minimize breadth of face. Back is combed out loosely to flatter jawline. CAREER: Tailored simplicity. Side part is usually best, but if the forehead is unusually high and broad, a center part seems to "break it in half." Brush hair up back of ears and push forward into fullness with combs. Let back hair fall in soft rolls. HIGH DRESS: Gaily sophisticated. Make two reverse curls at top of head—this offsets square chin by widening forehead. Then bring hair upward back of ears into reverse rolls and catch the back section in wide barette.

Whether yours is a chubby face or one with a few too many angles, there's a gay new hair-do—created by one of Hollywood's most talented hair-stylists—that's guaranteed to make it just right!

HEART • *IDA LUPINO*



You'll see her in "High Sierra"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

By Joan St. Oegger, Warner's

HEART SHAPE. The heart-shaped face with its wide forehead and narrow jaw has a lovely pixie quality. Play it up, at the same time building out that slightly weak jawline. CASUAL: Carefree and gay. Height is achieved by waving front hair back from brow into a semi-reverse curl. Brush hair smoothly behind ears where it falls in with back section and creates fullness at nape of neck. CAREER: Simple and trim. Keeping sides perfectly flat, sweep hair upward into three reverse rolls on top of head. Back hair is combed into a neat upward roll that fills out jawline. HIGH DRESS: Sweet 'n' smooth. Heighten by two reverse rolls on top of head. One of these forms a partial bang on right side, which narrows a too-broad forehead and is a perfect camouflage for an irregular hairline. Necessary width at chinline is formed by loose curls at the nape of the neck.

LONG • *DOROTHY LAMOUR*



She's in "Road to Zanzibar"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

By Loretta Francel, RKO

LONG FACE. The long face is a mere step from the perfect oval. It just needs a bit of shortening and widening and here are three easy ways to do it. CASUAL: Excellent for active sports. Broaden brow by brushing hair straight back from face into clusters of curls that are held in place by bows above the ears. Concentrate width at jawline by letting back hair fall into a loose page boy. CAREER: For office-to-date wear. To achieve width, part hair in middle. Brief bangs are shortening to forehead and entire face, and side curls add width. Let back hair fluff out to expand jawline. HIGH DRESS: Suave and chic. Draw hair off at sides in a horizontal line that broadens the face, and make a roll of curls across top of head extending from ear to ear. Back hair should be turned up in a loose roll or, for variety—you can page boy it or just comb it out into soft fluff.

DIAMOND • *CAROLE LOMBARD*



Now in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

By Lenore Sabine, Paramount

DIAMOND SHAPE. The diamond-shaped face (narrow forehead, broad jawline and narrow chin) is tailor-made for a woman of whims, for it can be piquant or exotic according to the way it's treated. CASUAL: A cinch to handle. Draw attention to forehead, yet conceal its narrowness with a soft bang over right eye. Side hair falling in deep waves around the face cuts the breadth of cheek and balances a narrow chin. CAREER: Flattering simplicity. A middle part and two soft waves falling over temples, give forehead appearance of width. In order to make temple line as flat as possible, side hair is drawn back of ears. To fill out chinline, back hair should fluff at the neck. HIGH DRESS: Sophistication! A wave at brow falls into little-girl ringlets, but there's drama in that smooth roll that encircles the head—and carries the eye up and down, instead of across the broad jawline.

LOOK TO YOUR LOCKS



If Your Hair Is . . .

STUBBORN . . . Don't let it have its way. Compromise! Part it where it seems to fall naturally, humor it by conforming to any natural wave it may have—but after that, take the whip hand. After shampooing it as per Dry Hair, rub every speck of moisture out of it with a warm towel. Then take an immaculate sturdy-bristled brush, and give it some good, firm strokes till your scalp feels pink and glowy and your arm is practically yelling uncle. Set it nightly with a heavy lotion, using just enough to dampen it, and always wear a net to bed. Now, here's a must! Let Pierre or Mike give it a monthly thinning and shaping—but *never* let him wheedle you into a singeing, for there's nothing more ruinous.

FALLING . . . Anchor it by strengthening the wee muscles at each hair base. Exercise 'em with daily massage and brush frequently but gently. Don't uproot hair that just needs a treatment or two to make it a pretty permanent fixure. Shampoo it only once a week for the first month, after which the muscles will be but Herculean; then you can douse your locks daily if you feel like it. Remember, a few hairs should fall every day, as the life span of a hair is approximately from one to four years. So if you're losing some long ones that look as if they've been around awhile, don't give 'em a second thought.

DANDRUFFY . . . You're just a hairsbreadth from real trouble, but here are some stitches in time. Dandruff forms in the first two days after washing, when the scalp is temporarily de-oiled. So right after washing it with an oil or a special dandruff-remover shampoo, massage it very gently with an oily pomade. If you've been indulging in orgies of perfume-spraying directly on your hair, you have one clue to your trouble right there. Perfume's an aider and abettor of flaking! Substitute one of those elegantly-perfumed prepared oils or tonics. They'll scent your curls delicately, simultaneously lubricating your scalp. Cleanliness and lubrication will positively cure the average case of dandruff, but if it persists hot foot it to your doctor, for you may have a scalp infection. Wash your comb daily so you don't keep re-infecting yourself, and don't you lend it to a living soul—nope, not even to that Willkie-haired beau of yours!

BLEACHED . . . It's probably Roman-striped, and you're pretty well chained to the peroxide bottle in a vain effort to color it evenly. Begin right now resisting the temptation, unless you want your hair eventually to break off. Give it an oil shampoo (see Dry Hair), then tub it in cool brine—three tablespoons salt in a quart of water. This tones up the scalp and speeds up new growth. After washing the salt out thoroughly, give yourself a darkish vegetable rinse to help equalize the color. Brilliantine the split ends faithfully, and remember that nightly massage eggs on growth practically like magic. We've known real massage addicts to add from three-quarters of an inch to an inch to theirs per month!

OILY . . . Shampoo it twice a week. Sounds like heresy after what you've always heard, we know, but it's a sure cure if you use a pure shampoo. The day of the once-every-two-weeks shampoo went out with the Saturday night bath era, but here's a vital point! Rinse your hair absolutely like mad, 'cause particles of soap left in the hair stir up the oil glands like nothing else in the world. No gooey desserts for you for a while, and try going hatless on your shorter open air excursions.

DRY... It needs a workout, for it's just plain lazy! Preface that every-week—without-fail shampoo with a luxurious oil treatment. Massage one of the soothing, prepared lubricants or a little olive oil into every square inch of the scalp, just as you'd rub cold cream into your face. (Both serve the same purpose, by the way—that of lubrication and deep pore cleansing.) Knead the scalp until it tingles; then wrap your hair in a gay Turkish towel and let the oil be absorbed for an hour or two. Shampoo thoroughly and rinse till your hair squeaks with cleanliness. Each morning, spray the ends with brilliantine. It's lots of milk for you, lady, and brisk, long walks and brushings to whip up that lazy circulation!

BLONDE... Gentlemen prefer you and all that, but you've got other problems! How to keep your hair from darkening? Cleanliness is one all-important step, but don't forget those wonderful vegetable rinses. Try one just once, and see the bonfire it lights in your locks and in your best beau's eyes! If your hair is dry, use that non-darkening brilliantine, specially for blondes. Just one word of warning! Home talent bleaching jobs are frequently messy, as your hair invariably turns that hideous brassy color. Splurge on an expert if you're dead set on bleaching, but for our money—we'll take a golden rinse or, for utter devastation, a platinum one!

BRUNETTE... You've been getting away with murder, for dark hair—whether it's Mouse or Midnight Black—covers a multitude of sins. We can't stress the bi-weekly shampoo enough, nor the fact that rinses—either one of the easy-to-use products on the market or a vinegar solution (half a cupful to a quart of water)—never fail to put stardust in your hair and new swains on your string. And here's a trick. If your hair's brown and you want it to look jet black for a special occasion, rub a drop of odorless castor oil into the scalp and brush hard to distribute it. Mascara your widow's peak ever so lightly, brilliantine the ends—and Hi, Hedy!

RED... You're in good company! Cleopatra and George Washington had it, and so has Lana Turner. You're a woman of destiny, so treasure that carrot-top. Burnish it with a weekly henna rinse and brush it till it fairly spits sparks. If it's thin, as most red hair is, (red heads have only 95,000 hairs in their heads, while blondes have 140,000) stimulate its growth with daily massage (use a good pomade or a little olive oil) and give it lots of sunshine. Gorge yourself on napoleons and éclairs; your hair needs fatty substances taken internally, too!

WHITE... Flaunt it! Did you know snowy hair's the most becoming in the world? Don't be afraid of shampooing it four or five times a week if you live in a sooty metropolis and at least twice a week if you're a country gal. A little blueing in the final rinsing water will make short work of that faintly yellow cast, and an occasional oil shampoo (see dry hair) will keep it healthy, shiny and scandalously glamorous! If for any reason you feel you'd be happier with it tinted—choose a non-toxic product and follow instructions to a T.

PREMATURELY GREY... You have your choice. Play it up dramatically via striking coiffures or dye it a brand new shade. If it's only beginning to turn, leading the good life for a while (no cocktails and early to bed) frequently brings back the natural color. If your hair is an uninteresting pepper-and-salt, and you'd love it to be that wonderfully distinguished shade, here's a stunt. Give it first a black rinse, and then a platinum, being sure to use one of the rinses that has a vegetable base and washes out. You'll love yourself. And this spring, promise yourself a giddy new hat. It'll give you a lift worth a month's vacation!

DULL... It needs a bath! We don't care if it just had one fifteen minutes ago, it's not bandbox clean. Give it a good tubbing (never under a shower, as the impact of the spray bends the hair follicles) and several rinsings, including one vegetable rinse to make it look rich and glinty. The beaten whites of an egg poured over the hair and washed out very thoroughly is another good brightener. Between shampoos, polish it with a silk cloth. (This, incidentally, is elegant for removing smoke and cooking odors.) Eat two eggs daily, steer clear of alcohol—then, pretty soon, look in the mirror. Mmm—dazzles you, doesn't it!

LONG BOB... It's glamorous as the very devil, but only if it's all clean and shiny. Remember, all hair, but especially long hair, is really an accessory like your shoes and stockings, and should be washed and brushed just as faithfully. Furthermore, it should be set with a quick-drying waveset and put up every night of your life on bobbies or curlers. Tiny cotton pads not only make this wonderfully comfortable, but absorb any excess lotion, too, and a cute net does away with the skinned rabbit look. You haven't the ghost of an excuse for Shetland pony-ing it one more day!

(*Continued on page 86*)

If you're plumb sick and tired of flicker romances, take a look at the genuine articles snapped up by our new Hollywood cameraman, Nat Dallinger!



Looks like the Jack Oakies are back together for keeps this time. 'Twas a good sign when Venita hopped up from a sick bed to be with him at his premiere. Since their marriage they've split and made up three times!



Jane Withers out-handies comedian Hugh Herbert at the Los Angeles Community Fund Banquet. Later in the evening she went quite serious orating on behalf of the Hollywood younger fry.



Columnists have their Bert Wheeler all wrong if they expect any sudden elopement with Phyllis Ruth. It took him four years to propose to his ex-wife, and Phyllis is that lady's spitting image!



What price devotion! When Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s shirt was put up for raffle at a recent British War Relief benefit in New York, his wife Mary Lee Epling bid way over $75 to retrieve it for him.



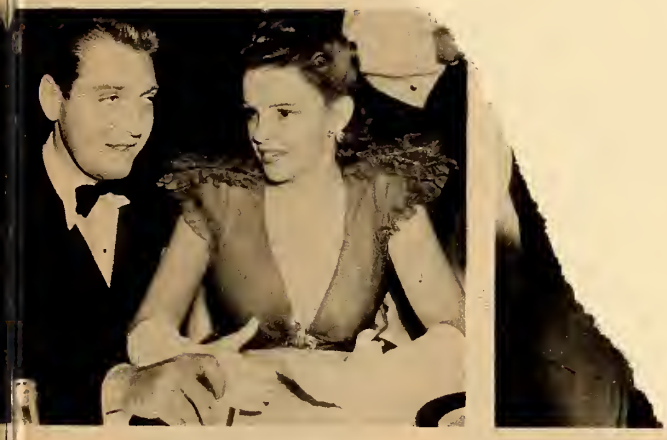
Allan Jones and wife "Baby" shoot off the fireworks at Ciro's. They're celebrating his first night out since a recent illness during which he lost a goodly share of his former 235-pound self!



Mrs. James Cagney gets a lecture on Venezuela right in the midst of the Chester Morris wedding festivities. Ralph Bellamy and wife returned from a trip there just in time for the wedding.



Jean Hersholt, who'd rather hc
anyway, quizzes Loretta Young
about those stork rumors going
both just laugh and wholeheartedly



When Judy Garland steps out at Ciro's with Dave Rose, she waxes plenty sophisticated. With Rooney she acts like a kid, wears bows in her hair and even eats candy at the movies!

Ray Milland's do
graph hound and sm
him is his striking
who's one of the tallest



If there's anything Jackie Cooper hates, it's to have someone fuss over his ties! Bonita Granville's the only exception, and he fairly beams as she yanks at it for our cameraman.



Reggie Gardiner, British comedian, who can imitate trains to the last chug, goes amateur with a phony trick for Nat Draper



Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio go night-clubbing to celebrate the completion of Orson's new film production, "Citizen Kane."





3. You would smile, too, in a print as gay as the one shown here on Phyllis. The black-eyed Susans are a true rich yellow. Narrow patent bows and daisy pockets trim this rayon jersey. Under thirteen dollars at Lord & Taylor.

From Now On

By Elizabeth Willguss

4



4. *Phyllis Brooks,* vivacious RKO star, sits by the fire for MODERN SCREEN wearing a lovely new redingote; pink and blue pastel plaid dress with sailor collar and a slim princess coat of matching blue flannel. Ensemble, under thirteen dollars at James McCreery.

5



6

5. Phyllis plays a tune on her little piano. It should be bright to go with the gray and yellow dress. On the jacket there are two corded pockets tied with a bow. Ensemble, under eight dollars at McCreery.

6. Yes, Phyllis, you can relax now, in a pale pink and black print that looks like a suit. Of rayon jersey, the jacket is edged in black velvet, draped at the hip to form soft pockets. Under thirteen dollars at McCreery.

Below: sketches of new Paris Fashion shoes, including those shown on Phyllis Brooks.



left; a perfect walking shoe of elasticized maracain with tiny perforations, a low comfortable heel and platform sole. Comes in black, blue or beige. Also see 4.



right; a feminine afternoon pump of black elasticized gabardine with patent leather bow and "fringing" on the cut-out vamp. Also shown above on Phyllis Brooks (6).



left; a new version of the sports oxford you will surely want in your spring shoe wardrobe. Dark brown calf piping, eyelets and low wedge heel contrast with the lighter play-tan calf of the shoe.

right; a flattering street pump of antique tan elasticized calf with "fringe" emphasizing moccasin line of walled toe. See 2.



With these four Paris Fashion shoes you are ready to walk anywhere!

For stores near you carrying Paris Fashion Shoes, write Fashion Editor.











BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson.

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:—

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

SPLASH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chappings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.

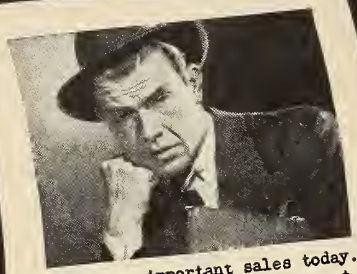


THESE TWO FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

ANOTHER THRIFTY GIVE-AWAY—For a limited period you can buy Pond's Cold Cream in the medium-large (6.1 oz.) size that gives you so much more for your money, and get *absolutely free* a 20¢ box of Pond's Face Powder. At your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual

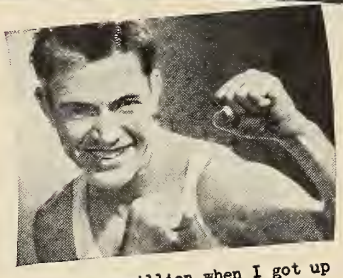
From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative - been putting it off too long.



Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me - just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



FUGITIVE FROM THE FOUR HUNDRED

(*Continued from page 38*)

as "Dirty Gertie" and like it. But I *love* it! I've got a good, gutty part, haven't I? I was a little scared last night, though. I went to a dinner party and just before we arrived I learned Hedy Lamarr was going to be there. My heart dived! Imagine me like this stacked up against Hedy Lamarr! Thank goodness, she couldn't come."

When Gene first sprang the Great Idea on her family there just wasn't anything doing. Papa Tierney, a respectable Manhattan insurance broker, had his own ideas about actresses, and they weren't very flattering. One branch of the family tree had quivered dangerously when Gene's grandmother, who looked like Lillian Russell, had almost succumbed to stage temptations dangled by the late Daniel Frohman. It was still one of those things you never mentioned outside the family.

But after deb-hopping for a few weeks Gene knew that fluffy life wasn't solid enough for her. Caviar was just fish eggs after all, champagne nice but dangerous, and the same young twerps said the same old things. She'd done her debbie damndest, too.

Gene had dutifully let the Ivy League boys push her around at proms. She'd toured the Manhattan glamour spots and café society cubicles at all exhausting hours. She'd grinned a fixed smile into candid cameras. She'd listened, bored silly, to the gossip about who's going with whom in Manhattan's Mayfair and what about it. She'd smoked too much and swilled too many cocktails and indulged in entirely too much senseless small talk. She'd spent too much money, charged too many expensive clothes and earned too many dark circles under her young eyes. And the only Big Idea, as near as Gene could figure, was to see and be seen, talk and be talked about—until some rich and right man looked you over in the social display window, had you wrapped up and sent to the altar. Okay, perhaps for Brenda Frazier. For Gene it added up to a case of Ho-Hum,

But what to do? She thought for a while about settlement work, but that wasn't too original. She mulled over nursing, but she was too young. Besides, that chat with Bette Davis was brewing ideas. Gene struck a deal with her dad.

"Give me a month," pleaded Gene. "If something important doesn't happen by then, I'll give up the idea and be so social you won't have me around."

Tierney, *père*, shook on it. What's more, he said he'd take her around town and help out on the dramatic job hunt.

THERE were a couple of things, Gene admits, that softened her family a bit on her backsliding. First, her dad had suffered some business reverses which made it look as if he wouldn't be financing too lavish a social campaign. Then, too (she confesses under pressure), she had gone and gotten herself engaged and the family didn't approve one bit. At seventeen you couldn't blame them much. Anyway, they thought Gene might forget her puppy passion if she was busy dreaming about a career. As for her really landing one, they thought they were as safe as Joe DiMaggio at home plate. They'd forgotten, obviously, that their child was christened Gene Eliza Tierney—and that her initials spelled GET.

"We did a 'horsing' scene today," Gene was announcing, yanking a dried twig and a couple of acorns out of her hair, and downing her buttermilk. "Horsing? Well, the boys on the set call it 'niggling.' It's pretty low-down. I guess you'd say I was actively on the make for Ward Bond, who plays the part of Lov Bensey one of us po' white trash in 'Tobacco Road.' Gosh! I just thought. One of my ancestors was General Lee. Me—I'm a Lee of Virginia—playing po' white trash! Anyway—this horsing is pretty torrid

(*Continued on page 62*)



Marie Wilson's not only one of Hollywood's busiest stars, but unquestionably its busiest fan. Belongs to three fan clubs and collects autographs like mad.

HERE SHE IS! Lovely BARBARA STANWYCK with a charm hint for YOU



LUX SOAP MAKES A WONDERFUL BEAUTY BATH! ITS **ACTIVE** LATHER MAKES YOU **SURE** OF DAINTINESS

THIS GENTLE, WHITE SOAP HAS SUCH A DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE — LEAVES SKIN **SWEET!**

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE LADY EVE"

Clever girls take Hollywood's tip—win out with skin that's *sweet!*

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin *really* fresh.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—



YOU will find screen stars are right! A daily luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath makes you sure of daintiness, of skin that's *sweet*, appealing.

GIRLS! LOOK AT YOUR CHAPPED HANDS

under a magnifying glass



SEE WHY MEDICATED NOXZEMA IS SO WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS

• Chapped hands are really CUT hands—a combination of skin irritation, like chafing, coupled with tiny cracks, particularly in the knuckles. That's why thousands of people today are switching to Noxzema Cream for real relief. Because Noxzema contains *medication* to soothe and help promote quicker healing of red, irritated, chapped hands—help restore them to their normal soft, white, smooth loveliness.

Nurses in hospitals were the first to discover how wonderful Noxzema is for chapped hands. Surveys indicate that scores of physicians and dentists who must wash hands frequently yet must keep them in good condition, use this medicated cream regularly.

Make this simple test

Try it yourself, this way! Put Noxzema on one hand before retiring. *Feel* how the smarting and soreness are soothed away. In the morning, compare your two hands. *See* how Noxzema has helped heal the tiny cuts and cracks. If you don't say your "Noxzema hand" looks softer, smoother, whiter—your money will be refunded! Get Noxzema at your druggist's today while the special trial offer is on!



FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY you can get the generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢! Try it today!

(*Continued from page 60*)

stuff. I was embarrassed to tears before I did it. I had them clear all the men off the set first. After the scene I turned as red as a tomato and ran off and hid! But while we were making the scene I never thought anything about it."

Each Wednesday for four weeks, Gene drove in from Connecticut to New York, and her Dad took her by the hand and trudged around with her to agents, producers and Broadway big shots. If a little pleased "I-told-you-so" smile played around his mouth, it seemed justified. Gene had never taken a dramatic lesson or even hammed through an amateur play. As far as she was concerned, upstage was the way Princeton boys tried to act, and off-stage was what referees penalized you five yards for. She got what is known in professional circles as "the quick brush." Home at night she can remember her father winking at her mother while Gene did a slow burn.

IT wasn't till the fourth week of the Society versus Stage episode that Gene found anyone who'd look at her twice without frowning. Then George Abbott picked her out of sixty other yearning sub-Duses for the ingénue in a play called "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains."

Mrs. O'Brien didn't entertain over four weeks, but that was long enough for Gene to attract some Hollywood talent scouts. So when Papa Tierney asked Gene as nicely as possible if she was ready to holler " 'Nuff!," she replied by signing up for a crack at the movies. She was already a fugitive from the Social Register, and she intended to stay on the fuge!

"Excuse my bare feet," requested Gene, kicking off her slippers. "That's better. You know, I don't see how I'll ever get pumps on again. I haven't worn shoes for weeks. My feet are immense—but I don't care. I love going barefoot anyway. The other day I was sitting in Mr. Zanuck's office. Before I knew it, I had my shoes off and was walking around barefoot on the carpet! Isn't that awful?"

Now Gene would just as soon skip lightly over this first Hollywood episode, if it's all the same with the customers. In the first place, there was much mental anguish on the part of her family and friends, and she hates to recall the sad details. They were convinced Gene was sliding down the Primrose Path from bad to a lot worse. All sorts of lurid tales about Horrible Hollywood popped up in their memories. Gene might just as well have announced she was signing up with a Sultan's harem for six months. But movie talent scouts have a way about them, and pretty soon Gene, accompanied by her attractive mama, fully equipped with shotgun and horsewhip, was hanging around Columbia Studios wondering what next.

Well, Gene wondered all summer at $350 a week. Having an olive complexion, she got a nice tan at the beach, but that was about all. Came fall and she hadn't even been atmosphere in a Class B thriller. Her contract was up and she packed for New York. Columbia said *au revoir* but not good-bye. "You can come back next spring at the same money," they told her. Gene hadn't the slightest idea she'd be making a hit on Broadway, but she said "No, thanks," just the same. "That would make me chasing after the movies," observed Gene, quite shrewdly, "and that's no good. When I come back, *I'll* make the rules."

When Gene did come back, practically kidnapped by Darryl Zanuck from a solid hit on Broadway—Mr. James Thurber's "The Male Animal"—she dictated her own terms, and for a nineteen-year-old girl, who had never looked into a lens before, they are honeys. Gene has the darndest contract at Twentieth Century-Fox you've ever read!

She's getting $800 a week from the start, unheard-of sugar for an untried starlet, still as movie-green as a Pullman seat. Gene set that figure herself, as well as how frequently it should be upped. It's in black-and-white, too, that she gets her pick of parts. She can duck out of Hollywood quite legally every six months and do a play on Broadway. They can't make her dye her hair or fool around dolling up her pleasantly uneven teeth. They can't change in any way her

(*Continued on page 64*)



Production of "Back Street," starring Charles Boyer and Peg Sullavan, had to be rushed—for Maggie's expecting her third visit from the stork!

Ann Sothern

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"MAISIE WAS A LADY"



Do your lips DRY?

...keep them smooth and lovely with HOLLYWOOD'S

LIPSTICK



DO YOU want your lips to look a beautiful alluring red? Do you want to keep them soft and smooth? Then try Tru-Color Lipstick, created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. You'll be delighted with these 4 amazing features:

1. *lifelike red of your lips*
2. *non-drying, but indelible*
3. *safe for sensitive lips*
4. *eliminates lipstick line*

Imagine finding all the good points you've always wanted in one lipstick. You'll be thrilled the very first time you use *Max Factor Hollywood* Tru-Color Lipstick. Try it today...there's a color harmony shade to accent the beauty of your type...$1.00



Powder...If your skin looks dull and lifeless, then try this face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. See if your skin doesn't look lovelier. Satin-smooth, clinging ...it stays on perfectly. Color harmony shades...$1.00



Rouge..You'll like the lifelike color harmony shades of *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge ...they give your make-up such a natural-looking touch of color..50¢

Max Factor Hollywood

PURSE MAKE-UP KIT



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Make-Up*".....FREE. 24-63-3

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

WESTMORE SAYS:
Here's how to be
"Star Lovely"
with WESTMORE Foundation Cream and Face Powder



★ Created by Hollywood's Make-up Masters, the Westmores

★ Used by Many Leading Stars for Real Life as well as "Reel Life"



GENE TIERNEY, featured in the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, **"TOBACCO ROAD",** is shown finishing her Westmore make-up. You begin with Westmore Foundation Cream. Choose the shade that matches your skin tone. Then apply sparingly over the entire surface of the face. With Westmore powder to blend, it's a make-up that covers tired shadows, blemishes, creates a smooth, even glowing tone!



You'll look Star Lovely to *him* when you use Westmore's wonderful make-up. Men love its soft, fresh, glowing look. Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder, with the complete line of Westmore cosmetics, will be found in generous 50¢ sizes at your drug store. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

House of WESTMORE
HOLLYWOOD

New York Office . . . . 730 Fifth Avenue

★Get Westmore's amazing book on make-up, 25¢
K-3

(Continued from page 62)

height, weight or posture—and that means no diets. Nobody can summon her mother on the set for any reason. No studio camera can command Gene for leg art or for stunt photos. And it's strictly against the written rules for the publicity boys to build up any fake romances! Not that that's necessary.

"Oh, hello!" Gene was shouting genially, looking up from a strange mess of French toast and ice cream she had fancied for dessert, and across the Café de Paris to a handsome but puzzled looking man. "Hey—don't you *know me*?" The man returned to his soup. "You see?" giggled Gene, "I'm such a fright nobody recognizes me. That's John Sutton. He's the first man who ever kissed me—professionally, that is. In 'Hudson's Bay.' Just a few weeks ago I caught him making a pencil check on a little pad, and asked him why. He said it was for the three hundred and ninety-fifth time he'd kissed me! Now I get a blank stare! Hi, Butch!" Another tall, handsome man stared at Gene blankly. "I've got a brother named Butch, and my police dog's named Butch, too. That's Butch Romero. U-m-m-m! Tall, dark and handsome is right! But he won't give me a tumble. Nobody dreams of Genie with the dirty brown hair!" She pretended to sigh.

The fact is, despite her crummy condition, Genie has more men dreaming about her than is good for a twenty-year-old girl. In New York, after "The Male Animal," she became almost the official sweetheart of the customarily sour-pussed dramatic critics. One, Dick Watts, went quite seriously overboard for Gene and is still supposed to be mooning around. Even bilious-tempered George Jean Nathan, the donor of Butch the dog, incidentally, gave Gene a farewell party when she set out for Zanuckland. Nathan groused moodily then that it was good-bye forever; the same old thing was happening again. Broadway discovers a promising young actress and Hollywood immediately seduces her with gold and keeps her in bondage. "You'll never see the stage again, Gene," he predicted gloomily. Gene made a bet on that. She says she's going back to Broadway next fall and collect it.

Meanwhile, Gene Tierney isn't doing a bit badly in Hollywood. She went right into "The Return of Frank James" the day after she pulled into Hollywood. But the very night she arrived she went to Ciro's. Since then the most attractive and ardent male animals in Hollywood have kept romantically on her trail. John Swope, Tim Durant, Burgess Meredith, Bentley Ryan and Baron Polan are a few of the more dashing beaux currently cluttering up her date book. And there's still a boy back East, Gene admits.

BY now, you see, Gene Tierney doesn't feel quite so strongly about high life and the villainous upper classes. The fiery opinions of a girl's teens burn pretty bright, and while Gene has indeed given Society's frivolities the shake—and for keeps—she's candid enough with herself to admit she still likes a good time and attractive men, some dancing with her drudgery. So she's ordering a little of each now, and it works out very well.

In fact, Gene would be the last person in the world to regret her Society background. She knows that's why she can ride and ski, swim and play tennis with the best of them. Why she's clever around men, well-read and bright in her conversation. Why she can speak French without a copybook accent. Why she can design her own clothes and look like a little number out of Hattie Carnegie's, or wear a tweed skirt and an old Brooks sweater with style. Why sophisticates and show people alike find her charming.

On the strictly business side, too, Gene's not selling short her sub-deb days. A girl who has been used to money isn't likely to let even $800 each Saturday turn her head. The greatest single asset Gene Tierney brought to Hollywood, besides her unquestioned talent and personality, is poise and a level head. Hollywood's glamour might possibly throw a talented beauty from the corn belt. But a young lady such as Gene, who has wintered on the Riviera, stopped in London and Paris

(Continued on page 66)



Now we know why production crews fight to work with Merle Oberon! Not only is she a swell gal, but she also serves tea every day at four!



Table for one

Neglected wives are often guilty of

"ONE NEGLECT"

that may destroy romance . . .

"LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

IT WAS to have been a very special occasion. She wore her prettiest frock—chose his favorite dishes—and then came his familiar phone call, "detained at the office". And so she dined *alone*—and unhappy—as she does so often these days.

Once he was the most gallant and attentive of husbands. Can it be that he simply doesn't care for her any more? Friends applaud her beauty, grace and charm. Her home and children testify to her success as a housewife and mother. What's wrong?

When a husband's love cools, the cause, say some doctors and psychiatrists, is often the wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. The intelligent, modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness.

You ought to use "Lysol" in *your* routine of intimate hygiene. Probably no other product is so widely used for feminine hygiene . . . for these important reasons:

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness . . .** "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading . . .** "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy . . .** Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor . . .** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability . . .** "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
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Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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Copyright, 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

New *under-arm*

Cream Deodorant

safely

Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

SITROUX

Triple-Tested

CLEANSING TISSUES



SOFTER Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

(*Continued from page 64*)

for the season, is not likely to lose her head over the tinsel glitter of Hollywood. Little Miss Independence who at nineteen could talk right up to plush bottomed producers and get what she wanted has all the self-confidence required in a town where poise too often boils down to bluster.

Nor for the same reason, is Tierney a snob or likely to become one. Her Revolutionary forebears are real, her Irish-Creole ancestry aristocratic and valid, so she doesn't have to pretend. She's the kind of a kid the camera crew adores but never gets familiar with. None would dare tell her an off-color joke. While we talked waitresses dropped by to tell Gene their troubles and gasp at her get-up. She always strikes up windy conversations with taxi drivers, Gene said. In Albuquerque, in a recent flying vacation back home, Gene startled the airport weather bureau by busting right in with the pilot. "Hello, boys," cried Gene. "How's the weather?" At the port near Fairfield she went in the coffee shop for a bite and ran across a Polish girl she'd known in grade school. They visited so busily across the counter that Gene almost missed her plane.

But Gene Tierney is down to earth with decorum, and regular with reserve. She doesn't forget her good taste or manners, no matter what the situation. At a preview recently a news photographer focussed on her and her date. "Come on, Miss Tierney," suggested the flash-bulber, "put your arm around him." Gene smiled and took hold of his hand instead. If anyone calls her "Honey" or "Baby" she just doesn't hear. Her boy friends must all meet her mother first and be approved before there's any stepping out. And when Mama Tierney went back East last Christmas, leaving Gene to toil on "Tobacco Road," a chaperone moved right in.

It's things like that which finally banished any doubts the Tierney family and Gene's blue-blooded friends might have held about her fate in Horrible Hollywood. Now her dad is solidly on her career side, her mother's pretty proud of "Princess" (that's Gene to her mother) and both little sister Pat and brother Butch are wondering if Hollywood does not hold something for them, too. Pat, a ravishing beauty of fourteen, visited Gene this summer and lost eighteen pounds in the excitement. But when she started blossoming out in fancy Hollywood hair-dos and striking glamorous poses at odd moments, Gene thought it was time Pat was packed back to school in Virginia. That's where she is now. As for Butch, who was a Phi Beta Kappa at Yale and now is finishing up at Harvard's School of Business—well, the other day the dean called him in. "I wish," said the dean, "you'd ask your sister in Hollywood not to mention the fact that you're here." Butch wanted to know why not. The dean pointed to a stack of letters. "Look at those clippings," he said. "They cost us eight cents apiece!" Maybe one more time won't bankrupt Harvard.

But Gene was depositing her napkin (The Stork Club never saw one quite so black)—and up she bounced in dusty determination. "Back to the turnip patch along old Tobacco Road," grinned Genie. And noting the inky napkin, "Oh, dear! I should never use a napkin. I'm practically clean. Now the boys will rub my face in the dirt again—and how they'll love that!" We were halfway out of the café before she glanced down at her bare, black feet. She'd left her slippers under the table. Gene flashed back through the shocked and staring lunchers and retrieved them.

"I wonder," she grinned, "what the good old glamour girls would say if they could see me now! Maybe," she added, "it's just as well they can't! They might not understand at all!"

Information Desk, Modern Screen
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I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

Name.....

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Please print name and address plainly



Annabella's cool as anything before she broadcasts, but Ty Power who's a mere spectator, couldn't have worse mike fright. Can't eat for days!

TILTED— BECAUSE OF DANDRUFF



NO CANDY or flowers for me on Valentine's Day! Nothing but a comic Valentine, making fun of my dandruff. But it showed me where I had made my mistake with Jack. I bought a bottle of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo right away—Fitch Shampoo, you know, is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff instantly. In either hard or soft water it lathers richly antiseptically clean. Fitch Shampoo removes every stubborn speck of dandruff, both from the scalp and throughout the hair.

And besides that, it leaves your hair soft, lustrous and manageable, all its true natural beauty revealed. I happen to be a blonde, but it's just as good for brunettes. Now I keep dandruff under control by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Things look better for next Valentine's Day already! Why not try Fitch Shampoo, too?

Wen

GOODBYE DANDRUFF


Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.


Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.


Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.


Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff, undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Ia.

After and between Fitch Shampaas, use Fitch's Ideal Hair Tanic. It stimulates the scalp, and keeps the hair neat and gaad laaking!



Fitch's
TRADE MARK

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

The Morning Star

SECTION ONE MARCH, 1941 HOME EDITION

STARS BEGIN DAY WITH WELL-BALANCED MEAL



Cesar Romero, Hollywood's dashing Latin from Manhattan, is pictured here as he enjoys an ample and leisurely breakfast in his colorful Spanish type home, before leaving for the studio where he is currently appearing before the cameras in "Tall, Dark and Handsome."

HOLLYWOODITES ADHERE TO "BETTER BREAKFAST" PLAN

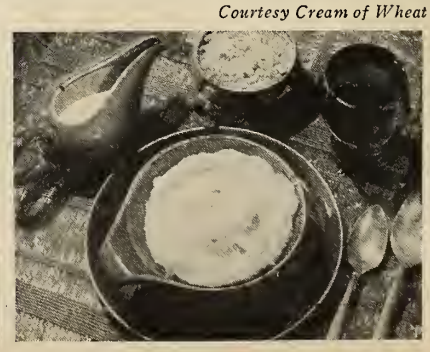
BY MARJORIE DEEN

It is no longer considered "smart" to start the day with nothing more substantial than a cup of coffee to carry one through the morning hours. There are, of course, some people who still rely upon a sadly inadequate refueling job to get up enough steam for their early activities. But on the sound stages in this cinema city of ours such habits have gone into the discard now that people—from stars to prop boys—have noticed how much better they feel and how much more efficiently they work after a really good breakfast.

Fortunately for us who are responsible for the family breakfast, a meal that is nourishing and well-balanced, and is a safeguard to health during the winter months, can be prepared both quickly and inexpensively. A fine basic pattern of fruit juice, hot cereal and coffee rates as the favorite combination from Maine to California, according to a study made of the breakfast-eating habits of our nation. But don't let the matter rest there when building your own menus. Make it a point, too, to turn out a really *good* cup of coffee, give careful consideration to the kind of fruit you serve and choose a quick-cooking, easy-to-prepare cereal that will also provide health-giving vitamins and minerals.

Such a cereal is to be found in the new "5 Minute" Cream of Wheat. For almost half a century this breakfast food has been known as an easy-to-digest energy food. Now, thanks to a special patented process, it cooks to full digestibility (even for babies) in the time indicated by its name. In addition it contains extra amounts of phosphorus, calcium and iron—so important for strong bones, sound teeth and good blood; and Vitamin B_1 the "Nerve" vitamin, which stimulates appetite, promotes growth, aids digestion and helps prevent diseases of the nervous system. So you see it's most important to have a good, substantial breakfast, featuring the *right* foods to assure our general well-being and to increase our morning pep and energy.

Courtesy Cream of Wheat



BASIC MENU PATTERN FOR BREAKFAST

Fruit Juice
Hot Cereal with Cream and Sugar
Milk or Cocoa for Children
Coffee for Adults

ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS: Serve Cream of Wheat, as shown at right, with brown sugar as the sweetening. Occasionally vary by adding seedless raisins or sliced dates. To basic menu add, as desired: Muffins, toast (see opposite page for recipes), rolls or other hot breads. Eggs in every form—with bacon, sausages, ham, chipped beef. Codfish cakes, kidneys, hot cakes or other regional or family favorites.

ORANGES DESERVE POPULARITY

FINE FLAVOR ONLY ONE OF THEIR OUTSTANDING QUALITIES

In many homes, the number one drink around the calendar is a tall glass of chilled orange juice. This high rating is richly deserved not only because the flavor of oranges is so universally well-liked, but also because they contain such a large proportion of those protective food essentials—vitamins and minerals.

Scientists have discovered that oranges are the richest everyday source of vitamin C, also a good source of vitamin B_1, that they contribute vitamins A and G, and calcium, phosphorus and iron as well. "But just what does all this do for me?" you may ask. Well, because of their dietetic plus-values, oranges stimulate appetite, aid in children's growth, promote the retention of calcium, phosphorus and other necessary food elements, help in the development of sound bone and tooth structure, prevent scurvy and provide easily digested food energy of the best type. In addition—and contrary to popular belief—although they are "acid" fruits, they actually counteract acidosis by promoting alkalinity.

Did you know that the body cannot manufacture or store vitamins C and B_1, and that a fresh intake is necessary each and every day to keep us up to par? And did you know that a single 8-ounce glass of orange juice furnishes the average requirement of vitamin C and about one-third of the amount of vitamin B_1 that has been figured as your daily quota? What better way could you start the day than with this salute to health!

Remember, though, that it's important to serve orange juice fresh, because the fine flavor is lost if the juice stands, and even vitamin content decreases. So if you like your orange juice cold, place fruit in the refrigerator for several hours before squeezing juice. When you use California oranges, which are practically seedless, the juice need not be strained.

Courtesy Sunkist Oranges



WEATHER
Today: Fair and cold. Tomorrow: Cloudy and continued cold. Snow in Eastern and Northern sections.

SECTION TWO

Here Are Some Facts About "The Cup That Cheers"

Surveys show that coffee is served in over 90% of homes in the United States. But in about 40% of those homes, not enough coffee is used to assure a fine, full-bodied brew, and, too many coffee-making devices are not kept spic and span. But you get really good coffee only from a strictly clean pot as coffee contains certain essential oils, which will impart an undesirable flavor if allowed to collect. So be sure to observe these rules for best results:

Empty out grounds as soon as coffee is made. Wash coffee-maker with soap and water as soon after using as possible, then scald to remove any trace of suds. Use brush to clean all parts where oils could collect. Dry with clean towel. Leave unassembled, between usings, to air. And remember . . . use enough fresh coffee of the right grind with only freshly boiled water—both carefully measured. Never boil coffee, never cool and reheat it, but keep it hot until served—which should be as soon as possible after it has been correctly prepared.

GOLDEN GLOW TOAST

Use regulation sliced baker's bread and for each 4 slices mix ¼ cup granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon, moistened with 1 tablespoon orange juice. Trim off crusts and toast bread on one side only, under broiler flame. Spread untoasted sides generously with softened butter or margarine, then with sugar mixture. Return to broiler until slightly browned. Serve immediately.

COUNTRY COUSIN MUFFINS

1⅓ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 cup thick sour cream
2 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift flour, measure; add baking powder, soda, salt and sugar and sift again. Beat egg thoroughly, add sour cream and melted shortening. Add liquids to dry ingredients and stir vigorously, but only until all flour has been sprinkled. Bake in greased muffin cups in hot oven (400° F.) 20-25 minutes.

VARIATIONS: Add ½ cup seedless raisins, or sliced dates, or chopped nut meats, to dry ingredients. Or add ½ cup crisp bacon, using bacon fat as shortening.

Pour boiling water over ½ cup dried figs, let stand 10 minutes, drain, dry and add to batter at the very last.

Chop ¾ cup cranberries, sprinkle with ¼ cup sugar, let stand while preparing batter, add at the very last.



One of the things that assured the popularity of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, *the very first day they were put on sale,* was this:

Fels-Naptha Soap Chips produce no irritating, sneezy dust

This fact means more to you than just the satisfaction of a sneezeless washday. It means that when these husky, *golden* chips come tumbling out of the box, every one is chock-full of washing energy. It means that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips put the *two* famous Fels-Naptha Cleaners to work—gentle naptha and richer, golden soap—a dirt-removing team that shames the half-hearted efforts of weak, would-be beauty soaps.

Get a box of *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your next washday. Write today to Fels & Co., Dept. 11-C, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory box. Use them in any kind of water—hot or cool—hard or soft. You'll get the whitest, sweetest wash you've ever had—and these golden, extra-sudsy chips will do most of the work.



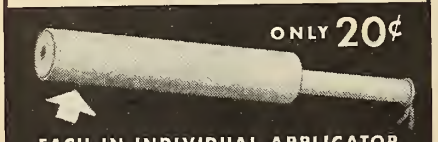
Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Why I switched to **Meds**



by a secretary

When you're as active as I am, it's a blessing to have the *extra* comfort of *internal* sanitary protection. But it used to cost me plenty extra! So did I cheer when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ for a box of ten. Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so little. And I certainly like them a lot better.



ONLY 20¢

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

IMPROVED CAKE MASCARA!





- Speciol Spirol Brush dorkens oll sides of your lashes—curls them outomaticolly!
- Smart new "lipstick" metal cose holds hollow tube of Mascora.
- An unusually generous omount, de luxe quolity.
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10c If your 5 & 10c store has not yet received "Modern Eyes," send a dime and 2c stamp for mailing.

MODERN COSMETICS, INC.,
Distributors, Dept. C-20
75 East Wacker Drive, Chicago

Trade-mark "Modern Eyes" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 45)

Retreat From Glamour

What does a man who spends his days surrounded by lovely women do for recreation? We set a spy on Perc Westmore's trail and discovered that after a long, tiring session with Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino and Bette Davis, the oldest of the Westmores relaxes in the company of a huge gorilla's head! Actually! Our operator reports that the tremendous stuffed head suspends from the wall of a cubbyhole adjoining Perc's office. In his spare time Perc has rigged it up with tricky mechanical devices, and whenever the strain of work becomes too great, he retires to his cubbyhole, pushes buttons, and chortles with glee while his frightening pet winks, yawns, glowers and even sticks his tongue out in Perc's face!

Mrs. Desi Arnaz

Leave it to Lucille Ball to pull a new one on her harried movie bosses. First she knocked them cold by eloping with Desi Arnaz—and now she's asking that the studio officially change her name to Lucille Arnaz! Lucille, who was married in Connecticut with a ten-cent wedding ring, crowned her ceremony by sending a five-page special delivery letter to RKO in an attempt to convince the powers she ought henceforth be known by her new name only. The studio shot back a polite "Nothing doing, dearie" note, but when Lucille's honeymoon glow wears off, they'll sit her down and tell her what they really thought of her suggestion!

Off the Record

There's a soundman over at RKO who could clean up a neat pile of dough if he ever wanted to peddle a little recording he made the other day. The soundman was idling about between "takes" on a Lucille Ball test when he happened to glimpse Lucille and her husband (referred to somewhere above) creep into a corner and go into a cooing and purring routine that would have made a lesser man blush and turn away. In a moment of rare inspiration, the soundman swung his microphone high over the Arnaz' heads and with absolute shamelessness caught their conversation in all its intimate and revealing details! The recording is said to be terrific, and if Mr. Soundman ever decides to market it, he can add us to his list. We'd lay our cash on the line any day to hear what that pair's got to say!

Open Account

And now it's Brenda Joyce and William Orr who have hit the twosome trail. After several years of "going steady" with Accountant Owen Ward, Brenda's awakened to the fact that she's had this love business added up all wrong. She's put young Ward on the wrong side of her romantic ledger and Bill, whom she "discovered" on a recent cross-country personal appearance junket, is doing a bang-up job of replacing Owen. We wouldn't dare put our neck out and venture a guess as to where Brenda's flitting fancy will light, but we will say that, at the moment, she's a darned lucky girl, having a pair like that to do her court.

This Thing Called Love

There's nothing like the treachery of a double-dealing woman to make firm friends of confirmed rivals. Take the case of two important foreign stars who would once have traded blows at the drop of an accent. They're the dearest of buddies now and the cause of their truce is none other than the young starlet over whom they had previously fought! This is how it happened. One afternoon, Movie Star "A" paid an unexpected visit to the little lady and found her busy with her "homework." This, he discovered to his horror, consisted of entering in a card file all the passionate telegrams, notes and letters he had sent her since the first day they met! Closer investigation revealed she had a similar file on Movie Star "B" and scores of other men, and that she'd approximated the cash value of each! Unable to wrest the dangerous collection from her, Movie Star "A" promptly notified Movie Star "B" and the last we heard, the pair were trying to decide whether to dump the schemer into the Pacific or jump in themselves!

Disa and Data

Signs planted along the road leading to the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward home read, "This way to Screwloose College" . . . Edgar Buchanan, the Pasadena dentist who turned movie actor, fell so hard for the infants used in "Penny Serenade" he's adopting two for himself . . . Ingrid Bergman has never used a particle of powder off-screen . . . Alice Faye will strut through a three-minute "Road to Rio" sequence in a $1,700 gown flecked with 30 ounces of real gold . . . Jimmie Cagney and Fred Astaire, pals from way back, are heckling producers for a story that will star them both . . . "Cisco Kid" Cesar Romero has never been south of the border . . . Tyrone Power owns an insurance policy that will pay him $1,750 weekly if he's injured while off salary . . . Orson Welles, man of a thousand talents, doesn't know how to drive a car! . . . There's rebellion in the hearts of Henry Fonda's fans. They're threatening to boycott his pictures unless he stops wearing bow ties.

This Way Out

Years ago, when the boys from Sing Sing to San Quentin learned that their idol, Eddie "Little Caesar" Robinson, collected *objets d'art* in his spare time, they snarled with contempt and switched their affection to slugger Jimmie Cagney. At this writing, they're thinking of making another switch. Word has somehow leaked into the citizens of the cells that Jimmie wedding-gifted that other two-fisted toughie, Chester Morris, not with a gat or a blackjack, but with the most delicate, impractical, thin-stemmed glassware he could find on the Pacific Coast! The boys are pretty disgusted and, though they're giving Jimmie one more chance, they're quietly lining up Humphrey Bogart as a possible successor. Probably because they never heard of Bogie's flower garden!

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

HOW TO HANDLE WOLVES WITH KID GLOVES . . .

(Continued from page 33)

receives any—and it's not because she doesn't know a good insult when she sees it! By some special alchemy she is able to waltz around with some of the town's better wolves and still keep her lamb rating. It's not because she plays at being "goody-goody," but because she radiates a frank, friendly appeal. They can take it or leave it, and they take it.

The old "Taking Their Minds Off It" routine shows up in many variations, and one of the best is that perfected by Lucille Ball who used it frequently when she was a New York showgirl, poster model, mannequin—all professions that lure wolves like tender lambkins.

Her method was one of unblinking candor. Before the naughty man had a chance to ask her to sup with him at the El Morocco, she surprised him with "Good morning, Mr. Smiffkins! How is your wife today?" The baffled Mr. Smiffkins would usually tell her, only to find another question fired at him before he had a chance to purl out his invitation. "And how is your little daughter Minerva?" she would ask, her blue eyes wide.

By the time Lucille had checked on the family health, her pursuer was completely worn out with explaining, and Lucille was on her way. There's one thing about that routine—good will is never lost. Mr. Smiffkins may think you are mystifying, but awfully considerate of his folks' health. And so you are.

ALTHOUGH she makes use of the "Big Brother" routine regularly, Judy Canova, seen in "Scatter Brain" and preparing "Sis Hopkins," is a firm believer in the "Taking Their Minds Off It" system. "When the air gets a little too oppressive," says the amusing Judy, "I say, 'Well, I still like to dance!' And dance we do.

"I don't have much trouble with the predatory lads," she continued. "Half the time I figure that when an unknown man tries to speak to me, he may be one of my fans and only wants to say 'hello' so he can tell his friends about it.

"I did have a funny experience one time in Newark. My sister Ann and I bumped into a couple of old show business friends and started walking down the street with them. There was a third fellow who kept by my side and began to give me the old 'one-two' . . . 'How's California?' he asked. 'Gee, I love it out there.'

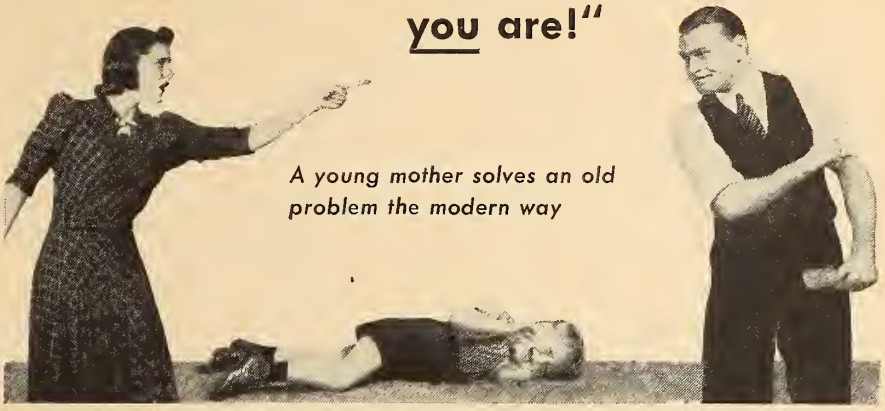
"Of course I thought my friends knew him and I answered him, but when we entered one of the shops he disappeared. 'Where's your pal?' I asked. 'What pal? I thought he was *your* pal.'

"Later, Ann and I went across to the dime store to buy some Georgia Nylons, the white cotton stockings I use in my act, and there was that fellow, big as life. He started in again. Now my way of handling it would have been to give him a frigid silence, but Ann took one look at him and said 'Scram!' And he did. Maybe her way was best."

For extreme delicacy and poise, the "Big Brother" system in effect at Patricia Morison's house should win an anti-wolf Oscar. The spectacular quality of Pat's beauty brings her into uncommon focus. When the phone rings and it turns out to be a persistent wolf asking her to dine with him that night, the

"If anybody's spoiling him, you are!"

A young mother solves an old problem the modern way



1. My husband's the best-natured man in the world, but he has some old-fashioned ideas about disciplining children. He feels he's got to be strict or our little boy, Billy, will be spoiled. We were always quarreling about it.



2. And yesterday, we had it out once and for all. Billy refused to take his laxative again and kicked up the usual fuss. So Ted immediately started to *force* the stuff down Billy. The child looked so scared I just flew at my husband!



3. "You and your strict ideas," I raged. "If anybody's spoiling that child, it's *you!* Look at the way he's trembling. You can't tell *me* it does any good to get a child so upset! I'm going to call the doctor and ask *him* about these laxative fights."



4. And, sure enough, the doctor said forcing a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative could shock his delicate nervous system. He said children should get a nice-tasting laxative they'd take willingly. One made especially for them—not an adult's.



5. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's thorough, yet it's always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. And so Ted said O.K., he'd get a bottle just to keep peace in the house.



6. Well, Billy took Fletcher's Castoria—and *how* he took it! He *loved* it! He smacked his lips and winked at his daddy, and I knew our laxative troubles were over. From that moment on, I've been telling all the mothers I know about Fletcher's Castoria.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children



Paramount starlet instantly says, "Yes."

"And you won't mind if I bring Alex, my brother, with us tonight?" she asks, drippingly. "You see, I had a date with him and I wouldn't want to break it, so we'll make it a threesome." This is the kind of rebuff which leaves the most notorious wolf in doubt.

Ann Miller's one-woman crusade to outwit the wolves veers off on a different tack. When Ann first arrived in New York from Houston, Texas, to carve out a dancing-acting career for herself, she thought that all forward passes were restricted to the football gridiron. It didn't take her long to learn otherwise.

"Every time I came out on the stage, particularly in the Scandals, I looked so much older than I actually was and so sophisticated," Ann tells. "The songs I sang, the dances I did, the costumes I wore all helped give that impression. The boys about town thought I was the 'oh so hot' type from show business. 'Oh boy!' they'd say. 'She's a card. Is she going to be terrific!'

"Off-stage, of course, I wasn't that type at all. But they didn't know it. They sent me diamond bracelets, watches, tons of flowers . . . it was like the days of Lillian Russell. I had to return the jewels, of course. And the invitations—they poured in like a flood.

"Of course it was smart for me, a young actress, to be seen at the right places, with the right men. Only most of the men were much older than I was. They were wiser, too. And dangerous. But I actually came away with marriage proposals from several of them.

"Mother was with me, just as she is now, and mother's a scream. After the show, when I was ready to go out dancing, I always brought my night's escort to mother, backstage. I would present him to her, and she would say, 'Now you know Ann is quite young. I don't want you to keep her out too late. She must be in by two o'clock.' And two o'clock in the cafés of New York is very early.

"If the wolf looked particularly wolfish, mother would say firmly, 'She *must* be in by two in the morning because she has to have some rest before her early morning screen test.' The best part of the system that we worked out was my wardrobe. As I said before, my stage costumes were oh-so sophisticated. My own wardrobe was just the opposite.

IN it were a few simple dresses in pastel tones with bouffant, little-girl skirts. I'd slip into one of these after I had taken off my make-up, add a touch of color to my lips, brush my hair back from my face, wear a single strand of pearls, and I looked as mild as milk. The men liked it.

"I can't say the men never made an overture to me in my role of Miss Simplicity. They did. And I always had a retort. 'Please,' I'd say, 'I'm just a plain Texas girl, and a very good little girl, and I just don't like things like that.' That was all there was to it. It wasn't very often that I even had to say that. I usually set the conversational pitch by talking about backstage happenings, and then there was always dancing. If a girl is a good talker and a good dancer, she doesn't need to worry about her escort.

"Another thing—I never played the hard-drinking, comrade-in-cups type of girl, matching Scotch and sodas with him. Whenever drinks were ordered I asked for a Pepsi-Cola. I didn't like liquor and didn't pretend I did just to put on an act. They must have liked me, because they asked me out again and again."

Ann, whose film appearances have been in "Too Many Girls" and "Hit Parade," finds the chief difference between East and West Coast wolves is that the Western gentlemen have far more time in which to indulge in their whimsical pursuits. "A New Yorker does his skulking in the evenings, but film work and its time-between-pictures gives the Hollywood boys much more leisure," says Ann.

Guileless chatter is the plan in use by tiny Connie Haines, warbler with Tommy Dorsey's band whose "Fame and Fortune" radio show has led them into a picture called "Las Vegas Nights." If he's a musical wolf she flaps her lashes at him and asks him how on earth he contrives those *arpeggios* on his harp or trombone. When he launches into a technical discussion of it, everything is *andante*—until a broker wolf comes along and Connie has to ask about the bearish trend in the market.

The "Home and Mother" system is not to be lightly regarded. Some of our better glamour girls make full use of it. For instance, if Carole Landis doesn't like a new gentlemen after the first date she asks him over for a quiet evening at home. There is a fire in the hearth, mother is sitting by, knitting, and the dogs are brought in from the kennels.

These dogs are particularly friendly and insist on lapping strangers' faces. All of this is very discouraging to the anticipatory gentleman, and he soon says a hasty farewell. If he is a brave soul, he may ask Carole to see a new film with him, come Wednesday, and Carole says, "Yes, mother and I would love to go with you." That does it.

With slight modification the same technique is used, and very effectively, by Dorothy Lamour. Raffish instincts, many a girl has discovered, are smothered by an overdose of domesticity.

If the glamour maiden must learn to handle wolves with kid gloves, then the glamour matrons, like Merle Oberon, Ida Lupino, Doris Davenport, have their problems, too. There is the wolf who stalks the dinner party and sends roses to the married lady. Yellow roses for friendship, then red ones for something else.

"They are a variation on what we call 'taxi pouncers' in London," laughs Merle Oberon, who is also Mrs. Alexander Korda. "I have a very good way to handle them. After the flowers arrive they beg to call on me, and I say 'do—for tea.' When tea-time comes, Mr. Korda and several friends are usually home, and we have a very gay time. The gentleman never manages to find me at home alone and, after a while, in quiet desperation, he gives up."

Doris Davenport, who is Mrs. John Randolph, says that she has little difficulty with predatory gents. "If a woman demands respect she is going to get it, and she can always change a man's thoughts by directing the conversation into other channels. Women have edged into man's sphere, they have the vote, they work in competition with them, and there aren't many fields in which a man can be the supreme male. If he does get out of hand once in a while, I suppose we shouldn't blame him."

English Ida Lupino, who is Mrs. Louis Hayward, has a more ruthless attitude. She has a sure-fire squelch for the "masher type" that she meets in public places. "I simply stare at his feet," she says firmly. "It never fails to deflate his ego. First he gets restless, then he gets worried. Just keep up a fixed stare right on his feet and you'll find he finally can't stand it any longer and wanders off."

It would seem from our intense preoccupation with the subject that there are more ways than one to handle that wolf disguised in Harris tweeds.

HE EARNED HIS LETTER

(*Continued from page 36*)

bursting with gratitude to the champion who had fought for him. Overnight, said champion seemed to have turned attacker, bent on fighting with him. Feeling like a flayed eel, he kept his outward composure. Bette Davis and Bart Marshall had worked with Wyler before. They did what they could to prop his morale. Marshall told him how Wyler had once baited him so that his hand, holding a teacup, shook. "Can't you stop that?" yelled Willie. "No," answered Marshall, "I can't. And the more you shout, the more I can't stop it."

"What's wrong with me?" Stephenson asked Bette one day is despair. "Am I really so stinking?"

"Jimmy," she said, "if Willie thought you were wrong for the part, he'd have thrown you out long ago. You're here, so stop worrying."

"But they're big people, and I'm not," he says, "so I went on worrying. In the absence of any word from Wyler, nothing could convince me I was doing well."

The first word came from a hairdresser who had driven to the lunchroom with Bette and the director. Very offhand, Bette had observed "Jimmy's grand in this scene, don't you think so, Willie?"

"I do," the unpredictable Willie had replied. "I'm proud of him."

THE nice girl couldn't wait to dash back and tell Jimmy, whose term of rejoicing was cut short, when Wyler drawled at him that afternoon "Jimmy, I could understand it if you did too much. But you don't do anything."

Not till he'd summoned his three leads to the projection room to see the finished picture, did Mr. Wyler break down. As the lights were switched on, he turned to face them. "You three have done first-class jobs." Then he grinned —a kind of bashful grin, if you'll believe it, and added, "I feel mine wasn't a bad one either."

It was all very disarming. Stephenson can't honestly say that his memories were erased. But their sting was removed. "What if he did give me a hell of a time? With it he gave me a new lease on life, for which I shall be everlastingly grateful."

That Wyler had earned his thanks was made plain at the preview. Before it, three photographers, cameras cocked, took not the slightest notice of him as he passed through the lobby. His wife was furious.

They'd insisted on sitting apart from their friends—the Melville Coopers and the Albert Treynors. "I've got tickets for you," said Jimmy, "but in another part of the house." He chuckled as he told the rest of the story. "Mrs. Treynor patted my arm and said, 'Thanks, Jimmy. Only this morning Albert was screaming, "What'll I say if I don't like him?"'"

Lorna sat through the picture in a haze, conscious enough to see Jimmy and only Jimmy. "As for me, I wanted to hide under my coat. As it went on, though, I began to settle down to the usual business of picking holes. I was also ham enough to notice that the scenes between me and Sen Yung drew applause. I couldn't tell whether it was for him or me or both, but I had a suspicion it was for Sen Yung."

Pressed for post-preview details, he went oysterish on us in a nice embarrassed way. Which didn't matter,

We didn't tell it to the Marines

...they told us!



Quantico Marines reported a longer lasting peppermint flavor in **Beech-Nut Gum**

IN RECENT TESTS at Quantico, Va., U. S. Marines reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor *lasted* on an average of 25% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands they tested. In addition, a large majority of these Marines said that they preferred the peppermint *flavor* of Beech-Nut to the average of the others tested. Prove this yourself. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum and see how long and how much *you* enjoy its fine, distinctive flavor!

An independent research organization made the tests*

An independent research organization made these tests with about one-tenth of the Marines at Quantico, Va. Beech-Nut and various other brands of peppermint chewing gum were tested. All were bought in local stores. The identity of the gum was positively concealed. Each Marine was given 2 different brands (Beech-Nut and one other) asked to chew them and report how long he thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick he found had the better flavor.

**Name on request.*

they said:
more minutes of flavor





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because we were there. We saw the floodgates open. We saw the Stephensons engulfed in a congratulatory tide. We heard the cameras click. He admitted, with the hereinbefore-mentioned smile, that "it was a pleasant experience. Very."

He reached the stage by the amateur route. Son of a Yorkshire chemist, he tried teaching and hated it—then dentistry which didn't pan out. He finally gravitated to the cotton business in Manchester and did well enough to get backing for a small firm of his own. One day a friend asked him to play Joseph Surface in a local production of "School for Scandal." He made the usual remonstrances. He'd never acted. He couldn't act. He didn't know the first thing about acting. Just the same, he succumbed to the indefinable lure of the footlights and played Joseph Surface. He must have been good. All the dramatic societies yelping for his services. One of them proposed to do Shaw's "Man and Superman" with Stephenson as John Tanner.

SHAW had always been my idol, for which reason I've never ceased to marvel at my colossal cheek. I did the part quaking, but I did it. The thing caused a local furor, so from then on I did nothing but act in my spare time and began to filch time from my business to make it spare, with the inevitable result that business felt the effects. Finally I said, "The hell with it. I like this better than anything else. In fact, I love it. I'll try to get a job as a professional actor."

He threw over the cotton firm which was his living and, armed with a letter from a well-known character actor, betook himself to the manager of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre. The manager, with rare faith in Stephenson's sponsor, gave him a job at fifteen a week. From a bit in the first play he was promptly graduated to alternating leads. His salary rose, too, though not at the same rate. At the end of four years he was making fifty a week, and no complaints. One stunning failure marred the content of those years. A Paramount scout asked him to make a test. "I waited sixty days in purgatory for the result, and the result was no."

He met his wife at New Brighton, where the company played a six weeks' summer season. Mutual friends took her to see him in "Counselor-at-Law." He sums up their romance in five words. "I fell. Then she fell." They decided to postpone marriage till he could accumulate a little more cash. Having waited a year and rolled up a prudent backlog, they proceeded to cast prudence to the winds.

Jimmy put it to Lorna. "Shall we stay in Liverpool, get another pound a week, and end our days here? Or shall we throw it all up and go to London?"

"Let's go to London," said Lorna.

As it happened, London came to them in Devonshire where they were spending their honeymoon. Stephenson had turned in his resignation, burned his bridges. Meantime in London, an actor who was playing the provost in "Storm in a Teacup" had asked for his release. The manager had seen Stephenson's performance of the same role in Liverpool. He phoned Liverpool and was put on the trail of Stephenson and his bride.

He rehearsed three days and played six months. The run ended on a Saturday night. On Tuesday morning he got his first screen job with the Warner studios at Teddington. Nine months later he was doing leads. One Sunday afternoon Irving Asher asked the Stephensons to tea to meet Jack Warner. They left with a contract—a rather unusual one. Stephenson was to go to Hollywood for a test. Why the test couldn't have been made in England he didn't inquire and doesn't to this day know. "An actor who yearns to get to Hollywood, as ninety per cent of us do, skips lightly over the whys and wherefores."

He departed alone. "That way, I felt my return would be less conspicuous if I had to come home with my tail between my legs." His option was taken up, and Lorna joined him.

From the first they loved California. "Especially the people," says Stephenson, and his voice warms. "I mean the people on the street—the market clerk, the fellow who delivers the milk, the newsboy. They're friendly, they take you for granted as an equal, and it's nice. There are no class distinctions as in England, though, thank heaven, they're breaking down over there now too."

They have both hungered to return to England for the visit which has now been made impossible. Like all Britishers, with families at home, their spirits are haunted. Stephenson's chief anxiety is for his brothers. His parents and Lorna's people live in comparative safety. The planes zoom over them, but have thus far dropped no bombs. One brother is an army major, stationed at Portsmouth. The other is Alan Stephenson, one-time organist of Coventry Cathedral. You may have seen his picture, snapped by United Press, as he stood with King George and the provost among the cathedral ruins.

Stephenson was frantic when the first news of Coventry flashed over the radio. The cathedral shattered, he knew that his brother's home had been shattered with it. He didn't dare cable his parents, knowing the effect a telegraph boy at the door would have on his mother. So he cabled a friend of his brother's in Coventry. As luck would have it, Alan was with his friend when the message arrived, and sent back word that he and his wife were safe. Home and job were gone, though. Jimmy wants to get them into this country. There should be room here for a musician of Alan Stephenson's eminence—Bachelor of Music of the University of Oxford, Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, honorary member of the Royal College of Music.

A HAPPIER event was the arrival last May of Peter, the Stephensons' first born. Peter's male parent astounded himself. He'd taken the news of a coming baby, if not with detachment, at least with a vast calm. "It's all right, I suppose," he told his outraged wife, "but you'll have to look after it." Never having been overfond of other people's children, he saw no reason why he should be of his own.

His complacence was shattered by the infant's first wail, "which gave me the biggest thrill of my life," he admits with a kind of abashed awe. Every morning at six he keeps a date with his son. "I grin at him, and he grins back without a word." Lorna gloats over his downfall.

"*What* did you call that child?" she demanded one morning. "*Not* Coojy-woojy!"

"And what's wrong with Coojy-woojy?" he retorted, unblushing.

They live quietly in a rented house near the ocean. The garden is Lorna's province, the cars are Jimmy's. He likes to take them apart, so he can put them together again. He beats her at tennis, and she takes the hide off him at badminton. At night they read or play cribbage or go over his lines together. When they do go out, it's to dinner and a movie.

No dancing. No nightclubs. They prefer to be at home where they can tune in to London at seven thirty.

Bit parts and B pictures have faded like magic from the scene. "The Letter" was the beginning and Stephenson's off at last—at work with Geraldine Fitzgerald in a big bright beautiful A, called for the moment "Flight from Destiny." Except for a man named Hitler, who has given us all something to be sorry about, the world would look mighty good to Coojy-woojy's handsome father.

TWO YEARS WITH A PSYCHIATRIST . . .

(*Continued from page 29*)

about one of these things that you forget your obsession. It works, believe me.

"One very amusing bit of advice was given me. Whenever I had to interview or be interviewed by some person of overpowering importance and felt too submerged to assert myself, I was to think how that person would look *naked*. You'd be amazed how the visualization of the little, naked, defenseless human animal divests the most pompous personage of the last vestige of awe.

"He gave me some pointers about little things, too. For instance, I wrote poems and hadn't sold a single, damn one of them. It was getting me down. He told me to use my rejection slips as coasters for drinks! The idea was to make light of whatever was portentous to me. I tried it, and now I can hoot at those elaborately courteous slaps in the face!

"He also made me laugh, just as one might be made to take breathing exercises. Right in the midst of telling him something dead serious, he would say to me, 'Now, *laugh*!' He'd keep at me until I'd give a few croaks which sounded so funny I'd begin to laugh naturally.

HE sent me to a ranch with a companion of his own choosing. A gregarious person who couldn't breathe unless surrounded by a couple of dozen people, preferably noisy ones. The theory was that there is a certain amount of involuntary 'transference' of characteristics between any two people who spend much time together. I'll say this: I believe my ability to get along as well as I do in the studios is largely due to that experience on the ranch.

"After giving me these 'prescriptions,' he proceeded to walk back through the years of my life, opening all my carefully closed little doors and cupboards and exposing whatever he found there.

"He discovered that I was a very unhappy youngster and that in my childhood were the seeds of all my trouble. I adored my mother and it was from that mother-complex that all the phobias sprang.

"When I was four, my mother divorced my father. I had been placed in a convent during the breaking up of our home and for a short time just after mother remarried. That was the beginning.

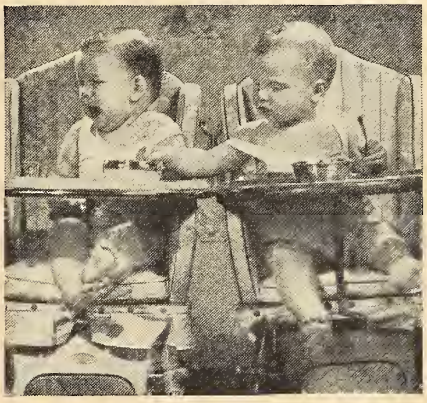
"When I reached home and found a stranger in my father's place, I knew, subconsciously, that my security was endangered. A stranger had come into my world, and I was frightened. Which makes it easy to trace why, now, I try to arrange it so that no stranger can enter my home.

"Analysis made it evident that although I had begun life with a passionate desire for intimate relationships, early





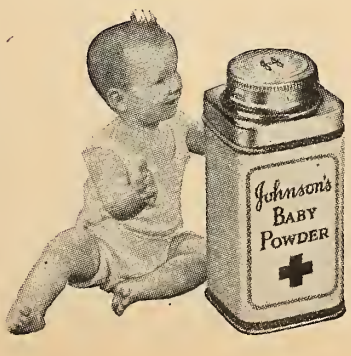
Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service . . . I almost conked him with my spoon.



By bath-time I'd decided—one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder. "Downy-soft Johnson's—just what I've been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought."



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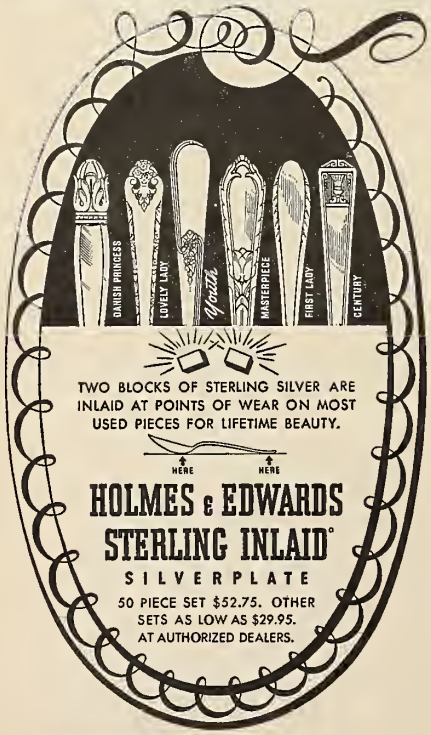
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experiences convinced me that those we love, we lose. Consequently I developed an over-reaction against close friendships.

"The psychiatrist made a great deal of my attachment for my mother. He asked me more questions about her than about myself. He learned that mother was very beautiful. She was also a terrifically violent person. Everything was splendid one minute; the next minute she would throw a chair at me. She was marvelously exciting, but completely unpredictable and altogether undependable. For example, we would do without a maid to economize, then at the end of the week mother would come home with three new hats! You couldn't blame her; you could only love her. She had magnificent hair. There was a ritual every Saturday morning when she shampooed it. If I had been good, I was allowed to brush it for her. The wild, white horse of Walla Walla couldn't have dragged me out to play on Saturday mornings!

"I was told that my lisp came from a too-violent desire to match my mother's fiery eloquence. Failing that, I compensated by lisping.

"I was unhappy at school. The children never paid any attention to me. I behaved as though they were all babies and I, alone, adult and superior. No wonder they loathed me. Mother would constantly ask little girls to our house in an effort to give me some companionship of my own age. And the minute Mother was out of the room, they would say to me, 'We wouldn't come to your house if it wasn't for your mother. We don't like *you*!'

"When I was eleven, I found out that my mother was going to have a baby. She grew preoccupied, too busy for me, and I was so horribly jealous, I ran away to my aunt's home in San Francisco. While I was there I suddenly had the desire to join the Group Theatre!

"Now wanting to be an actress was 'running away,' too. Or, as psychiatric jargon has it, 'escape.' In my own world, as myself, I felt wretched, colorless, a nonentity. As an actress, I saw myself as an infinite variety of fascinating women. As fascinating as mother.

EVEN when I was brought back from Auntie's, having joined the Group Theatre, I continued my work there every day. Mother would drive me to school in Burlingame each morning. I'd say, 'Mother, dear, one of the girls will drive me home.' And I would then take my lunch money and depart for San Francisco. This went on for months. When mother finally found out about it, she was very reasonable and let me stay on with the Group.

"I understood the people there, and they liked me. I was a child and they were adults, but we were doing a common work so that I was accepted as one of them. My first play was 'The Awakening of Spring.' I played the role of Winifred. That was in 1930, and I was eleven. I did many other plays, including Steinbeck's 'Of Mice and Men,' in which I was May. It was the best period of my life.

"Then I grew up and, at the University of California I met the boys—Garth and Donnen Jeffers. I met Donnen first. We fell in love. Then I met Garth and fell in love with him, too. The boys have not the slightest resemblance, one to the other. Donnen is frail, the spiritual type. Garth is huge and strong and vigorous. I went around with both of them. I left the Group and entered the University, partly for the Little Theatre there, but mostly to be with the boys. I'd go to the movies with Donnen, come back and find Garth waiting to have a coke with me.

"I bought a tiny house in Monterey (paid for it on time, an infinitesimal sum a month) so I could be near Carmel where, in the stone house he built with his own hands, Robinson Jeffers lives, with Una, his fabulous wife, and the boys. A strange life they lived, there on that stern, dramatic coast, with its black stunted pines and cruel seas. The boys had never known any other young people. They spoke, and still speak, a language of their own.

IT was a strange romance. I find it indescribable. I could not make up my mind between them. There wasn't any choice possible to me. I could not love Donnen without Garth, nor Garth without Donnen. That was the mystery and the tragedy. They are a great deal alike, but not like in what they want of a woman. So that I began, then, to be one woman for Donnen, another for Garth. My personality was split then, analysis proved. But that was *all* it proved about the boys and me. Not even a psychiatrist could rationalize that romance which concerned, not a man and a woman, but two men and many women. I could find no help for what happened to me there.

"It was a good-bad time. We had fun, great fun. But we knew fear, too, because eventually we knew it had to end.

"I have never found another friend or another love. There has never been anyone who knew me as the boys knew me. I have had violent crushes, yes. But none with that special quality which cannot come again. And when I do meet someone I might like, he doesn't like me, because I either try too hard or go too far away.

"No psychiatrist could explain what there was between the boys and me, but I was made to understand what it did to me, that mystical, strange thing. I learned that it gave me a fear of love and emphasized my phobia about personal privacy because, once again, when I let myself love, I was mortally hurt.

"I left the University after the boys and I parted. I sold my house in Monterey and went back to the Group, did another play and a radio show. One day I came to the theatre and found a letter from Sam Goldwyn, asking me to come to Hollywood. When I saw him, I said I wasn't interested in a contract and wouldn't make a test. They offered me a contract without a test, and in the end I signed as an escape from loneliness.

"My lisp had come back. I went to a woman here in Hollywood who taught diction but was, more than all else, a practical psychologist. The first day she said to me, 'There is no reason for you to lisp. You *don't*, really.' She never, thereafter, mentioned the lisp. She taught me French, phonetically, then Spanish, and gave me the feeling I was merely there to study languages with her. My mind was on the languages, not the lisp.

"She put a light elastic band around my tummy, with a cord attached to it which she held in her hand. Then she had me recite Shakespearean Sonnets, while she kept pulling on the cord. Whenever I started to lisp, I thought of the cord. Even now, whenever I have the slightest tendency to lapse into the old way of speaking, I can feel the pull of that cord, and it not only cures me instantly but also give me perfect posture and a 'lift' as well.

"She also taught me," laughed Virginia, gaily now, "not to *want* to get rid of all my 'differences.' She pointed out how dreary it would be if none of us had

faults. She made me realize that, just as a child puts away paper dolls as he grows older, so we must put away the notions and fantasies of our childhood. We do not spend our adult lives mooning over a remembered toothache; we must not spend our adult lives mooning over a remembered heartache. And so," said Virginia, "I don't!" She added, amused, "I *must* be cured! I've never talked so long about myself to anyone in all my life."

We walked back to the set of "Tall, Dark and Handsome" (Cesar Romero) together. "I'm really much better than I was," Virginia was saying. "I'm happy enough now. I like my work. I know a couple of boys with whom I have fun, in my own peculiar way. I'm even planning to go to Ciro's, just once, if I can ever get myself assembled! And when I'm alone, as I mostly am, I have friends right within myself. I can sit at home for hours and never be bored. I don't know that I really believe in psychoanalysis; most of us are pretty well able to analyze ourselves when we mature. But it was an interesting experience. It did clarify things for me. Perhaps some other people may find it interesting, too."

"WHY I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE ONLY ONCE"

(*Continued from page 30*)

and the California Collegians got the job. And "Roberta" needed some pretty girls who could pass for mannequins in a fashionable dress shop—and Powers' models got the call.

Since Fred has never been known to look at another girl in private life, and seems like the shy type, there are people who wonder if Lillian was the first and only girl he ever dared to approach.

"No-o," says Fred, self-consciously, dissipating any illusion that he is, or ever has been, woman-shy. "There wasn't anything serious before Lillie, but I had gone out with girls. Quite a few of them. I was no hermit."

He doesn't think it was love at first sight with either Lillian or himself. "Though she looked pretty good to me the first time I ever saw her," he admits —which is Fred's way of saying that he thought she was just about the most beautiful girl on earth.

It took a little experimenting to find out that they were made for each other. But it didn't take long.

"I walked home with her after the show one night and found out where she lived. The next Sunday, I went for a walk and somehow I found myself walking along her street, dropping in to see her, and asking her if she wouldn't like to go out to dinner and a movie. The next Sunday, I again suggested dinner, but she asked me if I wouldn't prefer a home-cooked meal."

But Lillian didn't reach Fred's heart via his stomach!

"She served something she called chicken stew. It was canned chicken, canned vegetables and water—with no salt. I said it was delicious." Fred grins. "It's a laugh, the lies you'll tell to make an impression.

"After I got to know her a little better, I taught her something about cooking. I knew more about it than she did. When I was a kid, my mother worked. I'd come home after school and get dinner started. I can't cook anything fancy. But I'm a whiz at the very simple stuff."



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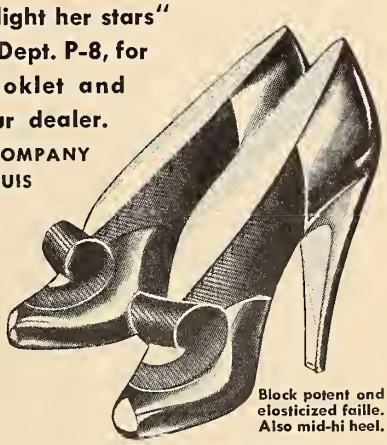

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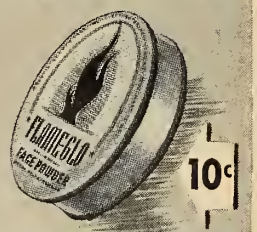
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Fred wonders if maybe he didn't win Lillian by the way *he* could cook.

"I know I interested her in a lot of dishes that she had never been interested in before. Tomatoes, for example. They didn't appeal to her. I talked her into eating them a couple of times, and she did just to please me, and after that she liked them. She got the idea that tomatoes, and a lot of other things she had never even tasted before were good for her. And that may have helped her get the idea that *I* was good for her."

He got the idea that *she* was good for *him* by noticing that when he was with her he felt more alive and happier than he had ever felt with anyone else.

He doesn't know when they realized it was love. "It just sort of grew on us—until neither of us could imagine anybody else being so companionable." He adds, reflectively, "I guess that's when liking turns into love, isn't it?"

Wanting to be together the rest of their lives, they wanted to marry. But there was one obstacle in their way. Fred was earning just enough to support his mother, himself and a couple of relatives who didn't have anybody else to provide for them.

Millions of guys who can't afford to get married don't think twice about going ahead—and letting their wives work to help pay the bills. But Fred thought twice, because his own father hadn't been able to pay the bills; his mother had had to work. He remembered what her life had been like. He remembered what his own life had been like, growing up in that atmosphere. He didn't want to let the girl he loved, or any possible offspring of his, in for that kind of thing. Before he married he wanted to be sure he could support a wife and family.

That was how he happened to give a thought to Hollywood again. Hollywood was one place where a guy could earn big money in a hurry—if he could get the right break.

Having been there once before, Fred knew better than to head West without being invited out by a studio.

The way the press-agents tell it, a talent scout saw him, realized his potentialities and offered him a contract. It makes a better story that way, but the truth is that Fred called himself to that talent scout's attention and pestered the man into giving him a test—which resulted in a contract. A beginner's contract. He wouldn't have been that aggressive if he hadn't been desperately in love with Lillian, desperate to marry her.

WHILE he was about it, he made the talent scout conscious of Lillian. He had hopes that she could get a contract, too. But even if she couldn't, she was going to come out to Hollywood on her own and get a job modeling. They planned that in advance. They weren't going to be separated by three thousand miles, even for six months. (His contract was good for only six months unless Paramount picked up his option.)

Nothing came of Fred's contract, the first three months except dramatic lessons and more dramatic lessons. And nothing ever came of Lillian's test. (Fred still shakes his head about that—how she didn't get a contract, when he did.) But she gave up her job with the Powers agency to come to Hollywood and got a job modeling at Howard Grier's and later at Magnin's, to be near Fred. She proved that she had confidence that he would make good, if Paramount ever gave him anything to do. That helped.

"Particularly when they told me, after I had been working in 'The Gilded Lily' two weeks, that they thought they were going to have to replace me," Fred says. "When they let me start the third week, I tried twice as hard—with Lillie right there to say, 'You can do it.'"

When everybody else in Hollywood doubted his ability, Lillian didn't. That's one very good reason why he loves her.

After "The Gilded Lily" came out, and everybody told him that he was "a natural," he wasn't impressed with his popularity. He didn't have any urge to capitalize on it and move in Important Circles. Lillian's company was plenty good enough for him.

When Paramount announced happily that their brand-new star was a bachelor, he was deluged with invitations from high quarters. Fred tells about a call from one Hollywood social queen.

"She wanted me to attend a big week-end party. She told me the party would not be a success unless I came. I asked brightly, 'Would it be all right if I brought my fiancée?' There was blank silence for a moment at the other end of the wire. Then she said, 'Oh—uh—we wanted just one more man.' Which let me out. I said I had an engagement on Sunday with my fiancée."

Conversations like that helped to keep Fred from having success-itis. And helped to keep him in love with Lillian.

"Also," he adds, "don't forget that we hadn't decided we were in love after knowing each other about three days. It wasn't one of those things. We had planned marriage for a long time and it meant a lot to us. When you work a long time to have something, it can't help meaning a lot to you."

Even after he clicked in "The Gilded Lily," Fred worked two years more before he asked Lillian to marry him. It took a while for his salary to go up after he clicked. Before he rated a raise, Paramount had to find out if he had clicked by accident—or if people were going to keep on liking him on the screen. And even long after Paramount decided he was going to last a while, Fred still wondered. He wanted an emergency reserve on hand, so that he could be sure Lillian would never have to work again, even if something happened to keep him from working. And he wanted a home that he would be sure he could keep, no matter what happened.

But it still baffles Hollywood how he kept his mind on that goal, and on Lillian, with all the temptations Hollywood was capable of offering.

"What temptations?" asks Fred.

Well, for example, the temptation to fall in love with a beautiful leading lady while pretending to do so.

Fred grins an amused grin, shaking his head. "I guess people don't realize how difficult it is, sometimes, to act like you're in love in front of cameras. For example:

"I had to do a love scene one time with a girl, in which we walked along a park path, talking, and finally stopped at a certain spot and embraced. The camera followed alongside. And walking at just the right pace to stay in focus with the camera every second wasn't easy. It was so tough, in fact, that the director stationed a prop man on the camera dolly with a long stick—to whack me on the shin and let me know when I was going too fast or too slow. And I was supposed to pretend I wasn't thinking of a thing except taking the girl in my arms."

He laughs in reminiscence. And another memory provokes another laugh.

"We were sitting on a park bench. I had my arm on the back of the bench. When you put your arm up on a bench like that, it naturally hunches up your

coat in a big bulge. But that would never do in a movie. It isn't glamorous. So the director stationed a prop man on the ground behind the bench, out of sight, to hold my coat down. There I was, telling a girl I loved her, with a guy hanging onto my coat!"

But some of his feminine co-stars have been so glamorous, it's difficult for all kinds of men, the world over, to imagine being around them without succumbing.

"Have you ever met Lillian?" he asks.

No, we've never had that pleasure. But what does she have that the other girls don't have?

"Well, some girls have one thing, and other girls have something else, but as far as I'm concerned, she has everything.

"She isn't a career girl. She likes a home, and everything a home stands for. She has a nice, even disposition; she isn't temperamental or self-centered. She isn't always looking at herself in mirrors. She has a sense of humor. She's intelligent about a variety of things. She's a good sport—lets me go on fishing trips for the simple reason that she thinks they're good for me—and not, as I've read somewhere, because I let her wear Lilly Daché hats.

"She has always wanted children. So far, we haven't been lucky enough to have any of our own. But we've adopted one—which was her idea.

"She was ill for a long time, if you remember." A far-off look comes in Fred's eyes. "She very nearly died. If she had had less of what it takes, she never would have pulled through.

"I guess the chief reason why I've fallen in love only once," he concludes, "is that I know when I'm happy."

That's Hollywood's thought for today.



Appropriate that Mary Brodel, who's a "strawberry blonde," should get her first big break in the film of that name!

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HOW THEY PROPOSED

(Continued from page 25)

marriage took place in New York.

* * *

Otto Kruger stood on the stage of a New York theatre, pouring out eloquence. He and his fellow-workers were engaged in the famous Actors' Equity strike, and he was imploring them to stick. The flow of language broke for an instant. His audience thought he was pausing for breath. He alone knew that his breath had been taken by the sight of a vision, ushering in the aisles.

Her name was Sue McNanamy.

He took her out to dinner that night and the next and the next, by which time he'd known her a hundred years. "There's only one of you, Sue. Will you marry me?" She said she would. "How soon?" "How long can you wait?" "A week." "All right. A week from today."

Marry in haste and be happy at leisure. That was twenty-two years ago, and they're still in love!

* * *

Everything happened to Dean Jagger at once. He scored a personal hit in the Theatre Guild's "They Shall Not Die"; he met a girl named Antoinette; and ten days later he was signed to a Hollywood contract. Antoinette met him that night after the show, and he steered her through the nearest doorway, which happened to be that of a five-cent coffee joint. While the waiter slopped coffee into their saucers, he babbled, "Come with me to Hollywood, come with me to Paramount, come with me forever." She said she'd like to, but her father was ill, and she had to go home to Boston. She promised to wait. Eight months later Paramount gave him four days off for his wedding in Boston. This was in January. His plane was grounded eight times, and the ceremony postponed three times, but Antoinette waited and went back with him to Hollywood. Not to Paramount forever (it's Twentieth Century-Fox now); it may not even be Hollywood forever. But it's Dean forever.

Roger Pryor had been conducting one of those long-distance courtships with Ann Sothern. He had a band which kept him in motion. She had a movie contract which kept her tied. Occasional radio broadcasts kept them together. On September 24th, 1936, he flew back to Hollywood to go on the air with Ann in "There's Always Juliet." She met him at the airport, and no sooner had he stepped off the plane than he said, "Let's get married." "Let's," said Ann, and drove him to the license bureau. The knot was tied on the 27th.

* * *

When Helen Gahagan was cast in the stellar role of "Tonight or Never," the director asked her to be at the theatre next day to choose a leading man. Among the candidates Miss Gahagan spotted a tall, lean stranger. "Who's that?" she murmured. "Melvyn Douglas." "Never heard of him in my life, but if it's all right with you, Melvyn Douglas is the one I want."

Nor did it take Douglas long to discover that she was the one he wanted. They were still rehearsing and had dashed out for a between-scenes bite. Did the suave Mel Douglas make a speech? He did not. "Let's get married," he said between munches. "Let's," said she. (Apologies, please. If Mr. Douglas could have foreseen this story, he'd doubtless have tried for a more original approach.)

* * *

Maureen O'Sullivan used to go riding with Johnny Farrow in Bel-Air. Their favorite trail branched off just below a hill. They'd lead their horses to the hilltop and dismount to enjoy the view. One day John said: "You make me happier than anyone I've ever known. Let's get married darling." (There it is again, girls.)

"Well, don't be so prosaic about it," said Maureen, before melting. They built their honeymoon house a-top that hill.



There'll be no "Oh, Johnny-ing" for Bonnie Baker in her first picture, "You're the One," 'cause her real-life boyfriend is the lead, and his name's Orrin Tucker!

They met as high school youngsters, dark-eyed young Dominic and Honore with the honey-colored braids. For a couple of years he took her to dances and football games. Then their ways parted. Six years went by; then one September night in Chicago, a friend phoned Don right after he'd finished a broadcast. "Come down to the Edgewater Beach Hotel. There's somebody I want you to meet." Somebody—you guessed it—was Honore! She and Don danced every dance together. Suddenly he grinned down at her. "I'm going to marry you," he said. Was he kidding? She didn't know, so she smiled sweetly, which commits a girl in neither direction.

Next day she returned to Dubuque where she lived. Followed a bombardment by wire, phone and in person. It's a four-hour drive from Dubuque to Chicago, but Don managed it with spectacular frequency. One night he phoned after his broadcast. "Wait up for me. I've got something for you."

She was used to his ways by now. So was her family. They went to bed and left her napping on the living-room couch. She woke up hungry, foraged in the kitchen for a snack, ate it and started washing dishes. It was at this unromantic point that her suitor burst in. Hands still in the dishpan, she gaped at him. His hands, face and shirt front were smeared in black grease. "What on earth—!" "Oh—that! Just a couple of flat tires. Close your eyes, honey, and stick out your paw." He finally got the diamond shoved down over her soapy knuckle—then, grease and all, folded her to his chest.

She became Mrs. Ameche in November, two months after he'd told her she would.

* * *

Alan Curtis never proposed to Ilona Massey in so many words. They've just been inseparable from the moment they met—on a train to Boise, Idaho, for the opening of "Northwest Passage." Curtis hadn't been keen to make the trip. "Who else is going?" "Well, among others, Ilona Massey." "What's she like?" They told him, but he shook his head. "You're laying it on too thick." Now he wonders how they could have been so lukewarm.

They saw each other every day. Every day he told her he loved her. Naturally the question of marriage reared its head. Ilona was afraid of it. They'd both tried it unsuccessfully before. Besides, she'd seen enough of so-called "Hollywood marriage" to make her jittery. If she married again, she must feel it would be for keeps. Day by day he argued against her misgivings. Look how happy they were just being together; how their tastes matched; how, having made a mistake apiece, they weren't likely to repeat it; how many movie people had been happily married for years. It's hard for a girl in love to hang on to misgivings. One evening, five months after they'd met, as he rode his favorite topic, she looked up at him and gave him her hand. That was his proposal, that was her assent.

* * *

All that kept Pat O'Brien from proposing to Eloise Taylor was lack of the wherewithal to keep a wife. They were trudging gloomily up Fifth Avenue one day when he stopped in his tracks. "Gee, we've just got to get married or something." That was all Eloise needed to dispel the vapors. "We've just got to get married or *nothing*," she retorted, and tucked her hand back under his arm.

Hollywood solved their problem. Pat got the part of Walter Burns in "The Front Page," and he got his girl.

* * *

Rita Hayworth—Cansino before the movies tampered with her name—was reared in the formal Spanish tradition. No casual dates for her. "Oh, but Ed Judson's different," a friend kept assuring her. "He's an older man, and I *know* you'd like him. We must arrange a foursome soon." The friend, longer on words than deeds, was promoting Rita with Ed at the same time, but never got around to arranging the foursome.

One day Rita was called to the phone. "My name's Edward Judson," said a voice. "I'm a friend of Thus-and-so, etc., etc." "Oh, yes, I know about you." "Well, would it be very improper if I called on you?" "No-o, I guess not. My father and mother are here." He called. He was asked to dine—once, twice, three times. Having served his apprenticeship, he was given permission to take Rita out. They made progress. At last he said, "I want you to marry me. Don't say anything now. I'm going to New York. Think it over quietly while I'm gone, and when I come back, give me my answer."

Judson is back. Judson is calling his girl. "What's the answer, Rita?"

"This," said Rita, "is the day." Which proves that even the old Spanish customs can't shelter a girl from knowing her own mind.

* * *

John Carradine met Ardanelle Cosner at a party five years ago. First, he plied her with questions about herself and her child. Second, he told her what a remarkable fellow *he* was. Third, he said: "You're going to marry me." "You're crazy," she informed him kindly. "I'm



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stark mad," he agreed, "and you're going to marry me." He plucked her from the party and took her driving. He recited verse to her and after each verse, he said, "You're going to marry me." He dated her every night and kept her out till three or four in the morning. "Will you marry the man," the family finally yelped, "so you can get some sleep?"

"Which is just what I did," says Mrs. Carradine.

* * *

Nunnally Johnson was in New York. Dorris Bowden had been there but was back in Hollywood. She'd been listening to a broadcast of "We, the People," on which Johnson had introduced Jane Darwell. As the broadcast ended, the phone rang. "New York calling." Then the voice of Johnson. "Darling, will you marry me this summer?"

Dorris—(nonplussed as they say in the high-toned novels)—Look, I know this broadcast was a strain, and I know you're tired, but it went over beautifully—

Nunnally—I had a fine time, and I'm not tired, and I don't care how it went over. Will you marry me?

Dorris—Well, we'll think about it. (She hangs up.)

(Five minutes later. The phone rings.)

Nunnally—What do you mean, we'll think about it? If we want to get married, why don't we get married now? Why wait till summer?

Dorris—Look, I'll come back East, and we'll talk it over.

Nunnally—You take the plane back here tomorrow. (*He* hangs up.)

(Ten minutes later. The phone rings.)

Nunnally—Listen, I've just sent this wire to Zanuck. 'Dorris has consented to become Mrs. Johnson, God help her. See that she leaves on early plane.' Is that okay with you?

Dorris—That's okay with me, dear.

Nunnally—Goodnight, darling. (They both hang up.)

(Thirty minutes later. The phone rings.)

Nunnally—I just wanted to tell you how happy I am.

Dorris—So am I. Well, goodnight, darling.

Nunnally—Goodnight, Mrs. darling.

She took the plane next morning, whether personally trundled thereto by Mr. Zanuck remains unrecorded. They were married at the home of Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, that other zany.

* * *

The Lupinos—mother and two daughters—were going to the beach with a young French artist, who was a friend of Louis Hayward's, too. Hayward happened to call him up that same day. "What are you doing this afternoon?" Louis didn't care for the answer. He'd known and disliked Ida as a brat in London. "Oh, well—I'm lonely, I'll go along. Guess I can stand the girl for a few hours." Conditioned thus, he was, of course, rude to her. She was rude right back—till they got on a roller coaster. They plunged; Ida clung to Louis. After that he was rather nice.

They went together for three years. Far from proposing, Louis kept telling her, "I've no intention of marrying. Anyway, not till I can keep my wife in comfort." "That's fine," said Ida. Or, in mellower moments he'd tell her, "When I'm ready to marry, I'll let you know." "Do that," said Ida lightly. "Keep in close touch with me."

They were at the Trocadero one night. He left her to make a phone call and was gone half an hour. "Long distance," he explained on his return.

When she got in that night, her mother said: "The honor of your hand has been sought by Mr. Hayward in marriage."

A moment later, light dawned. "Long distance, huh? And it took you half an hour to say bless you, my children."

Since the thing had been put on a formal basis, she invited him formally to tea next day and plunged most informally to the heart of the matter.

"Did you phone my mother last night?"

"Well—yes—in a way."

"What about?"

"Oh, I sort of thought we might maybe get married."

"That's fine. I've got the house and chintz all picked out."

"Don't rush me," said the man. Then—"How soon could you get two days off for the wedding?" He put his cup down. "How soon could you get right over here?"



Mrs. Dick Carlson's a boogie-woogie addict—but Dick, who's an ex-professor and a Phi Beta Kappa, sits 'em out if they're not in three-quarter time!

NO GIRL IS HOMELY

(Continued from page 47)

day coiffure and put on half as much make-up. The day Bette Davis took my advice on that point, some years ago, she became exactly twice as attractive!"

Mention of Bette Davis brought to our mind some of the other attractive actresses at Warner Brothers. Since he had said anything could be done with any face, we asked for the proof of the puddin'.

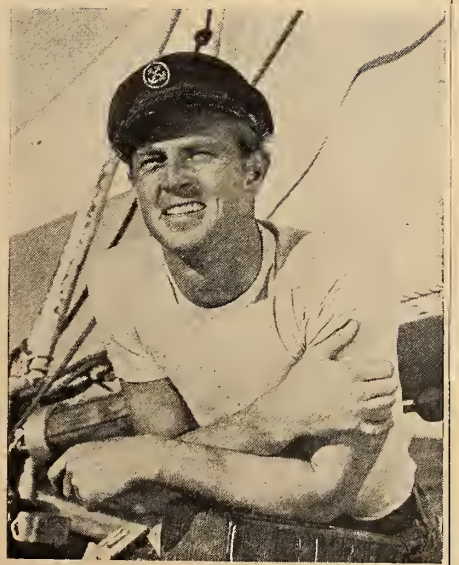
What had he done with whom?

"Well, some women don't need much work. Olivia de Havilland is the best example. She has a perfectly proportioned face, and she prepares it in a feminine fashion. She's fine. But when Ann Sheridan came to me, she didn't know what the word 'oomph' meant. The problem with her was to define her best features and correct her bad ones. One fault was that she had a square jaw. I created a new coiffure for her; drew her hair back from her face and away from her jawline; gave her a center part and a little fluffiness behind the ears. Then I painted shadows with powder on the sides of her jaw, so that when the lights hit it they would be absorbed. You see, she had been making the mistake of using light powder around the chin and cheeks, which accented the squareness of it by reflecting light instead of absorbing it.

"I recall when Alice Faye first came to this town. She wasn't the beauty she is today. She was the average girl with fine features. She had tiny eyebrows. She had a cupid's bow mouth that looked as if someone had suddenly pulled a trombone away from it. She had to be improved. She was. And now look at her!

"Many girls may have one bad thing wrong with their face, or by making one elementary mistake they may make themselves wholly unattractive. For instance, when Brenda Marshall came to the studio, her mouth was turned down and surly, and her hair was too fussy. So I turned her mouth up, with a different lipstick technique, brushed her hair flat and sleek on top, fluffy on the ends, and nobody recognized her!

Shirley Ross just returned from New York. The first day I laid eyes on her I knew there was something wrong.



Stirling Hayden's the tallest man in Hollywood. He's over six feet five!

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Shall I *match* it?
Shall I *warm* it?

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Pond's has 4 superlative brunette shades to provide the effect you choose.

A lovely rose-pink shade with creamy overtones—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match very fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A rich ivory-cream shade—Brunette-Rachel—all cream and no pink. Countless brunettes use this to match their natural creaminess of tone. Some use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

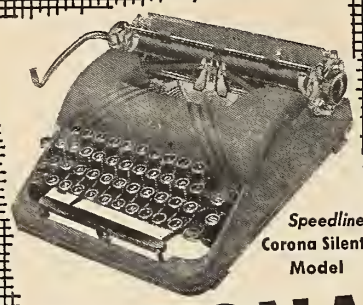
A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. Matches most successfully brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. The pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

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I knew she could be better looking. I decided, finally, that it was her hair. She has a plumpish face, and she was wearing her hair tight on top and full around her face—which made her face even plumper. I simply turned her hair-do upside down. Bunched her hair on top, with hardly any of it at her cheeks—and wait till you see her!

"I insist—anyone can be attractive even if she's out-and-out ugly. I'll cite you an interesting case. Some years ago, Princess Catherine of Greece paid a visit to Hollywood. She wasn't good looking. In fact, she refused to permit a single photographer to snap her. One afternoon I met her. Everything was wrong with the Princess Catherine's face. It was too big on top. Too small on the bottom. Suddenly she said to me, 'Please make me beautiful!' It was a challenge. I was really on the spot, but here was a chance to prove my theory. I promptly ordered two jars of foundation cream sent in. One was dark and one was light. I smeared her large forehead with the dark cream to absorb light and make it appear smaller. I placed light cream around her jaw to reflect light and enlarge the chin. This gave her face balance. Then I completed the job with powder and rouge, and handed her a mirror. She took one look, gasped and blurted, 'I'm beautiful! I must be photographed immediately! Is there a photographer around?' I said, 'Your Majesty, there are twenty waiting downstairs!'

"And that's how one unattractive woman, through the simple art of careful, ordinary make-up, was made into a stunning creature."

For two solid hours that world-famous beauty authority hammered home more beauty.

"Most women pencil in false eyebrows too high. This tends to make their eyes too narrow. . . . Girls with short noses should have long eyebrows. . . . Women play up instead of playing down their weaknesses by being inexpert. If you have bad or crooked teeth, don't work with make-up around your mouth to offset the teeth. This only draws attention to them. Instead, concentrate on some other good feature. Play that feature up to detract from the teeth. . . . For example, a Berkeley girl came to me. Had horrible skin. But I liked her eyes and mouth. Suggested she concentrate on them, and people would forget her complexion. She did. They did. Everything was fine. . . . You know how I made Ruth Gordon old in 'Dr. Ehrlich?' By making her screw up her face, then painting it and powdering it. Thus, when she relaxed, everything was made up except the wrinkles, which remained naturally dark. This made her appear old. Most women make this mistake and look lousy as a result. A girl goes into her bathroom or bedroom to make up, squints, screws up her face, wrinkles it as she powders and rouges, and it leaves her looking haggard and old. The face should be relaxed when being repaired."

When we were leaving he reminded us for the thousandth time, that no one was beyond the magic of cosmetics. He spoke of a great actress who had come to him two weeks before. A sudden skin infection had left her pock-marked. She was afraid her career was ended. Westmore told her not to worry. He told her to use the stipling process in making-up. Take powders of two colors, and paint them on her face in tiny dark and light dots. This would not only hide her pock marks, but blend with the thousands of little dots on every theatre screen, thereby creating a mellow illusion of beauty.

We didn't have to hear any more from the dark-haired genius, but—

Maybe it would be best to see another beauty expert or two, just to be certain we weren't giving you false cheer. So we trotted out to RKO, climbed some stairs, bumped into Orson Welles, said hello to Maureen O'Hara and entered a small cubicle that resembled a barber shop. This was the abode of a slight man wearing gold-rimmed glasses and a black moustache—Mel Berns.

OF course there is no such thing as a homely face," he assured us, when we'd queried him. "Because beauty isn't determined by the features alone, but by personality as well. In brief, I say a girl is as beautiful and charming and magnetic as her personality.

"Any normal face, assuming there are no extreme deformities, can be eye-appealing if there's mind behind that face. That's my idea, and I'm stuck with it.

"I have seen girl after girl, all with countenances utterly out of proportion, and with what we consider bad features. In some the eyes were bad, in others the mouth wrong. Still, most were beautiful, and their defects were cloaked by a gracious personality.

"There isn't a human on earth who doesn't have some beauty to take hold of, and this beauty can be enhanced until it includes the entire being."

Mel Berns listed several examples of cases where the magic wand of make-up had touched women who had entered the movies just ordinary people, and emerged as gorgeous females destined to be bombarded with mash notes and proposals. He mentioned Katharine Hepburn.

"When Hepburn came to Hollywood she was a sight, with her greenish-blue eyes, wild red hair, with her patched blue overalls and those terrible hob-nailed shoes. I remember when George Cukor, the director, first laid eyes on her. He quivered, and said, 'You need a haircut. You need everything. You're a disgrace. Look at those clothes!' And then he added, 'No well-dressed woman would wear those clothes outside of a bathroom!'

"And believe me, Hepburn wasn't the picture of beauty. But she had courage and personality. She was willing to learn and improve. One of her defects was that she smiled too broadly. Her gums showed. I told her about it, and she would come into this office every day, and for one hour she would stand in front of that mirror and practice smiling—without her upper gums showing. She finally trained her lip muscles so well that today she couldn't smile and show her gums if she wanted to! By such persistence Katharine Hepburn became one of the most attractive women in the film colony. If she could do it, anyone can!"

Berns revealed the case of Anna Neagle. She came to Hollywood from London, a young girl with a prematurely old face. This was a result of serious character roles and special make-up in such films as "Queen Victoria" and "Nurse Edith Cavell." Berns began de-aging her. He changed the contour of her brows. Reshaped her lips. Balanced her features. Made her hair younger. And presto, overnight she was a song-and-dance youngster! The magic of make-up, indeed!

He concluded our chat with the story of Ginger Rogers' transformation. "We did remarkable things with her," he explained. "She was playing brittle, sophisticated roles as a musical comedy star. The studio decided she was ready for straight dramatic parts. So the make-up

department got to work on Ginger. They made her softer and more natural as to exterior. For example, her eyebrows had been penciled high in the sophisticated manner. These were erased, and her real brows permitted to grow back. Then for 'Kitty Foyle,' they took off all her make-up and gave her pigtails so that she could play, at one point, a fourteen-year-old!"

The last chap on our list was Twentieth Century-Fox's Guy Pearce. We caught him in his den and laid the big question mark in his lap.

"There isn't a face on earth that's beyond repair," he reported, seating himself on a stool. "Go out to the sticks, find a girl you wouldn't look at twice, put a good, careful make-up job on her—and you have glamour. Why, the devil, we do it every week in Hollywood!

NOW I'll admit some faces are rather difficult. But in countenances with irregular features you'll usually find a compensating factor which might be termed 'character.' In fact, a good share of the big-name women in Hollywood are interesting rather than beautiful. And the words, to me, are almost synonymous.

"The trouble with most girls is that they wish to be perfect. They want their face all level and balanced. Everything similar. Both eyebrows even. Lips just so. Hair line exactly this way or that. Actually, that's unnatural. Every distinctive feature should be retained, even if it lacks balance. Girls should look for attractive individuality instead of mathematical perfection.

"Now take Vivien Leigh. I worked on the first screen test ever shot of her in London. I worked with Alexander Korda on it. After Korda looked at the test, he came to me and said something was crooked on her face. Finally he discovered it was her eyebrows. One was arched and the other straight. 'Why don't you make them both straight?' he wanted to know. I told him I hadn't, and I wouldn't, because the unbalanced brows made her face more interesting. Moreover they were natural. She had a habit of lifting one brow, which arched it. And I wanted it to remain that way. It wasn't perfection—but it gave her a fine impish quality. Finally Korda agreed. And between us, don't you think Vivien Leigh looks all right these days? And those eyebrows are still crooked! Frequently little irregularities like these can be turned into assets."

Pearce wound up our discussion: "Aside from actual deformities, there's not a flaw of face, neck or hands that a girl can't improve—if she is persistent, patient and intelligent!"

And so, here we are, and there you are, in front of your mirror again where we had you at the beginning of the story. And you still don't think you look swell enough to make the lads ignore Hedy or Marlene in the scramble for a gander at you. But now you know there's hope! For they, the royalty of beauty, have told you, and you must believe. But above everything, you must heed this summary of all they've said: Lady, to keep an attractive head—use it!

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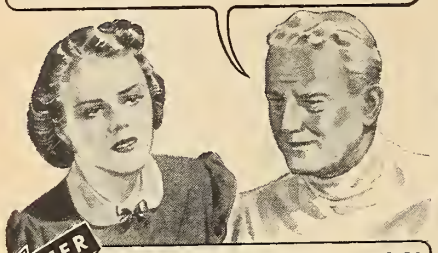
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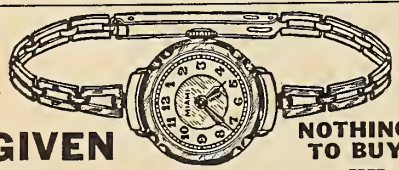
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LOOK TO YOUR LOCKS

(*Continued from page 53*)

STRINGY . . . It's probably oily and needs some real attention, but if *the* only man in the world asks you out on a moment's notice, here's how to give it a quick "shot in the arm." Remove excess oil and dust via a brisk brushing—cleaning the brush on a towel after every few strokes. Dampen your hair with one of those godsend-ish hair tonics (there's one that's also a wave set) created especially for oily hair and turn it up on perforated curlers. Leave it up till the last possible second, then comb it gently. A dash of perfume behind your ears, a clip glittering wickedly from your glossy curls—and we bet you'll be playing a few return engagements!

PERMANENTED . . . It should look just as soft and touchable as naturally curly hair, but if you indulged in one of those bargain waves that turned out to be no bargain—don't despair! Choose a really fine shampoo and massage it into the scalp. Then steam your hair by leaning over a basin of very hot water, making a sort of tent with a big bath towel. Steam for fifteen minutes, then complete your shampoo. This treatment restores hair elasticity, so that each hair will stretch to one fifth of its length. Nightly massages with reliable lubricants will complete the reconditioning. Next time, though, avoid that crimped poodle look—get a permanent you can trust!

FINE . . . It's "millionaire's hair" and requires a bit of pampering. Bet you've been shortchanging it on shampoos, because it's so wispy and flyaway afterwards. Here's a happy solution. Wash it with a special oil shampoo and rinse it with cool water. (This has a more subduing effect than a warm rinse.) Work a teaspoon of olive oil gradually into the scalp, and spray the ends of the hair (and never anything but the ends) with brilliantine. This not only lubricates, but actually heals brittle, split hair. Set it with a cream lotion that'll give it body, and use a comb with widely-spaced teeth. (Disown your needle-sharp fine-toothed one; it's a hair and scalp irritant.) When the lotion dries, another pouf of the brilliantine, a whisk of the comb, a pat here and there and—isn't it miraculous?



Starlet Maris Wrixon's all a-glitter in a million-dollar necklace and tiara.



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(Continued from page 18)

The story has to do with Joan, a royal princess in one of those improbable European countries, who is held captive in her own castle by Sanders, a sort of dictator. Hayward manages to free both the country and Joan by making believe he's a sissy in the daytime and doing masked heroics at night. It's the same story (essentially) as "The Mark of Zorro," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel," but who cares? It's the action that counts and there's plenty of it here.

The three top players already mentioned are really excellent and they're supported by a whole slew of better-than-average players, best of whom are, perhaps, Lionel Royce, Montagu Love, Ian MacWolfe, Clayton Moore and George Renavant. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. —*Edward Small-United Artists.*

★★★ Flight Command

There is some excellent flying footage in this picture—but, unfortunately, there is also a story. And the story spoils the picture, because it is so full of old-time routines.

It's a yarn about the American flying forces of today, gaining a certain amount of topical interest thereby. Robert Taylor is a young and daring flyer who is brought into the Hell Cats, an extra special aerial squadron commanded by Walter Pidgeon. Naturally, the other men resent him a bit until he gets a chance to show his mettle. Pidgeon is married to Ruth Hussey, and her brother (Shepperd Strudwick) is a member of the squadron who is also experimenting on a blind flying gadget on the side. Taylor helps him, and in a final test, Shepperd is killed. This puts Bob on the spot and to further complicate things, Bob and Ruth almost fall in love.

All ends of this are unravelled in a thrilling finale which manages to include everything except the kitchen stove. And maybe that's what is wrong—it's just plain too much, in spite of the fact that there is a good deal of thrilling merit in it.

All the acting is adequate, but none of it is exciting. Taylor is quite all right as the flyer and Pidgeon's acting as the understanding and kindly commander is A-1. But it doesn't seem quite right, somehow, for Bob to be the one who loses the gal (even if she never belonged to him in the first place) to Pidgeon. Ruth is excellent as the wife, but suffers from the fact that her part in the story (the love stuff) is one of the extraneous elements.

Paul Kelly and Shepperd Strudwick are unrestrainedly swell, and there's a new comic named Red Skelton, who reminds you a lot of Bob Hope, and who should go places. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Go West

The Marx Brothers are back in a movie, and a very good movie at that. It's funny from the word go; it has a lot of good gags, of both the ear and sight kind. It not only starts off with a hilarious scene, but it keeps building—and the finale is one of the funniest routines in years; it'll probably leave you limp.

The three zanies are out west this time. They're not cowboys, but they're in the cow country, which gives them all sorts of latitude. They manage to get hold of a claim to an important hunk of land which the railroad needs. That gives your villains (Walter Woolf King and Robert Barratt) a chance to try cheating the trio out of the paper. But you know who wins, don't you?

As usual with Marx pictures, there is no attempt to spin a straightforward yarn. The lads simply go wild, going from gag to routine or vice versa. Groucho does all the gabbing, Harpo manages to get in his usual assortment of grand pantomimic routines, and Chico does most of the confusing. Of course Chico also gets in a swell piano solo, and Harpo manages to find a harp to twang for a delightful musical interlude.

The romantic element (such as it is) is in the capable hands of John Carroll and Diana Lewis. Diana is growing up. She's getting picture-wise and, if this film is any indication, you may expect her to get a really important leading lady assignment in the very near future. As for the Carroll lad, he has been climbing rapidly in the past year or so and this is just another okay as-

(Continued on page 89)

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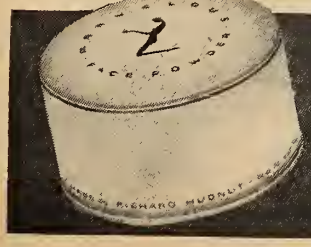
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(Continued from page 46)

NAME	FORMERLY MARRIED TO	LENGTH OF MARRIAGE	CHILDREN	HOW MARRIAGE ENDED	PRESENT STATUS
HOPKINS, Miriam	Brandon Peters Austin Parker Anatole Litvak	• About 3 yrs. 8 years 2 years	• None Michael, 11, adapted Nane	• Divorce Divorce Divorce, 1939	• Author John Gunther's trying to get Inside The Heart of Hopkins
HOPPER, Hedda	DeWalf Hopper	• 9 years	• DeWolf, Jr., 26	• Divorce, 1922	• Nixing all proposals
JOLSON, Al	Ruby Keeler	• 11 years	• Al, Jr., 6, adapted	• Divorce, Oct., 1939	• Al's New York's newest Roving Romeo
JUDGE, Arline	Wesley Ruggles Dan Topping	• 5½ years 3 years	• Charles Wesley, 8 Daniel, Jr., 3	• Divorce, Apr., 1937 Divorce, May, 1940	• Resting between phony elopements
LAMARR, Hedy	Fritz Mandl Gene Markey	• Abaut 3 yrs. 1½ years	• None Jimmy, adopted	• Divarce Divorce, 1940	• Keep yaur eye on John Howard
LAMOUR, Dorothy	Herbie Kaye	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, May, 1939	• Has a case an Legalaver Greg Bautzer
LANDIS, Carole	Irving Wheeler Willis Hunt	• 2 months 2 months	• Nane None	• Divarce, 1932 Divorce, 1940	• Franchot Tone leads all the rest
LANE, Lola	Lew Ayres Alexander Hall	• 2 years 3 years	• None Nane	• Divarce, 1933 Divorce, 1937	• Flash! Surprise marriage ta yacht broker, Henry Clay Dunham
LANE, Priscilla	Oren Haglund	• 1 day	• None	• Annulled, 1940	• Has said "maybe" to a Manhattan mogul
MARSHALL, Brenda	Richard Gaines	• 3 years	• Virginia, 3	• Divorce, June, 1940	• Ever hear of William Holden?
MASSEY, Ilona	Nick Szavazd	• About 4 yrs.	• None	• Divorce, 1935	• Snagged by Alan Curtis
MONTEZ, Maria	Wm. MacFeeters	• 6 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Girl of the Auer
MORRIS, Wayne	Leonora Schinasi	• 1½ years	• Bert DeWayne, III, I	• Divorce, 1940	• Pat Stewart is helping him farget
MUNSON, Ona	Eddie Buzzell	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1928	• Confirmed bachelor-girl
NAGLE, Anne	Ross Alexander	• 3½ months	• Nane	• Suicide, 1937	• All's quiet
OLIVER, Edna May	D. W. Pratt	• 1 year	• Nane	• Divorce, around 1930	• Happy-ga-lucky
PAGE, Gale	Frederich Tritschler	• 10 years	• Frederich, Jr., 9	• Divorce, Oct., 1939	• Everything's under control
PARKER, Jean	George MacDonald	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce pending	• Doug Dawson holds the reins
PATRICK, Gail	Robert Cobb	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Still terribly in love
RAINER, Luise	Clifford Odets	• 3 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Said to be tating the torch
RAYE, Martha	Buddy Westmore Dave Rose	• 1 yr., 4 mos. 1½ years	• None None	• Divorce, Sept., 1938 Divarce, April, 1940	• It's rumored she's wilting for Rose
RICE, Florence	Sidney Smith Rabert Wilcox	• 11 months 1 yr., 4 mas.	• None Nane	• Divarce, May, 1931 Divorce, July, 1940	• Pianist Dalies Frantz is striking the chord
ROBSON, May	E. H. Gore	• 4 years	• E. H. Gore, Jr., 48	• Died, 1883	• Suppose you were 76!
ROGERS, Ginger	Jack Culpepper Lew Ayres	• 3 years 5 yrs., 4 mos.	• Nane None	• Divorce, 1931 Divorce, Mar., 1940	• Wearing Howard Hughes' ring
SHEARER, Norma	Irving Thalberg	• 8 years	• Irving, Jr., 10; Katherine, 5	• Died, 1936	• It's still Raft
SHELTON, John	Sally Sage	• 3 years	• Nane	• Divorce, 1940	• Too career-minded far love
SHERIDAN, Ann	Edward Norris	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, Oct., 1938	• Mr. George Brent remains her "one-and-only"
SINGLETON, Penny	Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton	• 3 years	• Dorothy Virginia, 5 (by previous marriage)	• Divorce, Nov., 1939	• Our money's on Producer Bob Sparks
TONE, Franchot	Joan Crawford	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Cancentrating an Carole Landis
TURNER, Lana	Artie Shaw	• 7 months	• None	• Divorce, Sept., 1940	• Tony Martin was head man, last time we laoked
VINSON, Helen	Fred Perry	• 5 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• May re-string their romance
WELLES, Orson	Virginia Nicholson	• 5 years	• Christopher (girl), 2	• Divorce, Feb., 1940	• Deeply in love with Dolores Del Rio
WRAY, Fay	John Mank Saunders	• 10 years	• Susan Cary, 4	• Divorce, 1938	• Don't ignore Clifford Odets. Fay doesn't
YOUNG, Roland	Marjarie Kummer	• 19 years	• None	• Divorce, Oct., 1940	• A stag at bay

signment for him. He does manage to sing one song, however, and this is good news because he has an elegant singing voice. Incidentally, Diana also manages a song, and there's still another warbling assignment handled neatly by June MacCloy.

People were talking (along that famous whispering grapevine of Hollywood) to the effect that the Marx Brothers were washed up, not so very long ago. Well, this is a picture that'll make 'em shut up, probably for good. Directed by Eddie Buzzell.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Trail of the Vigilantes

It's a shame this picture doesn't have a better title. Behind those corny whiskers lurks a grand slice of fun, and there will be plenty of customers who will be scared away, figuring it's just another horse opera. Well, it isn't. The horses are there, and the cowboys are there, high heels, chaps and all—but it's comedy which you won't easily forget.

Franchot Tone is the champ two-gun toter, and Peggy Moran is the looker who makes his manly heart flutter. That's about all there is to the romantic or straight dramatic element, the film actually being keyed to the ludicrous maneuverings of Mischa Auer, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine. What it is, of course, is a satire on westerns—there is quite a lot of riding and shooting and excitement, but the fun element is uppermost. It's a lampoon in its most elegant terms.

For its basic premise, this super thriller employs the most standard of cowboy picture formulas—the story of a young

(*Continued from page 87*)

copper who goes into a tough neighborhood and cleans it up. It's the way this is handled (same story as "Destry Rides Again," but used for more subtle comedy effects) that makes the picture different from its predecessors.

Franchot as the clean-up guy is better than you think he can possibly be; he has a sense of restrained comedy which is somewhat surprising. The three humorous lads, Crawford, Auer and Devine, are in top form—which is good enough for anybody's movie. Peggy Moran is not only good to look at but shows the effects here of the careful build-up she's been getting; the gal is going places. Warren William and Porter Hall are as tough a combination as you can expect.

Most of the credit belongs to the director, Allan Dwan, who keeps the players acting straight—through comedy scenes—for very effective results. Directed by Allan Dwan.—*Universal.*

★★★ Little Nellie Kelly

Judy Garland grows up—which is the big news about this one. Metro doesn't bother explaining when she stopped being a little girl; she's a wife and mother here—and she comes through swimmingly, of course. "Little Nellie Kelly" is not the sort of picture that you are likely to write home about, mind you, but it's good, clean fun. In film circles, it is what is known as a family picture—okay for the entire family, including (or especially) mom and pop. And in this classification it is tops.

The story is taken from an old George M. Cohan play which, perhaps, was better in its day. Judy plays a double role. First we see her as an Irish lass being courted by George Murphy; she's a rather quiet, somber young woman, not inclined to smile very often. They marry, come to America, and she dies in childbirth. (Yes, this is still Judy Garland, and a really grand bit of acting that deathbed scene is, too.) Then there's a time lapse, and Judy appears again, as the daughter, fully grown, happy, carefree, almost giddy. Doug McPhail is her boyfriend now, Murphy her pop, and Charlie Winninger his pop. It's pretty sentimental, with a lot of brogue thrown around, but it holds up throughout because of Judy's splendid work.

There's a bit of disappointment in Murphy's assignment here; it's almost a straight dramatic role, and he gets very little chance to be the splendid song and dance man that he is. McPhail hasn't much to do, but Winninger is a sock in a straight comedy role. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*Metro-Golwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Comrade X

Clark Gable socks Hedy Lamarr and she pokes him right back, blow for blow. That seems to be the big thing about "Comrade X," plus, of course, the fact that Hedy bows in with a brand new type of characterization. It's a new Hedy, lads, and a honey of a one.

"Comrade X" is a comedy with a lot of laughs, but it's spotty. There are long, tiresome scenes during which nothing much happens, and the funny

(*Continued on page 95*)

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

(*Continued from page 41*)

too, and Miss Joan Crawford. I like very much Mr. Henry Fonda. So easy, so simple, so natural, this Henry Fonda.

"The moving pictures, the magazines that tell us about the moving pictures, they help very beeg to bring the good will we hope to accompleesh between Nors' and Sous' America. And the exchange of travellers will help very much, too. Take myself, for example—I have met the Nors' Americans in their homes, now I have work with them in their Hollywood. I like them and maybe they like me, and that is the way to make friends, between people and countries.

THE Sous' American girls copy the movie stars way of dressing and making love and making fun.

"In Brazil, Deanna Durbin is a very beeg name. When there is a new Deanna Durbin picture, all the girls of that age dress just like her in that picture. Rio is then filled with little Sous' American Deanna Durbins in the dresses like she wore, with the hair like she fix hers, even taking the singing lessons so they can sing like her!

"I know now they are smart to do this. Because in Hollywood the girls and women know how to dress. You do not ever see a woman here, or a young girl, you do not want to turn around and look at her, she makes such a picture.

"So, it is good for them to copy. In Brazil, in the Argentine, the rich men send to Schiaparelli and Patou for the gowns for their ladies. For them, it is all right. But the not-so-rich are turning more and more to the movies and the movie magazines for their fashions!"

To interrupt the Miranda, briefly, and asking her Sous' American pardon, quite a few women are turning toward Miranda, too! The heavy scarlet mouth make-up she affects has certainly been picked up by the New York debs and has since cut a crimson swath from coast to coast. The "bahiana" costume she introduced into Nors' America has become a Thing. Lana Turner has one, Kay Francis, Alice Faye, Vera Vague. The costume includes the lavish use of heavily bangled jewelry and turbans, great hunks of gold and great chunks of jewels the size of eggs, barbarous, exciting, dramatic.

Moreover, not even the Royalties of Hollywood can compete with the fabulous splendor which is Miranda's way of life. "She is as rich as hell," a friend of hers told me, *sotto voce*, "she has the real McCoy in jewels and owns a terrific house overlooking the airport and the harbor of Rio, with a Lido deck, retinues of velvet-footed servants and deep-piled rugs from the Orient. Her collection of perfumes alone is a Queen's ransom!"

"In Hollywood, too," Miranda was saying, "as in Rio, there is much family feeling. When I come here, I bring with me my mother, my sister, my brother-in-law, and we live together in a penthouse at the La Belle Tour apartment house.

"Then I see that others in Hollywood live close to their families, too. I like this. Rio will like this. Tyrone Power has his mother near to him. Alice Faye and her mother and brothers are like one. Don Ameche has his beeg family close by his home on their ranch which he buy for them. The little Lane sisters live with their mama. Claudette Colbert has her mama in her home with her. This is a very nice thing I notice' about Hollywood. It proves more the warm heart of it.

"Hollywood stars are like Rio stars, too, in many of the little ways. Like how they change their name' when they are in the pictures. Alice Faye, who has the real name Alice Leppert. Myrna Loy, who was baptize' Myra Williams. Me, my real name is Mario de Varma da Cunha. I change my name to Carmen Miranda. Miranda is my mama's name when she is a maiden. I am sometime' called 'The Brazilian Bombshell,' too, and 'Potatoes.' Like Mister Clark Gable who is sometime' called 'What-A-Man!'

"When I first come here I ask them what it mean', those words 'Going Hollywood.' I have read it in the magazines, and I do not know its true meaning. They tell me it is 'going Hollywood' when you drive around in a big, rich car, not bowing to anyone, like a proud orchid in its vase. So I come to my studio one day in an old 1937 Ford I have buy, with all my family in it and waving the 'hullo' to every-one I see. They say to me at the studio, 'You have not buy *that* car!' I say, 'But I have. I do not want to go the Hollywood!'

BUT what is curious, I see no one here doing what they call 'going Hollywood.' The people here, they live on the ranch in the valleys. The big men stars, like Mister Pat O'Brien, they work in their fields and ride their horses and play with their babies and do not go often for the night-life. Even the young senhors who are not married, like Mr. Cesar Romero and Mr. Eddie Albert, they like best to stay at home and have good dinners and play gin-rummy with their friends. It is more domestic than Rio, this Hollywood.

"And when they do go out I am surprise' because they show themselves so open, so generous. They do not make the chi-chi of themselves.

"But that is the only thing I do not agree with Hollywood about. Anyone can see the stars when they are out places. That is not always good. In Sous' America, the women are more mystery. We dress as for a part when we appear anywhere in the public. On the screen everything is perfect, the make-up, the clothes, the lights, the music, everything. But other places, maybe the star is feel' tired, maybe she not look so beautiful as possible, then she is not so interesting.

"Hollywood say 'Pouf!' to Glamour. I have read where the girls do not like to be call' the Glamour Girl. *I* do not say 'Pouf!' to glamour. I say it is necessary like food and drink. We should wear it thick as velvet and heavy as perfume.

"Everything in Hollywood is so perfect that it is like living a little miracle-a-minute. When I hear my voice play back, it sounds better than when I actually sing. Now, how do they do that?

"That is the question I ask myself every minute of every day in Hollywood. 'Now, how do they do that?'

"When they ask' me to come to Hollywood to make 'Down Argentine Way,' I could not because I have other engagement. So the Studio send' the director and the entire crew of the Technicolor to New York to film my scenes at the Movietone studio. I am surprise' they do not arrive on the Magic Carpet!

"When I am to come at last to Hollywood to make 'The Road To Rio,' I am singing at the Chez Paris in Chicago. I cannot come when they are first ready for me. This is serious because I must record my first song in the English and I do not know the English, as you hear. The song is 'I, Yi, Yi, Yi, I Love You Very Much!' by Mr. Mack Gordon and Mr. Harry Warren. What is to do? The studio has made for me a recording of the song, sing' by someone else in the English. They send it to me in Chicago and they also send a special English instructor, Senhor Z. Yacanelli, who prepare me for my English-speaking début. He now acts for me as the interpreter on the sets.

HOWEVER, Mr. Irving Cummings can tell me very good what he want' me to do without using any words. He say to me, 'Look, I am Miranda!' and he does what he wants Miranda to do. I did not know until I look' at Hollywood how a director is sometime' the actor, too. Everyone in Hollywood knows everything. The actors, too, know about the directing, know about the job of the cameraman and the sound-man, know how to be farmers and how to play the polo . . . some of them even have other businesses at which they make the money. They are marvelous people, the Hollywood stars!

"He is the politician, too, Mr. Irving Cummings. The first scene I make on my first day in the studio, he say to me, 'Beautiful! That is good, that is very good. An actress ten year' in Hollywood could not do that better!' So I feel high up happy and have the confidence. One week later he make that scene over again. It had been very bad, that scene, but he had not tell me so until I got my confidence. I tell him I am so very grateful that my heart, it is doing the rhumba!

"Mr. Don Ameche is the same. He help me with my lines. He use' his eyes at me so I know, without words, what he mean'. In return, I help him learn Portuguese. I teach him the numbers and the months of the year. When you hear him sing the song in Portuguese in the picture, you will hear it sung as never before.

"Si, everyone in Hollywood know' so many things . . . when I go to the preview of the 'Tin Pan Alley,' which is my first Hollywood preview, there are mobs of little children at the door. They ask me, too, for the autographs. I say, 'But you do not know who I am.' They say to me, 'Oh, but yes, you are Miss Miranda from down Argentine way!' Even the little children here are so smart!"

Miranda rose, stretched her lithe gold and jeweled body, stretched out her gem-covered arms. "This is how Sous' America, through the eyes of Miranda, look' at Hollywood," she said. "It is a strange and wonderful place where you open your eyes and say, 'Dios, I have die' and gone to Paradise!' "

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"I'D MAKE AN AWFUL HUSBAND"

(*Continued from page 27*)

I kept staring at her, and finally said, 'Umm, obviously from New York, so fresh looking, so smart looking.' She cracked back, 'Why, *Mr.* Lynn—how you do carry on!'

"And that's how I met Dana. A sweet girl, really. We have so many small things in common. To give you an idea—we both love Viennese waltzes and have them played for us wherever we go. Well, the younger set doesn't like waltzes much these days, so we usually have the floor to ourselves and have grand times! Dana has a peculiar Elizabeth Bergner gamin quality I adore. And she's good for me. More social and friendly than I am—which helps me, er, win friends and influence producers.

"But marriage, to Dana or anyone? Not now. I'm too serious about acting."

I WONDERED what this young hero—whom we all thought was so New Englandish, and then so suddenly Hollywoodish, and who's in truth, just very serious—I wondered what he expected of the woman he might one day marry.

"The girl I marry," explained Lynn, "must be gayer than I am. By nature, I carry the burdens of the world, my world, on my shoulders, and she must be able to kid them off me. She must be able to share responsibilities and be able to map, in any emergency, a sensible course of action. Now she doesn't have to be beautiful in the accepted sense. It's what lives in the face. That's beauty. Also, the future Mrs. Lynn and I must have mutual interests. For example, I spend one-third of my waking moments participating in games of some sort. She must have this in common with me, or we'd be apart in interests and, as a consequence, lonely. She must like good music. I don't mean that she has to be a lover of opera or an arty person, but when I turn on the radio to listen to Tchaikowsky's Sixth, I don't want her turning it off! Understand?"

Yes, I understood. But there was still one thing I wanted cleared up while on the subject of the female. What about the rumor, quite prevalent, that Mr. Lynn was shy with the limper lilies?

Jeffrey dispelled that concept of himself with a five-minute declamation.

"Some women are born flirts," he insisted. "And I can't stand a woman, mine or someone else's, who is coquettish.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10

	A	N	N	■	R	A	E	■	G	A	I	L	■	S	P	Y
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I'm not prudish enough to object if my lady-friend wishes to indulge in a little harmless eye-banter. But, when I'm with a girl on a date, I want her to remember she is with me and not to go on the eye for every other male within flirting distance.

"I admit I'm a retiring person. Sure. So I don't care to have other women make a play for me. I'm not interested in that sort of nonsense. As a result, I avoid such women—and immediately they think I'm afraid of them. Which I'm not in the least!

"And as for being bashful about kissing girls before the camera—no, not at all. You've got me wrong. I think it's fun, although sometimes hard work. My only trouble in osculating professionally is my lack of direction. That is, I never quite know how intense or restrained I must be. I'm always kissing Pat Lane or Ann Sheridan with the Will Hays office in the back of my mind. I always pray the director will tell me when to give all I have or to hold back. But directors rarely do. And so I'm confused.

"I don't know. I suppose it would be better if I overplayed and became more aggressive. Friends tell me I'd be a big hit if I became more of a sex menace before the camera. You know, devoured heroines from behind sex-laden lids. But that's not natural with me, and I prefer to remain myself."

Lynn remarked, in passing, that there was one instance where he didn't hold himself back on a screen kiss. It was during the occasion of a test for "Gone With The Wind." Paulette Goddard was testing for Scarlett and Jeffrey Lynn was testing for Ashley. Before the camera began rolling, Director George Cukor said, "Now, you two, give this scene, this kiss, everything you've got, but everything!"



Pasternak's discovery, Dorothy Darrell, in her first film "Who's Wacky Now."

They began kissing.

"I still remember it," reflected Lynn. "No one would have called me shy if they could have seen that one. Know why? I knew just what to do, because the director had told me how far I could go and, furthermore, I was relaxed. It was a dirt set, outdoors, and being close to the soil—it may sound silly—relaxed me."

Jeffrey Lynn's wistful reference to the soil intrigued me. It didn't sound silly a bit. It was fascinating. I prodded him with a few more questions. Finally, he pushed aside his food, put his elbows on the table, his chin in cupped hands, and spoke dreamily:

"The soil? What I mean by saying it relaxes me? God, that's a tough one to discuss. You can be ridiculed for talk like this in Hollywood. But I remember once when I was out on location for a Western picture. I was sitting alone on the sand and brush, sort of kicking pebbles and drawing silly pictures in the sand. It was a day! The sun fresh on me, and the wind cool in my face. And suddenly, I felt a long way from Hollywood. My childhood background came back to me, clearly, and I felt I belonged to the earth, that every rock and every bit of earth around me was familiar and mine, and at once, I was relaxed. That moment, when I came to myself, I knew I was in the perfect mood—and that if a camera were trained on me, I could act with the ease I so admire in Gary Cooper."

Which brought us to the subject of acting itself. I asked Jeffrey Lynn about his career in general. And his reply was something you wouldn't expect of a so-called respectable pilgrim.

First, he said, he thought Gary Cooper,

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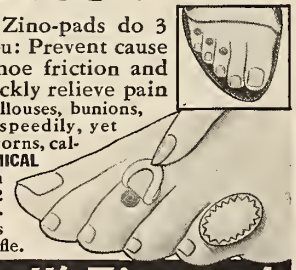
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Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant were all swell and that in his roles he'd like to be a little of each of them.

Then, he elaborated:

"I think the studio could get more out of me by ceasing, once and for all, to present me as the continually victimized young man. Frankly, I would prefer to be less the victim of the women I play with. After all, understand this, I've been 'a nice, young man' in ten successive roles—and for once, I think it would do me plenty of good to master my leading ladies. Sure, I'd like to bang out of doors leaving her open-mouthed, instead of continuing to shuffle about mooning into her face with mournful eyes.

"Here's what I feel has been wrong. My characterizations have always been steeped high in virtue, with absolutely no faults. Now you know that people in real life aren't that way. A hero doesn't have to be all Frank Merriwell. He has to be human.

"Oddly enough, my roles have stepped out and impressed themselves upon my private life. Since I was a goody-goody on the screen, I sensed that I must remain so off-screen. I felt I must restrict my social activities, since it is part of an actor's job to retain his public appeal.

DURING our bull-session, through the main course, dessert and the mellow pipefuls, I felt one thing about Jeffrey Lynn. And the more he talked, the greater I felt that more than most actors in Hollywood, he knew the why's and wherefore's of his dramatic ability and inability. He had followed the edict of that wise man of Athens, Socrates—"Know thyself." Jeffrey Lynn knew himself. For that reason, he would go far.

"My biggest battle in acting has been to beat down a self-consciousness that stiffens me before others," Lynn pointed out. "It's a bad thing, certainly. Because an actor, above anyone else, must never have the feeling that he's being looked at. When he feels that way, he tries to be self-assured by posturing and posing, and becomes a downright ham.

"The biggest thing that ever happened to me was reading the book, 'An Actor Prepares' by Stanislavski. It gave me my first understanding of realism and naturalness in acting. The author advised me, in essence, to become absorbed by my role, to go out on the stage and shake hands with the furniture.

"My self-consciousness is gradually disappearing. Besides, the movies are easier for a person with my complex than the stage, for on the set, the bright kliegs bathe you in a spot of light, and all mechanical distractions, all other people, are blacked out in the darkness beyond."

Reading the volume, "An Actor Prepares," may have started Jeffrey Lynn on the road to improvement as a thespian, but other small events converted him into what he is today.

"Yes, small things shape your destiny," Lynn admitted. "A war was once started because a king shaved off his beard. A murder was committed because a gust of wind blew a hat off a cliff. And my own destiny was fixed on that afternoon, years ago, during my high school period in Worcester, when I was riding home on the bus and my scoutmaster drew me out on what I intended to be. I said an actor, and he didn't laugh but encouraged me. Except for him, I might this day be a clerk or bookkeeper in some small New England village."

Then there was another small event. After college, Lynn had gone to something called Lisbon, Maine, and taught English in a high school, and practiced his acting by reading Shakespeare aloud

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to his class when he could think of nothing to teach them. Later, he had been a doorman at a newsreel theatre and played in traveling stock companies. And then came another of those small events—

George Abbott, the great producer, was holding an open reading for parts, prior to casting "Brother Rat" for Broadway. Among the tyros trying out was Jeffrey Lynn. He stepped on the stage, one of three hundred applicants and, in a weak and faltering voice, read his part. It was terrible, and he started to go. He was five feet from the door—he remembers to this day it was exactly five feet—when a booming voice halted him with, "Hey you!" Lynn wheeled around. It was George Abbott. "Come to my office tomorrow morning at eleven!" And the great man was gone, and Lynn stood trembling as one touched with the St. Vitus.

The following morning, Jeffrey Lynn entered Abbott's office. The producer said, "We're all cast, but I have one small part for forty bucks a week. Want it?"

"Why, y-yes," Lynn gulped.

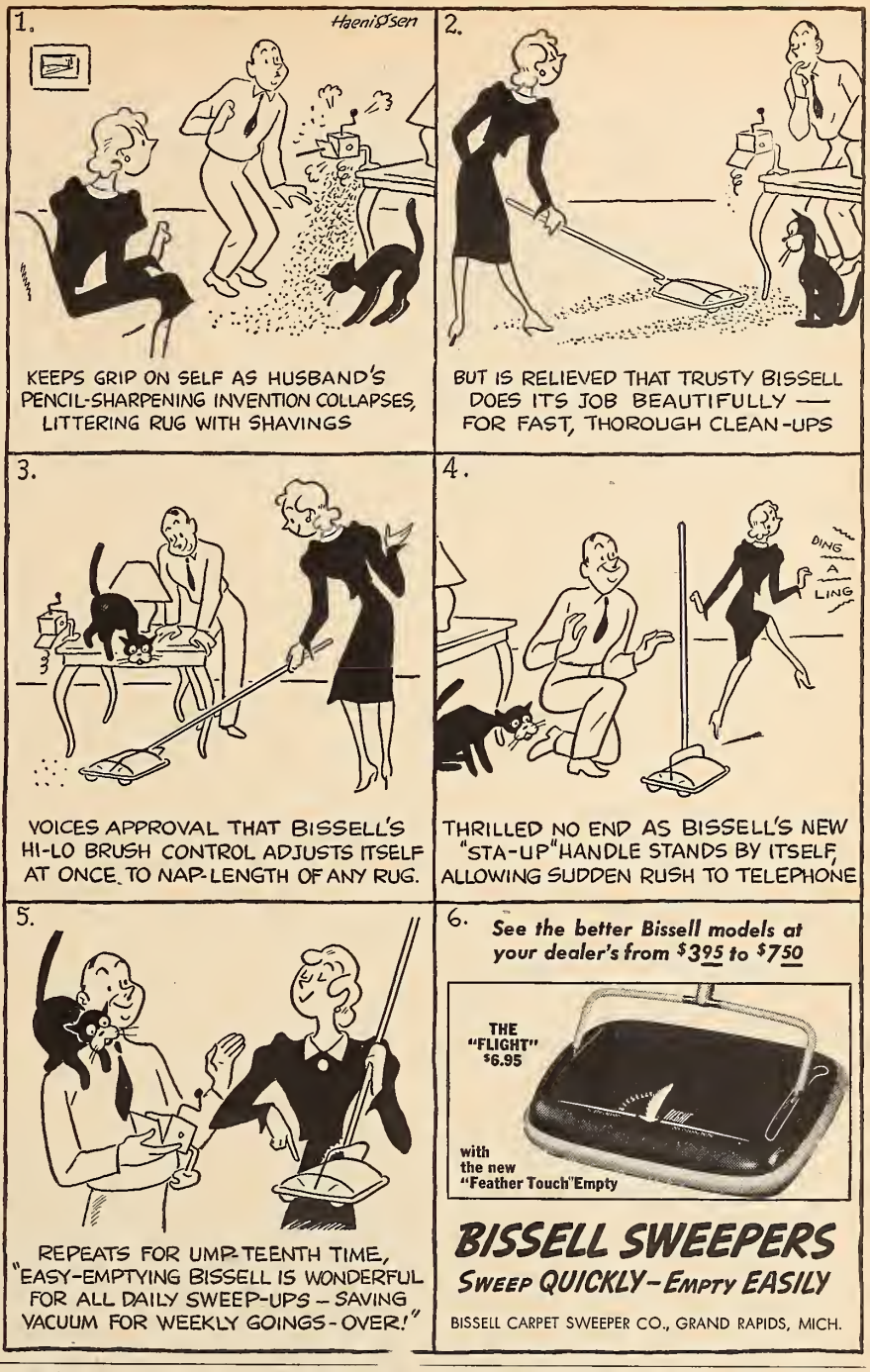
"And then, for fear that he might change his mind," Lynn told me, "I bolted for the door and ran out. I was crazy with joy. I'd crashed Broadway! It was in this play, in my small part, that Warner's discovered me and brought me to Hollywood in December of 1937."

But Mr. Lynn wasn't through. He had given me a good deal of food for thought, but here was the dessert.

"A short time ago I was sitting in the Brown Derby, eating. A woman approached me. She was a representative of the Theatre Guild, no less. She asked me if I was free to do a play on Broadway. *She asked me!* And only a brief time before, in New York, I hadn't been able to get past her third under-secretary!

"God, this is a crazy, fantastic world. You've got to keep your head in it. And so I'm going to keep mine—serious."

The pilgrim's progress? Pretty amazing, don't you think?



MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 89*)

ones (of which there are quite a few) wouldn't make up for it, if it were not for the fact that it's such a delight to feast your eyes on Hedy. That, of course, would make up for almost anything.

The story is laid in Russia, and Clark is an American newspaperman who gets into trouble with the Russian politicos because he has a quaint notion that it is good newspaper technique to send out none of the news that is handed him by the regulation news sources and all of the news that he can dig up on his own. There is such an obvious struggle on the part of the writers here to point scornful fingers at Russia that they forget their jobs—which is to be funny. It isn't the kind of satirical fun that "Ninotchka" was; it's farcical and burlesque—but this latter treatment calls for speed and greater wit than is shown here.

Hedy is a Russian street car conductor, whom Clark tries to kidnap and take back to America. She agrees to go with him in order to educate the American masses. But both of them land in prison first and are just about to be executed, when one of the funniest scenes in the picture—a rip-roaring chase sequence which employs about 50 tanks—is used for a sappy but very happy ending.

Clark is not quite in his element as the Yankee newspaperman; farce is not his forte. But besides the grand work of Hedy there are A-1 performances by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart, Sig Rumann, Natasha Lytess (this gal has real possibilities as a comedienne) and Valdimir Sokoloff. Directed by King Vidor.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Flight From Destiny

This is a very strange picture, with a good deal of artistic merit, and commendable for its courage in breaking away from usual Hollywood formulas. But somehow it doesn't quite jell. It is a psychological tale of a gent who thinks he can justify murder—a gruesome subject, told too slowly and deliberately for the comfort of most spectators.

Tom Mitchell, whom you know by now as one of Hollywood's top actors, is cast as an old college prof with only a few months of life left. He doesn't know what to do with his time and decides to search for an absolutely awful person (whom the law can't reach) to kill, thereby committing not a sin, but a good deed. He finds such a person in Mona Maris, a wicked wench who is driving Jeffrey Lynn from his wife, work and honor. He commits the murder. And that's where things miscarry—as you will find out on seeing the picture. It's not fair to tell you any more; suffice it to say there is a trick ending.

It's all pretty good, really; handled in a highly effective way so far as both acting and directing are concerned. Also, the photography is way above par. But the writing is pretty much on the surface, nothing subtle about it at all—and the pace of the entire thing is way off.

The acting honors are all Mitchell's, in spite of the fact that there is an exceptionally strong supporting cast, including James Stephenson, Jeff Lynn, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Mona Maris. All of them are A-1 and deserve feature billing, which they get—but Mitchell should have been starred. There's also

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a swell piece of acting by Mary Gordon, which should not go unheralded. Directed by Vincent Sherman.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ Little Men

Elsie, "the oomph cow," whom you've read and heard so much about, finally makes her appearance in this movie, but don't let anybody kid you into thinking she's the whole works. In fact, Kay Francis milks Elsie, and Jack Oakie milks the script. And between them, plus some expert tomfoolery by George Bancroft, Ann Gillis and Jimmy Lydon, they managed to make this a pretty good movie.

Whenever a classic is brought to the screen, there is always the bother of explaining whether the film is faithful to the original or not. Well, this one most decidedly is not. The producers simply seemed to have said, "Let's make a movie about this subject," read the original novel, threw it away, and started all over again on their own. If the result were bad, they would be entitled to a solid slap on the wrist, but the result is good—so herewith a kiss on both cheeks.

The yarn is a pleasant mixture of Hollywood sentimentality (sometimes called hokum) and Hollywood rowdyism (sometimes called comedy) and the general line is the same as that of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Kay Francis is Jo, the schoolmarm, and very good indeed, with Charles Esmond (a promising young gent) as her husband. Jimmy Lydon is amazingly good as the schoolboy who makes all the trouble, and George Bancroft and Jack Oakie are, of course, the pair of crooks who jam things up.

All the players are good, and Oakie is better; this guy Oakie just keeps mowing 'em down with each new picture. And credit the director for the naturalness of the entire proceedings. Directed by Norman McLeod.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★½ South of Suez

A few years ago this picture would have been rated a good deal more importantly. There is nothing especially wrong with it; it is well enough put together, and it has all the proper ingredients—the one thing missing is novelty. What keeps it from the top of the pile, in other words, is that it has been seen and done dozens of times before. There's nothing new in it.

This is unfortunate from the standpoint of Johnny Garfield and Brenda Marshall, both of whom try hard. And as a matter of fact, you'll enjoy their performances—if you just let yourself sit back and forget that you've heard this yarn before in so many different versions.

Johnny is an ex-jailbird (is this his seventh or eighth assignment to that particular role?) who wants revenge on a couple of tough lads who "railroaded" him. Brenda is his moll. While Johnny has been a tough mug he has sent his brother, William Lundigan, through college and kept his mother, Marjorie Rambeau, from knowing that he's a bad penny. Young Bill is about to graduate, so Johnny and Brenda come a-calling Brenda has a change of heart, becomes a good girl and switches to honest Bill. Johnny is about to burn up and raise Cain when mama Rambeau takes a hand.

It's all pretty routine, but the acting is above par and there's a lot of good, fast action. Besides the splendid work of Garfield and Miss Marshall, Lundigan is in top form; George Tobias hands in another of his A-1 comedy characterizations, and Douglas Fowley is swell as a gangster. Miss Rambeau works hard but seems to have been miscast; her Italian accent is probably correct as all get-out, but this department's weary old ears just wouldn't accept it. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—*Warner's.*

★★½ The Mad Doctor

This is one of those psychological things in which you can see the bad boy doing his stuff, and you want to scream and tell the pretty heroine what she's getting herself into. You don't, of course.



Off-the-record warbling with Jack Oakie leads songstress-composer Gertrude Niesen astray. She's supposed to give her voice a rest twixt engagements!

because it's a movie and you know that the good boy will catch the villain and save the heroine in plenty of time. And that's what is wrong with the picture. You know, ahead of time, everything that is going to happen; what should be gripping suspense becomes, instead, polite curiosity.

Basil Rathbone is the fashionable doctor who has designs on Ellen Drew, a rich débutante. Her elder (and dizzy) sister is Vera Vague and, between the doc and Vera, Ellen is walking into a nasty death trap. But Ellen has a good friend named John Howard, a newspaperman who is in love with her, and who uncovers the projected crime in the nick of time.

The director has filled the picture with loads of symbolism and tries to impress you all the way through with "scientific" jargon, but it is overdone and results in the opposite effect.

Rathbone is as villainous as only Rathbone can be. Ellen is beautiful, but this won't help her climb. And it won't help John Howard either, especially since he doesn't look or act like a reporter for a minute. Vera Vague gets some laughs as the screwball rich dame, and Martin Kosleck is very effective in a curious characterization which is never quite explained, but which is intriguing. Directed by Tim Whelan.—*Paramount.*

★★½ The Bank Dick

The case of W. C. Fields is an interesting one. Movies come and movies go, but Bill hangs on forever. There's nothing especially new about his stuff, and there are some people who don't find his antics very amusing, but those are exceptions. The great majority of audiences love Fields' every gesture. Which would seem to be an unfathomable mystery, until you stop to figure the thing out.

It all adds up to this: He is the personification of the "lovable goof." There's probably a very sweet bozo somewhere near you, wherever you live. He's a drunkard; he's clumsy; he's not much good at holding on to a job; he can't seem to get anything done properly—but there's something about the guy you like. You bawl him out, you want to take hold of him and give him a good shaking—but you wind up lending him your last two bits. You disapprove of him, sure—but your heart and your head simply don't agree on the verdict.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is W. C. Fields.

The story of "The Bank Dick?" Are you kidding? You know blamed well there isn't any story. The title sheet says there is a screenplay written by Mahatma Kane Jeeves (catch on?) which is the only pun in the picture, and which is a tip-off on the type of story—just a loosely strung bunch of Fields chatter and antics.

By accident, he knocks off a tough bank robber and becomes a hero. As a reward, he's made guardian of the bank and, of course, he gets everybody into trouble. It's the Fields routine that counts, even if it is quite reminiscent.

Remember this—if it reminds you of something you saw or heard before, one will get you ten that you saw or heard it before in an earlier Fields picture, not in an antiquated joke book.

There are other people in this picture, but none of them count. It's Fields all the way. Directed by Eddie Cline.—*Universal.*



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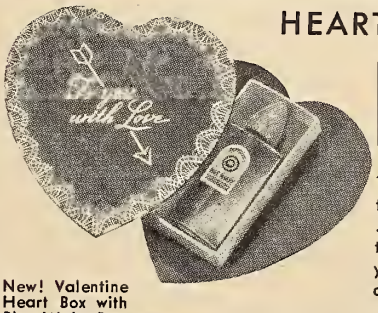
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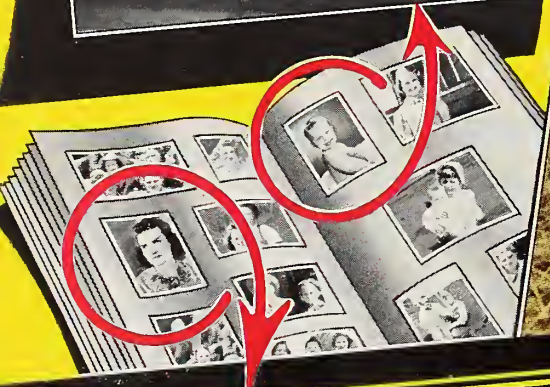
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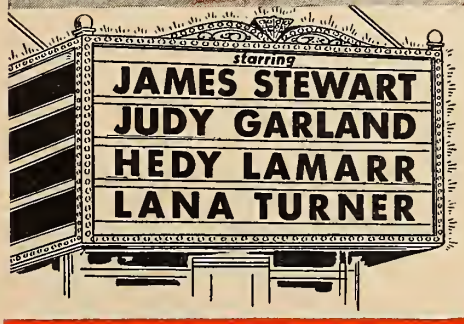
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Cover Girl: Olivia de Havilland, natural color photograph

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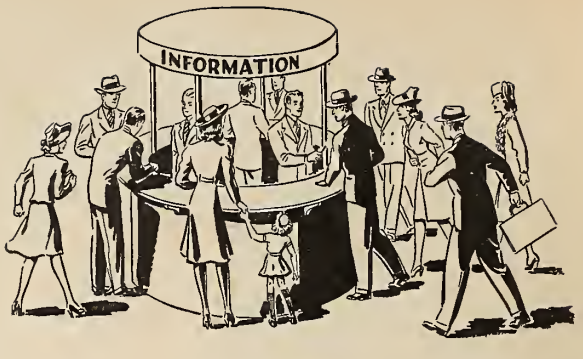


METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents the picture the world has awaited to follow the never-to-be-forgotten wonders of "The Great Ziegfeld." Bigger in cast, bigger in spectacle, it dramatizes the behind-the-scenes lives of the world's most glorified girls... against a thrilling tapestry of dazzling screen magnificence with scores of song hits, (*for instance: "You Stepped Out of A Dream", "Too Beautiful to Last", "Minnie From Trinidad"*). Plus ravishing show-beauties and the greatest assemblage of personalities you've ever seen in one giant show!

with TONY MARTIN, CHARLES WINNINGER, JACKIE COOPER, IAN HUNTER, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey, Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES! *Artists! Write today "Ziegfeld Girl Art Contest", M-G-M, 1540 B'way, N. Y. C. for details. Contest closes March 17th, 1941*

INFORMATION DESK



THE EDITORS PLAY "QUIZ" WITH THE STARS AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE ANSWERS

WE ASKED . . .

. . . **that lovable bad man Wally Beery** whether he'd ever forgotten to pull any of his brawny movie punches. He grunted assent: "In 'Hell Divers' I was supposed to knock out Gable, so's we could set his busted leg. He leaned a little too far on the punch and took it full force . . . or maybe I leaned. Anyway, Clark was a very sick boy."

. . . **luscious Joan Blondell** who were moviedom's most sex-appealing girls and boys. She picked Ann Sheridan, "because she's healthy and vital"; Bette Davis, "because she's intelligent"; Dick Powell, "because he's got oomph and doesn't know it"; Clark Gable, "because he brings out the 'brute' in a woman."

. . . **versatile John Carradine** what type of role he least liked to play. He looked his dourest and confessed, "I hate to be cast as a two-gun man. I'm scared to death of horses, and horses take the same attitude toward me. They like nothing better than to put me on the ground where I belong."

. . . **Dottie Lamour** whether they take her picture and record her voice at the same time. So she told us the secret: "All of my music is pre-recorded. Then I sing the songs on the set to this music and am photographed simultaneously. This is no more difficult than singing with an orchestra."

. . . **Chinese Roland Got** whether an Occidental actor could ever be convincingly Chinese. And he paid this very beautiful tribute to a great actor: "Warner Oland was the only man that portrayed a Chinaman so well that even the Chinese could not detect that he was not one of them. His acting, features and carriage were amazingly real."

. . . **Porter Hall** what his kid thinks about the old man's villainous roles. Porter wouldn't talk, but he finally admitted the ten-year-old once said: "Gee, Dad, why aren't you a star like Mickey Rooney?"

. . . **Hugh Herbert** who'd given the funniest performances in the last 10 years. Very matter of factly, he said, "Chaplin in 'City Lights,' Roland Young in 'Topper,' Rosalind Russell in 'His Girl Friday.'"

. . . **cowboy Bob Livingston** what his horse had that the others didn't. Bob gave his horse this send-off, "The fact that he's such a grand clown. The expression 'horse-play' could easily have been derived from watching my horse. Folks don't know it, but a horse has a great sense of humor!"

. . . **brute Nat Pendleton** whether those muscles of his were really on the level. As we ran for cover, he shouted, "On the level?" Then he gave us the record: World's amateur heavyweight wrestler at the 1920 Olympics. Later world's professional champ. Retired after 223 successive wins.

. . . **Andy Clyde** to tell us about his most embarrassing tussle with a fan. He blushed—then taking a stiff-upper-lip point of view, said: "A lady with a baby once asked me to autograph her baby's diaper. Shucks, it was another autograph to my credit. So I complied."

. . . **cute Willie Fung** if the Chinese Government or the Hays office ever took a stand concerning Hollywood's portrayal of Chinese on the screen. According to Willie: "The Chinese Consul at L. A. receives all scripts in which Chinese actors are to appear. This process cut one of my better roles in half. The Consul felt that many of my sequences were unfavorable to China. Come to think of it, the Hays office made significant cuts in 'Lost Horizon.'"

. . . **Spencer Tracy** to review the roles he'd played and single out the best. And it didn't take him long to put his finger on the Father Flanagan role in "Boys Town."

. . . **young John Shelton** what was the closest he'd ever come to not being an actor. He confessed: "I probably never would have been an actor if I hadn't been picked up while hitch-hiking by Moroni Olsen, stock company owner. He gave me my first chance."

. . . **Mary Howard** which of the many happy moments of her career had been the happiest. There didn't seem to be any doubt in her mind: "The Sunday night dinner with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt after my role in 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois!'"

. . . **Smiley Burnette** what type horse made the best movie actor. And Smiley really surprised us. "Thoroughbred horses, strange as it may sound, are practically useless as cow ponies. You see, they're much too temperamental and very difficult to manage. Most cow ponies are wild horses captured in the West, broken with a hackamore and eventually brought to Hollywood by a talent scout. My own horse, Nellie—she's three-gaited: start, stumble and fall."

(*Continued on page 14*)

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin— and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey



Photographs by David Berns

Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

MRS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay's mildness, its soft, creamy lather. "Camay is *so mild*," she says, "it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine."

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

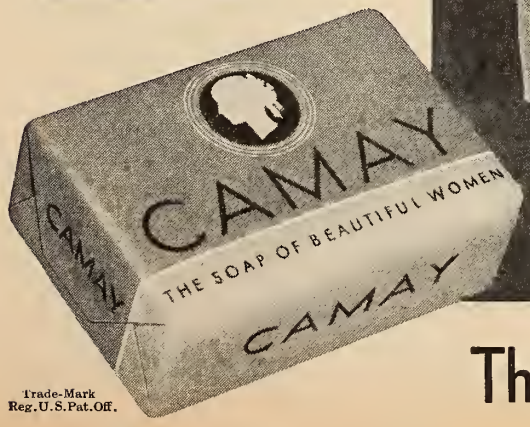
For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride —and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.



Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Movie Reviews

A poignant moment in "Cheers for Miss Bishop"—Martha Scott realizes she's losing her beloved Del (Donald Douglas) to 16-year-old flirt, Mary Anderson.



CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP ★★★★

Reach for your handkerchiefs, gals, here comes a sobbie. And in case you gents let that approach keep you away from the picture, you're just plain suckers. It's one of the best of the season, and Martha Scott's characterization is magnificent.

The movie unreels the story of the life of Miss Bishop, a schoolteacher. It tells how she starts out, sweet and lovely, ambitious and full of dreams. How she suffers a bad disappointment in love, but goes bravely on with her work. How students and seasons and school superintendents change, leaving her grayer, sadder, wiser. That's about all. Just a woman's life.

But it's a woman you'll never forget and a life which will haunt you. When you leave the theatre you will feel that you have met and loved a human being. That's how good the writing by Sheridan Bibney is and the direction by Tay Garnett. And that's how terrific Martha Scott's acting is.

There is a long and excellent supporting cast, but no really outstanding players among them. Bill Gargan has the most important male role as Martha's suitor who's faithful to the very end—but whom she doesn't love. It's not Bill's type of role although he works hard at it. Edmund Gwenn comes closest to making a lasting impression with his mellow, sympathetic treatment of the school president. There is an unknown named Rosemary DeCamp who can be a big and important dramatic star if she gets a break; she has only a small bit here. Also, you might watch Lois Ransom who seems to have a lot of what it takes.

This is a case where the technical gentry deserves a bow. The sets and photographic background are unusually interesting; the feeling of the period has been admirably emphasized, giving a feel of verity which is memorable. Directed by Tay Garnett. *A Richard A. Rowland Production-United Artists.*



Refugees Sullavan and Ford will break your heart as the young lovers in "So Ends Our Night." Looks like a comeback for Anna Sten. She's never been better.

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT ★★★½

"So Ends Our Night" is an attempt to tell honestly and without prejudice or fear, of life as it is lived today in Europe. Naturally, it is not a pretty picture. But it is one you will not want to miss and, having seen it, one you will not easily forget.

The cast is an extra special one with Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee as stars, and Glenn Ford, Anna Sten and Erich von Stroheim as featured players. The top bracket should certainly be shared by the Ford lad. He walks off with the main acting honors and, if this picture doesn't establish him as a star, there is something decidedly cockeyed somewhere.

The story has to do with the lives of Europe's horde of refugees. Chased out of Germany because of racial or political beliefs, they are kicked from pillar to post, all up and down the musty corridors of Europe. Life goes on. Their hearts and brains don't stop—but officially they have no standing because they have no passports. They are outcasts. March is one for political reasons, while Ford and Miss Sullavan are in this category because they are part Jewish. Their struggle for existence, their frantic groping for a bit of sun, a bit of hope—that is the theme of the film.

Miss Sullavan is at her topnotch best, and young Ford is superb as her young lover. March is earnest but a bit on the heavy side as the cynical man with nothing left to hope or dream for except his wife—who actually is barely a beautiful memory. This role, a short one, is excellently handled by Frances Dee. Von Stroheim and Miss Sten give fine performances, while Joseph Cawthorn and Leonid Kinsky are best among the supporting players.

John Cromwell's direction is sure and unhesitating. William Daniels' photography is topnotch and the musical score by Louis Gruenberg deserves a special nod. Directed by John Cromwell.—*Loew-Lewin-United Artists.*

by Wolfe Kaufman



"Eve sure knows her apples!"

"Girls, the best way to get a man is to get him bothered!"

Paramount Presents

BARBARA STANWYCK · HENRY FONDA

"THE LADY EVE"

Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES



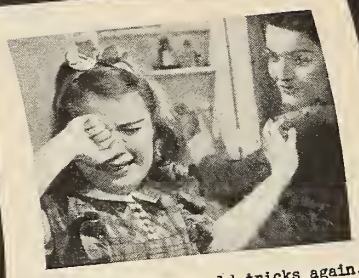
PRESTON STURGES, Paramount's new writer-director genius, blends thrilling love and roaring laughter to give you **the *vexiest* picture of the year.**

with CHARLES COBURN · EUGENE PALLETTE
Martha O'Driscoll · William Demarest · Eric Blore

Screen Play Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe

Ask your Theatre Manager when this Big Paramount Hit is coming — You'll want to see it twice!

Mrs. W---- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



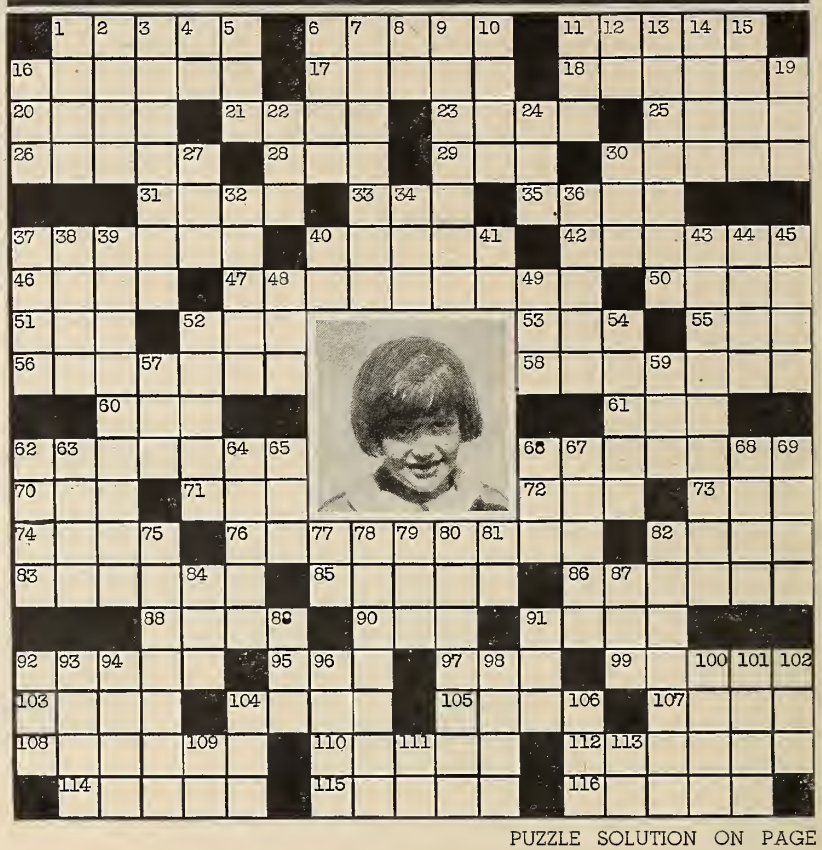
Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 73

ACROSS

1. Star of "Come Live With Me"
6. She's in "They Met In Argentina"
11. Author in "Footsteps In The Dark"
16. Mrs. in "Mr. And Mrs. Smith"
17. Actors' parts
18. He's still "Box Office Champ"
20. Star of "No, No. Nanette"
21. "The 39 - - - - s" starred Donat
23. Fondles
25. Unit of force
26. Girl's name
28. Writing fluid
29. Lord Shayne in "Bitter Sweet"
30. Linda Darnell's home state
31. Charles Winn - - - - r
33. Electrified atom
35. "The - - - - Man"
37. - - - - - - Duff
40. Beneath
42. Nora Bayes in "Tin Pan Alley"
46. Star of "Rhythm On The River"
47. Great German actor
50. Certain
51. Bride in "Keeping Company"
52. A high priest of Israel
53. 52: Rom. num.
55. Inlet
56. Played the principal role
58. Actor in "The Man I Married"
60. Former "It Girl"
61. Hawaiian garland
62. Forecast
66. Star of "Men of Boys Town"
70. Be ill
71. Negative reply
72. Roman bronze
73. Hail!
74. Inez in "Mark of Zorro"
76. Who is the star pictured?
82. Units
83. Snapping beetle
85. The famous "Judge Hardy"
86. Hell cat of "Flight Command"
88. Paramount gown designer
90. Reverence
91. Actress wife of Charles Laughton
92. Villain in "Mark of Zorro"
95. Jane's b. f. in "Honeymoon For Three"
97. Ginger Rogers' studio
99. Sylvia Sidney's husband
103. Jamison in "Lone Wolf Keeps A Date"
104. West Indian plant
105. - - - - Thayer
107. Shakespearean character
108. A star duck
110. Lukewarm
112. Given to using common but unauthorized words
114. Jacqueline - - - - -
115. Book of charts
116. Pains

DOWN

1. Star of "Golden Hoofs"
2. Errol Flynn's dog
3. Wailing
4. Olaf in "Gallant Sons"
5. "Woman Cha - - - Man"
6. Ex-hubby of our star
7. Mrs. Carter in "Lady With Red Hair"
8. Jimmy and Harry Ritz's brother
9. One who is discontented
10. On the deep
11. The "Four Daught - - -" series
12. "Angels Over B - - adway"
13. What Mickey and Minnie are
14. Variety of chalcedony
15. River in Siberia
16. Where Hollywood is: abbr.
19. "- - -, My Darling Daughter"
22. Bind
24. High explosive
27. Conjunction
30. United Ar - - - ts Studios
32. Star of "Comrade X"
34. Poem
36. The "One In a Million" star
37. Arabian garments
38. Coin
39. Suzanne Charpentier's reel name
40. Personal pronoun
41. He's in "I Wanted Wings": init.
43. Jon Hall's first film
44. City in Pennsylvania
45. Bring up
48. Help
49. Entire
52. Stack's pal in "Little Bit Of Heaven"
54. Wastes time
57. Scientist in "Monster And The Girl"
59. Evening: poet.
62. Our star's sis in 11 Down
63. Persian monetary unit
64. Director of "Meet John Doe"
65. - - - one Power
66. Salt
67. Old time "Serial Queen"
68. Always
69. Recline
75. Pertaining to right
77. "Three Cheers For The Ir - - h"
78. A young film personality
79. Elsie in "Little Men"
80. Lack of activity
81. French article
82. A book of the old Testament
84. Elongated fish
87. Julie in "Honeymoon For Three"
89. Mr. Ameche
91. Age
92. Cot
93. In order
94. Trigonometric function
96. Femme in "Strawberry Blonde"
98. "The Dead End - - - -"
100. Last name of 76 Across
101. Incites
102. Star of "Colorado"
104. Paid notices
106. Masculine name
109. Wi - - iam Holden
111. Poet Laureate: abbr.
113. Girl in "Dancing On A Dime": init.

he put the **roar** in the **roaring 20's**...now he's the **bad boy** of the naughty **90's!**



oh lady, can you picture this! Jimmy as a gent in the days when a mug was something a fellow shaved out of!..and a racket was strictly for tennis! Warner Bros. pictured it— and it's the show you've *really* got to see!

JAMES CAGNEY

OLIVIA **DE HAVILLAND**

in **'Strawberry Blonde'**

(She's a honey...and so's the picture!)

with **RITA HAYWORTH**

ALAN HALE • JACK CARSON

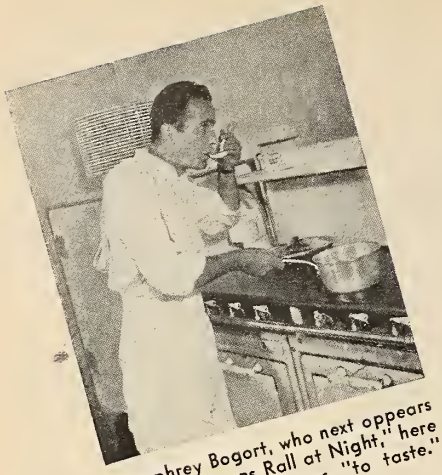
GEORGE TOBIAS

Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein

From a Play by James Hagan

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



Humphrey Bogart, who next appears in "The Wogons Rall at Night," here shows how he seasons "to taste."

SUCCESS IN CASSEROLES

. . . WITH THESE TIME AND TROUBLE SAVING SUGGESTIONS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

He may be a menace in "High Sierra," but to his friends around Hollywood Humphrey Bogart is known as the most benign of hosts. He is also, so I discovered, quite a connoisseur of foods with some very special ideas of his own on the subject. One thing he commented upon was the oft-overlooked advantages of casserole cookery—where about everything required for the main course arrives in a single dish. "Each food complementing the flavor of the other to the general betterment of the whole!" he observed.

This, according to Mr. Bogart, is the kind of meal that appeals to men and is the type of cooking that comes easy to amateur chefs like himself. For complete success along these lines he suggests taking the familiar admonition, "Season to taste," literally, by sampling as you go along and adding spices, herbs and bottled condiments with imagination and discrimination. Try it with these casseroles, and you'll be delighted with the magical effect they have on family and friends! Take it from Mr. Bogart!

Casseroles provide the finest way to combine ready-prepared and canned foods in quickest fashion. For example, the following takes only two minutes to fix up and can then be heating while you are setting the table. By using different vegetables and soups, and with other types of ready-to-eat meats, many's the variation that can be played on this general theme.

KITCHENETTE CASSEROLE

1 No. 2 can (2½ cups) lima beans
½ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 small jar Vienna Style sausage (7 oz.)
1 tablespoon butter
1 can (condensed) tomato soup
½ cup hot water

Combine the lima beans, salt, pepper and mustard. Place sausages, cut in halves crosswise, in greased, heat-resistant glass baking dish—the shallow, oval, quart-size casserole is ideal for this purpose. Add seasoned beans, dot with butter. Pour in the soup combined with the hot water. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until hot, approximately 20 minutes. Serves 4.

For a very special fish casserole, one that is a whole meal in itself, feature the sea-going flavor of shrimp. Right now this recipe, and the sure-to-be-popular salmon one that follows, will help you to keep your Lenten menus up to par. While later on you will continue serving these dishes—often and enthusiastically—whenever meatless meals are in order.

SHRIMP SPECIAL

2 (No. 1) cans shrimp
1½ cups coarsely broken, uncooked, wide noodles
2 medium onions, sliced thin
1 cup cooked peas
2½ cups canned tomatoes (or 5 fresh tomatoes, sliced)
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons butter

Wash shrimps and remove black vein that runs down the back. Place a layer of noodles in greased casserole. Top with a layer of onions, mixed with some of the peas. Add some of the shrimps, season with salt and pepper, top with some of the tomatoes. Continue in this way until all ingredients have been used. Dot with butter. Herb-conscious cooks will wish to add a pinch of their favorite herb-mixture. For down N'Orleans way we suggest that this be Gumbo Filé. Cover casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Serves 4.



Here's a combination that will make a hit with the men . . . spaghetti and meat balls, enriched with a mushroom sauce!



Shrimps and vegetables cooked and served *en casserole* . . . a fine one-dish main course for you to feature during Lent.

SALMON CHOWDER PIE

½ pound can (1 cup) salmon
½ cup salmon and vegetable juice
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
1½ tablespoons flour
1 can (condensed) mushroom soup
½ cup rich milk
½ teaspoon salt, a little pepper
½ cup cooked diced potatoes
1 cup cooked carrots and peas
1 recipe all-bran buttermilk biscuits

Drain salmon; reserve the juice and combine it with juice drained from vegetables, to make ½ cup liquid in all. Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, cook until tender. Add flour, stir until smooth, then add mushroom soup, milk, seasonings and the salmon-vegetable liquor. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add vegetables and the flaked and boned salmon. Turn into shallow greased casserole. Cover with unbaked bran biscuits. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20-25 minutes.

BRAN-NEW BISCUIT TOPPING

½ cup all-bran
¾ cup buttermilk
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening

Soak all-bran in buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Cut in shortening until evenly distributed. Make a "well" in the center of mixture, turn all-bran into this depression, mix quickly —stirring only until all dry ingredients have been moistened. Turn out onto floured board, knead lightly. Pat out to ½-inch thickness and cut with floured biscuit cutter. Use as a covering for Salmon Pie or other casserole dishes.

Also fine for regulation biscuits baked in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes.

Like Humphrey Bogart, any man would go for a casserole that features snowy spaghetti topped with pint-size meat balls and further enriched with a mushroom-flavored sauce. An appetizing blending of color, flavor and textures such as this is seldom found in a single dish. Add a salad, follow with dessert and beverage, for a satisfying dinner.

SPAGHETTI "IN STYLE"

1 package spaghetti
1 pound ground beef
½ pound ground veal
½ cup cracker (or fine bread) crumbs
1 small onion, minced fine
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 (8-oz.) can sliced mushrooms
½ cup mushroom liquor with water
2 tablespoons butter
1 garlic bud (optional)
1 quart canned tomatoes
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Break spaghetti in pieces, boil in salted water until tender. Drain, rinse in cold water, drain again and place in greased casserole. Meanwhile combine meats (which should have been ground three times) with bread crumbs, onion, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Drain canned mushrooms (reserving liquor) add ¼ cup of mushrooms to meat mixture; then moisten with mushroom liquor combined with water to make ½ cup liquid. Blend thoroughly, shape in small round balls, roll in flour. Melt butter in skillet, add remaining mushrooms and the garlic bud if desired. Brown slightly, add meat balls, brown them well on all sides. Remove garlic, add tomatoes. Add additional seasonings "to taste." Pour over spaghetti in casserole, cover tightly and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) ½ hour. Pass grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 6.



Does your husband have to give up one evening a week to washday? Does washing leave you so 'done in' you can't even drag yourself to a movie?

THERE'S no better reason for using Fels-Naptha Soap than this: richer, *golden* soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha make a combination that can't be equalled for taking the back-breaking labor out of washday. No weak, would-be beauty soap can get *all* the deep-down dirt the way Fels-Naptha Soap does. In hard or soft water, hot or cool, this Peerless Pair of Cleaners—gentle naptha and *golden* soap, provide washday help that saves your hands, your energy—yes, saves your money, too.

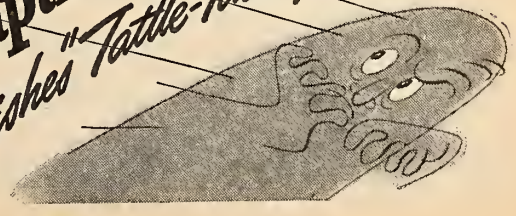
If you *have been* a 'washday wife' write to Fels & Co., Dept. 11-D, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Use it next washday and warn your husband you'll be ready to step out that night.



Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





The New Way to ALL-DAY Face Glamour!

"Start right!" Every time you put on fresh make-up, try this modern way to make it "stay-put." Start with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP, the perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one. It's non-greasy . . . goes on smoothly . . . hides complexion lines and blemishes . . . banishes nose shine.

Takes less than a minute to apply, yet keeps your skin fresh, radiant and velvety smooth. *Stays on for hours,* eliminating frequent re-powdering.

Use MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP as a powder base or complete make-up, whichever you prefer . . . and thrill to the greater loveliness this *"new way to all-day face glamour"* gives you.

Dazzle the stag-line! Use it on back, shoulders and arms, as well as face, for evening wear.

Choose one of the 5 skin-glorifying shades today!

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

Large size 50c; trial size at 10c counters

FREE Generous Sample

© *Send Coupon and 3¢ Stamp*

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. M34, New York, N. Y.
I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

Name_____

Address_____

Peach ☐ Rachelle ☐ Brunette ☐ Suntan ☐ Hawaiian ☐

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 6*)

WE ASKED . . .

. . . **Judy Garland** how many hours a day she practises her voice lessons. The question seemed to shock her. "Sometimes," she told us, "weeks pass by, and I don't sing a note. And I'll have you know I've never taken singing lessons either!"

. . . **Box office Mickey** what part exercise played in his vigorous life. Said Rooney: "I've learned that playing golf, tennis, ping-pong, bowling and swimming can be largely responsible for the amount of work you are able to do. And if you can coordinate work, music and exercise along with the proper rest, your life can be really balanced."

. . . **Georgiana Young** to write us a little piece about herself and her illustrious family. We quote: "I was born in 1924 in Hollywood. My real name is Georgiana Belzer. As my whole family is Catholic, I attended Catholic schools. I had my first job in pictures in '33. The picture was 'Caravan,' in which I portrayed Loretta as a child. I can certainly say I can hope for no more than to reach the height of Loretta's success in the business. I've always looked up to 'Gretchen.' She's always said she'd never interfere in the least with my career, and if I do have one, it would have to be my own doing. I have altogether three sisters and one brother. My brother is a lawyer.

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Information Desk, Modern Screen
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Star's name.....

Question .....

.....

.....

.....

My name.....

Street .....

City..... State.....

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

★★★½ High Sierra

It is many moons since we have been regaled with a high-tension action thriller like this one. It is a spine-tingler with all the blast and power of "Little Caesar," which started the original gangster picture cycle some years back, and which was written by the same gent who wrote "High Sierra," W. R. Burnett.

If it isn't enough to say that this is a good, exciting film, then the picture is also in the important class because it finally makes stars out of two troupers who should have been handed the laurel wreath before this. Here they are, Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino, stars at last. And after you get a load of their performances here, you will understand why they are quite likely to retain the classification from here on in.

It is not a simple assignment that Warners handed Humphrey in this one. He is asked to impersonate one of the toughest gunmen that ever was—but one who is a human being, who can do kind things for neighbors, who can love a dog, who can win a woman's respect. There is no toning down of the fact that he is a misfit in modern society, and he is meted out a bitter and stinging end.

Humphrey is paroled from a life term in an Eastern prison, as the picture opens, and immediately starts a new life of crime. He takes up with a behind-the-scenes boss—Donald MacBride—and a couple of young amateur gangsters played by Alan Curtis and Arthur Kennedy. While plans are being made for a big haul, he gets himself involved in a romantic triangle because of two girls, a lovable tramp named Ida Lupino and a beautiful sap named Joan Leslie. Ida is his kind of gal, as any ten-year-old in the audience could have told him, but he goes the hard way for Joan—who eventually gives him the gate, because she prefers a jitterbug from Ohio. That's about all the story there is—except, of course, for the big hold-up, the exciting chase and the eventual blasting of Humphrey by the cops, as exciting and nerve-thrilling a movie finish as this reporter has ever seen.

Director Raoul Walsh has combined sentiment and melodramatic action in a neat blend here. The movie flows steadily, if a bit lethargically, and it always holds your attention.

The acting honors are about equally split between Lupino and Bogart, both of them are absolutely topnotch. Joan Leslie, whom Warners has a lot of big hopes for, does not quite come through. It is hard to understand, from this picture, just why Warners think she is a big star-to-be. But it is her first film, and she is immature and nervous. Let's

not make up our minds until we see her again.

There are a lot of supporting roles, and almost all of them are well handled, notably those by Arthur Kennedy, Henry Travers, Cornel Wilde and Donald MacBride. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Warners.*

★★★½ Reaching for the Sun

One of the most difficult problems movie-makers have to face is how to get out of the rut, how to keep from saying the same thing over and over again in the same old way. Once in a while someone thinks up a new formula, and eureka! Such a case, for instance, is "Reaching for the Sun." It's not the greatest movie ever made, it hasn't the finest acting or the most magnificent background—but it's real, and it packs a wallop. Hats off, lads!

You may have read this as a novel when it was named "F.O.B. Detroit." If so, it will surprise you to learn that it is a comedy now. And what will surprise you even more will be the knowledge that the transition was managed without a single change of the book's actual story line. It is still life as it is lived in Detroit in the shadow of the automobile industry, and it is not a very pretty picture—but it is good fun and real entertainment nevertheless.

Joel McCrea is shown as a big country kid with only one dream or hope; he wants to live in the open, in the woods, on the shore and scratch a living by digging clams. In order to do this, he needs an outboard motor for his dinghy, so he goes down to Detroit and gets a job on the assembly line. He meets a girl, Ellen Drew, marries her, and there is a baby. It looks as if the smoke and the filth of the factory have Joel down for the count. But at the end he wins out, gets his motor and takes his family up north—to the land, to life, to clean air, to sun.

Joel is very convincing and likeable as the country lad with simple desires and dreams. Ellen is a bit too pretty and ladylike for her role; the part was written with a tougher, rougher gal in mind. The reason Ellen got the assignment, probably, is that the producer figured he needed something good to look at, what with factories, machinery and such in the background. Another topnotch performance is turned in by Eddie Bracken, in his first starring role, as Joe's city-bred sidekick. He supplies most of the comedy, of course, and he's plenty good.

Director Wellman and scenarist W. L. River rate a lot of credit for this picture. There are very few men who could have taken such a basically depressing story and managed to keep it light and pleasant without deviating from the facts. Directed by William Wellman.—*Paramount.*

★★★½ The Lady Eve

There's a lot of fun in this movie and laughs galore—but that's not what makes it important; the reason it is an important movie is that it gives you a new Barbara Stanwyck and a new Henry Fonda. You think you know these two people? Well, you don't—as you will admit after you've seen them romp and cavort in "The Lady Eve." Neither one of them has had such opportunities previously—or taken them in stride as well.

There isn't an awful lot of sense in "The Lady Eve" as a story. It's not especially new and—well, we might as well admit it—some of it is certainly pretty corny. But it is the handling that counts. The dialogue is fresh, the acting is inspired, and the pace is terrific.

The story starts on a luxury cruiser



Jane Macdonald, Palm Beach teacher, the essence of whose charm is her daintiness.

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somewhere in the South Seas. Fonda is the very rich son of a very rich father and is returning from an expedition of some sort. On the boat are Barbara and her pop, Charles Coburn, a seemingly innocent and likeable gent who enjoys playing cards—but who never loses. Barbara is his foil. She goes after Hank, lands him with a thud, and then (yes, it's too bad, but we told you there isn't much basic story originality) she spoils it all by falling in love with the guy. He finds out about her past and gives her the air.

At this point, the story picks up steam and goes around a corner. Barbara vows revenge, masquerades as a titled British Lady, gets taken up by the smart set, is invited to Fonda's home and throws him into utter confusion. He thinks it is simply a case of remarkable similarity between two people, falls in love with her all over again, marries her—and then she gives *him* the gate.

Broken down this way, it doesn't sound too good—but honestly, it's very fast, very zippy, very amusing and full of honest-to-goodness belly-laughs.

Barbara and Henry are both topnotch, and you'll probably fall off your seat at Henry's deadpan business as he takes fall after fall in old-fashioned comedy routine manner. To help, there is an exceptionally capable cast including a magnificent job by Charles Coburn and excellent work by Will Demarest, Eugene Pallette and Eric Blore.

While we're handing out laurels, let's not forget one of the top cups—which goes to writer-director Preston Sturges. Once more he comes through to the very top of the heap by instilling his characters with life and zest, dialogue and action—just as he did in "The Great McGinty" and "Christmas in July." Directed by Preston Sturges.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Mr. and Mrs. Smith

One of the more curious legends about show business is that the comic always wants to play Hamlet and vice versa. Here is more proof of this old saw. Alfred Hitchcock, who has built up a fully-deserved reputation as the top director of tense and melodramatic action, insists on going into competition with a dozen or so other topnotch directors—but in *their* field, not in *his*. "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is a comedy—and a pretty good one in spots—but it hasn't the pace or the timing which comedy (especially in American films) must have.

The story of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is the same comedy premise we've been kicking around in films for a year or so—two people are married, but they're not married, or are they? There have been about a dozen variations on this theme of late, and chances are that this is the picture which'll wash 'em all up. There can't be any more ways of twisting the theme around, we hope.

In this particular case, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery find out, after five years of married life, that because of a legal mistake, they are not man and wife. Bob is willing to go right ahead, but Carole has different ideas. So, too, has Bob's partner, Gene Raymond, who goes on the make for Carole. Oh, sure, it all ends happily with Carole and Bob reunited legally—but not until there has been some rather hilarious *double-entendre* business and a lot of chasing to and fro.

Thinking back on the film, it becomes obvious that there is a lot of good stuff in it; some of the business is screamingly funny. But a good deal of it is in shockingly bad taste—and almost all of it is paced in so lethargic and happy-go-lucky a manner as to annoy. The only way this sort of thing can be sold is by playing it so fast that the audience doesn't get a chance to think. The audience will do a lot of thinking through this one.

Carole is beautiful and desirable in the lead role, her best part of the year, and Montgomery, too, is at top form; it should do both of them a lot of good. Raymond is not quite sure of himself as the other man; seems like a directorial fault, too, because Gene is forced to underplay Montgomery too much. There are several good bit performances, but this trio has by far the greatest percentage of the action. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Come Live With Me

Jimmy Stewart and Hedy Lamarr are a happy enough combination to insure almost any movie, even when the story is as slim and lightweight as this one. It's a comedy with romance, and if it has to prove anything, it proves that Jimmy and Hedy complement each other beautifully. Both have a good deal of histrionic similarity, especially in their handling of whimsical comedy.

Hedy is a Viennese in the story, and it is important that she get married—but quick—in order to become an American citizen; otherwise, she'll be deported. She's infatuated with Ian Hunter, a publisher who happens to be married. She meets Jimmy Stewart, a literary novice without a dime, and they arrange an immediate wedding. In return for his citizenship protection, Jimmy is to get her money. Naturally, they are not to fall in love with each other, but as would happen, they do. How does Jimmy keep from being a heel? Simple. He sells a novel, makes a mint of money, pays Hedy back her investment, and they live happily ever after.

Pretty convenient, all that, and pretty obvious, but it's chuck-full of pleasant incidents, and the playing is fresh and sprightly throughout. Also, Clarence Brown's direction is deft and keeps things humming.

There's a little disappointment in the Hunter role; he deserves better things. Verree Teasdale and Donald Meek are swell, and there is a new actress, a 70-year-*young* woman named Adeline de Walt Reynolds, who grabs a surprisingly big hunk of the honors. Imagine getting a start in life at the age of 70! But she's good. Directed by Clarence Brown.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Tall, Dark and Handsome

The studios are worrying about gangster pictures again, which is a bit strange, since you would think that everything there is to say on the subject has been said over and over again. Anyway, here is a lampoon of a gangster film, a cute comedy take-off which won't inspire you to write letters home, but which will give you a lot of chuckles and a couple of good full-throated laughs.

The title refers to Cesar Romero, a racketeer whom everyone fears as a nasty killer, but who actually is a softie with a heart of gold. He's so soft, in fact, that he can't get himself to knock off his rival gangsters. Instead, he kidnaps them and keeps them (luxuriously tended) in a private jail, while he sends out word that they've been erased. Which, of course, is what eventually gets him into trouble.

Virginia Gilmore, as his moll, is a lovely dish to set before anybody's eyes; she is probably the fastest stepping young filly in Hollywood these days, and she'll be an important star before you know it.

Milton Berle (with his new streamlined schnozz) is very funny as Romero's left-hand man. He's headed up again, probably to stay this time. Sheldon Leonard is a guy to watch and remember. He's a heavy who ought to find a lot of movie work. This is only his second picture (he did a small bit in a "Thin Man" movie about a year ago), but he makes a lasting impression.

Charlotte Greenwood, Frank Jenks and Marc Lawrence are best among the supporting players, and the director is deserving of a healthy nod for keeping things moving speedily and merrily throughout. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★ Michael Shayne, Detective

This is a neat job which ought to be dished out to Hollywood film-makers as a good example of how it can be done. It's an inexpensive, unobtrusive little picture and has nothing at all to recommend it ahead of time (not even a good title, which is criminal), but once you get into the theatre, you'll love it. It's entertainment!

Most of the credit belongs to the writers, Stanley Rauh and Manning O'Connor, because what makes the picture sparkle is the crisp, easy dialogue and the newness of situations used to tell a routine murder yarn. Lloyd Nolan is in the title role, with Marjorie Weaver for the feminine lead, and both of them move up the ladder just by being associated with the film.

Nolan is a flip gumshoe who knows all the answers. Clarence Kolb is a rich gent who hires Lloyd to watch Miss Weaver because she can't keep away from race-tracks and roulette. Her boy friend, a big-time gambler, is knocked off; Nolan has to protect her, and almost gets himself in a pickle. Sure, the result is routine—but not before a terrifically tense finale chase.

Best among the supporting players are Walter Abel, Donald MacBride and George Meeker. And the direction is worthy of a nod; it's sure and perfectly paced. Directed by Eugene Forde.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★½ Maisie Was a Lady

Ann Sothern in a new Maisie picture is, of course, almost always good news. The current episode in the series, like its predecessors, has a lot of sparkle and good fun—but the authors cheated a bit on the story content, so that it emerges none too successfully.

Maisie manages to get herself a job as a maid in a houseful of rich people. They are the type of movie rich that you're supposed to feel sorry for, because they've got nothing but their millions to console 'em. Well, Maisie tells them what's the matter with them. She manages to get Lew Ayres off his daily binge and weans him down to a mild drunk every other Saturday; she convinces Maureen O'Sullivan, Lew's sister, that the guy she is about to marry is a cad who's only after her money; and so on and so forth. After everyone is told off, put on the road to pure and simple living standards, Maisie trudges on to, we suspect, another movie. Which is okay by us, because most of 'em are sure to be better than this one.

All the supporting roles are played in character and are very routine. Nothing is wrong with Maureen, Lew, C. Aubrey Smith, or any of the others—except that you know all about them the minute they first emerge on the screen. Directed by Edward L. Marin.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



At last it's on the screen!



Tobacco Road



with

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • MARJORIE RAMBEAU
GENE TIERNEY • WILLIAM TRACY and Dana
Andrews • Slim Summerville • Ward Bond
Grant Mitchell • Zeffie Tilbury • Screen Play by
Nunnally Johnson • Directed by JOHN FORD
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



RAY JONES

Margaret Sullavan

Fannie Hurst's greatest love story, the immortal "Back Street," made history on the screen in 1933—and with Maggie Sullavan and Charles Boyer co-starred in Universal's stirring re-make, it looks as if history's going to repeat itself!



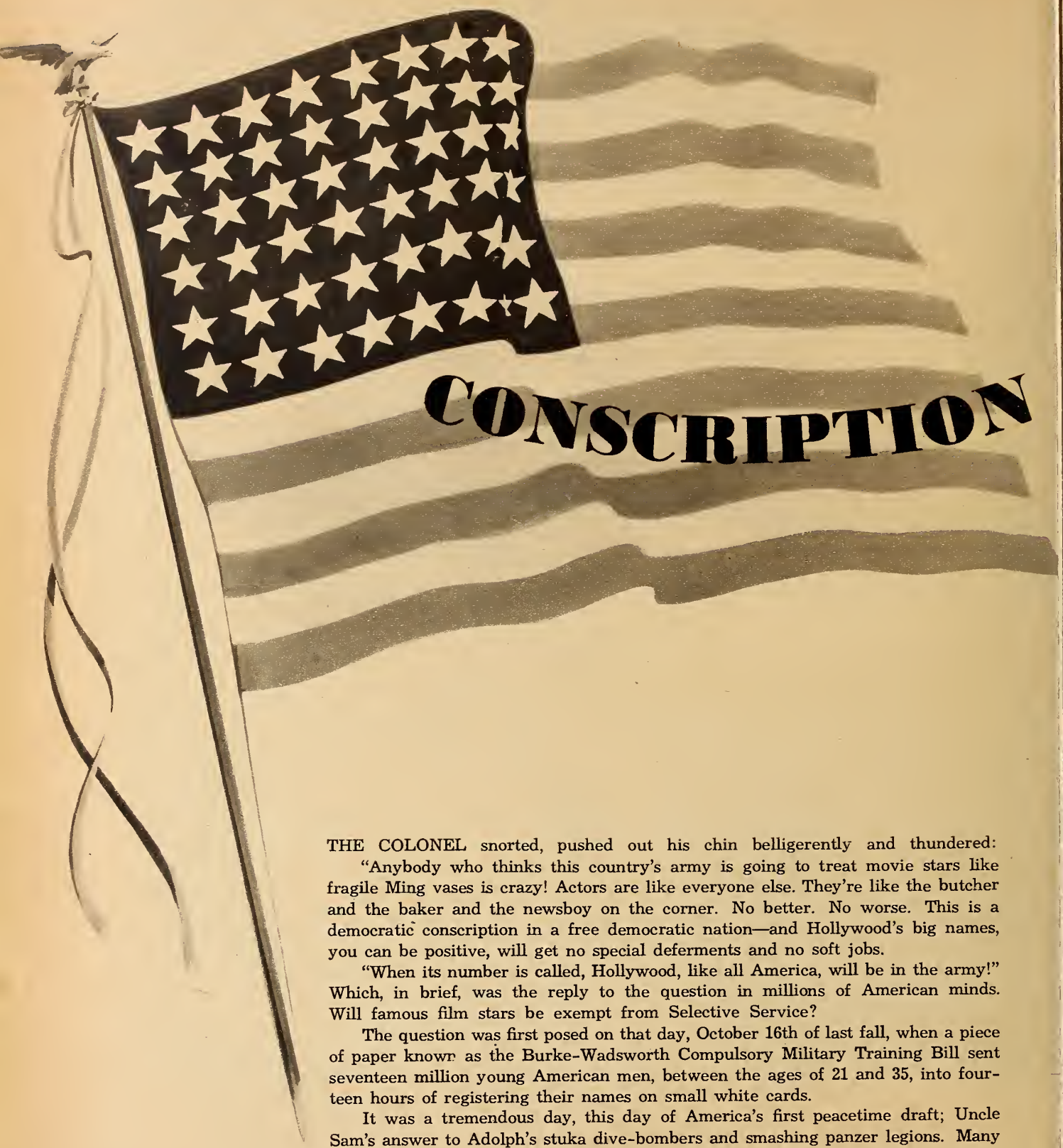
TOM EVANS



EUGENE ROBERT RICHEE

If you haven't been a Joel McCrea addict for years, his latest film will cinch it. He's wonderful as the big, bewildered factory worker in *Joel McCrea*

Paramount's thrill-packed modern romance—"Reaching for the Sun"



CONSCRIPTION

BY IRVING WALLACE

THE COLONEL snorted, pushed out his chin belligerently and thundered:

"Anybody who thinks this country's army is going to treat movie stars like fragile Ming vases is crazy! Actors are like everyone else. They're like the butcher and the baker and the newsboy on the corner. No better. No worse. This is a democratic conscription in a free democratic nation—and Hollywood's big names, you can be positive, will get no special deferments and no soft jobs.

"When its number is called, Hollywood, like all America, will be in the army!" Which, in brief, was the reply to the question in millions of American minds. Will famous film stars be exempt from Selective Service?

The question was first posed on that day, October 16th of last fall, when a piece of paper known as the Burke-Wadsworth Compulsory Military Training Bill sent seventeen million young American men, between the ages of 21 and 35, into fourteen hours of registering their names on small white cards.

It was a tremendous day, this day of America's first peacetime draft; Uncle Sam's answer to Adolph's stuka dive-bombers and smashing panzer legions. Many things happened everywhere. The Seminole Indians of Florida, still technically at war with the United States, refused to register, and sixty-five of their eligibles fled into the southern swamps. Sing Sing prisoners asked for a leave of absence to sign up and were told they'd have to wait until their release. An Oakland housepainter returned his registration card, unsigned, with the notation, "I will not serve

HITS HOLLYWOOD ★★★

WHO ARE THE ELIGIBLES? WHICH ONES WILL BE CONSCRIPTED? HERE, EXCLUSIVELY, ARE THE ANSWERS DIRECT FROM FILMVILLE'S DRAFT BOARDS!

in any army or navy as long as Roosevelt is dictator of the United States." Eight New York divinity students, deaf to pleas of their instructors, accepted a year and a day in jail rather than join the draft. Mr. Yet Yow, a Chinese citizen of Manhattan, brought 5,000 fellow Chinese who could not speak English to the draft board, explaining, "I tell them they will get a chance to fight Japan. They come with me quick!"

Thus, on that day the melting pot registered for defense. And on that day, too, Hollywood joined the army, in a manner of speaking. Renowned actors in sleek black cars went to their local draft boards. And days later, Jimmy Stewart broke front pages coast to coast when his number was among the first drawn. Sterling Holloway and Lee Bowman followed him closely with low draft digits.

Hollywood promptly found the draft lucrative. Paramount lined up a picture, "Caught In The Draft," for Bob Hope. Republic started "You'll Never Get Rich," a conscription comedy. Two fellows wrote a song, "The Army Builds Men." Zanuck decided to do some short features for boys in the conscription camps. Woody Van Dyke, director of "Bitter Sweet," turned his M-G-M office into a Marine recruiting station and left to become a Major in the 22nd Battalion of the Marine Corps Reserves. Then, of course, there were some typical Hollywood gags on the draft, parody verses, ideas for three-act plays and plenty of gossip.

And American mothers, sisters, sweethearts, relatives, who had seen their beloved and near ones leave for a year's education in the Star Spangled Manner, looked questioningly at Hollywood. They looked at their cinema Gods, and they wondered. Did Clark Gable register? And Errol Flynn? And Tyrone Power? Had Hollywood sent anyone to the army camps? Would Hollywood send anyone in the future? And when the stars went, would they get the easiest jobs?

Well, to begin with, most of Hollywood's greatest names, many of them Academy Award winners, didn't even register! They didn't register, not because they were slackers or divinity students or Seminoles, but because they were under or over the draft age.

On October 16, 1940, Clark Gable did not appear for registration. He was 39 years old. Nelson Eddy and Gary Cooper did not appear. They, too, were 39. Brian Aherne didn't register. He was 38 years old. Fred Astaire and Spencer Tracy were 40. Pat O'Brien was 41.

And now remember again, please, that the Burke-Wadsworth Bill was directed exclusively at those Americans under the age of 35 and over 21!



Allan Jones would make a topnotch cavalryman.



The army excludes crack-shooter Gary Cooper!



Licensed pilot Ty would choose the air corps.



Bellamy's just over-age. Wayne has dependents.





Brian fought with the Lafayette Escadrille.



Welshman Milland is an ex-British cavalryman.



George Brent is an experienced secret service man!



Jimmy's an ace flyer. Eddie likes the Navy.



CONSCRIPTION HITS HOLLYWOOD *Continued*

Many Hollywood stars just missed being eligible. Some by a matter of days or weeks. George Brent, whose experience as a flyer, miner and sailor might be invaluable to the army, was 36 years old. Bruce Cabot, Jim Cagney and Bing Crosby were all a year over the top eligibility age. Ralph Bellamy became 36 four months before registration. Buddy Ebsen turned ineligible six months before the draft. Robert Montgomery, fresh from piloting an ambulance through flame-gutted France, celebrated his 36th birthday five months before signature time. Lloyd Nolan's birthday came three months before the draft. And George Raft, whose lack of height would have made him ineligible anyway, was counted out by becoming 36 only four weeks before registration.

There was one stickler, however. Many stars, like other citizens throughout the nation, were in their 35th year and signed for the draft only a few days or weeks or months before their 36th birthdays. A delicate point arose. Would these men, perhaps 37 or 38 by the time they were called, finally be exempt?

For example, Mischa Auer, aged 35 at the time of the draft, had to sign the little white card for Selective Service; four weeks later, he became 36. And Brian Donlevy, whose knowledge of blacksmithing made him a great bet for the army, became 36 some four months after he'd registered. And the case of Dick Powell, aged 35 years 11 months when he signed up.

Well, what about Mischa, Brian and Dick? What about all men who'd signed just on the verge of their 36th birthdays? Would these men, at first eligible as draftees, now become ineligible? The answer, according to officials, is "These men are today eligible!" When they are called, they will have to reply.

Inversely, the same problem popped up among the younger set. Jackie Cooper, Gene Reynolds and most of the "Dead End" kids were under 21 and too young. Mickey Rooney, box office king of the year, was only 20 at the time of the conscription—and will not reach the eligible age until September of this year. And Tim Holt, son of the cowboy actor, did not become 21 until a third of a year after registration.

What about Mickey and Tim? When they reached the legal age, would they automatically become eligible for the draft? The answer on this point is, "No." In fact, all fellows who were under 21 last October 16 will not have to worry about army camps, not yet, anyway. Their time will come only, and if, President Roosevelt issues a new proclamation for another official registration. And even then, Mickey Rooney probably would not have to join a camp because his height, five feet two, and his weight, 127, would make him ineligible for the United States army; and Tim Holt, a married man of two years with wife and child already dependent upon his income, would probably also be exempt from donning the olive drab.

However, as most patriotic citizens already know, eligibility for Selective Service requires other factors besides proper age. The next consideration is exact weight and height plus good health.

No man under five feet or over six-feet-six will be considered. No man under 105 pounds of weight or over 205 pounds will be accepted, though the weight requirements have been and are being treated with more elasticity. The average six-footer is expected to tip the scale at no less than 145 pounds and no more than 190.

Other items such as bad eyes, flat feet, various illnesses will all be considered toward deferring a man. Thus, while there's no way of checking the physical health of most movie actors at the present time, it's not too difficult to recognize those who may be exempt from draft duty because of their personal peculiar height and weight problems.

John Howard, who made a great hit in "The Philadelphia Story," though eligible in every other way, may get the army go-by because he is so light. Jeffrey Lynn, unmarried and holder of a low draft number, available for call any day now, is also underweight for his six foot frame. Burgess Meredith, (*Continued on page 85*)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
AHERNE, BRIAN	38	6' 2"	186	married wife inactive
ALBERT, EDDIE	33	5' 11"	160	unmarried
ALLEN, FRED	46	5' 11½"	176	married wife working
AMECHE, DON	30	6'	170	married wife inactive faur children
ARLEN, RICHARD	40	5' 11"	150	divorced one child
ARNAZ, DESI	23	5' 10"	145	married wife warking
ASTAIRE, FRED	40	5' 9"	140	married wife inactive twa children
ATWILL, LIONEL	55	5' 10½"	172	married wife inactive ane child
AUER, MISCHA	36	6' 2"	165	divarced two children
AUTRY, GENE	33	6'	165	married wife inactive
AYRES, LEW	32	5' 9"	150	divarced
BAKER, BOB	26	6'	180	married wife inactive three children
BANCROFT, GEORGE	58	6' 2"	195	married wife inactive ane child
BARRY, DON	29	5' 8"	160	married wife warking
BARRYMORE, JOHN	58	5' 10"	150	divarced three children
BARRYMORE, LIONEL	62	6'	155	widower
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD	43	5' 9"	150	married wife inactive two children
BAXTER, WARNER	47	5' 10¾"	150	married wife inactive
BEERY, NOAH, JR.	25	6' 1"	170	married wife inactive
BEERY, WALLACE	52	6' 1"	189	divarced faur children
BELLAMY, RALPH	36	6' ½"	189	married wife inactive
BENCHLEY, ROBERT	51	5' 7"	160	married wife inactive twa children
BENNY, JACK	46	5' 9"	150	married wife warking ane child

(Continued on page 60)

LOVE Vs. CAREER . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

GERALDINE FITZGERALD HAS AN EXTRAORDINARY SOLUTION TO THAT AGE-OLD STICKLER!



When he married Geraldine four years ago, English-born Edward Lindsay-Hogg not only adopted her family — but her nationality!

Geraldine Fitzgerald met her husband at the horse show in Dublin. She was seventeen. He was a close friend of her elder brother's. She thought him very attractive, only she was engaged to someone else at the time. He, too, had other commitments. She remembered now having heard her brother say so. In view of her own situation, it was unreasonable that the memory should have irked her.

Suddenly her head started to swim. Not through love at first sight, but because crowds affect her that way. She fell flat on her face in a faint. In his agitation, her father picked her up face down while a helpful friend grabbed her by the heels. Thus, ignominiously, she was borne away in full view of young Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg. "It was a flat beginning," she observes.

He's the chief reason behind her six-months-a-year contract with the brothers Warner, but her family runs him a close second. She puts human relationships above professional advancement. She's an actress, true, and wants to go on being one but not at the risk of her marriage nor of permanent separation from her beloved people in Ireland. If her movie career should sicken and die under six months' absent treatment, that would be sad, but she could bear it. What she couldn't bear would be any least weakening of the bond between herself and those she loves.

So her contract reads that she shall be free from March 1st to September 1st of each year. "That clause," she says, "is like my marriage lines. Nothing in heaven or earth can budge it. Come fire or flood or act of man or God, six months of the year are mine.

"I don't mean to imply that you can't be happily married in Hollywood. That would be silly and smug, nor is it true. But if I worked all year 'round, we'd be building our lives around my work. We'd be making my work the all-important crux of existence, which it isn't. We're the crux—my husband, the baby and I, my father and mother, my sister and brothers, my uncles and cousins and aunts. Eddy's an orphan, so he's taken my family over. We're never really happy unless we're all together. Even if some of us don't get on, we'd far rather scrap with each other than pine apart."

Miss Fitzgerald is slim and young and, in a dirndl, auburn hair falling to her shoulders, looks like a child. She meets you, too, with the gravity of a well-mannered child, behind which you soon detect an impish and beguiling humor. She's of the new breed of players that's vitalizing Hollywood's bloodstream. It wasn't her beauty that brought her crashing into the public eye in "Dark Victory," but a performance compelling in its truth and simplicity. The same kind of integrity is apparent in the girl. Plus a sparkle that may be Irish or may be pure Fitzgerald. If she's a fair sample of what her family produces, you don't wonder that they like being together.

It's a one-for-all-and-all-for-one clan. With all their young men in France during the last war, Geraldine's (*Continued on page* 75)



Geraldine started her career as "atmosphere" in Dublin theatricals at 19; at 26, she's a star in "Winged Victory!" Has four idiosyncrasies—can't stand perfume, caviar and Hollywood's famous climate, and will employ only female chauffeurs.





Incredible but true! Mary Beth Hughes, the twenty-one-year-old ex-convent gal who's currently dazzling Milton Berle, rises at six—regardless of her bedtime!

Candidly Yours

CATCHING THEM OFF THEIR GUARD!



We hear Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour are putting their 6-month-old romance on ice. His pals are betting that the rich and handsome Greg and Lana Turner will eventually take up where they left off.



Lovely Irene Hervey breaks up a bull session to ask Hank Fonda for the next rhumba. Her hubby, Allan Jones (who, incidentally, is sporting a twelve-dollar tie), is an incurable sitter-outer.



Greer Garson, who's 5′ 8″, and boss Ernst Lubitsch aren't letting a couple of measly inches come between them! They talk constantly on the dance floor in strong British and German accents respectively.

Photos by staff photographer Nat Dallinger







1 The unpredictable John Carroll, who stunned Hollywood when he built a huge Southern mansion on top of Lookout Mountain, is now stunning Edmond O'Brien by dating his fiancée, Nancy Kelly.

2 Bill Powell—who flunked out of Thin Man films when he gained a dozen pounds—terrorizes his wife of one year with an eyebrow pencil moustache. Ginger Rogers, unescorted, dead-panned it all.

3 Ann Rutherford (who calls everyone she likes a "dream job") checks up on the Auer and Devine calories. Andy—in sideburns for his next role—should drop 50 pounds; Mischa should gain 20!

4 Since his marriage to socialite Lillian Barker, that erstwhile gloomy gus, Chester Morris, couldn't be up to more tricks! Would you believe he's the dad of 2 kids (10 and 12) by his first wife?



The Rog Pryors, who tiffed loud 'n' long, because Mr. P. loves to fly and Ann tried to clip his wings, have evidently signed an armistice. They're hand-holding practically nightly at the gay new Mocambo.



The Buddy Adlers—they'll soon be first anniversary-ing—ogle the colossal artificial orchid that rests on a special pillow in the elegant foyer of Hollywood's newest nitery—the Scheherezade.



Hollywood's official cheerer-upper, Eddie Bergen (just recuperated from a flu siege), does a job on Mary Pickford. She's been none too chipper since Buddy Rogers' studio sued her for breach of his contract.

CONTINUED



In spite of skeptics, husky (6′ 4″, 200 lbs.) Forrest Tucker and wife, ex-Earl Carroll gal Sandra Jolley, are inseparable.



Alice Faye's ex, Tony Martin, still favors blondes, so Idaho's prodigy, Lana Turner, 20, lightens her locks accordingly!

Ex-football player Bill Marshall is fast upsetting Helen Gilbert's plans for an extended musical and movie career!



To date, New York deb Cobina Wright has netted herself a juicy Hollywood contract plus blueblood Bob Stack!





British Binnie Barnes, 33, and husband No. 2, announcer Mike Frankovitch, fête their 6-month wedding anniversary!



Prettiest bride of the season was Brenda Joyce, 23, who wed first love Owen Ward, Los Angeles accountant, Jan. 18.

Margaret Roach, Hal's 19-year-old actress daughter, and airplane-producer Jeff Steele will make it a date in June!



Cuban Desi Arnaz's wife, 29-year-old Lucille Ball, just gobbles fattening food to add to her 120 pound, 5'6½" figure!



THINK WITH YOUR Heart



Hedy plays opposite Jimmy Stewart in her latest picture, "Come Live With Me."

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Hollywood is second-guessing about Hedy Lamarr. This means Hedy, after a long time of getting nowhere, is going somewhere. This also means you don't have to play the Hollywood game if, by chance, you know a better one.

Hedy knows a better game. Her father taught it to her when she was a little girl. And through the years—even through the last six years since his death—her father has been on the sidelines calling the word that has always been a kind of signal between them . . . "Hedylendelein, Hedylendelein . . ."

To understand how Hedy and her father came to play this game, it's necessary to know about the underlying story of her life, a story which has never been told before.

When Hedy was a little girl in Vienna, her father used to go to the cathedral to pray for the woman she would one day be. He never beseeched wealth or fame for her, only happiness. For he knew she would not win happiness easily. Even as a child she gave promise of beauty that would spring like a bright flame from the tilt of her soft eyes, the cut of her ripe mouth, and the way her dark hair would lay against the pallor of her cheeks. And the price of such beauty is so often unhappiness.

"Think with your heart, Hedylendelein," Emil Kiesler used to caution his daughter. "For that's how the good Lord meant women to think. Think with your heart, and you'll win in the end, even though at times you seem to lose."

The Kieslers lived in a house in the hills. And, aware that words are not enough and the appetite grows on the food one tastes, Emil and Gertrude Kiesler sought to fill Hedy's life with warm, simple things, so that that would be the things she would seek for herself later on. They dressed her in little striped frocks with white collars and patent leather belts. They brushed her hair back smooth. They did not encourage her to dwell upon her looks. When spring came, supper was served outside under the trees. Mornings, before Emil Kiesler left for the Bank of Vienna where he was a director, Hedy carried the bird-cage into the garden where he fastened it on the green bough that reached across the sitting-room window. Solemn family councils decided who among their neighbors were kind enough to have one of the Kiesler's puppies. There were little jokes, and there were little ceremonies. And on birthdays and other occasions Hedy's mother always sent her a bouquet of forget-me-nots and a single pink rose.

Seasons swung into years. Hedy grew up.

"When I watch her, I'm afraid," Emil Kiesler told his wife one day. "She's impulsive and headstrong. Once she turns a certain way, it's impossible to swerve her. I used to fear for her to meet powerful men lest she learn their ambitious ways. Now I wonder where she'll find a man with a will to match her own."

Gertrude Kiesler drew the pale green floss through a leaf in her needlework. "Hedy's fifteen," she said. "Her nature is set. There's nothing we can do about her now. However, I feel it's just as well she's the way she is, Emil. For your prayers have been answered. She thinks with her heart. And I think that will mean she'll need courage and determination always."

Not long after this, Hedy quit school to work in the Sascha motion picture studios. She was fifteen-and-a-half, and she couldn't, she complained, wait any longer to start living. Then, completely unmindful of the criticism she invited, she appeared in the sensational "Ecstasy." And then she married very impressive and very important Fritz Mandl, the munitions tycoon.

MORE IMPORTANT THAN HEDY'S TWO HUSBANDS OR HER DOZENS OF BEAUX, IS THE MAN HER BIOGRAPHERS FORGOT ALL ABOUT!

In Fritz Mandl Hedy found a man with a will to match her own. Besides, she had never known such a young man before. The youth of post-war Austria lived more by words than deeds and thought more of what was their due than of what was their duty. And Hedy scorned them.

At first Hedy and Fritz Mandl were very happy. They lived in a great house in a great park. They entertained ambassadors, and their table was laid with gold plate. European couturiers, jewelers and furriers had orders to let Mandl know whenever they had a gown, a gem or a pelt that would suit his wife's famed beauty. And Hedy, in her youth, found natural excitement in all these things.

"Happy, Hedylendelein?" her father used to ask when he and her mother came to visit. "Happy?" And when she answered him, her eyes and her voice were as bright as her words.

Ever since Hedy had been a little girl, her mother had told her that her father was as kind as any man who ever lived. And although Hedy's love for her father had forever swung her eyes in his direction, she never had seen anything to make her doubt this was true. He always had a strange closeness with those who were worried or sad or in any pain. And in 1934, when he saw persecutions run rampant and realized it wouldn't be long before the cruelty and hatred would be far spread, it was more than he could endure. The shadow of things that were to come fell upon his heart and killed him.

Things were different with Hedy after her father died. Adult and realistic now, instead of young and romantic, she came to wonder if she was anything more than a rich man's possession, like the imported cars in the garage, the priceless wines in the cellar and the blooded dogs in the kennels. For Fritz Mandl, fearing Hedy's beauty might bewitch other men, (*Continued on page 73*)



Tucked away on her quiet farm, Hedy is still haunted by the eternal "Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein?"

Tagging THE HOLLYWOOD PLAYBOYS . . .

BY ERROL FLYNN



Believe me, I can't imagine why Modern Screen should consider me an authority on playboys. It came to me as rather a shock. Here I've always felt that I was pretty much of a Boy Scout, always preoccupied in the morning until I have thought out my good deed for the day. After that—sunny, gay, bright. A constant source of solace to family and friends. And now I find out I'm a night owl expert. It's discouraging, that's what it is. But a Boy Scout mustn't grumble, must he?

Now, in case my wife reads this, let me get this straight right away. I'm merely an observer taking an academic interest in the subject. Anything you've heard to the contrary is base slander. Of course some of the lads we are about to examine in the interest of science may feel the same way about it, and—if so—I can only advise them to use the same excuse I have laid out roughly above. Either that one, or the one about the whole thing being a sad case of mistaken identity. Thus, having provided them with two concrete alibis in advance and, at the same time, having accomplished my good deed for the day, we're ready to look over the various techniques.

Letting youth have its fling, let us first consider the younger generation. For example, there is Mickey Rooney. He and his cronies range through the late spots of a Saturday night with delicious little morsels, aged from sixteen to twenty-two. The truth is that these cubs play havoc in a den of iniquity, drinking Pepsi-Colas and, on a big night, even sinking to an ice cream soda. Thus fortified their hot, mad young blood racing, they take over the dance floor with such orgiastic enthusiasm that the more mature tacticians must retire sullenly to their tables and wait till the blitz dies down.

There is little to equal the fine disdain that curls the lips of Franchot Tone at one of these demonstrations. Franchot probably never went through that period. It is hard to imagine his cool suavity ever broken by loud and unrestrainable yelps of approval over a particularly neat roll on the drums. His forte in dealing with the opposite sex would seem to be reliance on well-rounded dialogue concerning a variety of artistic subjects. He might well have been a fraternity brother of Philo Vance, who professed to be a dilettante of considerable parts. There are girls, and dashed attractive ones, too, whom you can see sitting spellbound by the hour as Franchot discusses music, literature, painting with a casual accuracy that is astonishing and often misleading. Misleading, because as often as not Franchot's mind may not be on his chatter at all, but on the net effect he's having on the young lady. Eyes dizzy, head in a whirl from the subtleties of pure conversation, you can see her melt . . . and, in the quiver of a nostril, they are gone. . . .

And then there is di Cicco—Pat di Cicco, agent and *bon vivant*. Pat's place on the stagline is no passing thing. He is established. Solid as the Bank of England. He's been one of the more engaging "eligibles" for nigh onto a generation, and *(Continued on page 94)*



40-year-old Rudy Vallee (with Rosemary Coleman) was once married; prefers free-lancing.



Franchot Tone (with Carole Landis) is 35, very serious and a cynic about marriage.



"Butch" Romero (with Ann Sheridan) is 34—the ultimate in chivalry and a fabulous spender!

BY THEIR "LINES" YOU SHALL KNOW 'EM, GIRLS—THE STAGLINE'S SMOOTHEST GRADUATE DISCLOSES TRADE SECRETS THAT'LL FLOOR YOU!



Reggie Gardiner (with Gertrude Niesen) never dates the same girl two nights in a row!



Recently divorced from Bette Davis' stand-in, John Shelton forgets with Dot Heinz.



Mickey Rooney (with Lois Ranson) is going on twenty-one and is the small fry's Diamond Jim Brady—doles out orchids, expensive perfume and even watches with his ice cream sodas!

happy ending

BY JEANNE KARR

NEW KIND OF LOVE STORY—PROVING THAT TWO UYS CAN LIKE THE SAME GIRL AND STILL BE PALS!



Here's the story of a happy family: New arrangement.

The old arrangement must have been pretty good, too. It couldn't have been bad with Mary Martin as its hub. She's a girl who makes other people feel cheerful. But the old arrangement wasn't perfect. The new one is. Mary Martin thinks so; Richard Halliday, her husband, thinks so; and Larry Hagman, her nine-year-old son, pronounces it keen. While her mother beams at all three and works off her elation by hustling out to sell some more real estate.

There was just one feature of the marriage that disturbed Mary's offspring.

"Darling, I'm married," she told him. She'd flown to Las Vegas with Halliday the night before. Now the news had broken, and telephones were shrilling all over the house with calls from Texas and New York.

"Which one did you marry?"

"Dicky."

"That's *good*." Then a thought dropped like a pebble into the pool of his satisfaction. "Mimi—" (his name for her since babyhood, though now that he's nine, he's inclined to shorten it to Meem)—"Mimi, I have to talk to you quietly. Come on in here. It's the only place where they don't have telephones."

He led her to the bathroom. "Listen, Mimi, what are you going to do about all those other people?"

"What other people, honey?"

He named a number of Mary's ex-cavaliers. "What're *they* going to think?"

"Why, they'll think it's all right."

He shook a doubting head. "Those other people're going to feel pretty bad. I'll tell you what we mustn't do. We mustn't tell 'em."

It was shortly thereafter that his grandmother passed his room and heard sounds as of Larry talking to himself. She listened. He was weighing possible forms of address for his new parent. "Dicky—" he said, and let the sound fall on his ear—"Daddy Dick—Pal Dick—Dick, old boy." At the brisk note of the last, she choked and beat a hasty retreat. He settled for Dicky, though once in a while Dad pops out almost unaware and sets up a pleasant glow in Halliday's innards.

It was Larry's first wedding. He watched presents arrive by the bale and drew his own conclusions as to the proper course for a son of the house. Out driving with his grandmother one day, he said: "Stop the car, please, Nanny. I want to see that dog." A white wolfhound lay stretched on a lawn beside a sign that said: "Dog for sale."

"How much is it?" he asked the woman who answered their ring.

She smiled down at the very earnest face. "Too much for you, I'm afraid."

"Well, I want to buy it for my mother for her wedding present, and I picked this one out because it looks like them." (What he meant, nobody knows

Mary, star of "New York Town," is given to whims. She's constantly turning from blonde to brunette!

exactly, though the Princess Olga is long and lean like Dick and—like Mary—a dark-eyed blonde). "I have twenty-five dollars in the bank. Would that be enough?"

"Do you think your mother would love the dog? That's pretty important."

"Sure, I guess she would. She loves most anything I give her."

So the bargain was struck. Larry phoned Mary at the studio. "When you get home, there's something in the back yard. You're supposed to love it."

Mary got home early to find a wolfhound so desolate with homesickness that it barked and screamed at its new owner's approach. Larry, who was spending the day with his grandmother, phoned again. "D'you love it?" he inquired anxiously.

"Honey, we're crazy about it," yelled Mary to make herself heard above the howls of the Princess Olga.



Dick thinks Mary's "the most beautiful thing that ever lived." She thinks he's "absolutely a genius—but sweet anyway."



Mary (with Dick Powell) sings constantly for her own and Mr. H's amusement, occasionally for radio listener-inners.

You should see her now, though—the darling of the house and eating it up. "Here comes my husband," says Mary, pricking her ears to the sound of a step on the walk. The door opens. "Hello, beautiful," calls a masculine voice. Olga, the Princess, having more legs, gets there first. You hear murmured endearments in the lobby, then Mary's firm, "Shut up, Princess, he means me," as she clambers over three feet of wriggling wolfhound to get into her husband's arms.

They reappear together—a tall, dark man with his arm round a slim, small girl in a beige skirt and sweater. His features are those of a monk out of the Middle Ages—sensitive, fine-cut, almost ascetic—but his expression is that of a twentieth-century gent in love with his wife. She laughs at him—fetching with her soft brown eyes under soft blonde hair and her infectious good spirits. It seems that Richard, busy at the agency of which he's story editor, hasn't had lunch yet, though it's three o'clock. She's offered, not too convincingly, to fix him some.

"Just the busy little housewife," he leers, "for benefit of press. Look, the press knows perfectly well that you can't cook."

"The press," says Mary, "never tasted my chocolate cake." She speaks with acid deliberation. "The press never made a pig of itself on my chocolate cake. The press never gorged on my chocolate cake till it fairly dripped out of the press' ears."

Richard throws up his hands and flees toward the lunch Mary never had any intention of fixing, leaving her to tell the story of her gradual metamorphosis into a housewife. "*Very* gradual," she says.

First, there was the house. They had no trouble picking it. They'd fallen in love with it when they'd gone house-hunting with Richard's mother, who was planning to move to the Coast. Her plans fell through, so the junior Hallidays snapped the treasure up. It's white brick and frame, and stands on a minor hill in Bel-Air, the front lawn with its lovely trees sloping toward the road, the garden rising in terraces behind. They moved in twenty days after their marriage.

Then—not before—came the furniture. Mary'd lived in hotels and in homes run by her mother. She had the feeling that furniture came along and walked itself into one's house. She was both hurt and indignant on discovering her error. But the business of Mary's furniture is a twice-told tale, so we'll skip it here.

Then came the servants. Mary handled the servant problem like a general. Her studio maid had proved a dud. "Call somewhere," she told her secretary, "and get somebody."

It was a feverish day on the set. "Hand me this," said Mary. "Hand me that!" This and that were handed her. Not till the end of the day did she look up into a serene and (*Continued on page 88*)

ON THE SET WITH

ON THE SET WITH

ON THE SET WITH

ON THE SET WITH

"POT O' GOLD"



st the studio woy over $3,000 ented street scenes for the us tomoto-throwing sequence!

Jimmy Roosevelt's father has a good job. He sits in a multiroomed office, runs the nation for $75,000 yearly and laughs off bad reviews because his option's just been lifted, and he knows he can't be as bad as the critics say.

Jimmy Roosevelt admires his father. He thinks he's a great performer—but he doesn't want to play in the same kind of show. Jimmy yearns to be a motion picture producer, and with "Pot O' Gold," a Paulette Goddard-James Stewart classic, he embarks upon his first term as a mighty mogul of the cinema.

"Pot O' Gold" is hokum from the word go. It's slapstick with kid gloves. Jimmy admits it. The principals are constantly being rushed in and out of jail, the villain gets pasted with a tomato, the big-hearted boarding house-keeper almost loses her home-sweet-home, the hero and heroine suffer the usual misunderstandings, and righteousness doesn't triumph till the very last reel. It's the kind of hokum that stuffs theatres, however, and to producer Jimmy, who has $800,000 boiling in the "Pot," a money-making dish is more important than a victory for Art.

As chief ingredients in this "Pot," Paulette and Stewart are two extraordinary morsels. Paulette does a hippy rhumba and warbles for the first time on the screen, and Jimmy portrays a Ferdinand the Bull-ish sort of guy who'd rather lie in the grass and sniff the flowers than go to work in his rich uncle's breakfast food factory. Seasoning for the film is provided by apple-cheeked Charles Winninger now entering his fortieth year in show business and white-haired Mary Gordon who used to tote trays in a studio commissary before getting her picture break at the age of fifty. The dessert, of



e comeroman Hol Mohr instructs thusiostic pupil Goddord in that ckiest of tricks—rollin' your own!



Horoce Heidt ond his Musical Knights, whose Pot O' Gold progrom inspired the picture, beat it out in o mellow jive!



One of producer Roosevelt's Morines gets the thrill of a lifetime from a trip to the set ond on introduction to the stors.



Plus the hormanico, Jimmy swings a mean occardion ond a wicked flute!



Paulette's desire ta avoid Jimmy Stewart is matched only by his yen to steer clear of her!



The tomataes Stewart tasses at Winninger ore stuffed with whipped cream, chacalate syrup and tamata catsup so they'll give o photogenic splosh!

GODDARD SWINGS, STEWART SINGS IN THIS SUPER-DUPER COMEDY PACKED WITH THRILLS AND TRILLS!

course, is movie-debuting bandleader Horace Heidt, whose famous "Pot O' Gold" radio show gave producer Roosevelt the inspiration for his picture.

In painful contrast to the easy informality of the script is the off-stage behavior of stars Goddard and Stewart. Though the two have never clashed openly, their side lines manner is frighteningly cool and distant. Not even their first love scene (which Paulette played in a nightgown) kindled the smallest ember of friendship. After completing a torrid take, Paulette invariably rushes off to her dressing-room to jab her energies into a piece of needle-point designed especially for her by Mexican artist Diego Rivera, while Jimmy goes off into a dark corner and sits silently with his elbows dug into his knees, his chin cupped in his hands and his eyes fastened to his feet. They'll clown only if the cameraman begs hard enough—and he seldom does.

Happily for James Roosevelt, little of this star strain is brought before his tired eyes. Shortly before his picture got rolling, he was summoned to Marine Corps duty at the United States Naval Base at San Diego, and now he can't spend more than week-ends at his beloved studio! Daily rushes are flown to him, however, (a distance of one hundred and twenty miles) and run off in the barracks' projection room for the benefit of him and his loyal boys.

Incidentally, so intimately do the young Corps members know the picture, they feel they own part of it, too! You might remember that, when you see "Pot O' Gold, if there's any griping to be done, don't bother Mr. Roosevelt—just tell it to the Marines!



Paulette chats with o script gal when naise from nosey airplanes holds up production.



"Polly" plays o brisk game of gin rummy with ane of the studia cops. To keep worm she takes ta her fur coat.



'Twixt incessont phone calls, visiting praducers and "takes," Poulette tucks in some ice cream with a little admirer.



Glamaur dress designer Helen Taylar turns aut naïve hausedresses by the dazens far this picture!

BY SYLVIA KAHN



IT'S A

Lupe knows about love, about the ways of love, about the ways of lovers. By the time this piece appears, she and Big Boy Williams may be married and living out in the San Fernando Valley on Big Boy's ranch. Or, of course, they may not.

As Lupe, herself, puts it, "We may marry in five hours, in six months, in a year or maybe never. I do not say things unless I am sure. Besides, I have learned that we do not set times for love.

"Big Boy hated me before we met. He was my worst enemy in Hollywood because of the things he read about me. He said, 'that dizzy dame' and things like that. I tell you, girls, it is nothing to be afraid of if a boy starts by hating you."

"But when I met her," Big Boy explained, "she was altogether different from what I had imagined. I had read about the fiery, tempestuous Lupe Velez. I didn't like what I read. She was everything, I thought, that a man dislikes. I know better now. That temperament business was all bluff. Lupe loves her home and takes pride in it and works in it. Why, she even painted two rooms in her house herself with her own hands. And thrifty! She saves everything. The gardener mows the lawn, and she says, 'Don't throw that grass away. Save it for the pigs; they like it.' When she has mashed potatoes for dinner she saves the mashed potatoes, and the next night we have mashed potato soup, the best soup I've ever tasted. As for the famous Velez temper," said Big, "she must have lost it long before we met. All I know is that when we start to have an argument, she gets into her car and drives away, and there is no argument."

No doubt about it. Lupe, who once was wild, has now grown very wise. But when did the metamorphosis of the Mexican Spitfire take place?

Lupe laughed. "It's simpler than that. It's that I'm not a kid any longer. I'm a grown-up woman, and I behave as such. I do not deny my age. I tell it. I am twenty-nine. I do not want to be a Hollywood 'tradition' with curls on my head and baby-talk inside my head when I am fifty. I am young, yes, but not seventeen any longer. . . .

"Now I do not grease my hands with butter before I shake hands with visiting dignitaries. . . . I do not cut pranks on the sets as I did when first I came to Hollywood and played with Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, in 'The Gaucho.' When I first came to Hollywood, Fanny Brice invited me to a party. She told me, 'Wear an evening dress.' I thought, Migod, an evening dress, that is funny. But my mother always told me, 'When in Rome, do as

Lupe, who has the most fabulous collection of jewels in Hollywood, says a girl's worst mistake is to make the man she loves jealous!

BY GLADYS HALL

HUSBAND YOU'RE AFTER...

JUST LISTEN TO LUPE! WHEN A GAL'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF LOVE FOR OVER A DOZEN YEARS, SHE CAN REALLY GIVE YOU POINTERS!

the Romans do,' so I went to that party in my *night-dress*! I did not understand the language, and I thought evening dress meant night-dress. If you should hear of me doing these things now, you would say 'that dame is crazy,' and you would be right.

"I do not scream and yell in public as I used to do, though they will write up that I do. They write of me today as I was ten years ago. That is why I do not let them write about me anymore. Because I am not as I was ten years ago. . . .

"I have travelled all over the world, in the United States, in South America and in Europe. I have had men of many races make love to me. I have been in love, and I have had my heart broken, too. And I have come back recovered and much the wiser.

"I have been married to Johnny Weissmuller. I have been divorced. I have had everything of this world—money, fame, flattery, jewels, furs. I still have everything, thank God, and thanks to America. I have worked for what I have; nobody has given me anything.

"A woman like me," said Lupe, "should know about life and love and men and women. I have made many mistakes, yet if I had my life to live again, I would do the same. Because we only learn by making mistakes, our own mistakes. That is why I am hesitating about advising girls about anything. Especially about men.

"But I will say a few down-to-earth truths I have found out about when you are in love—

"You girls say you want to be actresses; all the time you write to me and say you wish you could be actresses. Well, I say to you, you had *better* be actresses! Wherever you are, no matter what you are doing, whether you are housewives or stenographers or schoolteachers, when you are with men you had better be actresses, and *good* ones. Because unless a woman is an actress she will never have any success as a woman in love. She will never have any lasting success with men.

"Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean you must be the phony kind of actress that imitates and does not mean what she is doing. I mean you must be a fine actress who lives your part because you love it and believe it. I mean you must play many characters with men, but you must truly be each one of them.

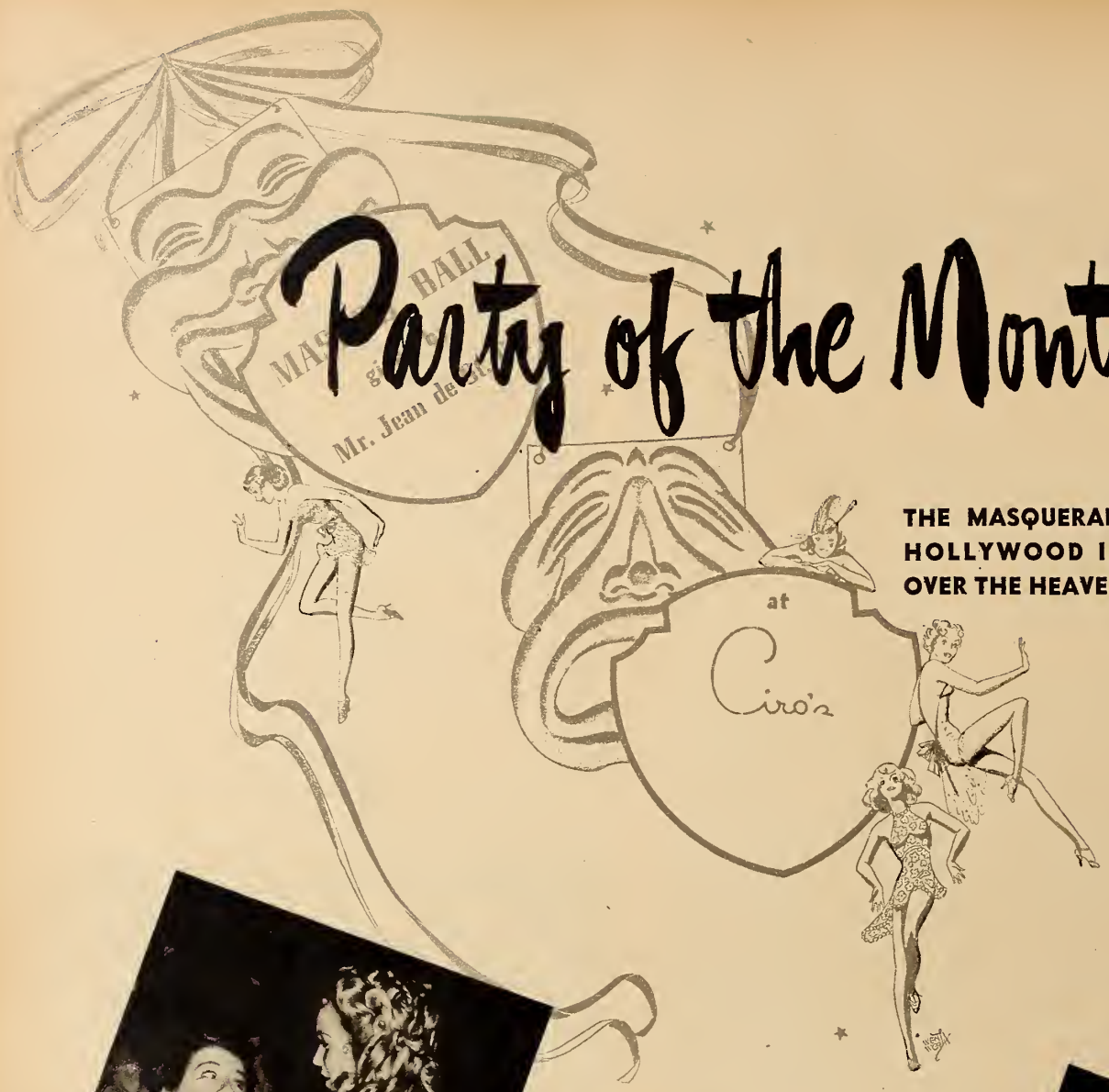
"My father was a very wise man. He told me, 'In the streets, be a queen; in the church, be a saint; in the home, be whatever you are. . . .' that is how it is with men; with different men, be different women.

"People are saying that I have changed, now, because of Big. No and yes. Let me (*Continued on page 90*)



In Universal's "Six Lessans fram Madame La Zanga," the diminutive, red-haired Lupe (she's just five feet) ca-stars with "Big Boy" Williams, wha weighs exactly ane hundred paunds more than she does!

Party of the Month



THE MASQUERADE IS OVER, BUT HOLLYWOOD IS STILL A-BUZZ OVER THE HEAVENLY TIME IT HAD!



Guest-of-honor Cobina Wright, Jr., and Fanny Brice at Rex St. Cyr's $6,000 party at Ciro's for Hollywood's 400.



Top-flight society man Alfred Vanderbilt and Ginny Field, who displayed her English patriotism dressed as a British showgirl.



Dennis O'Keefe and wife Steffi Duna were among the 250 costumed guests who danced to Emil Coleman's band until 4:30 A. M.

Photos by staff photographer Nat Dallinger



Warner's new starlet, Juanita Starke—who was an unemployed waitress three months ago, takes over McCarthy's spot on Eddie Bergen's knee.

Roz Russell of the mad millinery danced every dance with agent Freddie Brisson who came garbed as a Russian count.





Greg Bautzer took his costume so seriously he began handing Dottie Lamour (who came as a chorine) a line in Spanish!



Host Rex St. Cyr (with Earl Corroll's latest romonce, Beryl Wolloce) is o tronsplanted New York sociolite. He donced with over o hundred gols! There were guords galore to make sure there were no gotecroshers. The only entertoinment provided wos the music ond o few songs by post-débutonte Cobino.



CONTINUED . . .



That old lady-killer Frank Morgan made a scandalous play for his good pal Paul Lukas' lovely wife, Daisy.



Patricia Morison with "Pierrot" Alan Mowbray, who was the very last one to go home even though he had an 8 o'clock appointment next morning!



Randy Scott (in-name-only hubby of Marion Dupont Somerville) and Britisher June Duprez were muchly photographed.



At 10:30 when masks came off, Raggedy Ann emerged as Ruth Hussey and the Egyptian sheik turned up as her fiancé Raphael Hakim, who's an honest-to-goodness Egyptian in real life!



Wolter Pidgeon (looking like something out of Dickens) come with his wife, from whom he's been seporoted for yeors, but devoted himself exclusively to Goyle Mellott.

HOLLYWOOD SKIN CARE

BY CAROL CARTER

Take a leaf from Hollywood's beauty book and recapture the charm of a skin as fresh as April! Here's how it's done

"All this rapturous talk about soft, silken, rose-petal complexions is just ducky," writes one of our young friends, "but what if a girl has lost that skin-men-love-to-look-at? Can she ever get it back and, if so, how?"

Indeed, you can recapture the loveliness of a flawless complexion. Thousands of glamour girls, careerists, students and busy homebodies everywhere, after slightly rearranging their designs for living and revising their beauty rituals, have discovered underneath that top layer of blemishes a skin as smooth and lovely as a six-year-old's!

That's because skin is constantly changing and renewing itself—the old sloughing off, the new replacing it. As long as your blemishes affect only the top layer, or epidermis, your task will be simple. There are three layers of skin, you know. The top skin is formed of tiny, horny, scale-like cells which are kept smooth and soft by natural lubricating oils. The second, or true skin, contains all the blood vessels, nerves, glands, ducts, hair follicles and also the pigments which decide your skin coloring. The third layer, or subdermis, is sometimes called the fatty skin. But we won't go into these second two layers, for blemishes affecting them should be treated by doctors, not beauticians. What can be done for the top skin is exciting enough. It's a case of save the surface and you save all.

The worst and most common enemies of skin beauty are dirt, a sluggish system and harsh, drying, aging elements, such as steam-heated air and hard water. These, separately, or in combinations, cause enlarged pores, blackheads, acne, rough patches, red blotches, "fever" blisters and practically every other form of surface blemish you can think of.

Enlarged pores are usually the result of a sluggish system, careless cleanliness or a combination of the two. Vigorous and regular outdoor exercise, a diet of light foods, including lots of garden-fresh fruits and vegetables and a minimum of sweet, rich, heavy foods, together with six or eight glasses of water every day may not sound super-glamorous, but they'll do a lot toward restoring your skin to that enviable condition. Add to this care a daily scrubbing with a soft-bristled complexion brush, warm water and mild soap suds. Always follow with a cold water rinse and an ice-cold astringent. Use the finest, fluffiest of creams and powders you can find—and you'll have the perfect formula for a skin as fine as velvet.

Blackheads are enlarged pores that have become clogged, sometimes even infected with a combination of oil and grime, and the overworked pores have relaxed and expanded. To help them back to normal, give them the same care you give to enlarged pores and, in addition, steam the face, either over a bowl of boiling water for five minutes, or via the applied towel-wrung-out-in-piping-hot-water method. This will help soften the hardened masses so they may be more easily dislodged by gentle pressure.

Before either kind of steaming, apply lots of cold or cleansing cream to the skin to aid and hasten the softening process. After your blackheads are thoroughly softened, wrap two fingers in a soft linen towel or two thicknesses of clean facial tissues, and gently press out the contents of each separate pore. There are good little metal gadgets, too, with a tiny hole devised to press down over each blackhead. Either of these methods is safe, but never, never use a bare finger or any part of your finger nail, unless you want a permanent and (*Continued on page 93*)



Joan Fontaine says that a flawless complexion has boosted her steady climb up the ladder of fame.

NEW FACES



After cleansing, massage your neck from base to jowbone, all over.



With back of hands well-creamed, pat and stroke firmly under chin.



Massage from chin to nose, to ears, then chin to temples.



Massage from chin to nostrils, to cheeks, to temples, in curves.



Stroke forehead firmly from center first up, then up and outward.

ANY DAY now the first crocus is going to poke its bright little face right through your garden wall, the first robin will perch outside your sunny window sill, and you, all of a sudden, saturated with the spirit of spring are going to ransack your wardrobe for clothes to match your mood and scan your mirror in search of a face to go with all this budding loveliness of a newborn season.

But what do you see when you look in that mirror of yours? Does your face go with the rest of the picture? Or is it a bit winter-worn and sorry-looking, lined from dryness and exposure, chapped or clogged, or just a trifle dull and pasty in appearance? No wonder, after a winter full of indoor inactivity, too many changes from wet to dry, from hot to cold and back again, too many colds and too little sunshine, too many pastries and not enough vitamins.

Then out with those cleansing creams, astringents and tissues. Bring on your complexion soap, soft brushes and lotions. That skin of yours is coaxing for a stimulating facial to restore its glowing freshness—and here's how you go about it.

First, bind back your hair with a towel, net or lastex band. Now cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with warm water, soap and a complexion brush.

Second: Slather your face and neck with your favorite cleansing cream and, with the back of your hands also creamed, pat firmly, first, under the chin, stroking from side to side with alternating hands. Then, with fingers on your chin, massage in a crescent stroke from chin to directly in front of each ear. Next, from chin across the cheeks, massage upward toward your temples.

Third: Continuing the massage, start again at the chin and work in firm, rotary, parenthesis-shaped lines around your mouth and up to the base of each nostril, then following the curve of your cheekbone, continue up and out, ending again at the temples. Fourth: With gentler, lighter strokes, massage from the sides of your nose, around under each eye. Repeat this several times, each time beginning higher up beside the bridge of your nose, and always ending at the temples.

Fifth: Place fingers on your forehead, between the brows, and stroke firmly upward, then up and outward, until you've included the entire forehead. Sixth: Massage horizontally across your forehead to relax tired nerves and stimulate circulation.

Seventh: Now remove all the cleansing cream with cotton wrung out in a skin freshener or astringent. Eighth: Your skin is ready for a rich, oily lubricating cream to be left on for five or ten minutes while your eyes are covered with cotton pads soaked in either eye lotion or skin tonic. Ninth: Remove this lubricating cream with skin freshener and go over your entire face and neck lightly with an ice cube wrapped in thin cloth, or a square of cotton wrung out in ice cold astringent.

Tenth: Dry your face with a clean towel and, if you're going out, apply make-up lightly and with care.

Now, take another look in that mirror. What

AWAKEN YOUR WINTER-WEARY SKIN WITH

FOR OLD . . .



Massage acrass torehead, ratating fingers. This relaxes tired nerves.

a different picture! If such a facial massage is repeated once a week throughout the spring, your skin will respond quickly and gratefully with a soft, smooth, fresh and dewy look that will put spring itself in second place.

Between facials, practice some of the exercises pictured on these pages. They will not only make muscles firm and mobile but, by stimulating circulation, they will add extra glow and color, fill out hollows and help ward off those bug-a-boo wrinkles.

You see, the same old faithful trio for skin care—cleansing, stimulation and lubrication—has been at work here in a different but very important guise. Whether glamour girl, careerist or homebody, this same famous combination will work minor miracles for you if you will follow faithfully the way it is practiced in Hollywood. Then, no matter what the season, with a little care your skin can be made to look as fresh and radiant as spring itself.

Beauty masks are another short-cut to skin loveliness which may be achieved in anywhere from five to thirty minutes and are real lifesavers when you're in a hurry. There are several kinds of facial masks. The mildest is the quick pick-up type which creates a temporary illusion of beauty when there's no time for more fundamental refurbishing. These are all in cream form. Some dry on the face and should be washed off with a skin freshener or cold water. Others come off easily with clean, absorbent facial tissues. Such masks make your skin feel by turns both warm and cold. You see, they stimulate surface circulation and create a glowing freshness in even the drabbest complexion. Pick-up masks are usually pleasantly perfumed and their very scent gives your spirits a lift while their magic is at work on your skin. The directions on these cream masks prescribe anywhere from a ten to thirty minute application and, for perfect results, you should follow them explicitly. So before your next big date, put one on and watch your skin blossom with new life and radiance.

Oily, sluggish skins are immensely stimulated and enlivened by the use of what might be called circulation masks. These are more drastic than those just described and should not be applied to thin, sensitive skin or to faces with any trace of broken veins. The action of these masks may be slightly burning or uncomfortable but, if your skin is coarse or heavy, they are just what you need. Three to five minutes is all the time circulation masks usually require. And they should be followed by a softening or lubricating cream, either cold or cleansing.

A third type of mask will help to contract large, relaxed pores. And a first cousin to this one is a mask to help dislodge blackheads and hasten the blooming of blemishes that are still partly concealed under your skin's surface. Both of these might be called pore masks. They are penetrating, stimulating as well as astringent and usually require ten to thirty minutes to do their work and restore the bloom to your cheeks.

Directions on package labels will guide you in the accurate use of all facial masks. A rule which always holds, though, is to start with a thoroughly clean skin and, for best results, rest or relax while your mask is at work. You'll be rewarded.



While massaging flabby cheeks, smile broadly, apen and clase jaws.



For under-eye pauches, draw fingers lightly aver clased eyes.



Far heavy jowls, lift muscles, pinch gently. Increase pressure gradually.

Hearty laughter helps carrect crêpy thraat, stimulates sluggish glands.



Pased by Darathy Darrell, starlet af Universal's "Meet the Chump."

A STIMULATING AND REFRESHING FACIAL

BEAUTY AND THE MALE . . .

Some of them were handsome—not all. But their faces had this in common—they all looked alive, and they all looked sheepish. Wonder why men act so shy about discussing their favorite topic—women!

There were ten of them altogether—ten stars whom we considered authorities on the subject—and we put our problem before them without preamble. "Our girls," we told them, "want to know what you boys consider a beautiful woman, and they wouldn't mind having a few tips on how to get and hold their boy-friends while you're at it! Don't try to squirm out of it by saying a beautiful woman's Hedy Lamarr or Loretta Young. They can't turn themselves into Youngs and Lamarrs. Keep it practical. Give them some hints that'll help them make the most of their good points and tone down the bad. All right. What do you notice first about a woman?"

Cagney, the bravest, stepped forward. "I notice the eyes first," he said. "I think everyone does. Personally, I like them dark. But that's beside the point. Any color can be beautiful—any shape—wide eyes, like a kid's listening to a fairy tale, or the oblong Oriental type. What's important is the way they're set, the surrounding terrain and the expression. They should be far enough apart for good proportion. If they give the impression of trying to meet over the nose, I don't know what a girl can do about it, but anything she does is okay with me.

"There's plenty she can do about the second point. She can stop plucking her eyebrows like an aborigine. I don't mean, if her forehead sprouts thatches, she shouldn't thin 'em out. But if there's anything attractive about a couple of wizened hairs that make the whole face look naked, I'll eat mine. Also, when a man looks into a girl's eyes, it's eyes he wants to see not a smear of make-up. Long lashes are fine, but I'd rather have 'em short than tacked on, and I'd rather see honesty in a woman's eyes than phony allure."

"What about the third point? Is there anything she can do about the expression of her eyes?"

"Sure," Jimmy grinned. "She can be a nice kid. Give me a woman whose eyes are clear and soft and friendly, whether she's stroking a kitten or asking about the price of beans, and there's a woman a man can cleave to. Blue shadows and mascara wash off, and when there's a pair of glazed fish-eyes behind them, you're left with nothing and worse than nothing. So I say, watch the eyes, boys. Whatever she is, good or bad, the eyes will have it."

We summed up. "Eyes clear, friendly and soft, without too much make-up. Who'll give us a mouth?" Several hands shot up. Mr. Milland was called on.

"No rosebud of a mouth," said Ray firmly. "That went out with bustles. Not a finely-chiseled mouth, it's too cold. Not a square-cut mouth, makes you think she'd rather play tennis than—"

"Kissing games?" we inquired.

"Well, I wouldn't put it that way—but I'll take what you'd call a generous mouth—full at the center and curling a little at the corners. There's something ravishing about that curl at the corners, especially when it's downy like a peach. It's as if a direct wire were strung between her mouth and her mind. When she's amused or feels a little devilish, that's where it shows up first—just a fleeting shadow—it's there and it melts away."

"Gosh!" breathed Jackie Cooper.

"May I also ask," continued Ray with some heat, "why women don't leave their mouths alone? Take a purely hypothetical case. Take a man who wants to kiss a girl. He gets close enough to do it, then he sees the lipline here and the lip somewhere else. Being polite, he'll kiss her anyway. But he kisses her, saying nuts. He's disillusioned. Why can't women learn to put on lipstick a little more subtly? A woman's mouth is herself as much as her eyes. She's not fooling anyone when she tries to change it."

Well, we had the eyes and mouth—who, we asked, would give us a beautiful setting for 'em?

Gable elbowed his way forward. "Let me do my stuff and get it over." A nervous huskiness in his throat wore off after a minute or two. "Oval face, high cheekbones, little hollows under 'em. High forehead going up and back. Don't doody it up with a mess of curls. Leave it bare, makes the face look open. Deep-set eyes, arched brows, kind of astonished looking—hope I'm not horning in on you, Cagney. I like 'em that way, kind of tasty touch. A nose that knows where it belongs and stays there, takes up just enough room, no more, no less. Nicely curved ears, close to the head, not too small—and no cracks, brother. Long neck, but long or short, hold your head high on it." He took a step back, paused and added paternally: "Don't put too much junk on your face—scares a man off. That's all."

"No fair, teacher." Crosby was waving his hand. "All he had to do was describe Lombard."

"Who has a better right? You, young man, what are you so excited about?"

"I want hair," said Jackie, "before someone else grabs it."

"Bonita's, huh?" came a derisive chorus.

"Well, if Mr. Gable has a right—" Jackie ploughed in. "I like it blonde—not yellow or platinum—sort of a soft blonde. But if it has to be dark, it ought to have reddish lights. You can almost always get 'em, my girl says, with a lot of brushing. And that's the important thing for any hair, (*Continued on page 84*)

IF YOU'RE OUT TO CAPTIVATE, TAKE YOUR CUE FROM HOLLYWOOD'S FOREMOST CONNOISSEURS!



Hollywood glamour gal Veronica Lake has more than the usual quota of feminine wiles. She's currently starring in "I Wanted Wings."



BING CROSBY



MELVYN DOUGLAS



CLARK GABLE



JACKIE COOPER



JAMES CAGNEY



HUMPHREY BOGART

BY BETTY HARRIS

Good News

SUPER SCOOPS FROM THE GAY HOLLYWOOD FRONT!



Louis Hayward's puns still stump Ida Lupino even after two years of living with 'em!

SAY IT ISN'T SO

The marriage of the Gary Coopers is the latest to land in the Hollywood frying pan. Friends hope it's not true, but rumor has it that the splutterings and sparks heard around the Cooper home aren't all coming from the kitchen stove. Divorce for shy Gary and his handsome wife would be a tragic, agonizing experience which both would do anything to avoid. If any trouble is brewing, they'll do their darndest to clear it up behind bolted doors, and it's our hunch—as well as our hope—that the last laugh will be theirs and not the gossips'.

PUTTING UP A FRONT

Biggest giggle-getter of the month is the story of a top-notch glamour girl whose boy friend took her to the Arrowhead Springs Hotel pool for her first swimming lesson. The cute little suitful breezed through the preliminaries and then, weary of the water, deposited herself at the poolside to pose casually for the benefit of the other patrons. She was languidly flexing her muscles and squirming her shoulders when her boy-friend got a bright idea. Curious to know how much she'd learned, he sneaked up behind her and dumped her back into the water. The onlookers howled, but not nearly as hard as they did when the poor girl had sputtered her way back from aqua to air. For only then did they realize that the show-offish glamour queen was equipped with a built-in bosom—and that the bosom had slipped its moorings and was nestled coyly under her chin!

LUXURIOUS NECESSITY

It was Paulette Goddard who recently stated that no girl need spend more than $16.50 for a dress in order to be attractively garbed. An intelligent observation, we'll admit. But it's our duty to report that no sooner had Miss Goddard rid herself of this important message, than she was discovered in a swank gown shop ordering a little number that answered to the price of $150! Her explanation? She simply had to have it to properly set off a stunning diamond necklace she'd just received! Modern Screen makes no extra charge for this fashion hint.

DIDJA KNOW

That Tyrone Power is the toughest guy in Hollywood to shoot for color because his heavy beard makes him photograph like one of the Two Black Crows . . . That Cary Grant is now working as Cary Grant's stand-in, the original jobholder being busy with British war relief work . . . That Joan Blondell is president of "Blondes Preferred," an honest-to-goodness corporation dedicated to correcting the impression that "blondes are less desirable mates than brunettes" . . . That George Murphy's recent flu attack laid



Discount Bill Holden-Brenda Marshall marriage rumors. It's just an "understanding."

him unconscious for 24 hours . . . That Patsy Kelly is the only Hollywood star mentioned by Gogo Schiaparelli in her list of America's 10 most interesting women . . . That 15-year-old Jane Withers is burning up the town with her new fire-engine red convertible coupé . . . That Bonita Granville is jealous of the time Jackie Cooper spends with his drums, and that's the only reason they fight . . . That Jimmy Stewart, one of the few licensed airplane pilots in the colony, gets woozy when he climbs a ladder . . . That Rita Lowe, asked why she separated from husband Edmund, replied: "I just couldn't stand the man another minute?"

DISSENSION IN THE RANKS

Angel-voiced Susanna Foster can sure pack a mean verbal wallop when the mood is upon her. Unlike most actresses who eternally gush and goo about all the things they lo-ove, Susanna has two pet peeves and doesn't care who knows it! Her first is Mickey Rooney. "I can't stand the way he carries on," says she, "and I wouldn't go out with him even if he asked me!" Her second gripe, aimed at an important star on her lot, is a little more violent. "She makes me sore because she thinks she's so beautiful. And I don't like the way she gets so much publicity out of her romances either. But what gets me good and mad is the way she acts whenever we meet. We've been introduced about four times, and each time she just looks at me sort of empty-faced and says: 'Oh, are you little Susanna Foster?'"

SAD SONG OF INDIA

Producers who dread location trips—because Alicia Applebottom always faints in the sun and Roland Ripplepuss likes to get drunk with the natives—ought to lend an ear to what Michael Gordon, Bombay film producer, has to say. Gordon, just arrived in the United States from India, claims Hollywood location headaches can't hold a candle to what goes on when he takes a troupe away from a studio. "Our big difficulty is feeding the cast," says he. "In America, you ring a dinner bell, and all your actors come scrambling. In India it's different. A Mohammedan won't eat what a Hindu will, a Hindu won't eat at the same table with a Mohammedan, and a Hindu of one caste will scream if a Hindu of another caste prepares his food. We're faced with the problem of setting up a half dozen different kitchens! "That," says long-suffering producer Gordon, "is what I call trouble."

SOME SERVICE!

Spotted at the House of Murphy—Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton chuckling in the candlelight over a table card reading: "In case I'm too G . . D . . . inebriated to get out of this joint, please deliver me and send the bill to: Address ——— Phone Number (Just in case I won't go)——— "



Alice Faye makes news when she lures recluse George Sanders into the social whirl!

BRIEF RAPTURE

Just to give you an idea of what some guys will do for a girl in this town, take the case of Rudy Vallee and Gene Tierney. Rudy lamped Gene at a night club one evening and all but fell on his face with joy. There, he decided, was the answer to his prayers—a girl he absolutely had to know. Not the least dismayed by the fact that they'd never been introduced, he began showering her with flowers, gifts and invitations to dinner. To his astonishment, his efforts drew a complete blank. Gene wouldn't go out with him. She dates no man unless he's okayed by her mother—and her mother hadn't okayed Rudy. But did that stump our hero? Not a bit. For the sole purpose of meeting his lady-love, he persuaded a good-hearted friend to throw a huge party to which Gene would be invited. The friend complied, Gene turned up and Rudy had one blissful evening of basking in her smile. What he'll do about their next meeting, we don't know. After all, even friendship has its limits!

SHORT SHOTS

Confidential to Paramount: Mary Martin would like to have a little girl this year . . . The Robert Prestons have a pact never to appear in a picture together . . . Joel McCrea still wears the 50c hat he bought in Manchester, N H., where he honeymooned with Frances Dee . . . On strict orders from M-G-M, Johnny Weissmuller must snub the barber chair for another year . . . Stirling Hayden is shopping for a houseboat. He wants to anchor it at Santa Monica and live there with one manservant . . . The Dionne kids will trill "There'll Always Be An England" for a British War Relief short. Fox wrote "finis" to their movie career, however, when they failed to lift the quints' option . . . April 1st is the happy day for Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis. His divorce becomes final 18 days earlier . . . Susan Hayward's ice cream company keeps the Brown Derby supplied with the stuff . . . Nigel Bruce, the most English Englishman of them all, was born in San Diego, Calif. His parents were on a world tour at the time . . . Penny Singleton's daughter, "Dee Gee," was guest of honor when her mother honeymooned with Producer Bob Sparks.

POCKET GUIDE TO HOLLYWOOD

Fred Allen, whose coolness toward Hollywood is matched only by Hollywood's coolness toward him, contributes the following Movietown glossary to the "Hollywood Reporter"—BROWN DERBY: A popular café where people from Iowa mistake each other for movie stars. CIRO'S: The Brown Derby with white tie, where movie stars mistake each other for movie stars. NATIVE: A New York actor whose option wasn't taken up in 1926. MOVIE STAR'S HOME: The ultimate in stucco. An edifice erected on a beautiful lawn to keep strangers from getting a direct view of the star's swimming pool from the street. SWIMMING POOL: A demi-tasse pond that draws flies and guests. BARBECUE: A Hollywood function at which food is cooked and served in the back yard. A barbecue



One reason why Ma Rabinson still adores Eddie after twenty-six years of wedlock!

enables the hostess to get guests and mice out of the house simultaneously. DOUBLE FEATURE: Twin mistakes made by the same—or two different—picture companies. PRODUCER: A dynamic ulcer in charge of making a picture. ASSOCIATE PROD.: The man who gets fired when the producer makes a bad film.

A MATTER OF OPINION

Barbara Stanwyck ran into Bill Holden a few days after his salary tiff with Paramount. Bill was blue, discouraged, hurt. He was thinking of quitting pictures, he told Barbara. "What'll you do then?" she wanted to know. "Oh, I'll go into my father's business," replied Bill. "He wants me to and, besides, in his business you never have the heartaches you have in the movies." "Zat so?" up-eyebrowed Barbara. "What business is that?" "Why, er, fertilizer, of course," said Bill. Barbara choked. "Fertilizer business! And what the heck do you think you're in now?"

ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE

At the same time he was having contract trouble, Bill got into a little scrap with Brenda Marshall. Feeling lowdown, he hied himself to the Beachcombers where he embarked on a meal consisting exclusively of Dry Martinis. He was soon joined by Wayne Morris, fresh from a tiff with Pat Stewart and a few minutes later, by Buddy Westmore, who'd just scrapped with Rosemary Lane. For hours the unhappy trio sat at a corner table, pouring Martinis into their miserable systems. Finally, feeling considerably mellowed, Wayne and Buddy got up and left, but Bill wouldn't budge. He wasn't mellow enough. He budged plenty though, when a short while later, a grinning waiter informed him that he and his pals had guzzled $35 worth of Martinis—and he was stuck with the check! That wasn't the end of the incident, however. The next day Bill slunk back to the Beachcombers with a little sign in his hand. When no one was looking, he hung it over the table at which he'd "celebrated" and slunk out again. You can see the sign there now. It reads: "This is Bill Holden's table. He paid for it—and how!"

IT'S THE SENTIMENT THAT COUNTS

For months Hollywood has buzzed and whispered about the Great Nelson Eddy Mystery. What, they have asked, is the secret of his closely guarded study? What strange object lies behind the black curtains in a corner of the room? Why does Nelson stare rapturously at the "thing" within when the curtains are parted? And why does his wife lead intimate friends to it as reverently as one might lead a worshipper to the Holy Grail? Modern Screen was intrigued. So intrigued, in fact, that we sent one of our ace scouts to the Eddy home with orders not to return until he had found the reason for these goings-on. Well, he's back now—and with a story that's guaranteed to astound you. The curtains, he reports, conceal a glass-fronted showcase built



18-year-olds Cooper and Granville celebrate fifteen months of mutual adoration!

by Mrs. Eddy herself. Within the showcase is a tiny satin-covered pillow and, on the pillow in sweet repose, is—the toy top Nelson used to play with when he was a little boy!

PARAMOUNT PATTI

Patti McCarty is Dorothy Lamour's secretary. But Patti McCarty is no ordinary secretary. Far from being a mousy little creature staring out of shell-rimmed glasses and consumed with envy for her beautiful boss, Patti is a soft-lipped, well-rounded female, whose private life is as glamorous as Dottie's own. Patti travels in the same circles as Dottie, dates Greg Bautzer's law partner, once made the rounds with Robert Preston and is currently engaged in snapping Bob Stack from the tentacles of a furious movie queen. That's not all that's unusual about Patti, however. What's even more surprising—she's the only secretary in the world who has an agent! Though she capably stenogs and cheerfully runs all errands for the gorgeous Lamour, Patti has strong movie aspirations of her own. "Someday I'll be a great star, too," she says. "Why, I just turned down a movie contract for $100 a week because my agent wouldn't let me sign at such a small salary! What do I get from Miss Lamour, you ask? Oh, that. $25 a week. Nice, isn't it?"

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

It was midnight at the Mocambo. The lights were dim; music sobbed in the background. Suddenly a woman entered alone. She looked about; took a few steps forward. Finally her eyes found the man she sought. She hurried toward him, oblivious to the gasps and stares that followed her to his table and sunk into a seat beside him. For two hours she sat there, her head close to his, words flowing quickly. Then suddenly she rose, drew her furs about her and, crossing the room, slipped silently into the night. The woman? Alice Faye. The man? David O. Selznick. But hold on a minute! We are not dishing up another juicy scandal! We're merely reporting that David O. is planning another Selznick super-duper, and Alice, long hungry for an important dramatic role, may play a part in same. Their meeting was strictly business and probably sowed the seed from which another great dramatic star will grow.

ALL BUT THE WEDDING MARCH

Mrs. Tierney might have hastened her official okay on Rudy if she knew what a really bright fellow he is. Come to think of it, who but a bright fellow could have dreamed up a stunt such as Rudy inaugurated at his beautiful Maine hunting lodge? Soon after he bought the place, Rudy named every room in the house after a song with which he'd been associated, and in each room installed a music box which plays that special tune. Thus—his barroom is dedicated to the "Stein Song," his study is called "My Sin" and his bedroom—well, you probably guessed it—his bedroom is called "The Vagabond Lover". . . .

by Sylvia Kahn



Gracie Allen watches the ponies at Santa Anita with the perpetually devated Stu Erwins, celebrating their 10th anniversary this summer.



Statistically speaking, it's three years of bliss far 30-year-old Virginia Bruce and hubby, ex-stage player, J. Walter Ruben who's 40.



Bob Taylor chats with Mrs. Gary Cooper, whose jewels contributed to an estimated $100,000 collection of gems at their table.

HORRIBLE PAST

Two suffering sisters who ought to know each other are Hedy Lamarr and Mary Livingstone. Both are bawling in their broth over the same problem, and they might as well bawl together. Their mutual headache is, of course, pictures. Only this time it's not a matter of making them, but of destroying them. Hedy, though she may hee-haw the idea, is still tearing her hair because "Ecstasy," her European contribution to the art of cinematic undress, continues to goose-pimple American audiences. And Mary's trouble is very similar. She'd spend every last cent of Jack Benny's allowance, if she could round up all photographs of herself taken before her recent facial alteration. We just don't understand these actresses. First they knock themselves out trying to get their pictures before the public—then they knock themselves out all over again trying to get them back!

FOR SHAME, HEDY!

Note to Hedy Lamarr: If you've been wondering why George Sanders never phoned for a second date, here's your answer. George went to a lot of trouble getting himself introduced to you. When your first appointment was set up, he looked forward to a full evening of fun. He wanted to hold you in his arms as you danced at Ciro's; to look deep into your eyes as you cocktailed at the Mocambo—and he even hoped he might snatch a kiss before you parted for the night. And do you remember what happened, Hedy? No? Well, we'll tell you. You greeted him warmly, invited him into your dimly-lit living room . . . and spent the entire evening talking philosophy! Not even Hedy Lamarr can get away with that!

LEAVE IT TO ANNIE!

Unless Warner Bros. bigwigs scan this column, they're going to go right on wondering about the identity of the mysterious "Mrs. Finklestein" who's flooding the studio with phone calls. They haven't the slightest suspicion that the lady is none other than their own Ann Sheridan! When the Brothers flipped Annie off their payroll they also forbade her to have any contact with studio employees. But silly regulations can't stop that Sheridan gal! Now, whenever she feels the urge to gab with one of her pals down at the office, she wraps herself around a telephone, dials the studio and blithely informs the operator that "Missie Finklestein is callink Chimmy Cegney, pliz!"

FOWL PLAY

At least one person was saddened by Ann's studio break—her old friend, Cesar Romero. Cesar got to worrying about Annie, one day, and about how she was out of work and all alone in a big house with no one to take care of her. So unhappy did his wondering make him, he was finally moved to go out and buy a little skinny chicken, which he had feathered and delivered to Ann's house. Accompanying the chicken was a note. It read: "Hope this will tide you over till better times arrive!" Topper to the story is that the chicken came on Ann's cook's day off—and Ann was expecting George Brent for dinner. Having nothing ready to feed him, she popped the bird into the oven and that same evening served a delicious roast to her present beau with the unintentional compliments of her old one!

MATER DATA

Joan Crawford hasn't been doing much talking since she returned from New York. However, since one can learn much about a child by studying its parent, we asked our agents to dig up some inside information on Anna LeSueur, Joan's pretty little mother. Here's what they found out: (a) Mrs. LeSueur lives in a seven-room apartment, maintained by Joan. (b) The apartment is furnished with pieces left over from Joan's marriages to Franchot Tone and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (c) She uses the names "LeSueur" and "Crawford" alternately as the whim takes her. (d) She scorns maids—does all her own housework. (e) She still calls Joan "Lucille." (f) She often drives miles into the country for fresh eggs which she brings to Joan's house. She also brings homemade pies and cakes to the studio. (g) Doug, Jr., is her great friend. He never fails to visit her when he's in the neighborhood. (h) She owns five enormous scrapbooks containing clippings about Joan. (i) She is very proud of two pictures displayed in her living-room. The first is of Joan and her daughter Christina, dressed in identical sweaters, and inscribed "To our dear mother, from her two babies." The second is a portrait of Jeanette MacDonald. That one is inscribed: "To Mrs. LeSueur. How proud you must be! Admiringly, Jeanette MacDonald."

ALOHA DEANNA

Deanna Durbin has chosen her honeymoon spot. It's lush, seductive Hawaii. The newly-wedded Vaughn Pauls will have six weeks on the islands—six weeks of thrilling tropical nights and glorious sun-filled days—before settling down as old married folk in Hollywood. We understand that Deanna named June 7th as her wedding date because there's a boat leaving for Honolulu that same evening. She's fearful of practical jokers and prefers to spend her wedding night risking seasickness on the Pacific to remaining within easy reach of her prankster friends.

FWANTIC MISS FWANCIS

Someday, movie fans of America are going to pick up their morning newspapers and discover that an infuriated writer has clunked Kay Francis over the head with a vase. When that day comes, not even Kay will be surprised. She's been angling for just that for a long time. The whole trouble is her "r's." After all these years, Kay still can't pronounce them! Therefore, whenever she's presented with a new script, she simply sits herself down, cheerfully scratches out every word that contains the offending letter and replaces it with a word of her own! The fact that the author may have labored six months over his beautiful prose doesn't faze Miss Francis in the least. As she explained to fuming writer Eddie Moran on the set of "The Man Who Lost Himself," "I hate to do this, but I must because of those damned cwitics! They just wip me to pieces, evewy time I have a bit of twouble with a scwipt!"

ENTER MAUREEN ELIZABETH

Here's one angle the birth notices skipped when they recorded the début of the Jane Wyman-Ronald Reagan initial production. The morning Jane discovered she was to become a mother, she put in a mental order for a son. Ronnie, meanwhile, began praying passionately that Reagan, Jr., would be a girl. When the day came for Jane's entrance into a hospital, the Reagans were faced with a problem. Should Jane enter the Queen of Angels Hospital, which is famous for its wholesale output of boy babies, or the Cedars of Lebanon which has an almost unbroken record for producing girl babies? Jane and Ronnie debated the question earnestly. But not for long. Being a loving husband, Ronnie yielded to his wife's pleas, and Jane entered the boy hospital. Two days later she gave birth to a girl!

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Fred Astaire, nutty about horse racing, keeps a radio in his bathroom so that he can keep up with the Santa Anita bangtails even when he's tubbing. . . . A bowl of guppies, presented to him by a fan, lend a cheerful, if somewhat unique, note to Ray Milland's bathroom . . . A powder blue rug, almost three inches thick, greets Ann Sothern's tootsies when she steps out of her shower. The rug completely covers her bathroom floor.

TIME MARCHES ON

From the casual manner in which Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford hello-ed each other on the Metro lot, the other day, one would think

they'd just been introduced. Actually, the pair have known each other 15 years. They probably don't even remember it themselves, but they worked together in a picture in 1926! Neither was a star then, but both were young and so very beautiful that a sharp-eyed director who noticed them, signed them up promptly. Their first assignment demanded that they get into scanty costumes and with a dozen chorines form a "living chandelier" over the head of the star. The name of the picture? "Pretty Ladies." The name of the star? Zasu Pitts.

HOPE AND CHARITY

Bob Hope, whose army of gag writers has risen to the astonishing number of 11, got off the best Hope-ism of the month without the aid of any of his high-salaried funnymen. Asked by a busybody when he was going to quit appearing at "all those darned benefits," Bob spanked back with: "When kids no longer have infantile paralysis, when old folks have enough to eat, and when bombs stop dropping on defenseless people's homes."

BILLS FOR BILL

Marriage to Diana Lewis has done something for William Powell that neither of his previous altar treks could accomplish. It's rid him of the haunting fear that he would someday land in a pauper's grave. In the old days, though he was right up in the chips, Bill always handled his dough caressingly, spent what he had to, and stored the rest away for hard times. Since wedding Diana, however, he's done an amazing turnabout. He's been pouring dollars on his bride from the day he made her Mrs. Powell, and to the moment of this writing, has never come home to dinner without bringing her an expensive gift! Twenty-year-old Diana is said to have more furs than any star in Hollywood, plus a gem collection that could rank with the finest. Why, just the other day, she wandered into a local jewelry shop, admired a $7,000 diamond encrusted cigarette case and wandered out again. When she returned home the case was waiting on her dressing-room table. She doesn't know how Bill learned she wanted it—but we do. Her adoring groom has asked the town's leading merchants to tip him off whenever his wife displays a yen for an item in their stock—and with sables and sapphires involved, you can bet your last year's snood the boys lose no time whatsoever in doing just that!

THE PIPINGS OF PAN

Having taught a thing or two to some of the most terrific women in Hollywood, dance director Hermes Pan (where did he get that name!) is better qualified than most men to name the perfect Movietown star. According to Pan, the gal who would sock Hollywood right between the eyes would be a composite cutie made up of Betty Grable's figure, Marlene Dietrich's legs, Alice Faye's lips (He could stop right there!), Hedy Lamarr's eyes, Greta Garbo's shoulders, Lana Turner's nose, Linda Darnell's complexion, Loretta Young's height and Bette Davis' ability. That's what you say, Mr. Pan! According to some beauties we know, your patchwork doll would still require the interest of a producer before she'd stand a chance of getting ahead!

DISA AND DATA

Tony Martin, excited owner of four new race horses, has named them Lana, Hedy, Judy and Jimmy—after friends you can probably identify . . . Humphrey Bogart and wife returned from New York with 18 dogs, 5 cats and 12 canaries . . . No one's happier than their stand-ins when Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope are co-starred in a picture. The two stand-ins are husband and wife . . . Jane Withers' salary will soon jump to $2500 weekly . . . Billy Gilbert's mom and pop were once Metropolitan Opera stars. Billy, himself, has a remarkable voice . . . Laraine Day, too busy to do much reading as a youngster, is now catching up on children's books. She's completed "Water Babies" and is ready to start "Elsie Dinsmore" . . . Rumors wafted in from the Riviera say that Danielle Darrieux is separating from her husband and returning to Hollywood shortly . . . Gaylord Hauser's pet name for Garbo is "Liebchen." She calls him "Bengamino" . . . Stirling Hayden receives more phone calls from femmes in a week than he's made to them in a year . . . There's a bedroom and dressing-room standing empty in Cesar Romero's home—waiting for a wife . . . Gene Tierney always leaves her shoes under the table when she gets up to dance with Mickey Rooney. She doesn't want to embarrass him by flaunting her height . . . The bangs which fans will see on Claudette Colbert in "Skylark" are the same ones that have been hanging over her brow for the last ten years.

TURNER-BOUT

Lana Turner has learned from bitter experience what Miriam Hopkins, Constance Bennett, Ina Claire and many others have learned before her. That Hollywood fan magazine photographers are the friends of the star and, for the stars' own sake, mustn't be antagonized. Lately the camera-boys have been of the opinion that Lana has grown less co-operative than she was in her struggling starlet days. To punish her, they completely ignored her at a recent dinner party while they enthusiastically focused their attention on everyone else in her group. Before the evening was out, Lana was sniffling, her mother was in tears, and Louis B. Mayer, himself, had intervened. However, as we go to press, everything is lovely again and Lana is once more dimpling her beautiful phiz for all of the boys with the little black boxes.

SEQUEL

Others who previously have been given the brush-off by the photogs are Adolphe Menjou, who once accused them of being "as annoying as autograph hounds;" Bing Crosby, who used to claim he was getting along well enough without bowing to flashbulbs; and Ginger Rogers, who covered her face with her hands whenever she saw a lens coming at her. Most unfortunate victim of the candid-makers' ire was Carole Lombard. Carole was snubbed for months before the boys realized the whole thing had been a misunderstanding. They later apologized by snapping her so often that poor Carole finally had to beg them to lay off for a little while.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MISSUS

Though we doubt the applause of the crowd could ever swell Pat O'Brien's head—we're certain it could never swell his wife's. There's no more real, down-to-earth unaffected person in all of Hollywood than Mrs. O'Brien. Here's what we mean. A few months ago, Mrs. O'Brien accompanied her husband to the "Knute Rockne" première in South Bend. There, from the moment they left the train, the O'Briens were wined, dined and hurrah-ed by the town's most distinguished citizens. But the activities of the first few days were just a warm-up for the tremendous parade, luncheon, reception and cocktail party scheduled to precede their departure. When the big day dawned, Pat dressed himself prettily and looked about for his wife. She was nowhere in sight. Pat was upset. He didn't want to leave without her. But South Bend was waiting and though he was ill with worry, he had to push through the day without her. Several hours later Mrs. O'Brien turned up. Shamefacedly she explained her absence. She'd discovered that the firm which had manufactured her new washing machine was located in town. Her new machine wasn't working properly. So, while an entire city was playing host to her husband, she had crept off to see the president of the company and find out what the heck he was going to do about his deficient product! P. S. She got a new machine.

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are the living picture of domestic felicity despite widespread rumors of a matrimonial upset.



Arleen Whelan and her Egyptian-born spouse, Alexander D'Arcy, who was recently voted one of the best-dressed men in the world.



It's all come true for Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews who vowed 3 years ago to make marriage the big thing in both their lives!





Cathleen Cordell appearing in the Gabriel Pascal production, "Major Barbara"

ABOUT $15

Have at least one Selective Service print! An Enka rayon in red, white and navy. At Betty Blanc, Hollywood.

Suit Yourself

Inspired by Bing Crosby's KMH hour, a Radio Star print ensemble in navy. Lord & Taylor.



ABOUT $15

ABOUT $11



Wear a blue flower clip on the lapel of your new gold wool suit with tied-in waist. R.H. Macy.

A dashing bolero suit of navy faille outlined in bright red, with white blouse. B. Altman.



ABOUT $18

ABOUT $15



Win fresh praise in a little navy wool suit with peplum and white pique. Bloomingdale's.

By Elizabeth Willguss

Carefree Cottons

Constance Moore featured in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings"





1. Pink rambler roses with dark green leaves are boldly splashed on yellow piqué. Tiny green buttons all the way to hem.

2. For play or for town. A two-piece dress of red and white checked seersucker, tailored stitching on collar and cuffs.

3. A gay seersucker with slim, diagonal lines — red, blue, green and yellow stripes — banded in blue chambray.

All under $6 at Macy's Pam Parker Shop

How to become Some Man's Dream Girl



Lesson #1 - *Launching your Campaign*

You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that *here* is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and *hold* it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—



DON'T at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!
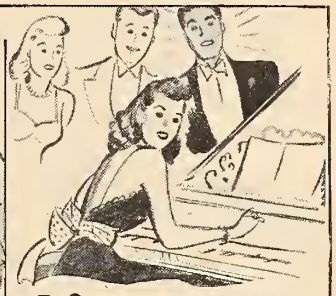


DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!

1



DON'T let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.



DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute pattingin of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!

2



DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!



DO have a skin that looks and *feels* so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—*that!*

3



DON'T try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no *nothing!*—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.



DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

4



DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVD
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign *right!* Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.



*Name*_____

*Address*_____

(Continued from page 27)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
BERGEN, EDGAR	38	5' 8"	135	unmarried
BOGART, HUMPHREY	40	5' 11"	150	married wife working
BOLGER, RAY	38	5' 10½"	135	married wife inactive
BOWMAN, LEE	27	6' 1"	160	unmarried
BOYD, WILLIAM	42	6' 0"	180	married wife working
BOYER, CHARLES	41	5' 9"	150	married wife working
BRENT, GEORGE	36	6' 1"	170	divorced
BROWN, JOE E.	48	5' 7½"	149	married wife inactive five children
BROWN, JOHN MACK	36	6' 1"	165	married wife inactive three children
BROWN, TOM	28	5' 10½"	162	divorced
BURNETTE, SMILEY	30	6' 0"	230	married wife inactive two children
BURNS, BOB	44	6' 2"	201	married wife inactive four children
BURNS, GEORGE	41	5' 9"	151	married wife working two children
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES	41	5' 7"	145	married wife inactive
BYRD, RALPH	32	6' 1"	180	married wife working
CABOT, BRUCE	36	6' 1½"	180	divorced
CAGNEY, JAMES	36	5' 8½"	150	married wife inactive
CANTOR, EDDIE	48	5' 7"	135	married wife inactive five children
CARLSON, RICHARD	29	6' 0"	170	married
CARRADINE, JOHN	35	6' 1"	150	married wife inactive two children
CARRILLO, LEO	41	5' 10"	178	married wife inactive one child
CARROLL, JOHN	28	6' 1"	196	divorced one child
CARSON, JACK	30	6' 2"	195	married wife working
CHANEY, LON, JR.	26	6' 2"	190	married wife inactive two children
CHAPLIN, CHARLES	52	5' 6"	130	married wife working two children
COLMAN, RONALD	50	5' 11"	158	married wife inactive
CONNOLLY, WALTER	53	5' 9"	190	married one child

(Continued on page 62)



EASY . . . SQUEEZY

Pledge



(Choose your enamel shade by the color on the cap)



New nail glamour

straight from a tube!

• Now you just *squeeze* a manicure! The tube *is* the brush. It paints your nails in a flash. Try it, and you'll never go back to bottles. Carry the light little tubes with you, keep a set in your desk. Never mind a chip...whip out PLEDGE wherever you are and repair it! Glamorous nails for every date, this new easy-squeezy way. Choose from 15 thrilling new colors. At leading variety chain store cosmetics counters.

Complete manicure in 4 tubes

★ *LIQUID NAIL ENAMEL* . . . Almost applies itself . . . from new brush-tube.

★ *POLISH REMOVER* . . . Felt-tip tube does the job . . . no cotton necessary.

★ *CUTICLE SOFTENER* . . . Flows from tube into small NYLON brush-tip.

★ *NAIL CREAM* . . . Felt-tipped tube is cleverly shaped to massage the nails.

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THE OHIO COSMETICS CO. • FREMONT, OHIO • NEW YORK CITY

20¢ a tube

"finders keepers . . . losers weepers"





You're fit to be tied! Furious! Your *steady*—out with somebody else! "It's not fair," you wail jealously. But since when has love been fair?

Nowadays you've got to be on your toes *every day* to keep some pretty panther from pouncing on your "heart interest"!

Break a date or two, and next thing you know you're sitting home twiddling your thumbs! *Popular* girls know how to keep going, and keep smiling, regardless of what day of the month it is . . . know how to take "difficult days" in their stride!

How do they do it . . . ? Well—just up and ask 'em! You'll learn something worth knowing . . .

You'll learn that *most* of those carefree, "always-on-the-go" girls use Kotex sanitary napkins.

Ask why and they'll tell you it's because Kotex is so *comfortable!*

The more talkative ones will even explain the reason. They'll say Kotex is less bulky . . . less apt to chafe . . . because it's made in soft *folds!*

Others will praise the flat, invisible ends . . . and rave about the moisture-resistant "safety panel". (They're the girls who value peace of mind!)

But the majority will just say, "Kotex is so comfortable" and let it go at that. After all, comfort is the *main* thing! And it's comfort that has made Kotex so popular. More popular, in fact, than all other brands *put together!*

Have you read the much-talked-about booklet "As One Girl To Another"? It's new. It's *free!* And it tells just what you need to know! Discusses swimming, bathing, dancing, social contacts, mental attitude, good grooming, tampons.

Like to have a copy? Then send your name and address (a penny post-card will do) to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-4, Chicago, Illinois. Send today! Before you forget.

Kotex* means comfort . . . at the time you need it most



20¢

Regular—Junior—Super—sell for the same low price!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LOST AMONG THE LIPSTICKS?...JUST

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



STOP experimenting with "fad" shades and ask for Tangee NATURAL Lipstick. As you apply it, notice how it changes from *orange* in the stick to produce *your own* most flattering shade of vibrant blush rose.

You'll thrill to the smartness of the "Matched Make-Up" that harmonizes with this famous lipstick...Tangee NATURAL Rouge, and the famous Tangee Face Powder.

Remember: Tangee NATURAL Lipstick is made with a pure cream base which helps prevent chapping and ends that dry, "drawn" feeling.



TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist.,
417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name_____
[Please Print]
Street_____
City_____ State_____ MM41

(*Continued from page 60*)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
COOPER, GARY	39	6' 2"	175	married wife inactive one child
COOPER, JACKIE	18	5' 9"	145	unmarried
CORRIGAN, RAY	34	6' 2"	199	unmarried
CORSON, WILLIAM	31	6' 1"	170	unmarried
CRAIG, JAMES	29	6' 3"	190	unmarried
CRAVEN, FRANK	66	5' 8½"	142	married one child
CRAWFORD, BRODERICK	36	6' 1¼"	190	married wife warking
CROMWELL, RICHARD	31	5' 10"	148	unmarried
CROSBY, BING	36	5' 9"	165	married three children
CROSBY, BOB	27	6' 0"	185	married wife inactive one child
CUMMINGS, BOB	30	6' 1"	178	married wife inactive
CURTIS, ALAN	30	6' 1"	180	married
CURTIS, DICK	39	6' 3"	204	married
DARRO, FRANKIE	23	5' 3"	114	married wife inactive
DAVIS, JOHNNY	31	5' 10"	158	married wife inactive one child
DEKKER, ALBERT	37	6' 2½"	190	married wife inactive twa children
DENNING, RICHARD	25	6' 1"	180	unmarried
DEVINE, ANDY	35	6' 2"	245	married two children
DINEHART, ALAN	51	6' 0"	165	married ane child
DIX, RICHARD	45	6' 0"	180	married two children
DONAT, RICHARD	36	6' 0"	165	married three children
DONLEVY, BRIAN	36	6' 0"	190	married
DOUGLAS, MELVYN	40	6' 1½"	180	married three children
DUNN, JAMES	35	6' 0"	157	married wife inactive
EBSEN, BUDDY	36	6' 2"	174	married wife working
EDDY, NELSON	39	6' 0"	173	married wife inactive ane child
ELLIOTT, BILL	26	6' 1"	173	married wife inactive one child
ELLISON, JAMES	31	6' 3"	170	married ane child
ERIKSON, LEIF	26	6' 3½"	195	married wife warking

(*Continued on page 64*)





Are your fingernails the most beautiful?

Alluring, boldly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all of you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime —ten cents—is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

Genuine **10¢**

DURA-GLOSS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

(1) Some nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.

(2) Some nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.

(3) Some nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."

(4) Some nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss *lasts*.

(Continued from page 62)

Key up your fascination by changing your "beauty pace"

THREE DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROUGE MAKE YOU THREE DIFFERENT WOMEN



Miss Gloria Brewster, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat rouge.

"Variety is the spice of life." To keep his interest highly spiced—be one woman today—another tomorrow—still another the next day. Change your "beauty pace"! Varying your shade of rouge does it—amazingly—but you can't perform the miracle successfully with single-tone, flat-color rouges. A strange shade of such rouge would look artificial and out-of-place on you. You CAN do it perfectly with Princess Pat duo-tone rouge—(an undertone and overtone). Any of the shades will so perfectly blend into your skin color as to seem exactly, entirely *yours*! Try this experiment in the interest of brightening your glamour. Get several shades of Princess Pat rouge. See how a change in your "beauty pace" keys up your fascination! You'll be delighted and thrilled beyond words to tell.



The Right Way to Rouge. Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



PRINCESS PAT
duo-tone Rouge



NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
ERWIN, STUART	39	5' 9"	165	married wife inactive two children
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS	33	6' 1"	170	married wife inactive one child
FLYNN, ERROL	31	6' 2"	180	married wife inactive
FONDA, HENRY	32	6' 1"	170	married wife inactive two children
FORAN, DICK	30	6' 2½"	205	separated two children
FORD, GLENN	25	6' 1½"	155	unmarried
FOSTER, PRESTON	38	6' 2"	200	married one child
GABLE, CLARK	39	6' 1"	190	married wife working
GARFIELD, JOHN	28	5' 9"	193	married wife inactive one child
GARGAN, WILLIAM	35	6' 0"	170	married wife inactive two children
GORCEY, LEO	24	5' 7"	145	married wife inactive
GRANT, CARY	31	6' 1"	172	divorced
GREENE, RICHARD	26	6' 0"	170	unmarried
HALE, ALAN	49	6' 2"	210	married wife inactive two children
HALL, JON	28	6' 2"	195	married wife working
HAYDEN, RUSSELL	28	6' 3"	170	married one child
HAYES, GEORGE	52	5' 11"	168	married one child
HAYES, PETER	23	5' 11"	168	married wife working
HAYWARD, LOUIS	32	5' 11"	154	married wife working
HENRY, WILLIAM	34	5' 11"	155	married one child
HERBERT, HUGH	53	5' 8½"	170	married wife inactive
HERSHOLT, JEAN	54	5' 11"	185	married wife inactive one child
HINDS, SAMUEL	66	5' 11"	150	married wife inactive two children
HOLDEN, WILLIAM	23	6' 0"	165	unmarried
HOLT, TIM	21	5' 11"	165	married wife inactive one child
HOLT, JACK	52	6' 0"	180	divorced two children

(Continued on page 66)



She advises millions on marriage *but she ruined her own*

She was guilty of

"One Neglect"

few husbands ever forgive . . . "Lysol" helps prevent this

HER newspaper column is eagerly read by millions who seek advice on marital problems. When it comes to keeping love and romance alive, she thinks she knows all the answers.

Yet, there is *one* important answer she has never learned . . . and so, despite all her beauty, talent and charm, her *own* marriage is a tragic failure.

There is always a reason when a husband's love grows cold. Sometimes the cause is the woman's neglect of intimate, personal hygiene. Thousands of women make sure of their bodily daintiness by the regular use of "Lysol".

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for feminine hygiene.

6 Speciol Feotures of "Lysol"

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stobility** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. M.S.-441, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

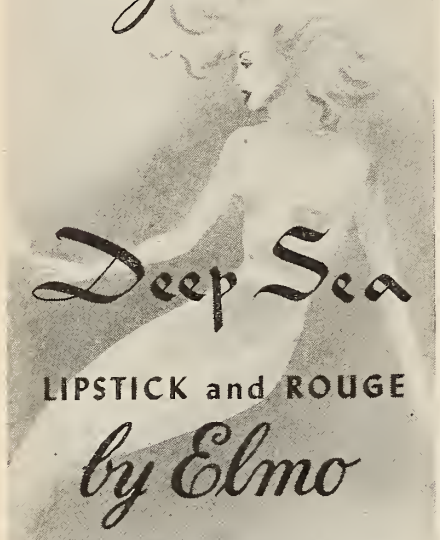
*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright, 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

New Make-up Sensation



Deep Sea

LIPSTICK and ROUGE

by Elmo

Deep Sea Make-up, the new Fashion sensation, *is now available in fifty-cent sizes.* It's utterly smart and very, very flattering—the most glamourous make-up you have ever worn!

Ask for the Varsity size Climatized* Lipstick in these lovely high fashion shades—FIRE CORAL, *a deep flaming coral;* Fathom Red, *a rich luscious red with rose overtones.* Made from the same exclusive formula as the luxury size lipstick, giving your lips the same protection from harsh weather. *Dry Rouge to match,* in a dainty, convenient enamel case.

Varsity Lipstick and Dry Rouge 50¢ EACH



*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Elmo

PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 64)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
HOPE, BOB	33	5' 10"	165	married wife inactive twa children
HOWARD, JOHN	28	5' 10"	150	unmarried
HOWARD, LESLIE	48	5' 10½"	145	married wife inactive twa children
HUBBARD, JOHN	27	6' 0"	165	married wife inactive ane child
HUNTER, IAN	40	6' 0"	195	married wife inactive twa children
JAGGER, DEAN	37	6' 2"	198	married wife inactive
JENKINS, ALLEN	41	5' 10½"	150	married wife inactive ane child
JONES, ALLAN	36	6' 0"	175	married wife warking twa children
JONES, BUCK	51	6' 0"	173	married twa children
JORY, VICTOR	38	6' 1½"	190	married wife inactive ane child
KARLOFF, BORIS	53	6' 0"	175	married wife inactive
KIBBEE, GUY	55	5' 10"	200	married wife inactive faur children
KRUGER, OTTO	55	5' 9"	130	married wife inactive ane child
LAKE, ARTHUR	27	6' 0"	169	married wife warking
LAUGHTON, CHARLES	41	5' 10½"	190	married wife warking
LEDERER, FRANCIS	34	6' 0"	170	divarced
LITEL, JOHN	46	5' 11"	180	married wife inactive
LIVINGSTON, BOB	32	6' 0"	180	married wife inactive
LOCKHART, GENE	48	5' 7"	165	married wife inactive ane child
LORRE, PETER	36	5' 5"	160	married wife inactive
LUGOSI, BELA	52	5' 1"	167	married wife inactive
LUKAS, PAUL	50	6' 2"	182	married wife inactive
LUNDIGAN, WILLIAM	26	6' 2"	170	unmarried
LYNN, JEFFREY	32	6' 0"	158	unmarried
MacLANE, BARTON	38	6' 1"	198	married wife warking

(Continued on page 68)

NOW-RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME-HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE!



Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS are *quick, easy* and they *WORK!*

This lovely Hollywood star shows you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap to guard her priceless complexion. This gentle care removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Try Active-Lather Facials for 30 days! See what they can do for *you!*

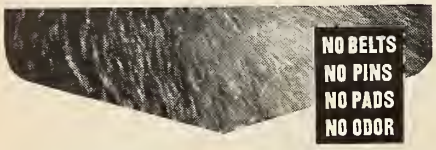
STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "STRAWBERRY BLONDE"

Milder! Costly Perfume! Pure! ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness



SOCIALLY ALERT WOMEN USE TAMPAX



STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out *themselves* . . . For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume . . .

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be *worn internally*. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer *does not feel Tampax* while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. *Now in three sizes:* Regular, Super and Junior. At drugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



MM-41-A

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from page 66*)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
MacMURRAY, FRED	32	6' 3½"	185	married wife inactive one child
MARCH, FREDRIC	43	6' 0"	175	married wife working two children
MARSHAL, ALAN	32	6' ½"	165	married wife inactive one child
MARSHALL, HERBERT	47	5' 10"	155	married wife inactive one child
MARTIN, TONY	28	6' 0"	175	divarced
MARX, CHICO	50	5' 6"	135	married wife inactive one child
MARX, GROUCHO	45	5' 7"	155	married wife inactive
MARX, HARPO	47	5' 7"	140	married one child
MASSEY, RAYMOND	44	6' 2"	158	married wife inactive three children
McCREA, JOEL	35	6' 2"	185	married wife working two children
McHUGH, FRANK	42	5' 7"	147	married wife inactive three children
McLAGLEN, VICTOR	54	6' 3"	225	married wife inactive two children
McPHAIL, DOUGLAS	31	6' 0"	170	married wife working one child
MENJOU, ADOLPHE	51	5' 9"	153	married wife working one child
MEREDITH, BURGESS	32	5' 8"	134	divarced
MILLAND, RAY	34	6' ½"	170	married wife inactive one child
MITCHELL, THOMAS	45	5' 9"	160	married wife inactive one child
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT	36	6' 1"	165	married wife inactive two children
MORGAN, DENNIS	30	6' 2"	195	married wife inactive two children
MORGAN, FRANK	50	6' 1"	190	married wife inactive
MORRIS, CHESTER	40	5' 9"	155	married wife inactive two children
MORRIS, WAYNE	27	6' 2"	190	divarced one child
MOWBRAY, ALAN	44	6' 0"	158	married wife inactive two children

(*Continued on page 70*)

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

World's Most Beautiful Bottle

50% BIGGER

ACTUAL SHADE ON THE CAP

10¢



NEW BOTTLE DESIGNED BY DONALD DESKEY, FAMOUS NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER



TRIPLE GOOD NEWS for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing-table" bottle! 50% more of the wonderful porous Cutex Polish! And a new cap that has the actual shade you're buying painted right on it. The loveliest, biggest bottle in Cutex history. Try the newest shade—thrilling, startling BLACK RED! All Cutex Polish now on sale is Porous—and as long wearing as ever! Get a bottle today—only 10¢.

CUTEX POLISH is Porous

"I held wonderful cards



You can't HIDE
underarm stain but
you CAN PREVENT IT!



25¢

Why be self-conscious and embarrassed, why spoil both your dress and your fun for lack of a little forethought and a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields! End those unhappy moments of anxiety and useless regret—promise yourself NOW to put Kleinert's Dress Shields in every dress before you wear it even once!

There are so many "Kleinert" ways to daintiness—shields to sew in, shields that require less than a minute to pin in—and shields attached to little bras so they're always ready to wear with any dress. Shields in colors, sizes and shapes to fill every need.

They're inexpensive, too, and simple to keep dainty and fresh. Just swish them through lukewarm Ivory suds and press them with a warm iron. Good Notion Counters offer Kleinert's Dress Shields from 25¢ up—and you can be sure of guaranteed satisfaction if you ask for Kleinert's and look for the name on the shield itself.

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

You, too, will find it PAYS to buy



Kleinert's
DRESS SHIELDS

(*Continued from page 68*)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
MUNI, PAUL	43	5' 10"	165	married wife inactive
MURPHY, GEORGE	37	5' 11'	178	married wife inactive ane child
NAISH, J. CARROL	41	5' 9½"	152	married wife inactive ane child
NIVEN, DAVID	32	6' 0"	170	married wife inactive
NOLAN, LLOYD	36	5' 10½"	184	married wife inactive
OAKIE, JACK	37	5' 11"	170	married wife inactive
O'BRIEN, EDMOND	25	5' 9"	170	unmarried
O'BRIEN, GEORGE	41	6' 1"	200	married wife inactive two children
O'BRIEN, PAT	41	5' 11"	199	married wife inactive three children
O'KEEFE, DENNIS	29	6' 2"	175	married wife warking
OLIVIER, LAURENCE	34	5' 10"	165	married wife warking ane child
OVERMAN, LYNNE	53	5' 11½"	142	married wife inactive
PALLETTE, EUGENE	51	5' 9"	185	married wife inactive
PAYNE, JOHN	28	6' 2"	175	married wife warking one child
PENDLETON, NAT	41	6' 0"	200	divorced ane child
PIDGEON, WALTER	42	6' 2"	190	separated ane child
POWELL, DICK	36	6' 0"	172	married wife warking two children
POWELL, LEE	32	6' 2"	190	unmarried
POWELL, WILLIAM	48	6' 2"	168	married wife working one child
POWER, TYRONE	26	5' 11"	155	married wife inactive
PRESTON, ROBERT	23	6' 0"	175	married wife warking
PRICE, VINCENT	29	6' 4"	180	married wife inactive one child
QUINN, ANTHONY	26	6' 2"	192	married wife warking one child
RAFT, GEORGE	36	5' 10"	155	separated one child

(*Continued on page 72*)

Maureen O'Hara IN RKO-RADIO'S *"They Met in Argentina"*



Does your skin look dull, lifeless?...

Try *HOLLYWOOD'S*

FACE POWDER



HAVE YOU been looking for a powder that would give your skin the color, the appeal of youthful beauty? Then try this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

First, you'll marvel at the glorious beauty of the original color harmony shades. *Second,* you'll be amazed how the unusual clinging quality aids in creating a lasting, satin-smooth make-up.

Try the color harmony shade for your type... see how it adds loveliness to your looks... $1.00



TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...
Originated by *Max Factor Hollywood,* this remarkable lipstick has four features... 1. *lifelike red of your lips..2. non-drying, but indelible...3. safe for sensitive lips...4. eliminates lipstick line.* Color harmony shades for your type...$1.00

Max Factor • Hollywood



ROUGE...
There's a lifelike shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge for your type to complete your make-up in color harmony...50¢



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*.....FREE. 24-4-64

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	
	AGE	

(Continued from page 70)

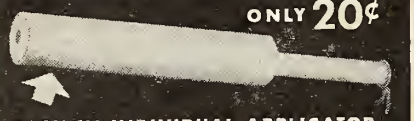
NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
RAINS, CLAUDE	41	5' 10½"	165	married wife inactive one child
RATHBONE, BASIL	48	6' 1½"	174	married wife warking one child
RAYMOND, GENE	32	5' 10"	165	married wife warking
REAGAN, RONALD	26	6' 0"	170	married wife warking ane child
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.	47	5' 8"	158	married wife inactive twa children
ROGERS, BUDDY	36	6' 0"	175	married wife inactive
ROGERS, ROY	28	5' 10¾"	155	married wife inactive ane child
ROMERO, CESAR	34	6' 2"	170	unmarried
ROONEY, MICKEY	20	5' 2"	128	unmarried
RUGGLES, CHARLES	51	5' 6"	145	divarced
SANDERS, GEORGE	35	6' 3"	215	unmarried
SCOTT, RANDOLPH	38	6' 2"	190	seporated
SHELTON, JOHN	27	6' 1"	171	divorced
STACK, ROBERT	22	6' 1"	175	unmarried
STARRETT, CHARLES	37	6' 2"	180	married wife inactive two children
STEPHENSON, JAMES	38	6' 0"	172	married wife inactive ane child
STERLING, ROBERT	24	6' 1½"	175	unmarried
STEWART, JAMES	32	6' 3"	158	unmarried
STONE, LEWIS	61	5' 10½"	160	married wife inactive twa children
TAMIROFF, AKIM	42	5' 8"	180	married wife inactive
TAYLOR, ROBERT	29	6' 0"	165	married wife warking
TONE, FRANCHOT	36	6' 0"	160	divarced
TRACY, SPENCER	40	5' 10"	165	married wife inactive two children
TUCKER, FORREST	26	6' 4"	205	married wife warking
WAYNE, JOHN	33	6' 2"	198	married wife inactive three children
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY	35	6' 3"	190	married wife inactive one child
WELLES, ORSON	25	6' 3"	200	divorced ane child

Why I switched to **Meds**



—by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject—but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern, *internal* way. And I've always wished I didn't have to pay extra to get it. So I certainly was delighted when Modess brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.



EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

NOW WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLONDE HAIR!



New Shampoo Method—Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the shampoo made specially for them. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing finer for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at drug, department or 10c stores.

THINK WITH YOUR HEART

(Continued from page 35)

as it had him, allowed her less and less freedom.

She grew homesick for the warm, simple things of her youth. Behind the constant talk of munitions which had once thrilled her as intrigue, she could hear women crying for the men those munitions were designed to kill. And the jewels bought with their profits lay against her throat and arms cold as death.

"Let me go back to the studios!" she implored Mandl. Work had saved others from unhappiness, and she hoped it would do as much for her. She wanted her marriage to endure.

But Fritz Mandl forbade her even to think of such a thing.

One dog in the kennels Hedy loved more than all the rest. Walking with this dog in the woods that lay beyond the lawns and gardens and meadow, she tried to outdistance her restlessness and apprehension. And it was in those woods, where the moss made a soft carpet, and it was always twilight, that she heard her father's voice again for the first time.

"Hedylendelein?" It came as gently and clearly as when they had been together in the same room. "Hedylendelein?"

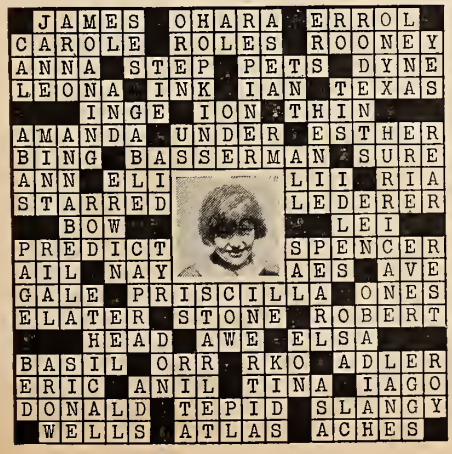
Simply enough she explains his voice reaching her. "Either he was there in spirit, or I heard him in spirit," she says. "Which it was doesn't matter in the least." The result was the same! "Hedylendelein" had been her father's endearment for her, and it reminded her of things she had nearly forgotten. It reminded her, among other things, to think with her heart.

In 1937, when Fritz Mandl was in the mountains hunting, Hedy ran away. She went from Austria to France. She crossed the channel to England. She crossed the sea to New York. She crossed the continent to California. For there comes a time when those who listen to their heart must turn away from security and go on alone no matter how rough or uncertain the road may be.

"She's just another foreigner!" Hollywood said. There was no fanfare over her arrival. And Metro, aware Hedy was not an actress of any wide experience, put her to work with a dramatic coach.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, and nothing happened. Hedy might have changed this by impressing many with talk of the splendor she had known and by entertaining

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10



"They said I shouldn't have adopted the baby!"

A new mother teaches an older one a lesson in modern child care



1. The girls didn't realize that I was on the bench behind them, or they wouldn't have been talking about me. I didn't interrupt them because I was naturally curious to hear what they'd say.



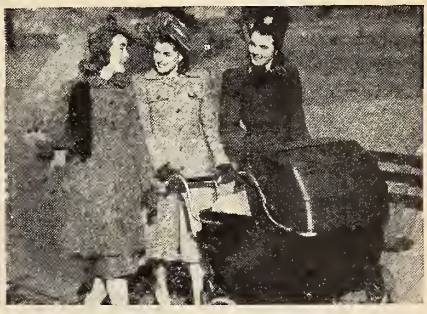
2. "She should never have adopted that baby! She's spoiling it terribly," Jane was saying. "Why, I was there the other day and, my dear, I wish you could see the things she has for that child! She's raising her like an orchid!"



3. "Special diapers, foods, soap, and I'll be darned if she didn't even have a special *laxative!*" *That* was my cue! "Jane Thompson," I cried, "how can you say I'm spoiling my baby when I'm following the doctor's orders!"



4. "The doctor says you can't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. A baby *needs* things designed especially for her. You give her special foods, so of course she should get a special laxative. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh adult drug in it. It's effective but mild. And *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system."



6. Well, the girls came home with me. And when they saw how the baby loves the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria, that clinched it! Jane said if it was *that* easy, she was certainly going to get a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on the way home, and try it for *her* children!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

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lavishly. Instead, heeding the voice she could still hear calling "Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein?" she proceeded differently. She worked hard. She lived simply. And she sent every dollar she could spare to her mother in England.

At last Walter Wanger borrowed Hedy from Metro for "Algiers."

Long before "Algiers" was released, Hollywood knew it was a hit. On the opening night they couldn't fill the requests for seats. The crowd in the lobby and on the street was tremendous. There was commotion every time a car discharged a famous star at the marquee. The photographers' flashes were continuous.

"Miss Hedy Lamarr!" announced the master of ceremonies.

You could hear the intake of breath. Most of those who were there were seeing Hedy for the first time. The crowd surged. Men stared. And women, reaching for their little mirrors, freshened their lips and gave reassuring pats to their hair.

Hedy wore orchids. But at home on her bedside table there was a little bouquet of forget-me-nots with one pink rose. Her mother counted this a particular occasion.

They put plenty of pressure on Hedy after "Algiers."

"Follow up this success," they told her. "Play all the publicity angles. Be a glamour girl in everything you do, wear and say. Speak slowly. Be seen with the right men. Live luxuriously."

Hedy was impressed. There was much at stake. She tried to slow down her naturally quick motions. She began looking for a properly luxurious house. She went about more. Then she met Gene Markey, and everything changed. When she was with him, it was as if she closed a door on the cold winds of loneliness and warmed herself by a friendly fire.

The groans which Leo the Lion emitted over Hedy's marriage to Gene grew louder as the pattern of their married life resolved itself. They bought a farm in the hills. They had Scotties named Jack and Jill, a Great Dane named Dona and an amber cat named Mitzi. They raised ducks and chickens, and every day Hedy stamped the eggs that came from the hen house. She painted the weather-vane rooster golden and gave him a red crest. She searched high and low for upholstery for the dining-room chairs that would embrace every color in the wallpaper. She furnished her bedroom with peasant furniture like that she had had in Vienna and bought brown blankets and a brown and white candlewick spread for her simple bed. She wore slacks and shirtwaist dresses which were not unlike the striped frocks of her childhood. She and Gene had their supper outside under the trees. She hung her bird-cage on a green bough that reached across her window. And she was ecstatically happy. But her producers weren't happy at all.

"One picture doesn't make a star," cried Hollywood, still skeptical about her as an actress. "And they can't keep on finding stories like 'Algiers,' in which she doesn't have to do anything but look beautiful!"

Hedy knew what they were saying. She's far from a fool. In fact, she was much concerned over the work she would do in "I Take This Woman," her next production.

"Phyllis," she said to her dramatic coach, Phyllis Laughton, one day, "I'm worried about the scene where Spencer Tracy walks out on me, where I have to cry. I'm afraid I won't be able to do it!"

"Just listen to Spencer," Phyllis told her. "If he can't make you cry, no power on earth can!"

They did the scene in a long shot first. Then Hedy faced the camera alone for the close-up in which her tears must show while Spencer, behind the camera now, read his lines for cues. Being a fine gentleman, Spencer didn't merely read his lines; he gave them everything he had. And Hedy, listening, cried easily enough.

"Print it!" called Van Dyke, who was directing. "Wonderful, Hedy!"

They had said she couldn't act. But hard-boiled Van was satisfied with the first take of her big emotional scene. And they hadn't had to bring glycerine for her tears. Her head rose. She turned proud.

"Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein?" Again she heard her father calling.

She went straight to Spencer. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much." Her courtesy was the lovely, generous courtesy she had learned as a little girl. It left no doubt in the mind of anyone that she knew full well how much she owed Spencer for her performance. And many who heard her never again were to stand by silently if she was criticized.

"I Take This Woman" was no better than the croakers predicted it would be. Neither was "The Lady of the Tropics," her next picture. This resulted in the pressure being put on harder than ever.

"You can't sit back now!" they warned. "You've got to buy smart clothes, furs, load yourself with jewels, be seen at smart places, pose for seductive pictures and give interviews in which you sound as if you know everything there is to know about men and love. Baby, you're in a spot!"

But Hedy continued to live quietly on the farm, stamp the eggs, play with the dogs, work in the flower garden. She continued to live her life her own way.

Marriages contracted as speedily as Hedy's and Gene's rarely survive. Theirs was no exception. Soon enough both realized that, because of the great loneliness they had known when they met, they had made a mistake.

IT was during this unhappy time that Phyllis Laughton, who had just had her first baby, telephoned Hedy one day. "I've let my nurse go, and this is the maid's afternoon out," she explained, "so I don't think we'd better try to work today."

The maid had been gone only an hour when Hedy arrived. But the baby had brought up some of her bottle, and Phyllis, her hands shaking, was in tears.

"Mary's sick," she sobbed when Hedy came in. "Mary's sick, Hedy!"

Hedy took the baby in one arm and put her other arm around Phyllis.

"And," Phyllis says telling about it. "I can never explain the relief I knew when I saw my Mary in Hedy's arms, I had a feeling she was home."

I think Phyllis Laughton realized then what "Boom Town" and "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me" have since proven—that, because Hedy didn't allow ambition to drive her away from the things that are important in a woman's life, she slowly and surely is developing into one of the most truly glamorous women Hollywood has ever known.

"Think with your heart, and you'll win in the end," Emil Kiesler told Hedy. He meant, of course, that thinking with her heart she would find her way to the things that are right for a woman, and so in the end find happiness. He didn't know she also would find fame and riches.

As for her future, that's safe, too, unless all signs fail. Because, irrespective of how great her fame and the demands it makes upon her, she won't be allowed to forget to think with her heart. On special occasions for a long time to come, God willing, there'll be a little bouquet of forget-me-nots with one pink rose. And there will be her father's voice calling "Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein . . ."

LOVE VS. CAREER

(*Continued from page 29*)

grandmother gathered her daughters, daughters-in-law and their children under the roof of the eighteenth-century house on Fitzwilliam Street in Dublin and kept them there for the duration. Even when the several units scattered, they didn't scatter far and, in spirit, not at all. Family affection reaches back to embrace the more remote ancestors. "It's a haunted house," says Geraldine serenely. "But none of us minds being haunted by his own dear relatives."

Her parents are Edith and Edward Fitzgerald. As far back as the record goes, the men on both sides have been lawyers and jurists. "That's why I'm able to understand my own contracts," she observes, "and have even been known to pick flaws in them." Edward Fitzgerald is a lawyer and citizen of such repute that his daughter winces at the disproportion implied in his being referred to in print as Geraldine Fitzgerald's father.

Her older brother is a lawyer, too, in his father's office. Her younger brother is the first of many generations to forsake the legal tradition for medicine. Geraldine herself, until she was eighteen, had no intention of being an actress, though the idea had often been urged on her by her mother. Mrs. Fitzgerald's younger sister, Sheila Richards, was leading woman at the Abbey Theatre, and it seemed to her that Geraldine, the family clown, might do worse than follow in her aunt's footsteps. But "No, no, no," the daughter protested, "I shouldn't like that a bit." Till one night in bed, a thunderstorm shattering her eardrums, she suddenly decided for no reason she can give a name to that she'd like it very much.

This happened in London, where she'd gone to be near her fiancé. Next morning she betook herself to a theatre. "I want to be an actress," she told the man at the box-office.

"Think of that!" he marveled. "Well, you can't be an actress here. This theatre's gone bankrupt."

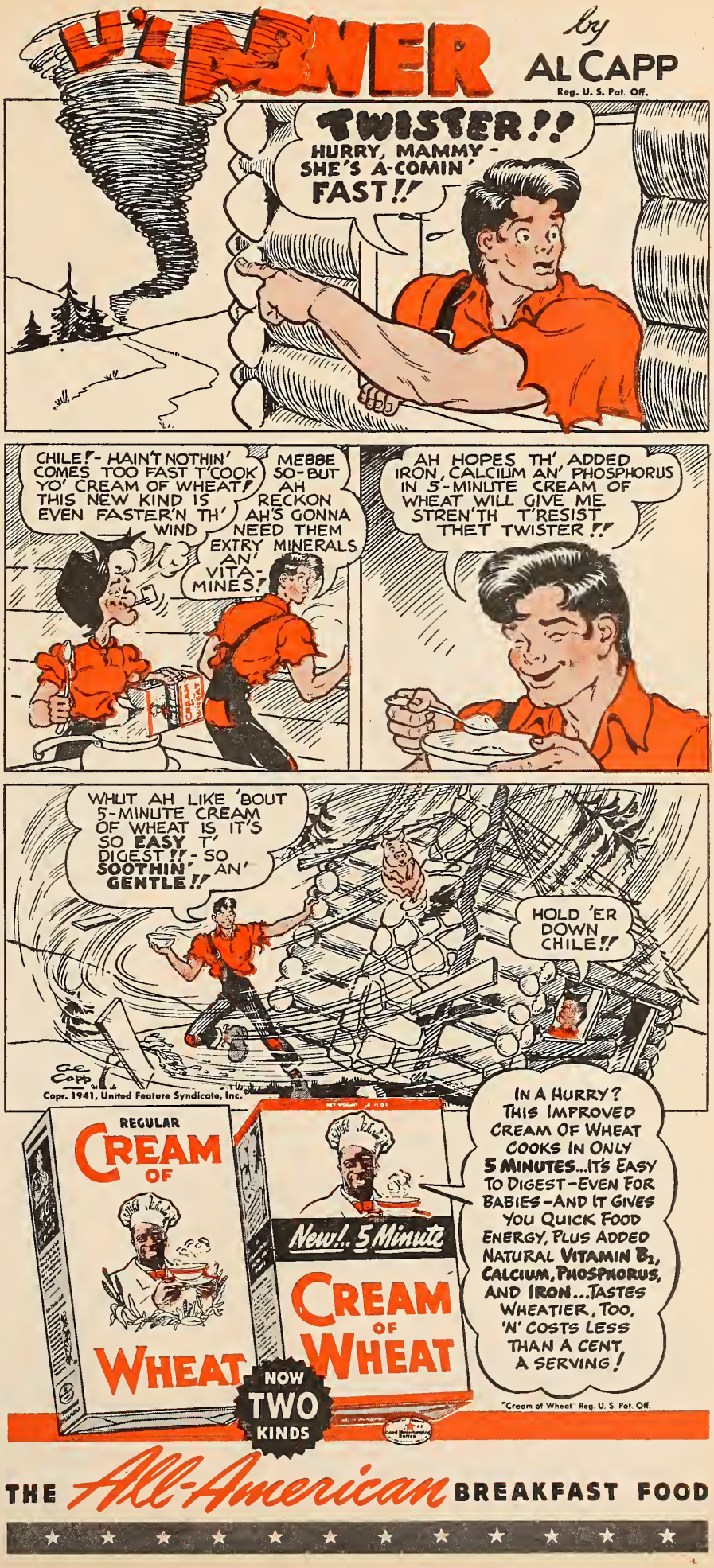
So she scurried back to Dublin, and through her aunt's good offices, she was admitted to the Gate Theatre, where she served a successful season. Meantime she'd seen Mr. Lindsay-Hogg only once. Shortly after the indignity at the racetrack, he'd invited her, her brother and her fiancé to spend the week-end at his country place. She's known pleasanter week-ends. The host took a violent dislike to the fiancé, which even Irish courtesy failed to mask. After that, Edward's and Geraldine's ways lay apart. Through her brother, though, she heard of him often and of the beautiful blonde he was engaged to. "References to her always made me very angry," she says.

Their next encounter was in London. Too impatient to wait for the re-opening of the Dublin season, she'd gone down there to find what she could find. She was by now sufficiently tempered to stay away from bankrupt box-offices and go to the only producer she knew—Robert Milton, the American, who was making pictures.

"I have to do something and you have to help me," she informed him.

"Mmm. Well, right now, *I* have to do something. Go down to Twickenham and see a rough cut of my picture. Want to come along?"

She went along for the ride. At Twickenham an executive appraised her and asked her if she'd like to go into pictures. "No pictures," she said. That was the first time she said it. With the addition of the





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word "more," she was destined to say it often.

It was filthy lucre that changed her mind. The executive phoned a few days later and offered her two hundred a week. "I'd been making ten at the Gate, and the notion of turning millionaire overnight staggered me. I said yes before they could change their minds and went to work.

"Now comes the touching part. I didn't know what a 'quickie' was. Neither do you till you've seen the English brand. I thought I was contributing my art to something colossal. I'd brood for hours over those dreadful lines and how they ought to be read. I'd say to the others, 'D'you suppose they'll like this in New York?' They'd turn away—in sorrow and shame, as I realize now. They hadn't the heart to tell me that these horrors were specially fabricated for third-run houses in the provinces. I don't remember the exact ghastly moment of disillusion. Only that when it came, I said: 'No more pictures.'

"Two hundred a week seemed little enough to pay for the pleasure of regarding myself without loathing."

She was walking gloveless down Bond Street one day, still in the wretched throes of the utter disillusionment. It would take the Irish, perhaps, to understand her reason for going gloveless in all its illogical beauty. "I was making plenty of money, but I wouldn't look at my bankbook, so I felt very poor and as if I couldn't afford to buy gloves."

A cab pulled up at the curb for the traffic light. Inside sat Eddy with a lovely blonde girl. Outside stood Geraldine, with her naked hands and her aching heart that now started a new and furious ache on a separate count.

"Hello," said Eddy—eagerly—that was something. "Are you staying in London? Where do you live?" He introduced her to the menace, whose hands were exquisitely gloved. Then the cab moved on, leaving our heroine desolate on the curbstone and very, very angry with the beautiful blonde.

The following week brought an invitation from Eddy to a house party and the first faint lifting of the gloom. Geraldine took emotional stock and broke her engagement. But she didn't know that the blonde had melted from the horizon till, at a second party, Eddy faced her demanding: "Are you in love with anyone?" Anger and misery fled together. She shook her head. "Well, let's go out and talk about it." They went out and came back engaged to each other.

They went to New York on their honeymoon—because they wanted to see New York and because Geraldine wanted to try for a job on Broadway. An agent took her to Orson Welles, who had also served a season at the Gate. Of course she'd heard tell of the fabulous Orson, and the fabulous Orson had heard of her. He promptly offered her the part of Ellie Dunn in "Heartbreak House," which she as promptly accepted. Came the opening. Came the morning after. Came the critics' raves.

"And then," says Geraldine, "came the wicked, wicked men from the movies with great bags of gold. And I said: 'No more pictures. I'm divorced from them forever.' "

There was always a good reason for saying it and a better one for eating her words. "Heartbreak House" ran for three months. She discovered that as an alien she could do only one play every six months in New York. If the play ran a single night, she'd have to wait six months to become re-eligible.

Hurt and incredulous, she demanded: "When have the Irish ever barred Americans?"

"The Irish stage isn't big enough to mat-

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ter," they grinned. "For our purposes, you're a citizen of Great Britain."

It was after this interview that she began peering gingerly now and then from behind her fingers at the wicked, wicked movies and their hateful bags of gold. At length, with her husband's help she drafted the kind of contract that would be possible for her and impossible, she felt, for any studio. Six months a year, beginning at a specific inviolable date, ending at a specific inviolable date, never to be telescoped, never to be re-arranged.

To her amazement, Warners agreed. She was summoned to Hollywood for a test. Did they understand the contract? They did. "But we don't like it," they said after the test was made.

"You don't like the test?"

"We like the test very much. We don't like the contract."

"But you said—"

"We said we understood it. We still don't like it."

"Goodbye, then," said Geraldine and took ship with her husband for Ireland.

Cosily back among her people, Hollywood seemed more remote and alien than ever. So she proceeded on the theory that if you sit very quiet and don't blink an eyelash, people will forget you're there. All summer she sat like a mouse in Dublin. She didn't answer the cable. She didn't answer the letters that followed. Huddled within a cloak of silence, she'd whisper to herself: "They'll think I'm sick or dead and gone to heaven. They'll look at the test again and say, 'Why bother to drag the wench all the way from Ireland?' "

The ostrich act didn't work. W. B. possessed more acumen than she gave them credit for. As autumn drew near, the cables grew more peremptory, and she had no choice but to crawl out of her hole, to pack and to go. She was rushed off the train into the tweed suit of Bette's friend, "where I stayed for two or three years," she exaggerates like a true daughter of her race.

Because of Michael, now seven months old, she didn't go home last year. But for the war he would have been born in Ireland. It was in Dublin that he announced his approach to the mingled delight and concern of his prospective parents. Their concern was on two scores—how to keep the news from the family who'd be doubly worried with Geraldine on the high seas and war in the air—and how to break the news to the studio, who'd have to adjust an already difficult schedule to accommodate a baby.

Safely in New York, with one problem behind her, she still had the second to face. It haunted her across the continent.

I'M an employer-hater by temperament," she explains. "But this time I felt they had a legitimate grievance. I felt conscience-stricken. I felt guilty and ashamed. And when at last in faltering tones I laid bare my secret, they made matters worse by heaping coals of fire on my head. They were wonderful from the front office down. Never a reproach, not so much as a look of pain. Not even toward the end when they had to resort to shooting me from behind tables." (The picture was "Till We Meet Again.")

Michael was born without untoward incident in a New York hospital, to the joy of an extensive circle of kinfolk whose acquaintance he has yet to make. His mother enjoys talking about him but finds it strange that people should inquire.

"At home," she says, "there were so many children that you took them for granted. 'Out!' is what you said to children, or 'Go away' or 'Take your hands from under my feet.' "

With no nostalgia to bother him, the baby likes Hollywood unreservedly and proves it by laughing and growing fat. If he has a beef, it concerns his mother in studio makeup. He didn't care for it at first but, being a tolerant boy, has come to accept it. "Now when he sees a face that's green today and yellow tomorrow, hair short today and long tomorrow, he thinks, 'Oh, it's mother dear,' and lets it pass."

Mother dear likes Hollywood better than she did. Naturally. "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights" went far toward uprooting the movie-phobia planted by British quickies. She's not too happy about her role in "Flight from Destiny." Neither are her admirers. An otherwise excellent picture, it gave her little scope for her proven ability. Her current picture, "Winged Victory," is another story and a far stronger one for her, made doubly interesting by the fact that her leading man is James Stephenson—he of "The Letter."

"Besides," she says, "if you can't be in the place you love best, then your fondness for the place where you have to be depends on the people. And we've met some people whom we like enormously."

They're enormously liked as well. Ida Lupino says she'd rather go to a party at the Lindsay-Hoggs than anywhere else. Geraldine, she adds, has original ideas about entertaining.

"Not at all," counters Geraldine blandly. "We simply invite eight or nine people who like each other very well or who loathe each other. We give them food and drink, and we turn them loose. If they like each other, they're bound to have fun. If they loathe each other, some kind of drama ensues. Either way, it's interesting."

Nice people or not, good parts or bad, half her heart remains in Ireland.

We hope she'll be able to take Michael back before long.

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When Gene Autry heard that he was Box Office Star No. 4, he cut loose with one of those he-man yowls that Oklahomans learned from the Indians! He emitted still another "Yee-ow!" that put a strain on the ceiling construction. Then, suddenly, he sobered, stabbed by a thought. "There must be some mistake," he said to himself. "I can't be up THERE!"

When Hollywood read that Gene Autry was Box Office Star No. 4, Hollywood was stunned, too—but instantly. Hollywood said positively, "There's some mistake. He CAN'T be up there!"

How could he be in the Top Ten—when no other Western star in the history of Hollywood had even come close to being there? And how could he be in the Top Ten—when no other star who worked for a small, independent studio had ever been in the running before?

But there was no mistake.

The annual poll that decides the most popular stars in Hollywood is no poll of demon fans who wouldn't hesitate to stuff the ballot boxes for their favorites. It's a poll of theatre managers all over America.



NO. 1 SHOWMAN

BY JAMES REID

Hard-headed business men. They're asked to tell which stars have brought the most people into their theatres in the past year.

And they said unmistakably that, except for Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable—all M-G-M players—no other star brought as many people into theatres in 1940 as did Gene Autry, and his films are shown in nearly 11,000 theatres in the United States!

How did Gene get up in the 11,000 league, making unpretentious pictures for an unpretentious studio? And what's the secret of the satisfied customers, no matter how many times a year they see him?

He isn't a Great Actor, or a Great Singer, or a Great Profile or a Great Lover. But—he's a Great Showman. The greatest in the business. That's the explanation. He has forgotten more about showmanship than most stars will ever learn.

But tell him that he's the most colorful star on the screen today, or ask him how he got that way, and he gives you a quick look to see if you're kidding him. When he sees that you aren't, he grins sort of self-consciously and asks in that unexpectedly quiet voice of his, "Just what do you mean, brother, by 'colorful?' That's a word that can mean a lot of different things to a lot of different people, you know."

What does it mean to *him*? That's the question.

The grin broadens exposing the whitest teeth in Hollywood. "Well, now, I don't know as I can put my finger on it exactly. I guess Jack Dempsey comes pretty close to being my idea of somebody who's colorful, or Dizzy Dean. Dempsey hasn't fought for years, but you still think of him as a fighter—because of the way he fought when he did fight. He was something to see. And even when Diz isn't pitching so well, people like to watch him pitch—because, win or lose, he always puts on a show."

That's Gene's way of saying that *he's* just trying to put on a show that will make the customers want to come again. If that's what it takes to be colorful, he hopes he has it.

His dad, an outspoken gent, never misses a chance to say that he doesn't understand how Gene, of all people, ever became a movie star. Why, Oklahoma's full of cowboys who are better-looking and can sing better and maybe could act better.

"And that's no joke," says Gene wryly, indicating that he knows how lucky he has been.

When Gene got out of school, he went to work on a farm ("it wasn't big enough to be called a ranch") for 50c a day, plus room and board. The 50c a day was clear profit, but it dawned on him after a few months that even if he saved every cent (which he didn't), he'd be old and tired before he had enough saved to buy a farm, himself. He thought maybe he could do better at something else, somewhere else. Only he didn't know where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do. While he was making up his mind, he got a job on the railroad—so that when he did decide to leave Oklahoma, he could travel on a pass. He thought ahead, even then.

He worked as night telegrapher in a little town named Sapulpa, one of the loneliest stations on the C. and Q. Messages like trains were few, and the waits between were endless. He had to do something to pass the time and break the long and heavy silences, so he got himself a saxophone and started learning how to play it.

The dismal discords he found himself producing were no comfort even at 3 a. m. Besides, the reed made his lip sore. So he swapped the sax for a guitar. That was easier on the eardrums and, besides, he could sing while he played—hear the sound of a human voice even if it was only his own. He killed many a long hour, picking out old cowboy tunes on that guitar. But singing was just something to pass the time until:

"One night about 7:30 or 8, a man came into the station to send a telegram. He wrote out what he wanted to send, then he happened to notice the guitar. 'Do you play that?' he asked. I said, 'Oh, I sort of peck at it.' He said, 'Let's hear you knock off a tune.' So I sang a couple of old cowboy songs. He said, 'Young fellow, you're just wasting your time here. People would pay to hear that kind of singing.'

"He grinned, then laid some money down on the

counter, more than enough to pay for the telegram, and said to me, 'Keep the change, son, and think over what I said.' I still didn't know who he was. I nearly fell through the floor when I read the name signed to the telegram: 'Will Rogers.'

"That started everything. A while after that, the Depression hit. That was 1929. The railroad started reducing its force, and I was one of them that got reduced. I had to decide, sudden-like, what to try next. I said to myself, 'Maybe I could sing. Will Rogers thought I could.' I had a pass coming to me from the railroad, so I decided I'd go to New York and see if I couldn't get a job making phonograph records. I'd noticed something. There seemed to be a million hill-billy singers making phonograph records—but no cowboy singers. I sort of figured maybe that field was uncrowded."

(Gene doesn't say so, but in figuring like that, he was unconsciously obeying one of the first rules of showmanship. Namely: "Give 'em something they haven't had before.")

He grins in reminiscence of his arrival in New York. "I was such a hick, you'd have needed a curry comb to get the cockleburrs out of my hair," he says. "I was just plain numbed by all those big buildings. But I was conscious of one thing. People in the East weren't used to fellows in big hats. They kept turning around to look at me in mine. I got to thinking about the attention a fellow would attract if he wore high-heeled rawhide boots, too, and real cowboy garb."

Gene started making the rounds of the record companies, alphabetically. He didn't get past the front door at any of them. That one question: "Experience?" stopped him. Finally he arrived at the V's and Victor. He knew he wouldn't get an audition there, either, if he made the kind of application that unknowns were expected to make. So he figured out something different to do.

When the receptionist asked him what kind of singing he did, he said, "Why, I sing cowboy songs, ma'am. Would you like to hear one?" And before she could say "no," he had his guitar out!

He had crooned about eight measures of a cowboy lament when two office doors burst open. Out popped two disturbed executives. Gene smiled his best smile at them, as much as to say that they could listen, too; he didn't mind. They couldn't help but listen. They couldn't stop him, short of using physical violence. When he finished his song, the two executives looked at each other, both with the thought that maybe here was a "natural," and said to Gene, "Young man, won't you step inside?" They told him inside that they would like to hear how his voice recorded.

If he hadn't used a little showmanship, he would never have landed that audition—which led to other things.

The audition wasn't a success. The two men told him that he had possibilities, but he needed a little more experience; they invited him to come back in a year. "I had a suspicion they thought that was probably the last they'd ever hear of me," Gene comments, "because that was what I was thinking myself." But he asked them to put the invitation in writing anyway. The way he figured, it wouldn't do any harm to have some proof that he had been there.

Back in Tulsa, he showed that letter to the right people and got himself a job on radio station KVOO at no salary, as "The Oklahoma Yodeling Cowboy." He supported himself by working on a farm again.

But he had made up his mind that singing was what he wanted to do—and he concentrated on how to get himself a reputation as a singer. Since he wasn't bringing any cash into the studio coffers, KVOO didn't spend much on advertising him, and Gene had to be his own press agent.

He started by making a point of answering every fan letter. He figured that if somebody thought enough of him to write a letter, that person was a friend—and he couldn't have too many friends. So he wrote friendly letters back letting them know he was anxious to find out what they personally would like to hear him sing. That encouraged them to write again and to have their friends write, too.

He kept a card index of the people's letters, so that when they wrote again, he would know it and could comment on it when he answered. Week by week, the letters snowballed until he was hard-pressed to answer them all. But he invited more.

A pal of his did him the favor of telling a reporter friend about the honest-to-goodness cowboy who was singing on KVOO. The reporter came around for a story. Gene made a point of being friendly. The reporter reciprocated with a big feature story about him. The publicity began, and, with it, the reputation.

At that time, there wasn't an unlimited supply of cowboy songs. After a while, he ran the danger of wearing out what songs there were. He was smart enough to see that danger in advance and, to sidestep it, he started making up new cowboy songs. Only he wasn't content just to turn out songs that nobody had heard before; he wanted to turn out a



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hit. Something that would spread the Autry name around. Looking over songs that had been hits, trying to find the formula, he made a discovery: people liked to sing about Mother. That made him wonder why there weren't any songs about Father. And the showman in Gene told him that here was a chance to give people something that they hadn't had. So he and a pal named Jimmy Long wrote "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine."

It was an instant hit—at least, with Oklahomans and Texans. They deluged Gene with requests to sing it again, and again and then again. They grabbed up the sheet-music as fast as it came off the presses and deluged Sears Roebuck with mail orders for records of it.

The American Record Company, manufacturing for Sears Roebuck, had to do something about that. They tracked down the song, discovered the existence of Gene Autry and asked him to make a recording in New York.

The record people wrote that they were looking forward to meeting a singer who was also a cowboy. He didn't know what they expected, but he had a faint idea, and he didn't want to disappoint them. This might be his big chance. So he went to New York in a five-gallon hat and the fanciest cowboy outfit he could find. "I was dressed like the master of ceremonies at a rodeo," says Gene.

Sears officials attended the recording. They liked this singing cowboy—because he was different from any other radio personality they had ever seen or heard—and they asked him to become the star of their radio program.

A RADIO contract is for 13 weeks—after which your sponsor may or may not take up your option for another 13 weeks, depending on the number of listeners you attract. The number of listeners Gene attracted kept him on that program for 156 weeks with only summers off.

He says now, "I had no idea it would go as it did. I was the first cowboy to sing; I guess that was the answer. Anybody would have clicked in the same spot—though I'm awful happy somebody else didn't."

Gene is too modest. He should tell how he didn't overlook an angle that might encourage more listeners. He should tell how he started wearing nothing but loud clothes—not only to make people ask "Who's that?" but to help people who listened to him on the air keep their illusions about him in case they ever saw him in person. He should tell how, now that he was earning some money, he spent a lot of it on photographs. Anybody who thought enough of him to ask him for one could have one—free. He should tell how he went all over the Middle West making personal appearances, making people everywhere within range of Station WLS Gene Autry-conscious.

Those tours were grueling things; one night stands, sometimes in towns hundreds of miles apart, in all kinds of weather. And there wasn't much money in them—not the way Gene made them. He didn't go solo; he took along a troupe of about eighteen comedians and musicians. He says simply, "I figured that, the more help I had, the better the show would be. That was what I was after. I wanted people to say, after they spent their money, 'He put on a good show.'"

Then Nat Levine, a Hollywood producer of Westerns, had a brainstorm. He had watched people steadily losing interest in Westerns. The formula was worn out. He wondered about trying something new—a Western with music. He broached the idea to his boss, Herbert Yates, who owned Mascot Pictures (which later be-



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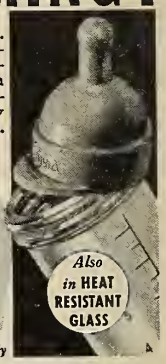
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came part of Republic), and who also owned the American Record Company. Yates thought of the "Singing Cowboy" and the way his records sold, and how a movie appearance might sell more records—and that was how Gene Autry happened to get an offer to sing in the picture, "In Old Santa Fe."

If Gene had been primarily interested in money, he wouldn't have been interested in the offer; it was that small. $500! And he had to pay his own expenses to and from Hollywood. But he saw how a movie appearance, even if it cost him money, could boost his stock as an entertainer. So he took the offer.

The picture did good business where he was known on the radio. Levine offered him $1,000 to make a serial. That was chicken feed, too—because by this time Gene was making $500 a week in the East—but he made the serial for publicity. Then Levine offered him a seven-year starring contract. At a starting salary of $150 a week. A quarter of what he was earning back East.

If Gene had been less of a showman, he wouldn't have been interested in making movies—for that kind of money. But he saw farther than his pocketbook. He gave up radio for movies.

HE had a horse back in Oklahoma that he had practised trick riding on during summer vacations—the original "Champ." He sent for the horse, and he invested in an expensive silver saddle. Levine said, "I wouldn't go to that expense, if I were you. What if this doesn't last?" Gene said, "Well, if I look better dressed up, I figure the horse will, too."

And what Gene did after his first picture is also revealing. "I realized that I could make all the pictures in the world, but if salesmen didn't sell 'em or theatres didn't play 'em, people wouldn't see 'em," Gene says. After that first picture, he arranged to make some personal appearances down Texas way. He stopped over in Dallas to meet the manager of the film exchange for that territory, and he stopped in countless other towns to introduce himself to theatre managers. He left behind him a trail of exhibitors who were conscious of Gene Autry pictures for the first time having met Gene Autry in person. They took an interest in this young fellow who seemed interested in seeing exhibitors make some money, and who took the trouble to listen to what they thought about Westerns. They started booking his pictures.

After every picture, he went to some section of the country where he hadn't been before, to build up more good will for Gene Autry. And it paid dividends. By tens, by twenties, by hundreds, more and more theatre managers booked his pictures. Until today, 11,000 U. S. theatres are booking them.

When he did that first singing in "In Old Santa Fe," he was called by his own name in the picture—for the publicity value. And he wondered why that stunt wouldn't have permanent publicity value. If he were Gene Autry on the screen and off, it ought to make it easier for people to believe he was like the characters he played and vice versa.

He had definite ideas about those characters. Most of the cowboy heroes that people had ever seen had been the grim, silent type. Well, he'd give 'em something different. Cowboys who were friendly hombres with senses of humor.

When the fan mail started arriving by the truckload, he didn't toss up his hands and say to the studio, "You've got to handle it for me"—as stars who have never received a quarter of his mail have

(*Continued on page 83*)

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)	2½★
Argentine Nights (Universal)	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount)	4★
*Arizona (Columbia)	4★
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)	3★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia)	C 2½★
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Captain Caution (United Artists)	2½★
Case of the Black Parrot, (Warners)	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
City for Conquest (Warners)	3½★
Colorado (Republic)	2½★
*Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M)	3★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount)	2★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal)	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal)	2★
Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners)	C 3★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)	2½★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dulcy (M-G-M)	3★
Earl of Puddlestone (Republic)	2★
East of the River (Warners)	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)	2½★
Escape (M-G-M)	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
*Father's Son (Warners)	C 2★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)	C 2★
Flight Command (M-G-M)	3★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists)	4★
Four Mothers (Warners)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M)	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Gay Caballero, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia)	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia)	2★
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M)	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
High Sierra (Warners)	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia)	3½★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal)	3★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount)	3★
Kit Carson (United Artists)	2½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO)	4★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
*Lady Eve, The (Paramount)	3½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia)	3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO)	3★
*Life With Henry (Paramount)	2½★
Little Bit of Heaven (Universal)	C 3★
Little Men (RKO)	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)	C 3★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists)	4★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	3½★
Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
*Mad Doctor, The (Paramount)	2½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Meet the Wildcat (Universal)	2½★
Meet the Missus (Republic)	2★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO)	2★
Michael Shayne, Detective (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
*Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners)	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount)	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Nobody's Children (Columbia)	2½★
North West Mounted Police (Paramount)	C 3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
No, No, Nanette (RKO)	2½★
No Time for Comedy (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Oklahoma Renegades (Republic)	2½★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	2½★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
Pastor Hall (United Artists)	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M)	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Playgirl (RKO)	2★
Pop Always Pays (RKO)	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Pride of the Bowery (Monogram)	2½★
Quarterback, The (Paramount)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Queen of the Yukon (Monogram)	2★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO)	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramount)	3★
*Reaching for the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic)	2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal)	2★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
San Francisco Docks (Universal)	2½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners)	4★
Second Chorus (Paramount)	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal)	3★
Sky Murder (M-G-M)	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Slightly Tempted (Universal)	2★
*So Ends Our Night (United Artists)	3½★
Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists)	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
So You Won't Talk? (Columbia)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO)	3★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount)	2½★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO)	3½★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists)	C 3½★
Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)	3★
*This Thing Called Love (Columbia)	3½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Too Many Girls (RKO)	3★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal)	3★
Triple Justice (RKO)	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Virginia (Paramount)	3½★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
We Who Are Young (M-G-M)	3★
Wyoming (M-G-M)	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO)	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox)	2★

(Continued from page 81)

been known to do. He realized the importance of that fan mail and the importance of doing right by it. He had to hire two secretaries to help him handle it, but he handled it himself. He also made sure that everybody who asked for a picture of him got one—free. "They're doing you a mighty big favor, putting your picture up where their friends can see it," is the way Gene looks at it. It costs him hundreds of dollars a month to send out those photos, but he doesn't know how he could spend money better.

People told him that he ought to form a nation-wide fan club of boys—such as another Western star had, but Gene didn't want to give anybody the idea that he was more interested in one kind of fan than another, because he wasn't. The only club he has gone for is the Gene Autry Friendship Club—a letter-writing club, designed to keep Gene posted about what his fans are doing and thinking and to keep his fans posted about him. There's a lot of mutual liking implied in that word "friendship."

He goes out of his way to make people feel that he likes them. Any time, any place, he's willing to meet anybody who wants to meet him—including autograph hunters. He figures that people don't collect autographs to annoy stars but to show their friends which stars they wanted to meet in person. When crowds collect, he doesn't duck out the back way. He walks out the front way smiling, glad to see so many people.

THIS business of being colorful is a costly one. He has $75,000 invested in his wardrobe alone—in specially made cowboy suits of every color and description (white's his favorite), hat to match every outfit and hand-tooled outfits.

It cost Gene plenty, too, to have a 36-foot trailer truck specially built for "Champ" and his other horses—but wherever that truck goes, it's a colorful ad for Gene and "Champ."

Nobody else would ever have thought of chartering a plane for $3500 to transport a horse across the country as Gene did last year when he flew to New York for the rodeo at Madison Square Garden. But Gene figured that $3500 was a bargain price for a million dollars' worth of publicity.

Two years ago, Republic's distributor in England pleaded with the studio to send Gene over for a personal appearance tour—to make English theatres more conscious of Republic Pictures. Yates, the president of the company, said he was willing to donate $50,000 for an English campaign, if Gene would be willing to donate his time. Gene was willing. He didn't get a cent for his trouble. But millions of people who had never heard of him saw him—and got the idea of seeing his pictures. The first pictures that the British Government bought for army camp entertainment were six Gene Autry Westerns.

When Gene was voted Box Office Star No. 4, the sponsors of the poll, obviously baffled, attempted to explain his popularity by saying that the war had given the American public a taste for Westerns again, Westerns being so far removed from any suggestion of war.

Maybe so. But Gene isn't the only Western star or the only singing cowboy.

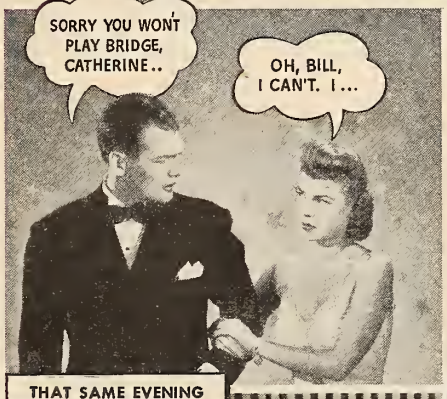
A well-known Hollywood agent, visiting Republic the other day, asked how he could join the Gene Autry fan club. He thought maybe he could learn something for the benefit of his clients about how to make fans keep coming back.

In other words, the city slickers can take lessons from the country boy who made good. He's Showman Number 1.

*Jane Russell and Jack Buetel in Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw". For romantic hands, use Jergens Lotion.



"Soft Hands are so truly feminine...adorable" says Jane Russell* (Lovely New Hollywood Discovery)



This Simple Care helps prevent awkward Roughness, Chapping

Quick as a wink—smooth Jergens Lotion on your hands. Many doctors help harsh, hard-used skin to rose-leaf softness by applying 2 fine ingredients—both in Jergens. The favorite Lotion! Never sticky! Be glad when you, too, have darling hands. Get Jergens Lotion today. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00.





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Let me see how soon Jergens Lotion helps me have lovable, soft hands. Send purse-size bottle, *free*.

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BEAUTY AND THE MALE

(*Continued from page 51*)

more important than the color. If your hair looks clean and glossy and, you know, with a kind of spring to it, any color's nice. Oh, yes, and I like it to blow. I don't mean untidy. But I hate those pompadours and those tight curls and when it's plastered against your head. I think you should stay in the beauty parlor till you're finished, and I don't think you're finished till your hair looks soft and loose. Even with formals, I like hair a girl can toss. Gee, she looks pretty —I mean—" But Jackie refused to be confounded. "I like it to smell nice, too," he shouted defiantly through the whoops.

"Attaboy, kid," said Bing. "You and me both. Now, may I say a word about this lady's complexion? The skin that's been doused in soap and water is the skin for me. I'd sooner meet Dracula in the dark than a woman with a glazed face in the sunlight. She may look like a flower, but I never did go for wax blooms. Give me a scrubbed-looking skin, clean, fresh and healthy. Make-up's okay—it's swell —if it's not put on with a trowel. We men like our girls tanned in summer—and we even like 'em freckled, what do you think of that? A flock of freckles on a sun-warm face'll draw more money than fake camellia petals."

Mel Douglas stepped up and gravely pumped Bing's hand. "Count me among the nine who agree with you. But I'd like to go farther—"

"Which way?"

"Behind the skin," said Mel blandly. "Behind the mouth and the eyes. I don't feel that beauty of feature is the determining factor in a woman's attractiveness. She could be a Greek goddess and still be a pain in the neck—yes, even to look at, after the first month or two. What makes a woman lovely day by day, year by year, is the expression of her face, and it's character that makes expression. Cagney touched on it when he spoke of the eyes. Some of the most beautiful women I've seen have been old women or women who, taken feature by feature, would have been called homely. But there's a kind of spiritual experience, an inner radiance that comes through—gives the face sweetness, serenity, strength—nobility even. I don't know, boys, maybe I'm getting beyond my depth. I'm certainly beginning to feel self-conscious."

"That was well put," we approved. "But space presses. Mr. Stewart, let's hear from you."

Jimmy ducked his head and swallowed. As always, his voice sounded mournful, though his words didn't. "Well, if I'm not depriving any of you fellows, I'll take the figure. I like 'em small. Purely a personal idiosyncrasy, you understand. Pay no attention to it. Small, tall, or in between, the curve's the thing. A woman should be round in the right places—fore and aft. Put it like this. When you see her in profile, she should look like the letter S. Flat chests are a crime against nature. I like 'em high. I like shoulders broad, waists slender, but not so slender they look squeezed. If squeezing's necessary, the man can take care of it. All bones should be nicely covered. Chicken wings sticking out of the neck and back make a girl look pathetic. I like her a little longer from the waist down than from the waist up. I like round, slim thighs. I like legs—"

Dennis Morgan shoved him aside. "Don't be a hog, Jimmy. I like legs, too. Long slender legs. The kind that look as if they started from under the armpits. Straight in front. Curved at the calf. Not those awful bulges, though. There's no excuse for them. I don't care how much exercise a woman takes. She owes it to herself and her public to massage those bulges out. Trim ankles, but not so thin you start wondering if they're going to snap.

Legs were made to move on, among other things—to support the body. They should look as if they could do the job. Also, except in bed or on the beach, they should be inside stockings. I don't care how lovely they are, silk makes 'em look more so. Silk, and straight seams. As for feet, they can be as long as they like, provided they're shapely. With straight toes that never knew tight shoes. And—nothing's prettier than a dimpled knee—"

"Unless it's a dimpled elbow," said Brent. "Which has this advantage over the knee. It's less likely to be hidden. The professor will take for his discourse, gentlemen, arms and the hand. A good arm, like a good leg, should be long and slender but not fragile. There should be no visible muscle, but neither should it feel like a sausage to the touch. You should be able to sense the ripple of life which comes from elasticity under the skin. The lower arm tapers gently to the wrist, from which the hand flows. The hand is also long and slender but not bony, with tapering fingers if possible, a faintly rosy tint and dimpled knuckles."

"Write 'em a letter, George," said Bogart, "and let me speak my piece. You've got the girl now from tip to toe, but you've got her stationary. The most beautiful woman I ever saw was an actress. She was sitting down. Then her cue was called, and right under our noses beauty turned sour. She moved so badly that you lost sight of the face and figure. All you could see was that ungainly swivel. It was inexcusable in an actress, and almost as inexcusable in any woman. You can learn how to walk in any good school of gymnastics, or you can teach yourself. Carry books on your head the way Indian women carried baskets. They knew how to walk because they didn't have cars to haul them. Throw your shoulders back, hold your head high, swing easily from the hips, don't let your arms dangle. Your movements should flow into each other like a cat's. If any part of you bounces or wiggles, the harmony's destroyed. Try for grace of body and the grace of mind Douglas talks about, and you won't have to worry about the minx next door. Whew!" He wiped his forehead. "Who's the professor now?"

"Class dismissed," we said, "and thank you all."

We left them then and walked down Hollywood Boulevard, mentally reviewing what we'd learned and furtively obeying a few of the commandments. We made our eyes soft and friendly, brushed off some of that excess mouth, tossed our hair a little and walked with our heads high and our shoulders back. Results were instantaneous! For the first time in years we got the horn from a dozen drivers and "the eye" from a couple of drugstore cowboys.

They certainly knew what they were talking about—those guys!

CONSCRIPTION HITS HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 26*)

an experienced seaman, would definitely be unacceptable to military medicos because his five-feet-eight body weighs only 134 pounds. Cesar Romero might be regarded much too thin to shoulder arms. On the other hand, Smiley Burnette, a setup for army cavalry, would have his 230-pound carriage discounted as too heavy. And Andy Devine, who became 35 nine days before the draft, would certainly be waived because of his 245 poundage. Stirling Hayden, the handsome newcomer, might be too lanky.

But physical aspects of the draft can only be speculative. The decision on each man's person cannot be made in a book of rules—but only upon observing each man's individual body. One thing's certain, America's army in these years of the blitzkrieg demands perfection. Dr. Robert Plunkett, army X-ray expert, admitted recently that $250 was being spent on each young man examined—just in an effort to find tuberculosis and to establish a defensive unit free from tuberculosis.

Second to health as an army exemption would be the business of marriage. This, however, must be clarified. There is, today, no clause in the Burke-Wadsworth Bill stating that a married man is ineligible for the draftee cantonments. There *is* a clause, though, stating that any man with dependents may be temporarily deferred, and the word "dependent" is defined as:

"Such person who is either the registrant's wife, divorced wife, child, parent, grandparent, brother, or sister, or a person under 18 years of age or a person of any age who is physically or mentally handicapped, whose support the registrant has assumed in good faith."

Concerning dependency, the draft boards are at present being very liberal. A movie star with a wife will probably not be summoned, at least not until a half million men have been trained.

MANY Hollywood bigwigs will, for a time, not be bothered by the army because they are married men who are supporting their wives. Joel McCrea and Dennis Morgan, each married seven years, each the father of two kids, would be deferred. Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Vincent Price and Gene Autry, all wedded, would also be deferred. Don Ameche, father of four boys, and Dick Foran, father of two, would not be bothered. Richard Carlson, Robert Cummings, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., John Garfield, William Gargan, Bob Hope, Johnny Weissmuller, Robert Young—all of them eligible as to health and age—would be deferred because of wives requiring support. John Wayne, with his wife's fourth child on the way, and husband Errol Flynn, who would make a fine able seaman, also would be passed temporarily by the army.

Then there are married men whose wives work. The Selective Service will not be so lenient with this group. As long as their wives can support themselves, these men must forego the camera and kliegs for bugle calls and cusses of top-sergeants.

But now, the big news, straight from California draft boards. The Hollywood actors who, because of their health, ages, lack of dependents, are most likely to become draftees when their mailboxes bear the tidings:

Francis Lederer, William Lundigan, Tony Martin, Bob Stack, Jimmy Stewart, Eddie Albert, Lew Ayres, Cary Grant, William Holden, Franchot Tone.

Of these, only Jimmy Stewart has been called to appear before his local draft board. When he showed up a short time ago, the army doctors gave him a strict going-over. They found his 158 pounds too fragile for his six feet three of height. So, though Stewart, a topnotch commercial pilot, wanted to serve—he was rejected because of the health clause. And, as this is written, others who already have received questionnaires, a prelude to examination and then service, are Vic Mature, Lee Bowman, Broderick Crawford, recently married, Dan Topping, husband of Sonja Henie, and Sterling Holloway, comedian in "Cheers for Miss Bishop."

According to the Burke-Wadsworth Bill, there is one exemption clause reading:

"Nothing contained in this act shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combat training or service in the land or naval forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed

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Edmond O'Brien and Lucille Ball starred in RKO-Radio Pictures' current hit "Three Girls And A Gob"



FREE: Pepsi-Cola recipe booklet . . . write Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Dept. E.



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to a participation in war in any form, and is so found to be a bona fide objector."

There are no objectors in Hollywood! Every thespian is ready to exercise his trigger finger—but only when his number is announced!

Thus, America's first peacetime draft in history is now in its début year determined to prove that democracy with dynamite in each fist can be dynamic! This year, a million boys trained in countless camps will do their share in giving democracy muscles—and among them, you can be certain, will be the proper quota of movie stars.

Camp life for one year will be a new and strange life for Robert Stack, champion rifle shot, or Cary Grant, reformed acrobat, or Bill Holden. It'll be a gray, hard-hitting world of blasting bugle calls, chow lines, bellowing officers and chattering machine guns.

The movie star will have to leave his sprawling mansion behind for a tent to be shared with five other men, some of them perhaps who had once written fan letters to him, or a barracks to be shared with prize fighters, grocery clerks, mama's boys, rural hayseeds, accountants and dozens of others.

It'll be a new world, but it'll be democracy.

"I wish every boy in the country could have this year of training . . ." stated Dr. John Erskine. "What a great opportunity for all our boys to meet at least for one year on terms of absolute democracy! I should like to see the young conservative bunking in with the young radical . . . I should like the boys from one section of the country to do their year of service in another section."

There will be many surprises for easy-going film celebrities. Cary Grant, for example, used to earning perhaps $20,000 a month, will now have to be satisfied with the regular draftee wage of $30 a month! Topnotch stars, in the habit of wearing $145 suits, will now have to don woolen underwear, khakis, thick-soled shoes, plus blanket pack, a year's attire worth maybe $90!

Franchot Tone, used to dating until early in the morning and sleeping until noon, would have to forget his past the moment he entered camp. At 5:45, in the cool dawn, the bugle call. And no breakfast in bed, sir. Franchot would have to race to the mess hall for grapefruit, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.

Vic Mature, Tony Martin, Eddie Albert, would find the female situation



It's romance for those up-and-coming youngsters Ruth Hussey and Bob Cummings in their latest, "Free and Easy."



Accent your costume . . . and your personality . . . with the marvelous new Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish. Amazingly long-wearing! Flows on smoothly! Dries quickly to a hard, brilliant finish! Comes in a complete range of 25 lovely new shades! Ask for it at your favorite 5&10 or drug store.

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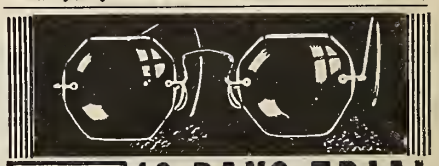
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Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.



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really a situation. No Lana Turner to take to Ciro's. Oh, there'd be a Recreation Hall, where a pool game or penny ante poker game could be indulged in. And, once a week, a dance or beer party with women from a nearby small town.

Most of the army life will involve basic training—the object being to make the United States military like the Rose Bowl football teams—precise, quick, coordinating, with an answer for every emergency. And so, hour after hour, through baked and sizzling meadows, over hot highways, through slush and rain and hell, draftees will learn to protect their bodies and beings from howling shrapnel and exploding bombs, will toughen their muscles, will learn about tear gas through use of fake smoke pots, will learn about the mechanisms of streamlined coughing rifles and about monstrous tanks.

There will be, in this conscript army, a new language, too, for possible draftees like Wayne Morris and Lew Ayres. There will be words like "hay-burner" meaning cavalry, and "shavetail" meaning second-lieutenant and "stove pipe" meaning trench mortar.

And there will be no worries. An actor forsaking a Bel-Air home, a 1941 roadster half paid for and premiums due on his life insurance will have no fears. Because there exist special laws to protect him. There will be no mortgage foreclosure or repossession of credit wares to harass him. There will be no grabbing of his auto if it's half paid for. And the government will carry his insurance, if it's not over $5,000.

Eventually, during that hectic year after basic training, each man will go into his niche. Thirty per cent will be rushed into the Air Corps, but these must be the most perfect, physically and mentally, to prepare for the blitz in the sky. If married men were eligible, Fred MacMurray would be placed in the army band to give out on swingy, martial music; Henry Fonda, who'd had experience as a scene painter, would be channeled into the painting corps; Ray Milland, or anyone else with draftmen's training, would go into the Engineer Corps.

America may be sure of one thing. Hollywood and its rich and celebrated colony will do its part. Hollywood will have its share of the million conscripts trained during 1941.



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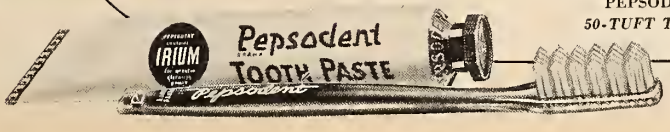


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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

HAPPY ENDING

(*Continued from page 39*)

gentle face. Her jaw dropped open. "Who are you?"

"I'm Pearl, and I'm working for you."

The soft voice fell like balm on tired nerves. "Pearl," Mary sighed with exquisite relief, "is *right*."

When the picture was finished, Halliday chartered a boat for a delayed honeymoon of two weeks. They left Pearl in charge of the house and the Princess Olga. Incidentally, it was a birthday as well as a honeymoon boat. Larry was nine on September 21st, and he and Mrs. Martin joined the Hallidays for a celebration. They swam. They fished from dories. At night they had a party with balloons strung up on deck. "I had a wonderful time on your boat, Dicky," said Larry.

"It's not my boat. I just hired it."

"Well, never mind. Maybe by the time my next birthday comes around, it'll *be* your boat."

He was sent back to the mainland—thrill of thrills!—by plane. His elders returned to a house staffed only by Pearl.

Richard said, "You'd better do something about it."

Mary said, "That's easy." And to her secretary, "Hire me someone, but hire me colored people. I don't understand anyone else." Melissa and Jack arrived that night on approval. Melissa still chuckles over the memory. "Nobody ever hired us like Mrs. Halliday hired us. She walks in, takes a look, says 'Well, all right' and walks out." The question of help is a sore one in the movie colony. Among women it makes conversation by the yard. Mary doesn't know what they're talking about, so she keeps quiet, feeling half guilty and half smug.

She's made three additional concessions to domesticity:

a—flower arrangements, such as they are
b—one white sweater
c—one chocolate cake

"I never did arrange flowers in my whole cockeyed life," she says. "My husband's crazy about them. So am I—in gardens and other people's vases. But I thought how pretty, me fixing flowers with my own hands for my own husband's delight. So? So I fix 'em. I go out and cut 'em, come in and try to make 'em stand up. If they stand up, Richard's proud. If they flop, I get 'em out of the way before he comes home.

"I made him the sweater for Christmas. Everyone at the studio was making a sweater for someone, and it suddenly came to me that, in the whole world, no one was making a sweater for my husband. I didn't know how to knit, but one of the girls stood over me and I did what she told me. I decided on a tennis sweater, because that's the kind where you use the heaviest yarn and the biggest needles. No, he doesn't play tennis. He's going to frame it."

One day the phone rang at Mrs. Martin's house and was answered by Bee, the pearl Mary's mother brought from Texas with her. Bee heard a voice she thought she recognized say, "I want that chocolate cake recipe of mother's."

Bee's known Mary for a good many years. "*Who* did you say you was?"

"It's Mary."

Came a heavy pause. "What for you want to make a choc-late cake?"

"I've got nothing else to do. I can't stand around looking at things."

"Look, honey, you're tired. Why don' you just lay down an' relax yourself?"

EVENTUALLY she got the recipe. As with the sweater, she did what it told her. All went well till she came to the fudge icing. "Here I sat in the middle of the kitchen table with the bowl in my lap—I can't do anything with my feet on the floor. I beat it and beat it, and nothing happened. It was raining, which is bad for any icing, really it is. I took it outdoors—thought the rain'd help cool it off. Melissa and Jack and Pearl all got hysterics. I got furious. I told Melissa she could have the darn old icing—she's nuts about fudge. We poured it, and as it poured, it started getting hard, and I started screaming at Melissa, 'Give me back my fudge!' We finally got it smeared over the cake."

She throned the cake on a silver platter and had it borne into the dining-room that night. "Mmm," said Richard after the first bite. "It's good. Who made it?"

For answer, she pressed the service button. In trooped Pearl and Melissa and Jack, all beaming.

"What is this, a dining-room game?"

"Ask them," said Mary.

"Ask them what?"

"Who made the cake."

"Who made the cake?" he echoed in a slight haze.

"Mrs. Halliday made it," they chorused.

"The effect," says Mary modestly, "was terrific. Like the second act curtain on opening night. When he took a second hunk, I thought maybe he was being nice. But he took a third hunk. *No* man's nice enough to take a third hunk of chocolate cake at the end of a good meal unless the cake's nice, too."

Larry came in with his grandmother. He goes to military school and wears a cadet's uniform, which suits him fine because, since he's worn pants at all, he's refused to wear them short. At nine, his chubby face retains something of its baby contours. His conversation doesn't. He hugged his mother, bared his teeth and stuck out his foot all at the same time. "We been to the dentist, 'n' we bought new shoes. Know what happened? Tell 'em about the ole lady, Nanny. —All right, I'll tell 'em. Know what she called Nanny, Meem?" His eyes blazed. "'You ole pigheaded fool.' 'Cause she wanted to make a left turn, 'n' Nanny stopped to let her make it. Then a man behind us started honkin', 'n' she thought it was Nanny honkin', so she said 'you ole pigheaded fool.' —I wish she wouldn't have been an ole lady, I'd've socked her one." From the garden



NEW SAFE WAY— TO REMOVE CUTICLE, USE

TRIMAL

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WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores. Trimal Labs., Inc., Los Angeles, Cal.

came a piteous whine and a scratching at the door. "Excuse me," said Larry. "Olga needs me."

Mrs. Martin looks like the grandmother every kid should have—pink-cheeked, gray-haired, twinkling-eyed and tranquil. Till she came to Los Angeles, she'd been exclusively a housewife. There, with time and energy on her hands, she looked around and presently found herself selling real estate. "Earned my first check at sixty-three," she says crisply, "and got the thrill of my life."

Guess what she did with it! Bought Larry a set of professional drums and her other grandson a clarinet.

"So they'll have some way of making their living through college," Mrs. Martin explained. "In case we all go broke. —Come along, Larry, we'll be late for the picture."

Larry came along, his hand on the neck of the dog that was almost as tall as he. "Mimi, what are you going to do with those horseshoes?"

The girl Mary played in "New York Town" was a champion horseshoe-tosser. To mark his appreciation at the picture's close, the director sent her four silver horseshoes dripping with flowers. Larry had his eye on them.

"Going to have 'em made into lighting fixtures, honey."

"What's that?"

"Just an idea—"

"Screwy idea—"

"Might work."

"We *hope*," said her son on a note of disgusted skepticism.

As a movie star, he takes his mother for granted. Till someone else doesn't. He'd gone shopping with Mimi and Dick for the first Christmas tree for their new house. Since it was the first, they were pretty fussy. A salesman decided to put them in their place, informing them in his best Franklin Pangborn manner that "we've sold dozens of trees like this to movie stars." Mary and Dick moved away to look at another. Larry stayed put. A few seconds later the salesman was tagging them, buttering them up, Miss Martin-ing Mary all over the place.

Back in the car, she fixed her child with a baleful eye. "*What* did you tell that man?"

"Told him 'whaddaya mean, movie star? My mother's a movie star just as much as any other ole movie star.'"

As for Richard, he isn't sure. Not since the day Larry played interlocutor at the school minstrel show. Mary had two broadcasts that day. To make up to both Larry and herself for having to miss his performance, she dashed home between broadcasts to get him togged out in the white dress suit she'd brought him from Havana. He was all agog. He went through the whole business for her, his part and all the other children's. Mrs. Martin and Richard went down to school with him. Mary joined them there after the broadcast, and they drove home together. Seated between two excited entertainers, Richard tried to give his attention to both. "Did I do my song all right, did the people like me?" babbled Larry, while Mary babbled about her radio show.

"Heaven help me," groaned Richard at last, his hands to his ears. "I'm married to *two* hams."

"Know what I want to be, really honest to goodness? The greatest actress, the greatest singer, the greatest wife, the greatest mother—"

"It's an idea—" says Richard.

"Screwy idea—"

"Might work—"

"We *hope*," giggles Mary.



Tall (5′ 7″), blonde Alexis Smith is literally on her toes every single minute in "The Bride Came C.O.D."

"MEN CAN'T RESIST THAT MODERN *natural* LOOK!"

Says
Lovely Jane Goolrick
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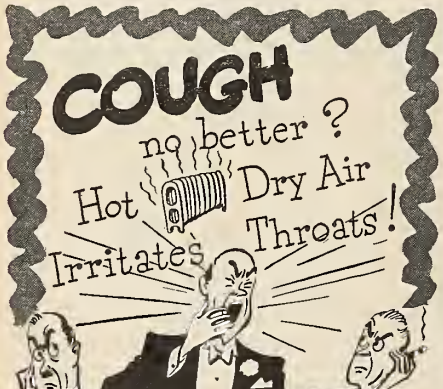
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A scientific product based on the therapeutic properties of Thyme.

IF IT'S A HUSBAND YOU'RE AFTER

(*Continued from page 43*)

tell you: No one sees me in public places now. I do not go to night clubs, to the polo, to the fights. Big and I were going together for six months before he saw me in an evening dress. Is this because of Big? Wait . . .

"I do not go out much any more because if I enter a night club and say to my escort, 'Please, my coat,' the next day appear headlines which read, 'LUPE VELEZ SCREAMS IN NIGHT SPOT!' When I go to the fights, which I love more than anything, I sit now like this," (Lupe folded demure hands in her lap, cast her eyes down, compressed her lips) "and the gallery that loves me shouts down, 'What's the matter, Lupe, you sick?' But in spite of how quiet I am, they give me a terrible write-up. They say I have a race prejudice at the fights. If I make a squeak at the polo games, they say I scream at the other players against Big.

"The way they write up about my language drives me crazy. If I tried to talk like they write I do, if I tried to say 'heem' instead of 'him,' 'I lof you!' instead of 'I love you,' I would not know how.

"So what has all this got to do with love and men, you wonder? I tell you this to prove to you that I am not playing a part because of Big. When I stay quiet in my house or work on the ranch with Big, when I say I am content with the pictures that I make now, I am living a part into which I have grown, a part that fits me. I am proving that we can change our roles in life, but we cannot cheat on them.

"The part I play now, the woman I now am, is the part Big gave me to play, yes. But I say this: It is always the man who must cast the woman in the part she is to play. After that, it is up to her how she plays it. But it is the man who gives her the script.

"It is the truth that a girl cannot have only one 'line.' She cannot treat one man as she treats another man.

"Men remind me exactly of horses. There are five-gaited horses, and there are two-gaited ones. And men are the same. You must suit your gait to theirs if you want to walk a long way with them.

"Once I was stupid with men. I was the most stupid when I thought I was very clever, very cute. How exactly was I stupid? By talking too much, by talking too insulting, by being too independent.

"I used to brag, too . . . 'I know a guy who wants to marry me—he's got millions.' I would say, 'I want a great, big house with a swimming pool, limousines and diamonds and trips to Europe.'

"Today, if I think of something I would like to have, I say, 'If we can afford this, someday I would like to have it!'

"Now do you know how I behave with

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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

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WEE WALKER Shoes
FOR *wee* WALKERS

men? Just like they are horses. Look, you put some grain in your hands and you pass by a horse. You don't let him know what you have in your hands. And he will follow you for ten miles, and you need never say a word.

"When I meet a man, I watch him for hours before I open my mouth. He may want to talk about politics, he may want to talk about the race-track. Whatever it is, I watch for the thread, and I pick it up.

"Gangsters have the right idea. They don't talk. Girls can learn from them how to get along with men. Girls chase men away by talking more than by any other mistake. I ought to know. I did it many times.

"The very worst mistake that a girl can make is to make a date with another man when she has a little fight with the man she loves. I won't mention names, but I wrecked something pretty fine in my life by just such monkey-shines as that. We had a little fight, this man and I, and what did I do? I go and get it said that I am engaged to a big producer. I get my name in the papers with this producer.

"To make a man jealous is, I know now, a very cheap trick. For if he is a real man, he never comes back. Only if he's a sucker does he come back. Remember that. And then you don't want him back. So, either way, you lose.

"And here is another big, bad mistake —men do not like women who are glamorous and exciting. Women like that scare men away. They may take such a woman out two or three times, but it is like they would take out the purple cow or the Siamese Twins, to be exhibitionists, to have people stare at them. They may marry such women sometimes, but it is not for long, such marriages to such



Acting wacky for her role in "Topper Returns" comes easy to Joan Blondell!

women. They are interludes in men's lives, not the until-death-do-us-part women.

"Look what Big said about me. When he read about me being glamorous and exciting, he hated the thought of me. I didn't intrigue him. Not until he found I could paint walls and be an electrician and a plumber and a fine cook did be like me.

"I tell you, men detest extravagant women. I once lost a young man who was in love with me, because I thought I would be smart, and I said, 'Look, I wear eighteen-dollar stockings; I can't wear any cheaper kind.' This young man was rich, himself, but his father had raised a family on eighteen dollars a week. It was enough to scare him away.

"Now, when I meet a man and he says to me, 'Would you like to go to Ciro's?' I say, 'No, thank you, I know a little place in the Valley where we can get hamburgers and dance for five cents a dance.'

"And I mean it. I am not being self-sacrificing. I am not being a phony. I used to go to night clubs all the time. I would put on all the chinchilla and all the rubies, and I would think, I bet they burn when they see me; I bet they burn! But what did it get me? *I* was the one who burned.

"And here is some wisdom that is real: the first time you buy a house, they rook you maybe. Because you look at it once quickly, you see how pretty the paint is and you say quickly, 'I buy it!' The second time, you are more wise. You look to see if the basement has termites. It is the same with men.

"Don't take one quick look at a man and say 'I buy!' Take many looks. What I mean is, don't, whatever you do, don't marry for physical attraction. Not even if the man has the face of a Gary Cooper,

HOLLYWOOD LOVE—

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FALSE STANDARDS that threaten sincere loves like Judy Garland's are exposed in Screen Guide's daring photo-story. Read intimate details of the romances that make headlines.

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Lana Turner and Her Men: Startling story about most-headlined starlet.

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TOREADOR RED . . . It's a knockout for brunettes! A new, flaming, red color. You know how wet lips glisten and attract. That unblotted, moist, naughty look. You see it on the movie queens in their love scenes. Glamour. Sex Appeal, Hollywood calls it. And now the House of Tayton's has produced a new special Moisture-Mix lipstick which gives your mouth that moist, wet, glistening, naughty look, though not actually wet at all . . . And it stays on. Created in Hollywood. An instant hit; neither greasy nor dry . . . Try it. See how glamorous and naughty you look. Lips all shimmery—kiss tempting. So exciting. Romance inviting. Get this naughty Toreador Red for Brunettes (or Barbaric Red for blondes), also 8 other colors of TAYTON'S Moisture-Mix lipsticks in 10c and 25c guest sizes at your dime store. If your store is out ask manager to order or send 25c to Tayton's, Hollywood, Cal., stating whether blonde or brunette.

Tayton's
Lipstick Really Stays On

the physique of a Weissmuller, the bankroll of a Jock Whitney. Don't marry him unless you like what he is under the way he looks.

"Try to find out what a man thinks of women. Not just of you but of all women. Remember that a man in love will say anything to you. It is not what he says to you, but what he does for you that is important. Men play parts when they are after a woman. You cannot trust a man that is in love with you. He will fool you because he fools himself. Try to find out how he is with other women, his mother, his sisters, his friends. Try to find out what kind of a little boy he was.

"Me, I would advise girls to want a hard-working man. A man who can turn his hand to several jobs. Big, for instance, could become a teacher again, could raise cattle, could use his hands and his brains for many things besides acting.

"And the smartest thing I ever did with men was not to let myself completely go. I mean, a girl should always keep something behind her, something to rely on in herself.

"I got married, but I kept on with my work. If I marry again, I shall still and always will keep on with my work. Every woman should have something to do—make the best biscuits or write the best story—something you can do to make money. Because then the man does not feel he owns every little piece of you; then the man knows you have still a door that opens, and it is not good for any one human being to completely own any other human being; love should be free."

Yes, Lupe knows about love.

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HOLLYWOOD SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 47)

disfiguring pit on your precious physiognomy. Following this treatment, be sure to close each little pore by splashing on cold water or rubbing on ice wrapped in a clean kerchief, followed by a dab of alcohol, toilet water or cold astringent.

Acne requires more attention, but it can be altogether overcome with strict, patient care. Correct diet, plenty of rest, fresh air and exercise are absolute essentials in treating this condition. Rich, greasy, heavy foods are taboo for you. Quarts of drinking water; fresh, green vegetables and fruits; eight to ten hours of sleep every night; and daily exercise, preferably out of doors, should form the basis of your program.

Keep your face scrupulously clean with a soft complexion brush (unless there are open eruptions), warm water and pure soap. Dry your skin very carefully, blotting every inch of it with a fresh, clean towel. One secret of success is to keep acne dry. Use astringents (applied with absolutely clean cotton) and spare the softening creams while this condition is acute. Cream of the vanishing, drying type will be better for your skin. Use powder sparingly temporarily and, more important still, change your puff every single time you powder. This is smart at any time, but essential when there's acne to combat. And, uh uh, don't touch your face with your little white hands however clean you think them. Use disposable cleansing tissues instead of linen hankies—and be sure that each one is fresh and spotless.

To sum up, a light diet, plenty of rest, exercise, thorough skin cleansing and drying twice daily, antiseptic precautions, topped off with the application of a drying, healing, specially prepared cream or lotion, all mixed with a dash of patience and perseverance—and you'll soon be able to say good-bye forever to that trying traitor to beauty, acne.

While acne usually is accompanied by an over-oily skin, rough patches frequently result from over-dryness. A cold or some local infection may have left an ugly roughness in its wake. Now is the time to apply generously all those rich, oily, lubricating creams after every cleansing as well as regularly every night and morning.

Speaking of colds, this time of year often finds us with pretty discouraging skin hangovers from a series of these winter bugaboos. What to do about that chapped, rough, irritated skin, just when you wanted it to look so lily white and lovely? Of course, first clear up the last vestige of those colds. Drink water and fruit juices by the gallon and rest more than usual. Stow away your linen kerchiefs in that sachet box Aunt Jenifer sent for Christmas, then stock up on soft, disposable cleansing tissues. Use them exclusively for hankies as well as after every cleansing and creaming. They'll prevent reinfection, thus helping to overcome your colds and, used regularly after cleansing or creaming, their clean, soft freshness will safeguard your skin against all kinds of germs and unnecessary irritations.

Red blotches on your face are often traceable to some germ infection caused by ordinary dirt combined with weak skin which, through neglect or ill health, has lost its normal tone. Conscientious scrubbing will help a lot. So will stimulating creams and the use of skin tonics.

TELL ME ANOTHER and win $5.00 - says Kleenex

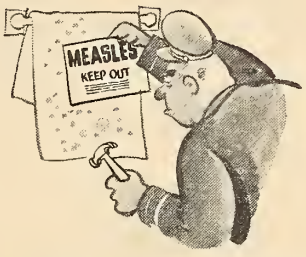
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IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE

WHEN I HAVE A COLD, I USE VELVETY-SOFT KLEENEX, THE TISSUE THAT'S EASY ON TENDER SKIN!

(from a letter by A. S., Fresno, Calif.)



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WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE POLISH FROM MY FINGERNAILS. NOW I USE KLEENEX, AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER!

(from a letter by G. J. J., Vandalia, Mo.)



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...UNTIL I STARTED KEEPING KLEENEX TISSUES IN THE CAR TO WIPE MOISTURE, FOG AND DIRT OFF THE WINDSHIELD

(from a letter by E. W. B., Birmingham, Ala.)



SOME DUMB BELLE!

I DIDN'T REALIZE ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX THAT ENDS FUMBLING AND WASTE! PULL A FRESH KLEENEX--ANOTHER POPS UP!

(from a letter by M. M., Ogden, Utah)

Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... Use KLEENEX*

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Fever blisters or cold sores may follow a cold, upset tummy or be evidence of generally low resistance. Don't touch them with your hands, and never attempt to open one. An infection and scar may result. Spirits of camphor or a drying powder help soothe and heal cold blisters, but creams, ointment or any moist dressing will spread and prolong these painful little patches. Use soft, safe, disposable tissues for cleansing, then leave the blister strictly alone. If yours multiply or persist get busy at their systemic cause.

Wrinkles may or may not amount to blemishes, but one usually worries you into another, so here's a suggested stitch in time. Wrinkles are a sign of relaxed muscles and require local attention such as that recommended in the preceding article. They also can be warded off and smoothed out by a program of circulation pepper-uppers, such as outdoor exercise, fresh air and sunshine. Try relaxing a few minutes each day with your feet elevated higher than your head. That sends your blood to the rescue of starved, depleted facial tissues that are getting wrinkled from lack of tissue-nourishing circulation. Always keep a film of softening, lubricating cream on skin that tends to wrinkle. This holds moisture in suspension where it is most needed. Cold astringents, skin tonics, ice or icy water all are additional surface circulation raisers which do their share of wrinkle chasing.

That covers those surface blemish problems pretty thoroughly, we'd say. Local and systemic care go hand in hand, and one is handicapped without the other.

You've just got time to get in some telling blows at those blemishes before Easter, and the undressed season conspire to expose them. Take a note from Hollywood's beauty book and never say die till you've recaptured the charm of a skin that is just as fresh and lovely as a morning in April.

SORE TOES
Nature's Warning That
CORNS
Are Coming!



Don't wait until your toes are sore from shoe friction and pressure. At the first sign of sore or tender toes from shoe friction and pressure—protect those tender spots with the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You will have quick relief, save yourself many an unhappy hour in new or tight shoes and keep FREE of corns, sore toes, tender spots and blisters!

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ECONOMICAL! Get the large family size box of 15 Corn Pads and 12 separate Corn-Removing Medications. Cost but a trifle. *Insist on Dr. Scholl's!* At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, and Toilet Goods Counters.



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TAGGING THE HOLLYWOOD PLAYBOYS

(Continued from page 36)

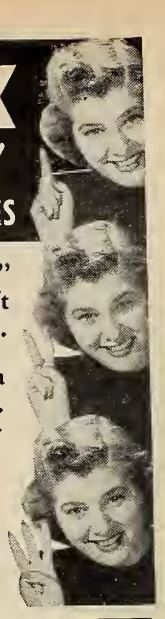
as such he has a certain reputation to uphold. For example, you never see Pat dating an extra or even a small part player. The dignity of his position forbids that. Mothers would grow to distrust him, and Pat is nothing if not trustworthy, safe to bring home and introduce to the family. He is an excellent dancer and is always available to the discriminating hostess in rounding out her table.

Next on our list, we find Jimmy Stewart, a most interesting and highly successful playboy. His technique is different, if not absolutely unique. In the trade, we call it the Little Boy Approach. It is charming and works almost exclusively on a lady's maternal instincts, makes her want to protect him. They say that Jackie Cooper was properly incensed the first time he watched Stewart work on a subject. After all, it is an unwritten law among the gay blades never to pinch another guy's stuff, and Jackie had been looking forward to middle age with considerable anticipation when he, too, could utilize this deadly approach which is characterized by the gently jutting under lip, the slightly hanging head, the from-under-the-eyebrows glance followed quickly by a frankly engaging twinkle and a boyish chuckle. I have seen strong women quiver from head to foot after a five-minute application of this approach. They practically whinny in their eagerness to soothe the furrowed brow.

WE debated for some time whether or not to include Cesar "Butch" Romero on our list. Despite his ardent Latin pan and his fabulous skill on the dance floor, "Butch" is getting a reputation for being safe, and no true man-about-town will ever allow so vicious a rumor to be circulated unchecked. But "Butch's" past success has stood him in good stead. Perhaps, were the truth known, "Butch" is not safe after all but is merely playing a deeper game, or maybe he only needs a good, bracing tonic. In any event, when a local lass needs an entertaining escort with a swell sense of humor and that ineffable ability to make her own rhumba look good, who does she think of? "Butch"—every time. And she can leave her brass knuckles home on the bureau—which is a consideration these days.

Let us consider for a moment Burgess Meredith. His technique is not so very unusual but perhaps well worthy of mention. Meredith is a most effective young actor with a yen for the Little Theatre. Unlike Orson Welles, he relies on an extremely subtle approach. His conversation reeks with references to the experimental theatres where true worth and rarefied art are to be found the year 'round. He insists, quite convincingly, that pictures are not for him. One perhaps, or even two, for the money and the experience, but then—heigh-ho and off to his first, true love—the Living Stage. This approach is virtually guaranteed to entrance any lady whose acting experience has been limited to the screen. The indifference to money as a main objective and the brightly burning flame that cloaks the smell of grease paint and the whir of a curtain rising—all these delivered in a low, tense voice with the eyes far away? Absolutely irresistible!

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Another small—very small—group is typified by Howard Hughes. Here we have a director and producer who is, in a sense, unique. When he promises a girl a part in a picture, she not only gets it, but gets a good one to boot. A man as honest as that really almost loses his amateur standing. The cards are stacked in his favor to such a degree that he doesn't have to try very hard to produce a delighted swoon on the part of the most seasoned of the Hollywood girls.

Horses are always a good approach in Hollywood. Tim Durant—one of Marlene Dietrich's favorite escorts—relies pretty heavily on riding breeches for his appeal. His social position, financial well-being and lack of reliance on any one phase of the industry place him in the category of a true glamour boy who really fits the horsey background. It becomes his quiet knowledge of his own general superiority.

Another comer is John Shelton. His studio feels that he has quite a future, and John is wisely preparing for the advent of that happy day when he grabs top billing. He's in his element with the society girl tourists who infest the town from time to time. Shelton is rarely seen in public with aught but a blue blood. He shies away from actresses but in the company of a socialite is flatteringly able to place himself on the same observing side of the table, so to speak. A guide in, but not of, the industry's lowly social life.

Among the directors there are many, many first-class playboys, some of whom show true genius. For example, Anatole Litvak has been known to hold a girl spellbound for hours with his nimble, if heavily accented, speech and his continental ability to remain debonair, if not aloof, at all times.

None of the lads get around like agent Vic Orsatti. He has been accused of meeting all trains, planes and busses in a pleasantly combined search for talent to represent and new fields to conquer. He has the ability to wear the loveliest of the lovely like a boutonnière—and make them like it. And they do meet such nice people that way, too.

Lest I be accused of forgetting old friends, let me put in a word here and



Possessor of one of Hollywood's most perfect chassis is brown-eyed Marie Wilson, 5'5" tall, weighing 104 pounds!

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It's a wise mother who exercises worry-saving care and common-sense when a child catches a cold that causes spasms of coughing, congestion in the upper bronchial tubes, muscular soreness or tightness! And to the wise mother we recommend relieving miseries of colds this improved Vicks way—with a 3-minute "VapoRub" Massage.

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THIS MORE THOROUGH TREATMENT actually increases the stimulating and penetrating-vapor action of Vicks VapoRub . . . MORE EFFECTIVELY stimulates chest and back surfaces like a poultice or plaster . . . MORE EFFECTIVELY penetrates the breathing passages with soothing medicinal vapors. And starts right in to work bringing welcome relief!

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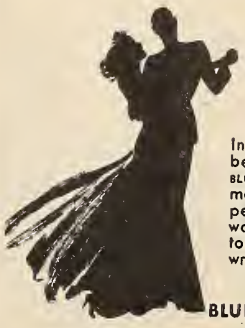
To get all the benefits of a 3-minute "VapoRub" Massage, you just massage VapoRub for three full minutes on the RIB-AREA OF THE BACK as well as on throat and chest. Spread a thick layer on chest and cover with warmed cloth. Then watch the results! . . . as this improved Vicks treatment makes VapoRub work faster and longer to relieve distress of colds!

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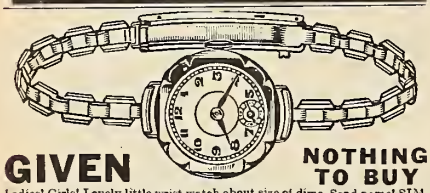


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now for a fine old ex-glamour boy—David Niven. Even if David were not already married and therefore no longer officially in good standing, he'd have difficulty in keeping in practice due to the war. David's line was a delight for all concerned. A top-flight comedian at all times, he would laugh the gals into partial insensibility, and from there on it was a walkaway. He was the only man I ever knew who could run a flair for mimicry into a romance without a trace of incongruity. But then, he could mimic almost anything.

There's one other thing I want to point out to you in all due justice. Some of these lads may not consider themselves as predatory. They may be misjudged, and I am the last chap in the world to let that kind of misjudgment go unrevealed. No one knows any better than I how easy it is to be hung for circumstantial evidence.

For example, look what happened to me—and everyone knows I am no philanderer. That is, everyone but Lili, and with her it is just a matter of Gallic impetuosity. Here I was, dog-tired. Ten o'clock at night after a hard day's work. The downy was a siren-like lure, but I had to restrain the impulse for sleep. I had not yet performed my good deed for the day. So, on the way home, I dropped in at Dave Chasen's, searching for some one to befriend. And whom do I run into? Johnny Meyer. A pal. A sharer of vicissitudes. A lad of whom I have always said, "There is a man one can trust absolutely. A stout fellow."

Now Johnny looked badly. Peaked. He toyed with his drink, which is not at all like Johnny in his brighter moments. He does not toy.

At his insistence I joined the table for a bit of egg and salmon.

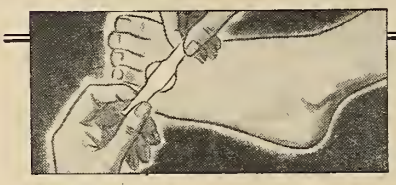
"Johnny," I said solicitously, "you do not look well. Is there anything that an old pal can do to lighten life's burden?"

"Yes," said Johnny morosely. "You could pay the check." Which cheered me. It showed that Johnny had not lost his sense of humor despite his bitter mood. I laughed softly.



Mary Howard, currently appearing with Frank Morgan in "Wild Man From Borneo," takes her yachting formally in a glamour gown and silver fox jacket!

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The lady who was with him absented herself for a moment. I caught Johnny's hound-like eyes surveying me with speculation.

"We're pals, aren't we?" asked Johnny.

"Right. Forever and ever. Through thick and thin. What's up?"

He fell into a moody silence, like the time Bud Ernst and I shoved him into a tub of ice water. Then he said, "Do a pal a favor and drive this dame home for me, huh? I don't feel so good."

Despite myself, I could feel a defensive look creep into my eyes. I took myself firmly in hand. "Where does she live?"

"Just around the corner. Couple of blocks. Honest, I don't feel so hot or I'd do it myself."

I considered the girl. She was no Hedy Lamarr. Still she was a woman in distress, and my bosom pal's request was mild. Just a few blocks out of my way and then home to the downy. "Will you pay the check?" I countered.

In a trice the check was paid, and I sallied forth to the car where Max, my man, somnolently dreamt of the good old days in the Nicaraguan constabulary when a man could call his life his own. I slid under the wheel without waking him.

"Where to?" I asked brightly, with that lift that a man gets while performing that daily deed.

"Turn left and go east on Beverly," she said demurely. The top was down, the radio so softly, and the night air was balmy. Sometime later I turned to my silent passenger to see if she was asleep. She wasn't.

"Around here somewhere?" We were three miles from Chasen's.

"Straight ahead."

I DROVE on faintly troubled. I had a six o'clock call, and it was already midnight. My friends, I drove . . . and drove . . . *and* drove. This designing female lived way the devil the other side of Altadena. About twenty miles from Chasen's. It was one-thirty when I got home after having driven Johnny's girl "just around the block."

Now my point is that those of evil intent could and would accuse me of having tried to wolf my pal's gal Sal. They'd say, "Look, didn't he swipe her right out from under Johnny's nose in the bright light of Chasen's? Didn't he even stick old J.M. with the check? Two hours! Does it take two hours to drive around a corner? You heard Johnny say, 'Just around the corner, old pal,' didn't you? Well, add it up. Add it up!"

And there you have it. Accused of wolfing when all *I* was, was the victim of a scurrilous knave and his idea of a practical joke. It is such injustice which turns a man's soul. Now it may be that some of the lad's whose techniques we have examined here just act that way in over-compensation for an inferiority complex. They may leer and snort at a delicious bit of femininity just to cover their aching hearts and sense of shyness. Yeah, they may.

However, having bared my heart to you in this manner, I am forced in all honesty to reveal that even now all the Hollywood playboys seem to be converging on my door step, and I think they're out for blood.

Therefore, self-preservation dictates immediate closing of this tale. The Sirocco awaits me at her moorings in Santa Monica Bay. If my footwork is properly nimble, I shall elude them all—and be off for an extended cruise. The sharks of the broad Pacific are as nothing against the aroused pack—but don't say I didn't try to tell you!

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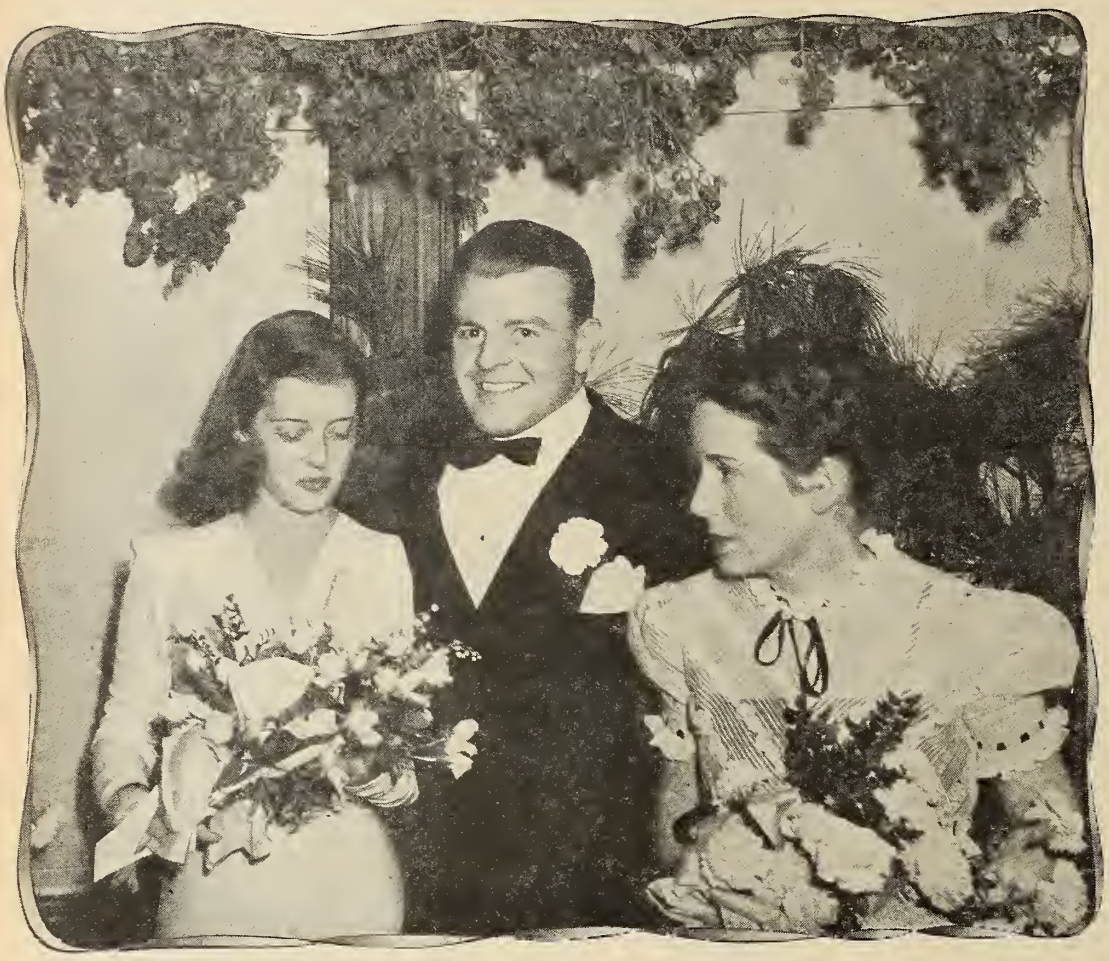


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I, Bette, take thee, Arthur . . .



Davis and her newly acquired hubby No. 2, Arthur Farnsworth. He's 34, 5' 11" tall, with the same coloring as hers. Bridesmaid's her younger sister, Barbara Pelgrim.

When Bette Davis sent Los Angeles newspapermen a wire reading: "ARTHUR FARNSWORTH AND I WERE MARRIED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK TUESDAY EVENING AT THE RANCH OF MR. AND MRS. JUSTIN DART IN ARIZONA," she accomplished two things. First, she informed the press that she had become a New Year's Eve bride. And second, she pinned back the ears of all those wiseacres who think women can't keep secrets.

Not since Hollywood came into being has the marriage of one of its children caught it so flat-footed. No one had ever heard of Farnsworth. No one had noticed the lovelight in Bette's eyes. And because they didn't know what to make of it, Hollywood tossed off the wedding as a spur-of-the-moment elopement and predicted its early failure.

Actually, there was nothing madcap about Bette's marriage. The ceremony, performed in the home of Jane Bryan and Justin Dart, just a year to the day after the Darts' own marriage, was as carefully planned as an RAF raid. Bette's white silk jersey wedding gown and exquisite trousseau had been purchased weeks earlier from a tongue-tied department store salesgirl. The bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley with which she faced the pastor had been carefully carried all the way from Hollywood. The simple gold band that made her Mrs. Farnsworth was in her groom's pocket when he flew from New England to Arizona. And the guest cottage which Mrs. Dart had transformed into a bridal suite had been standing ready and waiting for days.

Despite the secrecy with which she carried off the affair, Bette states there was nothing dramatic about her wedding. That is, nothing except the 500-mile trip to the Dart ranch which she made in her station wagon. She was accompanied only by her radio agent and her dog. "And the only thing that worried me," admitted Bette, "was that my flowers would wilt before I got there!"

Of her groom Bette will say little. It's known that he was a childhood friend; that he's the 34-year-old son of a Vermont dentist; that he was divorced two years ago from Betty Jane Adeylotte, Boston art designer and aviatrix; and that he has a snug spot in the upper brackets of Boston society. He was once the assistant manager of a New Hampshire hotel, but his present career is aviation. He flies his own plane, loves horses and rides magnificently, has a quiet sense of humor and a steadiness that is a balance to Bette's own nervous temperament.

When Bette returned from her recent vacation in the East, there was no understanding between them; but Farnsworth proposed and was accepted by courtesy of Mr. Bell!

If there is no hitch in their present plans, Farnsworth will settle into a California aviation post, his wife will go on to greater celluloid glory, and both will be "at home" in the house Bette bought a year ago.

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Karo PRESENTS Cecile

"The Lass with the Delicate Air!"

Chic, full of airs and graces, *utterly* feminine—that's "Lady" Cecile. Fastidious to a grown-up degree is this daintiest of the Dionne Quintuplets. She loves clothes and would change frocks a dozen times a day if permitted. Cecile's favorite color is blue. She likes contrasting accessories—and insists that gloves, shoes and bag match. She's as fun-loving as her four famous sisters—but mudpie-making is *out!*



World Copyright 1941, King Features Syndicate

"*Cecile*" is the 5th portrait in Karo's series "The Quintuplets as Individuals" painted from life by the famous artist, Willy Pogany. In this series each little girl has been presented in a charmingly characteristic pose . . . a gallery of energetic, abundantly healthy children. DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE says: "Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children".

New



RICH, NOURISHING KARO BLUE LABEL—NOW AVAILABLE IN Glass

New



WORLD-FAMOUS CRYSTAL WHITE RED LABEL—ALSO COMES IN Glass

KARO IS AMERICA'S FAVORITE TABLE SYRUP

and it has been for over two generations! Children—and grown-ups too—enjoy it as a delicious "Spread" for bread. It's delightful as sweetening for fruits, fruit juices, cereals, milk, beverages. And Karo makes a glorious sauce for puddings and desserts. Karo is as good for you and your children as it is enjoyable. It's rich in dextrins, maltose and dextrose—food-energy sugar.

You'll be proud to put Karo in its new, streamlined container right on your table. The syrup looks so attractive! Let your family enjoy Karo's wholesome goodness at every meal—Karo really gives any meal a "flavor-lift".

OF COURSE—KARO SYRUP STILL COMES IN CANS!



KARO BLUE LABEL
America's favorite "spread". Grand as a dessert sauce.

KARO WAFFLE SYRUP
The *new*, delicious, different "hot cake" syrup. It has a tang and flavor all its own.

KARO RED LABEL (CRYSTAL WHITE)
Delightful sweetening for fruit, cereals, milk, beverages.

KARO SYRUP ADDS ZEST TO COOKED FOODS

Flavor-wise cooks keep Karo handy on the kitchen shelf! This full-flavored, rich syrup turns old favorite dishes into tempting, zesty, new treats. Try Karo on baked ham, apples or pears. Use it in cake and pie fillings—in frostings, too.

Karo gives frostings smooth, easy-to-cut consistency and superb flavor.

Try *Bananas Karo* for dessert or as a meat accompaniment: Place 6 peeled bananas in a baking dish . . . Combine 2 tablespoons of lemon juice with ½ cup Karo (Blue Label)—pour over bananas. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 18 minutes, turning bananas three to four times. All grocers sell Karo.

RICH IN DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE—FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

The smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you

EXTRA MILDNESS · EXTRA COOLNESS · EXTRA FLAVOR



and

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself.*

THE slower-burning your cigarette, the greater your smoking pleasure. So remember—it's Camel cigarettes that are *slower-burning.* Slower-burning for more mildness—more flavor—more coolness!

Now Science confirms another advantage of slower-burning Camels. Less nicotine in the smoke! Yes, 28% less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested—less than *any* of them! Light up a Camel. The *smoke's* the thing!

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

"A cigarette is as mild as it smokes—so I prefer Camels. Extra mild and full of flavor, too!"

MRS. BROOKS HOWARD *of Baltimore*

ALTHOUGH prominent in Baltimore social life, Mrs. Brooks Howard finds time to work for many charities . . . head a fashionable dress-shop . . . run "Brookwood," her Maryland farm. Quite a collector, Mrs. Howard specializes in Staffordshire pottery dogs and miniature bottles. "And among my day-to-day pleasures," says Mrs. Howard, "I must mention Camels. Every time I smoke a Camel cigarette, I enjoy it thoroughly. Camel's slower way of burning means 'extras' to me. More flavor, more mildness—more coolness, too—all in one grand cigarette! You can be sure that whenever I entertain, I serve Camels."



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel—the Slower-Burning cigarette



Even if you were born Plain Jane . . .

TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

But truly, how is your smile? Bright and radiant—or dull, dingy? Help make your smile sparkle, make it the real, attractive YOU. Start today with Ipana and massage. Remember, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away.* He may say your gums only need more work—natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the extra stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana and Massage

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to sturdier, more resistant firmness. So be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

APR -5 1941

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

The lion roars "See 'Men of Boystown'!"

★ ★ ★ ★

It will be money properly spent.

★ ★ ★ ★

It will blend the golden laughter and tears of April, as in William Watson's poem.

★ ★ ★ ★

In September, 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—conversationally called M-G-M—decided that the world should know more about Father Flanagan and his famous home for homeless boys of all faiths. Result—"Boystown".

★ ★ ★ ★

It was one of the five most successful pictures ever produced. There were letters from the public. There was a demand for more.



And so with time and care a new great hit was created—a worthy sequel—a successful successor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are Father Flanagan and Whitey Marsh again!

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown"!

★ ★ ★ ★

The original screen play by James K. McGuinness was directed by Norman Taurog, produced by John Considine.

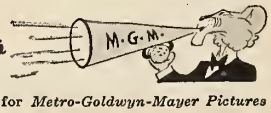
★ ★ ★ ★

Time is the master critic and Time has awarded every medal and trophy to M-G-M, the master of entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sorry. We were told not to blow our own horn.

— Leo



Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

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PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

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IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN BOYS TOWN

SPENCER TRACY · MICKEY ROONEY

IN

"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

with

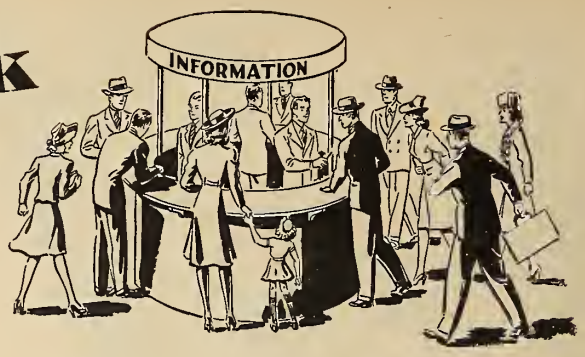
BOBS WATSON · DARRYL HICKMAN · MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN · HENRY O'NEILL · LEE J. COBB

Original Screen Play by
James Kevin McGuinness
Directed by Norman Taurog
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.



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information desk



THE COMPLETE UNABRIDGED ANSWERS TO ALL THOSE TRICKY QUESTIONS OF YOURS!

NOTE: *If you'd like a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.*

Dorothy Shenfeld, Denver, Col. Musically speaking, Lew Ayres strums on the banjo and guitar; Claudette Colbert sings a throbby blues number when she's in the tub; Mickey Rooney beats it out on his trap drums and Fred MacMurray wields a sweet 'n' low sax.

Ruth H., Anaconda, Mont. Robert Paige is at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. . . . Larry Nunn's at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

Lorraine Schnoor, Milwaukee, Wis. You're right, your Dad's wrong—"Waterloo Bridge" takes place during the first World War, all except the very first and very last scenes.

Mildred Byrne, South Boston, Mass. Here's to completing your scrapbook! Jane Wyman's appeared in the following pictures since she's been in Hollywood: "My Man Godfrey," "Cain and Mabel," "Smart Blonde," "Ready, Willing and Able," "The King and the Chorus Girl," "Public Wedding," "The Singing Marine," "Death Flies East," "Fair Warning," "Second Honeymoon," "Under Suspicion," "The Gladiator," "Charlie Chan in Reno," "Gambling on the High Seas," "My Love Came Back," "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" and "Honeymoon for Three." Ronald Reagan's played in "Love Is On the Air," "Submarine D-1," "Sergeant Murphy," "Swing Your Lady," "Accidents Will Happen," "Cowboy from Brooklyn," "Boy Meets Girl," "Girls on Probation," "Going Places," "Dark Victory," "Naughty But Nice," "Hell's Kitchen," "Code of the Secret Service," "Smashing the Money Ring," "Angels Wash Their Faces," "Brother Rat and a Baby," "Secret Service of the Air," "Queer Money," "Murder in the Air," "The Life of Knute Rockne," "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" and "Santa Fe Trail."

Gloria Ozbum, Miami, Fla. Vic Mature's got several "best" girls: Betty Grable, Wendy Barrie, Liz Whitney and Lana Turner. Born in Louisville, Ky., 24 years ago, he left there in an old tin lizzy to try his luck in Hollywood while still a boy. Dead broke when he arrived, he pitched a tent wherein he camped during his term at the Pasadena Playhouse and long after he was playing in the movies. He's an extra-special dancer, somewhat conceited and definitely an unusual character. He's six feet two inches tall, weighs 198 pounds. He's now on Broadway in "Lady in the Dark."

A Hawaiian Fan, Waialua, Hawaii. Your favorite, June Storey, hails from Toronto, Canada, where she was born 23 years ago. She's five feet four inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. While she was just a child the family moved to Connecticut where she was educated. Her parents were determined that she should be a schoolteacher, but her persistent interest in the stage finally won their cooperation, especially after she went so far as to organize a juvenile stock company! June loves sports (hunting, badminton, golf, tennis, swimming) and dancing and traveling. Her hobbies are collecting old coins, playing the piano and finding new ways to cook eggs. She already knows 32 styles! Her pet delight is southern fried chicken and the bane of her existence is parsnips. She's footloose and fancy free and devotes all her interests to her work. Right now she's just completed "The Lone Wolf Takes a Chance" with Warren William at Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. . . . Bonita Granville is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mrs. Mabel, Pulaski, Ill. Johnny Mack Brown was born with that name in Dothan, Ala., on Sept. 1, 1904. He's married to Cornelia Foster and has three kids. . . . George O'Brien (that's his real name) was born in San Francisco, Cal., on April 19, 1900. He's wed to Marguerite Churchill and has one little girl. . . . Gene Autry has no children. . . . Jane Withers, who celebrates her 15th birthday on April 12th, has completed "Her First Beau" at Columbia and is now working on "A Very Young Lady" at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Jennifer, Cleveland, Ohio. Billy Halop was 21 on February 11th. Write to Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., for his picture. . . . Ty Power is 27 years old, five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. You can get his photo at Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills. . . . Roy Rogers is 28, five feet ten and three-fourths inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, sell his likeness for 25c. . . . Bing Crosby will be 36 on May 2nd, is five feet nine inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. You can get his picture at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Ave., Hollywood, Cal. . . . and don't forget to enclose 25c for each of the above photos!

Videly Taylor, Oklahoma City, Okla. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland aren't going to school any more. . . . Nope, Margaret Lindsay isn't married. . . . Ginny Simms is Kay Kysers' vocalist and chief cook and bottle-washer. . . . Billy Halop was born in Brooklyn, but grew up on Long Island. . . . . Yessiree, Jeff Lynn (*Continued on page 92*)

The most beautiful fingernails in the world!



The continuous use of Dura Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!



Be coy, coquette! But let the incandescent beauty of your fingernails blaze out the story of your allure, your exquisite, fastidious charm! Give your fingernails this boon—the flashing loveliness of gem-like lustrous color—give your fingernails the boon of Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, a thrifty dime, yet it is as perfect a polish as can possibly be made! See for yourself—try, buy Dura-Gloss today!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS

It's good for Your Nails **10¢**

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Other polishes put color on your nails, but DURA-GLOSS imparts to them a gleam of brilliance — a LIFE and LUSTER — that you get only from DURA-GLOSS' *new nail polish formula.* Never before have you been able to get such remarkable, jewel-like brilliance in any nail polish. You, too, can have the *most beautiful fingernails in the world.* Don't be satisfied with less—don't delay. Get DURA-GLOSS. Use it. It makes your nails more beautiful!

This, of course, is a movie you will want to see no matter what anyone tells you about it. It is not only better than the stage play it stems from, but it is one of the very finest films ever produced.

It has everything you could possibly ask for: Magnificent acting, solid direction, imaginative writing and entrancing photography. The dirt of the novel and stageplay was cleaned up very simply by dropping it completely, and it isn't missed.

The film turns out to be funny! You will laugh and laugh at the antics of the Tobacco Road folks and their curious way of handling the vicissitudes of life. But you will leave the theatre a little ashamed of yourself for having laughed.

The story? Well, Jeeter is the last of a long line of Lesters. The old South is gone, and people like the Lesters now occupy the broken-down, claptrap mansions—practically squatters on their own land. Then along comes the bank and tells 'em they must get off. All this, incredibly, is in a comedy vein, and it's beautifully done.

Charley Grapewin as Jeeter is astonishingly good. The role seems to have been created for him. Gene Tierney doesn't get much to do as Ellie May. The supporting cast, including Elizabeth Patterson, William Tracy, Ward Bond and Marjorie Rambeau, is brilliant. It's the sincerity of the whole cast that makes "Tobacco Road" a truly great film.

There is a happy ending which is a cheater—but it won't distress you, because it completes the circle from futility to futility. Directed by John Ford. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*



In the screen version of "Tobacco Road," Word Bond appears as Lov Bensey, Charley Grapewin as Jeeter Lester and Gene Tierney as Ellie Moy.

TOBACCO ROAD ★ ★ ★ ½

Movie Reviews

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

This is primarily a picture for pop and mom. It's a remember-when epic, but everyone of you youngsters should have a good time too. Here's a boisterous conglomeration of shrewdly molded entertainment values with all the elements of fun and hokum you can think of.

You may have seen the story once before, some years back as "One Sunday Afternoon," but don't let that keep you away. The two films have nothing in common. This one is a fast frolic all the way and has a tiptop crew of actors. Jimmy Cagney is at his best, Olivia de Havilland has never been better, and Rita Hayworth is an eyeful.

Jimmy is an ambitious young dentist in the very early 1900's with a yen for Rita, "The Strawberry Blonde," a flirtatious wench who has all the boys on the block popping their eyes as she walks by. Jack Carson marries her, and Jimmy marries Olivia de Havilland. He's got the best of the deal, of course. He's such a dope, though, that Carson kicks him around all through the film, and it's not until the finale that he realizes what a very lucky guy he is and what utter no-goods Rita and Jack are.

Carson carries out one of this department's prophecies by proving that he is ready for lead roles. Alan Hale and George Tobias are both funny in supporting roles. The whole picture is swell, but it's the light, frothy spirit of the production that counts above everything else. That is what makes it the kind of movie you will remember and tell your pals about. Directed by Raoul Walsh. *Warner Brothers.* (*Continued on page 12*)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE ★ ★ ★ ½

In "Strowberry Blonde," coquettish Rito Hoyworth of the red hoir upsets the equilibrium of correspondence school dentist Cogney!





BETTE DAVIS

will appear soon in her stunning new triumph

The Great LIE

GEO. BRENT

Her co-star of 'Dark Victory' and 'The Old Maid' in the Warner Bros. drama that magnificently surpasses both!

MARY ASTOR
LUCILE WATSON • HATTIE McDANIEL
Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • From a Novel by Polan Banks • Music by Max Steiner
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Note to all **BETTE DAVIS FAN CLUBS:** My thanks to every one of you for the wonderful things you have written me about 'The Letter'. I appreciate it deeply.
Bette Davis

FOREVER AND A DAY

BY BETTY HARRIS

HERE'S ONE FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE THAT'S AS SOLID AS GIBRALTAR—TY AND ANNABELLA POWER!



Tyrone, who once ushered in a Cincinnati theatre, is giving a young usher protégé of his a part in the remake of Valentino's "Blood and Sand."



Ty says their rambling, friendly house is a haven of peace and quiet, but he's christened it "Power House."

Late one afternoon about two years ago, two tired people drove up to a house in Brentwood. The man was dark, lean and handsome. The girl was small, blonde and lovely. They were engaged to be married. They'd been looking at houses all day and had reached the point, familiar to any home-hunter, of wondering whether they shouldn't rig up a tent.

Driving through the gate, they eyed without enthusiasm the white brick and stucco building. The slender columns flanking the doorway were nice, but the oval flowerbed facing it looked like an orphan.

"I never did like gray roofs and shutters," said Tyrone.

"I don't like flowerbeds," Annabella said, "unless with flowers in them."

"Come on, let's go—"

"All right—"

The caretaker barred their way. "May I show you the house?"

They hesitated, exchanged glances. "Well—since we're here—"

She showed them over the lower floor, then led them upstairs and into a bedroom that opened on a balcony. They stepped out. The sun was setting—rose-washed clouds against the far blue curve of the sky. Below them a garden—green velvet carpet bordered by viburnum hedges—to the right, a miniature woodland sloping toward the road—flowerbeds cascading with color to the left—an orange tree splashing its gold and emerald against a white wall—the turquoise glint of a pool—a faraway line of poplars stretching on tiptoe to the horizon, and beyond them a square white tower soaring above the foliage and looking as if it had been filched from a castle and etched on the sky for purely decorative purposes. All within a few yards of Sunset Boulevard, yet all so tranquil and cloistered that, as Annabella says, "you don't know if you are in Hollywood or France or the place where the sleeping beauty waited for her prince."

They looked at each other. Her eyes said, this is the place. His eyes answered yes. Gray roofs could be painted. Naked flowerbeds could be filled. But a garden like this happened once in a lifetime, and what fool would turn it down!

"We wanted to laugh and smile," says Annabella, "but we didn't dare, because of the woman. We wanted to say right away, we'll take it, but it wouldn't be good business. So we squeezed our arms and said 'sh!' and told her we'd let her know next day. But in the car we shivered that someone might come in the night to take it first. I can tell you we were there very early next morning to sign for that garden."

It's pleasant to see Tyrone and his wife together. You don't have to hold hands and coo "darling" to make it apparent that you're in love. As a matter of fact, it's more persuasive when you don't. There's something palpable about such a relationship—a fragrance, if you like, as refreshing and inescapable as any other. A word, a smile is enough to bring you the smell of a happy marriage and a happy house. The house with the garden has that fragrance.

You've seen the piquant beauty of Annabella's face in the movies. Add to that grace of manner, warmth of heart and an unforced gayety that sparkles through her talk like light through water, and you'll begin to understand why Tyrone (*Continued on page 65*)

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I WAS LONELY



WHY didn't romance come to me in the Springtime as it did to other girls? I asked myself that question one soft and starry night in spring as I sat listening to romantic music on the radio. Then I heard the announcer say, "Dandruff can stand between you and love. That's why you should use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff instantly—a guarantee backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms." He went on to say that Fitch Shampoo lathers richly and rinses out completely in hard or soft water. Penetrates and cleanses tiny hair openings on the scalp. A real reconditioning treatment that leaves hair shining, manageable and completely free of dandruff.

There was my answer! The snapshot on the left shows how good an answer it was. Springtime should bring romance to you, too. Try Fitch Shampoo today!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Men

After and between Fitch Shampoos, use Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. It stimulates the scalp, and keeps the hair neat and good looking!

LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON

Presenting your favorite orchestras every Sunday, 7:30 p.m. E.S.T., over N.B.C. Red Network



Fitch's
TRADE MARK

Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO



MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

★★★½ I Wanted Wings

If this movie does nothing else, it marks a new peak in aviation photography. There is some of the most magnificent flying here that you have ever seen or imagined in your whole life. It's real thrill stuff.

The story, which isn't quite worthy of the better-than-average actors, has to do with a group of guys who join Uncle Sam's flying forces. It tells about their various problems in the battle to earn wings—those miniature insignias of aerial superiority. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden are a trio of youths who join up as the picture starts. Brian Donlevy is the tough teacher they draw—with the proverbial heart of gold. Constance Moore and Veronica Lake are the two gals who figure most prominently in the plot complications. Which, as you must admit, is a potent combination of acting talent.

Milland is rich, spoiled; Holden is poor, nervous; Morris is more or less the fall-guy—anything anybody says is okay with him. All three boys handle themselves expertly, with Morris a distinct surprise. Connie Moore, as a photographer who falls for Milland, shows great possibilities. Veronica Lake is the heavy, a tough gal with a lot of flash but not much sense of decency; she messes up practically everybody in the picture before the magnificently exciting finale.

You've heard a lot about Veronica, of course, and probably want to know a good deal more. Well, she's a luscious dish with a terrific chassis and lots of ability. She should attract a great deal of attention.

The story gets terribly melodramatic and hokum-y in spots, which seems a shame. But perhaps it doesn't matter. Because what will remain with you—and for a long time, probably—is the really breath-taking thrill and action stuff, of which there is a super-abundance. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Nice Girl?

"Nice Girl?" may not be Deanna Durbin's best picture, but it's real fun, real entertainment and a pleasure to sit through. Deanna is a typical American girl again, a lovely daughter in a lovely American family, and with typical average American family problems to worry her.

Deanna is in love with Robert Stack, who is in love with her. But there is no romance about this, because both of them have grown up together and take each other for granted. Then along comes a really romantic gent, Franchot Tone, for whom Deanna immediately falls. He plays along, very sweetly, in an attempt not to hurt her, and that makes for complications, of course.

Besides Deanna, there is an extra strong cast in this film. Robert Benchley is astonishingly good as Deanna's understanding and kindly father. Franchot Tone is the one who doesn't quite convince, but probably it's a matter of writing; he seems to have tongue in cheek just a bit too much of the time. Bobby Stack, of course, is perfect as Deanna's boy friend; Helen Broderick and Walter Brennan get a lot of fun in support bits, and there is a surprise in little Ann Gillis as Deanna's younger sister. Watch this kid. If she isn't a star very soon, there's something decidedly wrong somewhere. She's absolutely terrific.

The music is not up to par in this picture. There are five songs, four of them brand new but not especially exciting; the fifth is the nearest to being a classic, Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home." Directed by William Seiter.—*Universal.*

★★★ Back Street

Here is an adult movie that will linger long in your memory. It's primarily what is called a woman's picture, full of tears and heartbreak—but it also has the artistry of Margaret Sullavan and



Bonita Granville and her cute mother—who loves costume jewelry and wears an ankle bracelet—have succumbed to Hollywood's newest epidemic, "Gin Rummy."

Charles Boyer in the leading roles; brilliant direction by Robert Stevenson and an exceptionally intelligent script.

By present-day standards, Fannie Hurst's story may seem a bit dated. That is why the writers very carefully laid the plot a couple of decades ago and ended it in 1928. Something happened in 1929 that changed America, something more than a Wall Street collapse; it was an entire era that went. The writers felt this. So look at this yarn, today, as a costume piece, if you would understand it and believe it.

The story is a simple one of a man and woman in love, but who cannot marry because of a series of circumstances over which they have no control. Boyer is in love with Sullavan but marries another woman. Because her love for him is single-tracked and real, she becomes his mistress, living the rest of her life in the shadow of his rising importance in the business and social world.

It is not a pretty story, nor a very logical one, today. The screen play tries hard to soften Boyer's role and give him some decencies, but he remains a selfish gent throughout, and a bit of a heel. Boyer manages to infuse the part with a certain amount of sincerity, but it is by no means his most successful performance. Miss Sullavan, on the other hand, is at her very best, charming, lovable, believable, making her interpretation of Ray Smith extremely sympathetic. Which, of course, means fluttering of handkerchiefs in the audience—and sure box-office.

One distinctly negative note is Boyer's over-long and over-agonized death scene; it is far too clinically realistic. The superb acting of Miss Sullavan on the other end of the telephone would have been sufficient.

Remember the director's name—Robert Stevenson—and get set for some really important work from him in the future. —*Universal.*

★★★ Adam Had Four Sons

Here is Ingrid Bergman again, and it's about time. Miss Bergman made an (*Continued on page 16*)



Lana Turner's the lucky gal who nabbed the coveted leading role of showgirl Sheila Regan in "Ziegfeld Girl."

Even a Mask can't disguise the Girl who needs Mum!



Guard underarms against telltale odor. Use Mum every day—before every date!

JUNE isn't fooling *anyone!* Behind that mask there are tears—under the masquerade there is heartache! June wants the admiration other girls rate—a rush from the stag line, popularity and a man to call her own! But underarm odor is no help to popularity.

The sad part of it is a girl can offend and never even suspect she's at fault. She trusts her bath alone, but a bath can fail her. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—smart girls depend on Mum to prevent risk of odor to come. Just one quick dab of Mum under each arm—takes only 30 seconds—and your bath freshness lasts all day or all evening long.

Every single day—and before every date—play safe with easy, sure Mum.

QUICK! A dab under each arm—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds—can be used even *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—get Mum today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

MUM SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR YOU!



For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

CHEERS FOR MISS SCOTT AND HER . . .

SAVING SUGGESTIONS

BY MARJORIE DEEN



The school teacher in "Cheers for Miss Bishop" is charmingly portrayed by Martha Scott.

Get out your notebooks and pencils, girls, for Martha Scott—fresh from new triumphs gained through her fine portrayal of that lovable schoolmistress, Miss Bishop—has consented to take over our cooking class for a Lesson on Left-overs.

Back in the days when Miss Bishop started teaching they knew more about this important subject than we seem to; but then the habit of thrift was learned at an early age, to be observed instinctively forever after. However, "Waste not, want not!" is still a good by-word, so Martha suggests that we start a collection of what she calls "Saving Suggestions." (She refuses to give the uninspiring name of "left-overs" to combinations of foods which, when handled with imagination, can be works of art!)

Such a collection should include recipes for mealtime "Feature Attractions" as well as shorter, but no less helpful, ideas—all carefully classified. Start your collection by noting the suggestions given here. Then continue gathering material from every possible source so that where left-overs are concerned you can claim to be a star pupil—ready to add and subtract ingredients with the best of them to get the right answer to vexatious dinner problems, quickly.

SHORT SUBJECTS

Use left-over fruit juices for sauces. Or, substitute juices for equal amounts of water for desserts made with flavored gelatin, adding lemon juice also, as required. Or, "set" juice with unflavored gelatin in the correct proportions, and when firm cut into cubes and use to "extend" fruit cups and salads.

Pour about a teaspoon of juice left from maraschino cherries over grapefruit to add color, flavor and sweetness.

After meals, place left-overs that might otherwise be thrown away—such as a spoonful of vegetables, an olive or a stalk of celery, a half cup of broth, a little diced meat, a single new potato—in the refrigerator in a bowl with a tight-fitting cover. After a day or so make this collection into a molded salad in this manner: Strain and add to liquid enough tomato juice, bouillon or vegetable water to make 1½ cups. Heat, dissolve in it 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin, softened in ¼ cup cold water. Season well and when it begins to get firm fold in strained left-overs. Chill.

Never waste even a crust of bread! Dry it out in slow oven, roll into crumbs, store in covered jar for use in preparing breaded meats, croquettes, scalloped dishes, etc. Other uses for day-old bread appear under "Feature Attractions."

Day-after meats and fowl appear to fine advantage when made into pies. Use a biscuit topping; or left-over pie dough rolled out and baked on top of pie.

Use left-over yolks to make a smooth custard sauce. Pour this, while still hot, over cubes of stale cake or store sponge cake. Top with small "dabs" of jam or jelly—the spoonful or two so often left in the bottom of the jelly jar. If you have an egg white on hand add that in the form of a meringue topping cooked in fluffy mounds. Stale cake also can be steamed and served with a sauce; or try it instead of bread or macaroon crumbs in desserts where they are called for.



HASH IN TOAST SCALLOPS

A novel presentotion, such as this, ossures a more enthusiastic reception for any dish.



GRAPEFRUIT RITZ

Grapefruit goes "high hat" when it dons o topper of meringue and steps out in style.



OLD-FASHIONED BREAD PUDDING

As nourishing ond thrifty as it is Americon is this fine dessert. Serve with a rich souce.

FEATURE ATTRACTIONS

HASH IN TOAST SCALLOPS

(For left-over meat, potatoes, bread)

Prepare and cook hash in usual fashion in hot well-greased skillet. Good proportions for hash are a cup of diced cooked meat to a cup of diced boiled potato. This should be seasoned to taste . . . with salt and pepper, a few drops of Worcestershire or other bottled sauce, minced parsley, a pinch of mixed herbs, a bit of garlic, a little mustard and, by all means, some finely minced onion in any amount you favor.

TOAST SCALLOPS: For each Scallop allow 2 slices of stale bread. Cut these into rounds—one round to a slice—with a cookie cutter that has a scalloped edge (see illustration) or with a plain round cutter. Remove center from one of these two rounds and place the resulting ring on top of the uncut round. Brush well with egg beaten with ¼ cup milk. Brown slightly in hot oven. Pile hash high in center, serve immediately.

GRAPEFRUIT RITZ

(For left-over egg whites)

2 grapefruit, halved
granulated sugar, to sweeten
4 egg whites
6 tablespoons powdered sugar
1½ teaspoons grapefruit juice
1 cup pineapple gems

Select quite large, smooth-skinned Florida grapefruit. Cut each in half, core carefully—removing considerably more of the center than usual. Remove all seeds and with a thin sharp knife cut around sections to loosen them from dividing membranes. Sprinkle generously with sugar; chill thoroughly. When ready to serve make the meringue. Place grapefruit halves on board covered with white paper; fill centers with pineapple gems. Top with meringue, heaped on lightly so as to cover entire top. Brown quickly in hot oven (450°F.) Slip from paper, serve immediately.

MERINGUE: Beat egg whites until stiff, add 4 tablespoons of the powdered sugar; beat until mixture will stand up in peaks. Fold in grapefruit juice and remaining sugar.

This same meringue may be used on top of custards and other puddings (such as the Bread Pudding given here), on baked apples, on cream pies, fruit pies and tarts of all kind. However, for such uses the meringue is baked a longer time (about 10 minutes) in a slow oven (325° F.) and is cooled before serving.

OLD FASHIONED BREAD PUDDING

(For left-over bread, egg yolks)

2 cups scalded milk
2 cups bread cubes (stale, but not dry)
3 yolks, slightly beaten*
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Soak the bread, crusts and all, in the scalded milk for 10 minutes. Mix and add remaining ingredients. Turn into well-buttered individual molds or custard cups. Set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes or until a knife comes out clean when inserted in center of pudding. Serve hot or cold with fruit sauce.

VARIATION: Add ½ cup chopped seedless raisins, or chopped nuts, or chopped dates, to bread mixture. Or: Substitute 1 cup orange juice for 1 cup of the milk, adding this to the egg mixture. Or: Cut 2 squares semi-sweet chocolate into small pieces and add to cooled milk mixture.

**In making the above pudding 2 whole eggs may be used instead of 3 yolks when there are no left-over yolks to dispose of. Or the 3 yolks can be used in the pudding and 1 or 2 egg whites used to make a meringue.*



Lady about to change _her Laundry Soap...

Overworked, roughened hands can cause as much annoyance as *anything you can think of . . .*

—And it's no secret that this condition is aggravated by a half-way laundry soap.

It's a sensible idea to change to Fels-Naptha Soap *for the sake of your hands!* Fels-Naptha provides *two* diligent cleaners to do the hard part of washing. Gentle, active naptha loosens the stubbornest grime. Richer, *golden* soap fairly floats dirt away.

Try a tub-full of fragrant, foamy, Fels-Naptha suds next wash day. You can forget most of the rubbing that ruins clothes and roughens your hands. And when you use the husky *golden* chips, you are never bothered with 'washday sneeze'.

Golden bar or Golden chips_ **Fels-Naptha** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



"I wanted to hide BUT I FELT LIKE THIS!"



You can't HIDE underarm stain but *you CAN PREVENT IT!*



25¢

Modern society expects a woman to be personally dainty through long hours of strain and excitement — expects her loveliness to last from one engagement to another. Difficult, indeed, without Kleinert's never failing dress shields!

Many women have discovered the clever new ways to wear them . . . attached to a dainty little bra perhaps, or pinned in the seams of dresses and sweaters. Kleinert's makes shields in all shapes and sizes, in colors of course, and even on tiny straps that slip in place in no time at all!

Important to remember — never wear a dress even once without shields, important to remember, too, insist on "Kleinert's" for quality that's guaranteed.

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

You, too, will find it PAYS to buy



Kleinert's
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DRESS SHIELDS

(*Continued from page 13*)

auspicious American début in "Intermezzo," almost two years ago, was hailed by everyone—and hasn't worked since. Which does not make sense. And here she is again, outstanding, strong, competent and practically holding up this entire movie on her own slim, little shoulders.

"Adam" was once entitled "Legacy," which is a better title. It is one of those long-winded but fairly interesting histories of a family. As film fare, it attempts to span too long a period, thereby becoming episodic and slow. Nevertheless, it will touch on familiar points in the lives of almost any parent in the audience, and should appeal to quite a large percentage of filmgoers.

Warner Baxter is Adam, a well-to-do American at the very beginning of the twentieth century. He is married to Fay Wray and they have four sons, with Ingrid Bergman as the governess. Time marches on, Fay dies and the fortune fades. The children grow up, and young David (Johnny Downs) marries Susan Hayward, a pretty minx who proceeds to disrupt the lives of all of them. It is, of course, primarily the story of one rotten apple in a barrel of good ones. But it is more than that. It is a saga of an average American family.

Besides Miss Bergman, who is heroic in her part, Warner Baxter is perfectly cast as a stuffy businessman, and Fay Wray is a pleasant surprise as his wife; she should get a lot more work than she's been getting, too. Susan Hayward doesn't quite manage the tough role she was assigned to. In support roles, Johnny Downs, Helen Westley and June Lockhart are best. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—*Columbia.*

★★★ Andy Hardy's Private Secretary

Well, Andy's grown up. It had to happen, of course—and thank goodness it happened entertainingly. This newest of the Hardy series is, in some ways, the best of the lot. It hasn't the simple charm and youthful abandon of some of the earlier pictures, also it's about ten minutes too long—but it is still solid entertainment and good fun. Added to which is the fact that this particular picture introduces two new actors you may expect to hear a good deal about—Todd Karns and pretty little Kathryn Grayson.

Young Karns is Roscoe's boy and an actor of real merit; there should be a lot of work for him. He has personality and individuality. The Grayson lass has a voice and looks; she reminds one a bit of Deanna Durbin in her formative years. With proper handling she can develop into important player status.

Mickey Rooney finds himself with an overdose of his usual muddles in this picture, as he is about to graduate from high school. The business of graduating is a big job and he hires a private secretary to help him. Now he has something else to worry about. He begins trying to straighten out her life, to say nothing of her brother's and father's. He flunks his English exam. Things look blackest, of course, just before he manages to graduate and all is well.

Mickey is his usual boisterous self and the rest of the regular Hardy family cast are swell. Ian Hunter, too, is excellent in a support role. Directed by George B. Seitz.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★½ The Hard Boiled Canary

Susannah Foster is a pretty young girl with a lovely voice, and if she were put into pleasant little pictures and told to sing pleasant little songs you'd think she was very good. But, no. She has to keep trying to reach high C and the audience isn't impressed—it's bored.

That is a pretty harsh way to open a review of this movie, because the picture has a good deal of merit—but it really seems necessary to make the point. The career and life of Susannah and other little girls like her, with talent, ability and possibilities, are at stake. They're good, Mr. Producer; give them a chance to be themselves. But don't ask them to be junior Mme. Melbas.

(*Continued on page 63*)



It's a three-cornered love affair for Tony Martin, Hedy Lamarr and Philip Dorn in M-G-M's dazzling "Ziegfeld Girl"—but this one has a happy ending!

LORETTA YOUNG

Universal's exciting costume film, "The Lady from Cheyenne," is her first Western



RAY JONES



RONALD REAGAN

His next is a romantic comedy, Warner's "Miss Wheelwright Discovers America"



JUDY GARLAND

She's adorable as the dancer who becomes a star in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Girl"

IDA LUPINO Warner's psychological drama, "The Sea Wolf," involves Ida in a sea-going romance




LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING
their way into your heart!
William A. Wellman, Producer of "Beau Geste," brings you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!
Paramount Presents
JOEL McCREA
ELLEN DREW
"REACHING FOR THE SUN"
with
Eddie Bracken • Albert Dekker • Billy Gilbert
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. River

MY dates WITH MICKEY

THE NATION'S MOST LOVABLE ADOLESCENT THROUGH THE EYES OF HIS BEST GIRL!



Mickey and Linda on a rare "big night." He asked for this date in advance—but usually doesn't. Loves Linda in feminine clothes and very little make-up. Sits out all dances but fox trots.



Mickey (with ex-crush Judy Garland) is mad about music. He's written a symphony and lots of what he calls "jive junk."



The versatile Mick beats a Krupa-ish drum, plays "pro" tennis and shoots just under par golf. Calls himself "The Muscle Man."



Every kid in Hollywood's a Rooney fan. He's wonderful to them—signs autographs galore and does impromptu imitations.

BY LINDA DARNELL *as told to Gladys Hall*

I didn't want to have a date with Mickey.

This is how it happened: We are both with the William Morris agency in Hollywood. One day Mr. Freeman of that agency invited me to go to the Follies with himself and his wife. Then he added:

"By the way, Mickey Rooney is dying to meet you. I thought we might ask him to join us tonight. How about it?"

I thought of all the things I'd heard about him . . . fresh, conceited, smug. "Well," I said, "if you say it's all right, I know it will be."

After that first date with Mickey, I decided that either everyone else was wrong or he was putting on an act!

But now we have been going together for five months, and I know he can't be putting on an act. He never does except for business. Even if he wanted to he couldn't because, believe it or not, he's too shy!

But that first night it was arranged that Mickey should pick me up at my house and drive me to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman's. From there, we'd go on to the Follies.

I thought, I suppose he'll be late. No doubt that's his idea of being important.

Mick was *twenty minutes early.* He came driving up in that specially built Zephyr of his, with a squeak of brakes against the curb. Mickey as a curb-squeaker has no equal!

That was my first experience with Mickey's punctuality. He is never late for a date; on the contrary, he is apt to be fifteen to thirty minutes early! At first I explained this by the fact that Mickey was a vaudevillian, trained to be quick on his cues and entrances. Now I know it's just that Mick would never keep a lady waiting.

People don't understand him, they really don't. They don't know the serious side of him. You'd be surprised at the thinking that boy does. You'd be surprised how sensitive he is, how easily he can be hurt.

Well, the night of our first date, we had just moved into our new house on Sunset Boulevard. It was a mess. Chairs were standing on tables, rugs were all rolled up, and my pets were wandering about the place as if it were a barnyard. I wasn't dressed when he arrived, so Mother greeted him and was terribly embarrassed. Mick said, "Look, I've moved, too, you know." Then nothing would do but he must see the rest of the house. He was interested in every detail. Mother fell head over heels in love with him.

When Mick and I shook hands after I came down, he said, "Gee, you look awful pretty!" I was wearing my beige suit with black accessories.

That's another surprising thing about Mick. He's kind of old-fashioned. I mean, you'd expect him to say, "Hmm, snappy little dish!" or something like that. Not, "Gee, you look awful pretty," and he was kind of bashful, too, when he said it. He is really very shy. At least, he is with me. He blushes like a sunset, too. Why, he is (*Continued on page 76*)

. . . A SMATTERING OF

Back in N. Y. after making "Kiss The Boys Goodbye," Oscar's about to kiss the girls hello. They're wife June Gale and daughter Marcia.



Says he's just "a musical Dead End Kid" though he's composed a Nocturne and a magnificent Dirge in memory of George Gershwin.



BY IRVING WALLACE

LEVANT

His best friends and amateur publicists are Harpo Marx and Mary Martin. Adores Mary. Can't bring himself to insult her—even slightly.



At 15, he played the piano for girls' ballet classes at $1 an hour. Now earns about three hundred times that, but is always broke.



A FEW NEW NOTES—NOT STRICTLY MUSICAL—ON OSCAR, THE ECCENTRIC GENIUS!

In Hollywood, a land dedicated, during the last three or four years, to the antics of a juvenile with curls named Shirley, to an animated mouse named Mickey and to a crooning cowboy named Gene—it's not at all startling to find a guy named Oscar, the season's current dramatic sensation!

Oscar Levant is a very strange character, indeed.

Ask him who he thinks is the cleverest person in the world. He answers, "Oscar Levant, and to hell with the rest of them!" Ask him how he broke into Movieland. He replies, "I told them I couldn't act. But I guess my modesty beguiled them!" Ask him if he thinks he'll be back. He sighs, "Unfortunately, yes." Ask him to describe himself. He pinches his face and cracks, "My face? An epic in bloat!"

This is the same fellow who, with only three minor appearances on the cinema screen, has made himself as much a household favorite as termites.

He made his movie début 12 years ago. He had been enacting the piano player in "Burlesque," which ran two years on Broadway. It came to Hollywood, lock, stock and Levant. Hollywood, having paid Havelock Ellis $10,000 for the title of his philosophic essays, now renamed the play, "The Dance of Life," put Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Carroll in it, and introduced Levant to the masses in the role of an inanimate but musical prop.

Last year he played in his second picture, "Rhythm on the River," which also included someone named Bing Crosby. Levant didn't want to be over-publicized, afraid that the critics would then jump on his neck. As a consequence, he refused to see interviewers and the press—and was called a snob by Hollywood. Actually, he was just plain scared stiff.

Today, Pittsburgh-born, Times Square-bred Oscar Levant, who will be 35 years old two days after next Christmas, is participating in his third flicker. He is playing a press agent in Clare Booth's "Kiss The Boys Goodbye."

The minute he arrived from Manhattan for this picture, Oscar Levant, wearing the same sloppy coat he once borrowed from the fabulous gambler, Nick the Greek, and never gave back, hurried to the Paramount set. He didn't (*Continued on page 84*)

OBJECT—Gayety?



Cary and Roz night-spotted often in the pre-Barbara Hutton era, and Mr. G's responsible for the Russell-Brisson twosome. They met at his party last summer.

WHO IS THIS FELLOW THAT'S MONOPOLIZING

They met at a party about a year ago—Freddie and Roz—and they've dated steadily, but not exclusively, since. Roz goes out with Barton Lee and with John McClain, the writer, but not as often as with Brisson. He dates other girls, but he dates Roz more. They dance at Ciro's, they dine at Chasen's, their favorite night spot of the moment is the Mocambo—probably because it's the newest.

He spends with generosity but not with folly, tips liberally and finds life brimming with zest. So does she. They both have wit and sparkle. It was these qualities which drew them together, say their friends. They stimulate each other. Phone conversations between them feature a succession of roars from Brisson and answering shrieks of delight from Roz. They also share quieter interests. Ardent lovers of music, they attend concerts and the ballet together. They're both sophisticates. She was



They dance till dawn, as neither requires more than five hours' sleep. Wind up their evenings at a hamburger stand where vegetarian Roz watches Fred stow 'em away.



John McClain, the writer, is Roz's second best beau. He takes her to Santa Anita, reads all the stuff she writes and *likes* it, and doesn't mind if she breaks dates.



He calls her Roz, she calls him Freddie. Both loathe terms of endearment. He likes tailored clothes—preferably black or white. Hates women who don't wear hats.

OUR ROZ, AND JUST WHAT ARE HIS INTENTIONS?

brought up in New England, he in Europe, but they have in common a background of breeding which gives them the kind of assurance that requires no pose.

Roz says they don't contemplate matrimony. They go together because they have fun together. Either out of conviction or loyalty, their friends say the same.

Fred is the son of Carl Brisson, Danish actor and singer, who had a short-lived Hollywood career some five years ago. It's about eighteen months since the younger Brisson came over from England. A talent agent in London, he joined the Frank Vincent agency here, one of the top outfits in the entertainment industry.

He handles both radio and movie players—among the latter, Nigel Bruce, James Stephenson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Lloyd Nolan. It was his acumen and persistence that uncovered Stephenson's (*Continued on page 71*)



Roz and Freddie often double-date with his young and attractive parents, Cleo and Carl, who're back in Hollywood after a narrow escape in a London air raid!

BY IDA ZEITLIN



It's a bull's-eye if she's aiming for fun!

MADE FOR EACH OTHER...

You've heard of "casting to type." A producer picks up a script, sees a gangster character on page nine, and dictates a memo reading "Get Humphrey Bogart." If there's a luscious-looking Lorelei in the story, he'll look up Rita Hayworth's agent. And if he needs a typically American girl and boy of teen age, he'll do his darndest to get Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper. Because not only do "Bunny" and Jack look the part—they *are* the part.

The Cooper-Granville steady friendship is a beautiful balance of common sense, fun and mutual interests. Both kids are sportsminded. They swim, bowl and ice-skate—often in that order and on the same day. They spend hours dancing at the Palladium when their favorite orchestra, Tommy Dorsey's, is there. And they like long afternoon drives with the car-top down and the wind whizzing in their ears. He calls her "Bun." She calls him "Jackie" except when she's mad. Then she sternly switches to "Jack." If he's unavoidably late to dinner at her house (he makes a point of always being prompt), he brings her a "forgive me" present. Last time it was a Schiaparelli perfume merry-go-round with a music box concealed in its innards.

Jackie loves to ride horseback, so Bonita resolutely learned to canter and trot. For a less strenuous pastime, they have dinner at the Hillcrest Country Club with a bunch of pals, usually the Forrest Tuckers, Ann Rutherford, Rand Brooks, Helen Parrish and Charles Lang. Then they play gin rummy, with the boys at one table, the girls at another. "Coop" also loves to organize jam sessions in his unsoundproof playroom. However, he's been too busy working lately to get the gang together. The neighbors are complaining about the silence!

Mister Cooper likes to take Bonita to Ciro's and the Cocoanut Grove at least once a week, if possible. That runs into big money, so he has to do a lot of maneuvering to make his $25-a-week allowance stretch over the dress-up dates as well as car expense, presents and "the necessaries." For example, Bonita's birthday caught Jackie financially embarrassed. By snappy salesmanship via his bedside phone (which he had installed after years of pleading) he managed to sell two bicycles he'd received as presents. He only got half as much as they were worth, but he did make enough on the deal to get his girl a bracelet to match the pin, clip and earrings he'd given her for Christmas.

The two eighteen-year-olds love to eat, and every date is climaxed with a stop at a drive-in for steak sandwiches—plus one order of fried onions for two. Jackie's mother once said, "If the girl Jackie marries will feed him well, she won't have a thing to worry about." Bonita doesn't know how to cook . . . yet.



Bonita and Chi Chi listen to Franck's Symphonic Variations—part of "Bun's" huge collection. They also love swing.



She knitted those angora sleeves herself! Received the cedar chest as a gift after posing with it for an ad.



Adores tailored clothes, crazy hats and odd jewelry. Her lovers' knot ring, bracelet and earrings are from Jackie.



Jackie has thirty pairs of shoes and hundreds of ties. He collects loud sports jackets and pays $40 for each.



The rifle's a gift from uncle Norman Taurog. Picture of Bonita's inscribed: "Jackie, it has been wonderful. My love."



He usually smokes one of his 25 pipes while reading. Loves history and Will James' stories. Reads book-of-the-month.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE CUTEST ROMANCE IN TOWN!

Jackie and Bonita date each other exclusively. They hate people who call their 17-month-old romance "puppy love."



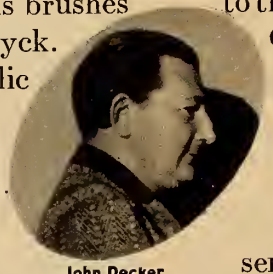


She collects pertume. "Sleeping" (a gift from Jackie's mom) and "Shocking" are her favorites.

Comedy on Canvas . . .

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Shoving art down the throats of Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen is no cinch job. To the citizens, whether they live in Waukegan, Podunk, or even Hollywood, paintings have always been something remote and unattainable—something they might "look at but not touch." And most of the time, they've chosen not even to look. • John Decker is changing all that, for he's learned the secret of making great art palatable. He knows that ordinary folk enjoy anything that gives them a belly laugh, so he offers them comedy on canvas! • A generation ago, Decker was typical of the painters of the time. He worked hard, he prayed hard—and he didn't make any money. Then he turned to caricaturing. For a newspaperman's microscopic salary, he poked pen-and-ink fun at the famous names of the screen and theatre. Slowly his reputation grew. But not his income. Decker came to Hollywood. • Today, in a beautiful Beverly Hills home, he practices his profession by painting Hollywood stars as the old masters might have painted them. He touches his brushes to the canvas and Mickey Rooney emerges in the style of Van Dyck. Clark Gable's he-man face becomes Gainsborough's angelic "Blue Boy." Carole Lombard is a masterpiece by Holbein, and so on. Hollywood roars—but Hollywood pays. • Since introducing his technique by painting Ben Turpin in 1919, Decker has whipped out several hundred of these take-offs. Generally, people recognize that it's all a tongue - in - the - cheek idea, but sometimes, subjects take the paintings seriously. There was the prominent young producer, for example, who on hearing Rembrandt was really dead, murmured: "Too bad, too bad." Then, more cheerfully: "Well, let's get Decker. He's just as good!" It was this same young producer, by the way, who when his portrait was completed (Decker did him as Henry VIII), called Decker so many times to find out "who you did me like," that Decker finally had to have his phone number changed! • Decker also likes to tell about the time he painted Charlie McCarthy as Franz Hals' "Laughing Cavalier." He carried the finished product up to Edgar Bergen's office and showed it to Bergen's secretary. "What do you think of it?" he wanted to know. "It's nice, I guess," came the reply, "But you know—Charlie never wears that kind of costume!" Then there was the no-longer-young wife of a well-known movie star. Unfortunately, Decker painted her as he saw her, and not as she saw herself. The woman was furious. When her cook inadvertently raved about the likeness, she was fired on the spot. When a director friend of the star called it a great work of art, he was turned out of the house. And when the star agreed with the director, his wife almost left him. At last, in desperation,



John Decker

(*Continued on page* 69)



Decker, who has been painting since he was 12, did Gable as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Ty Power owns it.



A liquor manufacturer wants this one of Fields. Would use it on his labels — sloganned "Fit For a Queen."



Decker painted Charlie McCarthy (as Hals' "The Laughing Cavalier") for fun, but works mostly on assignment.

HOLLYWOOD'S IRREPRESSIBLE JOHN DECKER ADDS A MODERN TOUCH TO THE OLD MASTERS' TECHNIQUE AND—BOY—DOES HE MAKE IT PAY!

He rarely does movie kids, for they never come out as their mothers want them to. Mickey's mom loved this.



Garbo done in the Raphael manner. Her classic features made it easy to get the flavor of the old masters.



Most stars like to be flattered, but not Fannie Brice! She paid $1,000 for this take-off on Lawrence's "Pinky."



ALL-AMERICAN HEART

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERMAN—EXPLAINING WHY

BY JOHN FRANCHEY



And now it's Tony Martin who is stepping up the national feminine pulse, kindling the eye and firing the imagination (also feminine). On the air the Martin manner has always been contagious. On the screen there is every indication that it will be fairly fatal, bolstered by the Martin good looks and personal graces.

You would suppose that a gentleman like this would be bogged down in love seven Fridays a week, as the Russians say. But—

"I've got no time for romance," is what Mr. Martin told us when we saw him on the set of "Ziegfeld Girl," not so long ago. "I don't want to seem ungallant—or ungrateful—but right now my problem is how to get by on twenty-four hours a day."

We blinked.

"Romance is a luxury that I can't afford for a while," he went on. "True romance is a full-time job. Not bad employment at that, I used to think. But that was before Martin the gadabout became Martin the greyhound."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"Please don't get me wrong. I get my quota of fun. I'm not exactly a stranger to the local hot spots—and I don't stag it either. But I do my romping as a sideline. And strictly for laughs—not love."

Mr. Martin, we discovered by diligent probing, has something of a case. For the benefit of those unhappy Hollywood ladies whom he never gets around to calling up for a date, we will try to present a brief for the defense.

To begin with, Tony Martin right this minute is astride a comet en route for the Milky Way. This year he ought to pick up something like $200,000, if not more. The Decca record people will probably forward $25,000 and their love. His

Tony was born on Christmas day 26 years ago. Always demands both birthday and Christmas presents!

THROB ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EVERY GAL'S A WOULD-BE MRS. TONY MARTIN!



Ironic that Tony and Lana Turner—who've had stars in their eyes for more than six months now—play no love scenes together in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Girl."

sponsors on the air are good for $75,000. Metro, always a soft touch, will hand over $100,000. We will not pause to speculate on how much money he may snag from his short story writing, a career always just on the brink of being born but, at this writing, still non-existent.

These chores take time (even if you are a greyhound) especially if you're as hepped up about "keeping in shape" as is Tony Martin. Between his art and his athletics, the man does well to find time to sit down with his business manager to discuss his bank balance or to inquire about his mercury mine in Central America.

You don't have debbies (or dowagers for that matter) making a fuss over your "marvelous voice" merely because you happen to be able to coax pleasant sounds from your vocal chords. For some strange reason, music appreciation is always getting entangled with wavy hair, flashing teeth, a classic profile, eloquent eyes and, above all, a good physique. Of this coincidence Tony Martin is very much aware.

Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, vital as a wild stallion and exuding what the ladies call personality, he weighs exactly 175 pounds, is as hard as nails and means to stay that way at all costs.

Up early, all except Sunday, he goes through a vigorous half-hour workout followed, of course, by a shower. There is a very light breakfast, after which Tony is apt to come out on the lawn and swing at fifty imaginary golf balls. Or do some impromptu leaping over chairs, love seats and hedges, until he's had enough.

A gentleman of tremendous nervous energy, he does a lot of scampering around the Metro lot between shots. A Metro publicist once computed that Tony knocks off approximately six miles every day just churning around the spacious Metro acres!

On free afternoons he heads for the golf course. He does 36 holes and thinks nothing of it, although 18 is more his speed. Those extra 18 get him to fretting; he wonders if he isn't squandering precious time.

Back home in the evening, he spends twenty minutes weight-lifting. No cream puff, his specialty is the one-hand over head lift.

If dinner isn't ready, he's apt to jog around the house a dozen times.

This is Martin the athlete.

Martin the artist is even more occupied.

Mornings, just before he takes off for the studio, he puts in a spell at the pianoforte. He plays very well. And for his enjoyment.

Then off to work—which involves singing with Judy Garland and making love to Hedy Lamarr. Not very grueling, but it does take time. In the evening after dinner, he goes over the songs he plans to do for his next radio show. He gets them down cold, even to that last sighing note that slays the ladies. If there's any time left, he goes over new arrangements, examines songs to see if they look like numbers he ought to be introducing.

Then there are rehearsals at the CBS studios. Between these and the actual show, a good part of three evenings is lost. Admitting to nervousness just before the show goes on, he is glad when it's all over, swoops down on the oases to let up.

Whether he is out "just for laughs" or no, he has an attraction for women that is as terrific as his Crosley index. For a while now, he and Lana Turner have been on the merry-go-round, but when she isn't available, he manages to show up at Ciro's and elsewhere with the most exciting entries in Hollywood. Impersonal as a supreme court justice, he likes blondes, brunettes and redheads—just for laughs, that is. (*Cont'd on page 83*)



It all started with a mutual love far papcarn, and an Valentine's Day Daug Dawsan and Jean Parker decided that was graunds far a wedding!



Linda Hayes, wha used to be Rachell Germana, a San Francisca hatcheck girl, changed her name again the other day when she became the bride af Lau Crasby, NBC's spartscaster.



Annie Sheridan and Geargе Brent are telling peaple it'll be July in Honalulu—but we caught her twa-timing with attarney Barney Brennan.

CANDIDLY YOURS...



Hank Fonda, who's recavering from an eye aperatian, pampers wife Frances with an expensive evening at the Macamba, before leaving her far a week or twa. He and crany Johnny Payne are off an a Mexican fishing trip.



Cedric Gibbans, whase divorce fram the Welles-wacky Del Ria is pending, is pacing Gene Markey far first place in Carale Landis' date-baak.



Liz Whitney, famaus lacally for wearing tans af jewelry, but almost na make-up, celebrates her brand new movie cantract at the Macamba with champagne cacktails and Bruce Cabat.



Miriam Hapkins, wha calls herself the paar man's Peggy Hapkins Joyce (she's been thrice married) dines with playwright Edwin Justus Mayer.



Temporary blonde, Eleanor Powell, and M-G-M's very handsome art and music director, Merrill Pye, who altered their wedding plans last year, are rumored to be on the verge of *altar*-ing them—but any minute!



Here's two thirds of Hollywood's intriguing new trio—Ginny Field (who lost thirty pounds in three months) and Alf Vanderbilt. Oscar Levant, the missing third, was on a flying visit to wife and baby in New York.



Remember Claire Windsor? She retired from the movies on account of ill health, but she's all well again and being dined, wined and orchid-ed (these are green ones costing $5 apiece) by man-about-town Frank Kennedy.



Since Gail Patrick divorced her one-in-a-million meal ticket, restaurateur Bob Cobb, Lieutenant "Ace" Hasting of the United States Air Corps has been keeping her in filet mignon. He's smitten!

It's a tenth anniversary for the blissful Mel Douglases. Know how Helen keeps Mr. D. enslaved? She flatters him scandalously, and feeds him Southern-fried chicken (he comes from Georgia) every other night.



IS SHE ANOTHER BLONDE



Veronica, who's starring in "I Wanted Wings," eats two hot fudge sundaes a day, but never weighs more than 98 pounds, and her 21½-inch waist is Hollywood's tiniest. Says that when she retires she'll do nothing but swim (she's a regular Weissmuller, by the way) and bake chocolate cakes all day long.

Bombshell?

BY JAMES REID

SHE DRESSES LIKE AN INGÉNUE, IS MORE DOMESTIC THAN MA HARDY——BUT WITH IT ALL, VERONICA LAKE IS STRICTLY TNT!

For a girl who was supposed to be The Sexiest Find in Years, Veronica Lake was certainly completely out of character.

Waiting to go to lunch, she was sitting in a big armchair in a Paramount office—working on a "shaggy" rug.

"Just being a typical young bride," she said—which was no kind of dialogue for a Blonde Bombshell.

She stuffed her handiwork into a huge knitting bag at her feet, moved the bag to one side and stood up. When she stood up, she didn't look much more than five feet tall. She didn't look as if she weighed a hundred pounds. That was surprising. But, more surprising, the dress that she brushed fuzz from wasn't designed to persuade anybody that a *little* girl could be a big sensation.

It didn't cling to every curve, and it wasn't a passionate red. It was a simple sports dress—something a trim, young college girl might wear. It was dusty pink, trimmed with powder blue (approximately the color of her eyes). It had long sleeves, it buttoned all the way up to her neck, and it had a hood, lined with powder blue, that almost entirely hid her hair.

There wasn't anything about her that suggested that she was The Dangerous Type. Except that she had a pert, challenging face.

Then, in the commissary, she pushed off her hood.

Instantly, she became a magnet for all the eyes in the place, both male and female. Her hair did it. One look at it, and people were bewitched—the way seamen, in the old legends, were bewitched after one look at the flowing golden hair of a sea-siren.

It was perfectly natural blonde hair. But what made it fascinating was the way she wore it. In a long, unfettered bob that clung close to her head, flowed down past her shoulders, and was unwaved, except on the ends, and then only slightly. It was parted on the left side, and with nothing holding it back on the right side, it had a mischievous tendency to half-hide her right eye and make her look enigmatic, exotic.

Jean Harlow had hair that had the same electric effect on all beholders. And, by a strange coincidence, Jean's first big picture was also an aviation picture ("Hell's Angels"), and she played the same kind of role that Veronica plays in "I Wanted Wings"—a sultry eyeful who demolished men's will power.

But did the sex appeal of her hair, and the emotional havoc that she wrought in her first big screen role, justify the rumors that Veronica Lake was "a second Jean Harlow?" Were there any other grounds for comparison?

She smiled wryly at the question. "There's one," she said feelingly. "People seem determined to believe that I'm like the girl I portray in 'I Wanted Wings'—just as they were determined, at first, to believe that Jean Harlow was like the girl *she* portrayed in 'Hell's Angels.'"

"I'm learning, too," she continued, "that if the long arm of coincidence reaches out and gives you the same kind of break another girl once had, they immediately say you're trying to be like that girl—even though you don't even remotely resemble her.

"I wish I knew of a way to stop all this 'second Harlow' talk. I happen to know how millions of people feel about Jean Harlow. She was one of my favorites, too. I even had the good luck to meet her once, in New York. I thought then that there could never be anyone else like her, and I haven't changed my mind.

"That's what makes these comparisons so ironic. No one realizes more than I do that no one can ever be 'a second Jean Harlow.'"

She sounded as if she had developed a strong sense of irony—something unexpected in a newcomer hailed as a sensation.

"Oh, I have," she said, with a quick smile. "Another thing I keep thinking about is the irony of my coming to Hollywood, still wet behind the ears, and getting a break like this—when there are so many girls out here with talent and beauty to spare, who can't even get extra work.

"I know there has been gossip about how I got such a break." The girl wasn't afraid to bring *that* out in the open. "And that gossip hasn't made life any easier. . . . I suppose people can't help being suspicious. How could any unknown become 'famous' overnight just by luck?

"It's incredible to me, too, that anyone could be so lucky. But I've been (*Continued on page 90*)

ON THE SET WITH

"One Night in Lisbon"

WARTIME IS LOVETIME AND LAUGHTIME, AT LEAST ON PARAMOUNT'S BATTLEFIELD!

"War," said General William Tecumseh Sherman, "is hell." And producers all over Hollywood agree with him. Ever since the outbreak of the European conflagration, the town has ground out so many war films it's beginning to look like a combination of Dunkirk, Coventry and Bardia. Unhappily most of these efforts have gotten a box-office brush-off from moviegoers.

"One Night in Lisbon" doesn't declare any Armistice. But with the aid of blondly beautiful Madeleine Carroll and tall, terrific Fred MacMurray, it does prove that General Sherman was not 100% correct.

"Lisbon," the fourth co-starrer for Madeleine and Fred, is the gay little tale of an American flyer who ferries bombers to Britain and falls in love with an English girl serving as volunteer chauffeur to a British Foreign Office official. The flyer follows the girl to Lisbon where, after a mad week-end interrupted by the arrival of her fiancé (John Loder) and his ex-wife (Patricia Morison), they are convinced that a new Anglo-American alliance is in order.

The plot is as simple as all that—but not the problem of producing the picture. In order to make their English sets look and sound authentic, Paramount carefully erected about $10,000 worth of typical English buildings and then blew them up so they'd look properly bombed. They fabricated a long, tubular air raid shelter of wood and papier-mâché, made it look like steel and concrete and then almost wept when MacMurray, strolling along, poked an elbow through the "bombproof" wall. They sent a newsreel crew all the way to London just to make a sound track during an air raid. The track will be dubbed into the film

Pat Morison, who broke in a new pair of shoes one day, has some sizzling lines that'll probably be cut.





John Loder is a navy man in this film but was in the army in the last war. (Was the youngest commissioned British officer.)



Fred and Madeleine confine their screen dancing to fox trots, but between takes she practices congas with dance director LeRoy Prinz.



and paying customers will hear the actual wail of the air raid alarm, the shriek of falling bombs, the cough of anti-aircraft and finally the "all-clear" call.

Having set its stages, Paramount rolled up its sleeves and went to work on its stars. They taught Madeleine and Fred how to stand on tiptoe and talk with a cork clenched between their teeth—a little trick the English practice to keep their eardrums from breaking during bombings. They had Madeleine, who had never before driven an automobile, learn to handle an English style car. Since English cars are driven on the left-hand side of the street, studio employees, driving their own flivvers around the lot, nearly jumped out of their skins when they encountered Madeleine out for a noon-hour spin. And they also insisted that poor Fred learn to make duck calls!

As we go to press, Paramount's greatest worry (to say nothing of the Portuguese's) is that Portugal will enter the war before they complete their picture. If this occurs, the locale of "One Night in Lisbon," which has already been shifted from Paris and Switzerland, will have to be shifted again. Because it's almost impossible to keep abreast of world events, Paramount even cut from their film a scoop shot of Winston Churchill leaving the famous No. 10 Downing Street. They were afraid that by the time "Lisbon" was released, there would be no No. 10 Downing Street!

Despite the grimness of its behind-the-scenes problems, "Lisbon" is rolling merrily on. Its production gears are greased with a $750,000 budget and, in case you're interested, that's exactly $39,250,000 less than it is costing England to run its war every single day.



Made everyone put on blinders when she did this scene! Ruined a dozen takes with her blushes—which photograph black.



Lisbon" is adapted from the Broadway hit, "There's Always Juliet," and Fred and Madeleine have the original Bart Marshall and Edna Best roles.



Madeleine studied to lose her accent for her American girl portrayals and had to be tutored back to her broad A's for this British part.

"WHO? . .



BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

"Miss Virginia Bruce, please."

"Twenty-third floor," said the clerk in one of New York's swankier hostelries.

"What apartment number?"

"None," said the clerk with a firm look, "just twenty-third floor."

So we went up there, and, as we emerged from the elevator, there was Virginia Bruce and likewise the twenty-third floor—all of it. It was a relief to see that she was all there, too, because we had lately seen a wacky little cream puff of a picture called "The Invisible Woman" in which she was currently appearing—or rather disappearing—both in toto and in sections, and there was a feeling that she might have carried the habit of atomic dissociation into private life.

Mr. J. Walter Ruben, hereinafter known as Jack, was also on the twenty-third floor, and he seemed to have felt very much like ourselves about her because, until 1937, he had known her for nine years, and every time he tried to talk to her she had vanished. His first memory of this early touch-and-go acquaintance goes back to the time when she was a breathless, colt-like young thing in her teens, known as a stock player on the same lot where he was sometimes a writer and sometimes merely one waiting to write. He reports that whenever he approached her, she giggled and ran away. Sometimes when he called to her she stopped just long enough to say, "Who?—*Me*?" before she dashed.

This "Who?—Me?" seems to have been the theme of Miss Virginia Bruce's song from the beginning right up to now.

Mr. Ruben had advanced through the hectic nine years from writer to director before he was able to get the Bruce eyeful to stay in one spot long enough for a proposal of marriage. When a picture pretty marries a director on the same lot, it is often with the idea of combining business and pleasure. Not so the Bruce. She had no more than said, "I do," when she asked to be released from her contract with the studio and, as a free-lance, immediately



Director Ruben majored in psychology at Columbia University but after graduation got interested in the theatre. Has dabbled in acting and script writing.

GINNY BRUCE IS IN A PERPETUAL STATE

. . . ME?"

started off in all directions. Meanwhile her husband remained where he was and moved on to the job of producer.

Her sudden burst to freedom can scarcely be called a rebellion. There were no battles, not even a measly little argument. It seems the studio had given her a number of sappy parts in succession, and she had protested in a mild way. But as a protester, she makes a butterfly look like a Stuka dive-bomber. They just laughed at her, nicknamed her "Squawkie" and went on with the job in hand. She laughed back politely for a while, because as she says, "They had a lot of important stars they had to take care of."

"So," explains her husband, "she asked for the release and decided to free-lance."

Well, she made six pictures in little more than a year, and she's booked for several more, so free-lancing isn't so bad. "The trouble with me," she confides earnestly, "is that I've always lacked ambition. Besides, I've learned it's better to just let things happen to me instead of trying to make them happen myself."

Some time before things started happening to her in Hollywood, she happened to Fargo, North Dakota. At least, that was the impression of the teaching staff in the Fargo schools. To be sure, she had come there quietly enough at the age of one from Minneapolis where she'd been born, and her kindergarten period was comparatively uneventful. During this time her father, Mr. Earl Briggs, established himself in the insurance business. But by the time little Ginny Briggs got into high school, the brisk prairie air had filled her with a captious energy which she expended upon practically everything but study. It is true that when she played accompaniments for the school's singing programs, she looked almost angelic in her pale, still slightly unhatched beauty. It is also true that her devotion to the football team was balanced only by the devotion of the entire football team to her. She was the only kid in school with a car and she took the lot of them to and from (*Continued on page 74*)



Ginny and Jack were married in 1937, having known each other 9 years. It was a second marriage for both.



Virginia's daughter, Susan Ann Gilbert, is 7 and unspoiled in spite of ponies, bikes and closets full of dresses. Has brown hair and grey eyes like her mom.



Virginia, who stole the name Bruce at random from the phone book, giggles with Dottie Lamour before a broadcast. Never gets a trace of stage or mike fright.

OF SURPRISE—AND NO WONDER!

1938—Earning $1,500 weekly, but still struggling at studio school 3 hours daily. Loathed algebra, adored languages. Could sing in French and German.





1939—Became the world's only girl boy scout; had stage and operatic ambitions and had amassed her first million.

memo to VAUGHN PAUL



1937—A $300-a-week movie contract and much fan mail. Her hobby at this point was collecting fuzzy toy animals.



1936—Eddie Cantor heard 14-year-old Deanna at a film audition, hired her as a foil for Bobby Breen on his Sunday radio hour—at $50 a week!



1940—Turned into a raving beauty; made her eighth smash hit; averaged 9,000 fan letters a week and got herself engaged to Vaughn Paul.



1941—Mature and lovely, she's planning a future built around associate producer Paul. His mother and dad (left) approve of the match, as do hers.

A PREVIEW OF THE PRACTICALLY PERFECT WIFE—DEANNA DURBIN!

On the historic day of July 7th, you, Vaughn Paul, will take unto yourself a wife named Deanna Durbin, her two-dollar pet mongrel dog named Tippy, her three midget turtles named Penny, Joan and Kay, her boundless personal love and the unconcealed envy of at least ten million eligible American, Japanese, English and Spanish young men.

Let it not be said, though, that you are unaware of your burdens. For, in becoming engaged to the universe's sweetheart, in marrying the girl whose fame and income dwarf your own, you realize you're taking the world on your shoulders. But we hear you're made of sturdy stuff—that you're not in the least worried. You have no reason to be. You realize that Deanna has her virtues and faults, her assets and shortcomings and, having observed the characteristics she has displayed day in and day out, good mood and bad, under happy conditions and under strain, you know you have nothing to fear.

You know, for instance, that she's sensitive. It almost hurts her physically to walk into a room and find it outlandishly decorated or bearing an atrocious design of wallpaper. Also, when someone says something a bit off color and in poor taste, she makes believe she hasn't heard—never objects or makes a scene, but just pretends she hasn't heard.

You've undoubtedly found out how marvelously straightforward she is. Never tells a lie. You'll always know where you stand with Deanna on important things. And, as you know, she's extremely intelligent. Henry Koster, who's directed five of her films, went so far as to call her the most intelligent young lady he'd ever met—professionally or otherwise.

Of course, you must have discovered that Deanna's very self-conscious. There are those around town who thoughtlessly claim that she is conceited and egotistical because she doesn't fall all over everyone she meets and wrap her arms around them. She's reserved, but she's the most unconceited girl in the world.

Not that she's utterly perfect, Vaughn. You wouldn't love her as much if she were. You realize that she's stubborn. For example, one day on the set Deanna was chewing gum. Koster shouted at her to get rid of it immediately. She blushed with embarrassment, but absolutely refused to budge. Activity was suspended until Koster apologized for scolding her publicly.

Incidentally, Vaughn, any apologizing that's done in your house will have to be done by you. Verbal apologies go against the grain with Deanna. She hates to humble herself that much. She'll apologize by her actions, though, and her forgiveness is enormous. She simply cannot bear a grudge.

Another word of warning! It takes her ages to get dressed. She could preen for hours if you'd let her. However, she's (*Continued on page 61*)

JIMMY'S BIRTHDAY SUIT

When they're going-on-ten, most suits have one foot in a second-hand shop—but not Jimmy's pride and joy!





George Raft may give away his suits the minute a button comes off—but Jimmy sews 'em back on instantly. Even does some light dry cleaning!



Brushes his suit like mad nightly—says it keeps it in candition! He's only had it repaired once, when the lining went completely on the rocks.

The other day Jimmy Stewart ambled down to the corner drugstore and tossed off a chocolate soda birthday toast to an old, old friend. As he puckered his lips about his straw, Jimmy closed his eyes and looked down through the years he and his friend had spent together. Jimmy sighed. He remembered how his friend had clung to him through fair weather and foul, how he had borne abuse without complaint, how he had never forsaken him for another, and how he had stood loyally by, waiting to be called on at all hours of the day and night.

Setting down his glass, Jimmy let his thoughts drift back to the occasion of their first meeting. It was in Princeton in 1932, the year of Jimmy's graduation from the great university. Jimmy had wandered into the campus tailor shop on that fateful day. He had glanced around, bored, disinterested, unimpressed. And then he had seen it. A brown, basket-weave suit, single-breasted, belted in the back, and sporting a huge yellow tag reading, "Price—$50." That was a lot of dough to Jimmy in those days. But he had felt an immediate kinship with the suit and he had bought it. He's grown fonder of it every hour since. The tired, old basket-weave has seen Jimmy through eight years in Hollywood. It has appeared in more than 20 Stewart pictures. Directors wail because it's outmoded, but Jimmy won't give it up. It keeps him comfortable—puts him at his ease when he's working—and he'll wear it till it falls to pieces. Not that that's ever likely to happen. Its heavy tweed is practically indestructible, and its lone pair of pants hasn't yet grown shiny.

Being the grandpappy of the Stewart wardrobe, the suit no longer goes along on Jimmy's social dates. When its day's labors are done, Jimmy hangs it on a hook and permits it to rest. On its ninth anniversary, Modern Screen gives it a fourteen-gun salute—and bows low to its owner, the only man who wasn't born in his birthday suit!

STYLE YOUR SMILE . . .



BY CAROL CARTER

The teeth behind Lynne Roberts' smile account for half its beauty.

HOLLYWOOD TELLS JUST WHAT IT TAKES TO WIN YOUR WAY WITH A SMILE!

Your lips may be lovely, your eyes may shine and, when your mouth is closed, your face may simply radiate personality—but what happens when you start bandying words about—or laugh at the boy friend's favorite jokes? What's behind that smile of yours? Thirty-two straight, white, healthy teeth in two pretty rows? Or do you exhibit an incomplete set of dingy, dull, discouraged cuspids, molars and incisors that look like they ought never to be exposed to the light of day, much less to the critical gaze of friends and family?

Girls bent on carving careers in Hollywood have often felt indignant at their studios' demands for teeth nothing short of perfection. But when the draft came along and exacted equally faultless ivories of all the boys who go to training camps and whose faces, goodness knows, have no connection whatever with glamour or the business of being photogenic—we all began to realize that good teeth are important for two very distinct reasons—appearance and health.

Teeth were well designed by nature to do the work cut out for them, that is, to chew the solid foods we eat. Each tooth consists of three sections: roots, which lie under the gum; crown, which lies outside the gum; and neck, where root and crown join. . . . . .

(*Continued on page 49*)







RECOGNIZE THE FLASHING SMILES? FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THEY BELONG TO LANA TURNER, ROCHELLE HUDSON, JANE WYMAN AND PERT JUDY GARLAND





Here's the real reason everyone likes to tell jokes to Nan Grey who's in "Under Age."

The crown is covered by a hard enamel and the roots are covered with cementum, a sort of bone-like material. Inside of all this is the dentine, which is a softer, more vulnerable substance. And inside the dentine itself is a hollow space or pulp chamber where blood vessels and nerves hold forth in a soft, spongy substance.

A child's small jaw isn't big enough to hold a full set of adult-sized teeth, so resourceful old Mother Nature first gives us twenty baby teeth, which start putting in their appearance at the ripe young age of seven to nine months and depart again around the age of six to seven years.

By the time we've reached the so-called age of discretion (twenty-one to you), most of our thirty-two more or less permanent teeth have put in their important appearance. Third molars, or wisdom teeth, though, may hold out on you for several years longer, or even refuse to sprout at all. Then "impaction" exists. Impacted teeth may press on nerves or other nearby molars and have to be extracted, or they may never be heard from at all.

Your four front teeth, or incisors, were built to cut food. The cuspids, on either side of these, were made to tear and shred it. The bicuspids beyond are there to break and crush your viands, and molars are present to finish the job by grinding.

Now that we've settled all that, how shall we care for what we've got? Strong, healthy, beautiful, even teeth depend a great deal upon sound general health; a well-balanced diet, which both nourishes and exercises them; on thorough regular cleanliness and, last but not least, skillful dental care.

Foods rich in calcium, minerals and phosphorus are absolute "musts" for continued tooth health. And which are these, you want to know? Milk, eggs, cheese and butter; tomatoes, citrus fruits (lemons, oranges, grapefruit, limes); leafy vegetables, nuts and fish; meat, bread and cereals. And let us repeat—milk, in one form or another, should never be omitted from the daily diet of young or old, for it is one of the richest sources known for calcium, phosphorus, minerals and Vitamin A.

Dried peas and beans, cod and halibut liver oil preparations will also help to build sound teeth. So will irradiated milk or any products whose Vitamin D content has been increased. Some hard, coarse foods are absolutely essential to healthy teeth, because they exercise gums and jaws and the bony sockets that hold the teeth. Toast, crusts, ready-to-eat cereals, apples, celery and other raw vegetables, all are just what the doctor ordered. Sunshine is important, too, because it helps your body to produce its own Vitamin D, so essential to sound, beautiful teeth.

So much for general health and diet. Now for home care and cleanliness of teeth: A clean tooth is a healthy tooth and a healthy tooth seldom decays. Brushing your teeth has a very definite object. First, it removes bits of food caught between the teeth and which would ferment and decay if allowed to remain. Brushing also helps to break up gummy deposits, which escape ordinary rinsing. Another important function of your tooth brush is to exercise not only the teeth themselves, but also the gums. This strengthens and fortifies both against all the softening and deteriorating germs that constantly wait to attack and break down these regions.

Your tooth brush should be small to medium in size so that it will reach comfortably around all the curves and corners. The bristles should be medium stiff, strong and long enough to get at every crack and crevice, and the bristle groups are most effective when spaced far enough apart to allow for thorough cleansing of the brush. Your tooth brush should be dry and firm each time it's used. When possible, keep it in a clean, airy, preferably sunny corner, rather than in a dark, closed cupboard. Better still, why not have several tooth brushes and alternate them daily?

There are so many excellent dentifrices that the choice is largely one of personal taste. Some like paste, some powder, and others prefer the new liquid dentifrices. Whichever you choose, be sure it is one whose flavor, strength and consistency are pleasing to your taste, for brushing should be frequent and thorough, and fun—not a chore. Teeth should be brushed at least twice daily—when you get up in the morning, the last thing at night, and also after your noon meal, if possible.

When cleaning your teeth, slant the brush diagonally and use a rotary or circular motion—neither straight up and down nor entirely horizontal. Harsh, direct brushing sometimes causes actual injuries. Concentrate on two or three teeth at a time, brush that group thoroughly, then go on to the next.

Dental floss should be in every medicine chest. Used carefully each day, it will break up tartar deposits and reach important surfaces impossible to penetrate with a brush. Don't jerk or pull your floss, though. That might cut or injure sensitive gums. However, used with ordinary care, dental floss is a valuable aid to tooth health.

And don't forget your gums. They need regular massage, exercise and stimulation, if teeth are to stay healthy. Massage them gently with a brush, a special rubber gadget for the purpose or even with your finger wrapped in clean gauze.

If you smoke, drink or indulge in many rich foods, pay especial attention to thorough mouth cleanliness. Be wary, though, of dentifrices that contain very harsh abrasives. They may scratch away the enamel itself and leave teeth exposed to the attacks of all kinds of dangerous infections.

Decayed teeth, you know, are infected and often cause disturbances in entirely remote parts of your body. Anemia, neuritis, rheumatism and even heart and kidney conditions frequently result from toxins originating from such a condition. So, if you wake up some night with an aching cavity, do, for goodness sake, hie yourself the very next day to the nearest and best dentist you can find. And don't stop treatments until the last vestige of decay has been cleaned out and the tooth is sealed (*Continued on page 69*)

How to Lose Friends Ani



Sit too close and blow smoke in his eyes if he's a confirmed non-smoker.



Pick your teeth after every meal. It's so dainty, clean and feminine.



Forget all about mouth washes and give halitosis a chance. It shouts.



Get lipstick on your teeth and let it stay there, like a misplaced sunset.



Bite your dirty fingernails and chew your thumb. It looks so poised.

Mouth mannerisms are not only distressing and embarrassing to watch, they are extremely deglamorizing. They plunge a girl's popularity as low as a barometer just before a hurricane and the most insidious thing about them is that many otherwise charming girls practice one or several of these offensive little habits without even knowing it.

A famous psychiatrist once told us that people who indulge in them usually have some kind of an inferiority complex—a sense of shyness or inadequacy—unless, of course, such mannerisms originated from a consciousness of actual physical defects in that region, such as poor teeth, defective dentistry, offensive breath and the like.

Take conscientious stock of your mouth mannerisms and remedy the causes first. If your teeth are at fault, the suggestions for daily care in the preceding article may help solve your problem. If your lips don't measure up to your ideal standards, clever make-up will perform minor miracles to bolster up your self-confidence. If your breath is at all questionable, check over every possible cause for its impurity. There's no reason in the world why you can't change it to the breath of spring with just a little care and forethought.

Halitosis may be caused by either local or systemic malconditions. Spongy, infected, bleeding gums may cause it, or perhaps, you have some unsuspected tooth decay present. Possibly all your mouth needs is more thorough tooth brushing with a good mild dentifrice and more frequent rinsing with a good, clean-tasting antiseptic mouth wash. Rinsing with a mouth wash should follow every single brushing and go before every date or any contact with people, whether for business or social purposes. Swish your mouth wash around vigorously and hold it in your mouth for two or three minutes for really effective results.

Drink six to eight glasses of water every day and take a glass of

)ISCOURAGE SUITORS . . .



Wipe lipstick an your hostess' best napkins and tawels. She'll adare that.



Let stains stay an your teeth—white is such a glaring calar anyway



Caugh and sneeze in people's faces —they need a shawer bath anyhaw.



Blow your breath down people's necks and in their faces. It's so chummy.



Don't chew gum—all it does is just make your teeth and lips beautiful.

orange, grapefruit juice or lemonade before that extra special date of yours. Try one of these tart drinks the first thing after brushing your teeth in the morning, too. A parched system has caused many a case of halitosis, for without sufficient fluids, toxins accumulate and are reflected in a sour breath.

Over-eating and drinking are sometimes at the bottom of an offensive breath, and so also are strong vegetables, such as onions, garlic and the like. A good tooth brushing and a thorough mouth rinsing should immediately follow the eating of any of these. A bit of milk of magnesia swished around your mouth and teeth just before retiring will help guard against an acid breath. This aids in counteracting tooth acidity, too, which is the commonest cause of decay.

Some of the more remote but potent causes of halitosis may be acid indigestion, infected tonsils, adenoids, sinuses, bronchial or lung conditions or common nasal catarrh. Even infections in far-removed regions of the body may be carried by the blood stream to the lungs and evidence themselves in the form of unpleasant breath. However, most halitosis is due to careless and inadequate local mouth cleanliness—so your most faithful allies against it are thorough scrubbing of all teeth and oral surfaces, and frequent rinsing, as we said before, with a good reliable mouth wash.

If you'll get at the cause of every conscious defect and mouth imperfection you have, you'll be taking the most important step toward curing those unglamorous mouth mannerisms. The rest is a simple matter of poise, self-confidence and the right mental attitude. You'll gain these easily enough, too, with the knowledge that all is as it should be behind that smile of yours.

So, mind your mouth manners and let no mere man ever be able to say of you, "There's a four-star example of the kind of girl who is mistress of the art of losing friends and discouraging suitors."

By Carol Carter

Good News

by Sylvia Kahn

Accent on Youth

It looks as though Gaylord Hauser plans to make a perennial juvenile of Greta Garbo. The good doctor's latest prescription for Greta is a Vitamin B derivative which he promises will prevent gray hair from ever growing on her beautiful Swedish head. However, intimates are wondering what man will be fortunate enough to enjoy the star's eternal youth. When Garbo visited New York recently, she did the hide-away haunts with writer Erich Maria Remarque—and we hear tell that Mr. Hauser's annoyance was second only to that of Mr. Remarque's girl friend—one Marlene Dietrich.

Didja Know

That Gary Cooper never leaves the Warner Bros. commissary without popping two or three toothpicks into his mouth . . . That Joan Crawford's chauffeur actually goes by the name of Robert Taylor . . . That Tyrone Power's hair is so curly, it has to be straightened with oil each morning for his job in "Blood and Sand" . . . That hostlers who shove braces on film horses' ears to make 'em stand up and look glamorous call the things "leather Gables" . . . That after 58 years in show business, May Robson is getting tough. She refuses to appear in anything but comedy roles from now on, because she wants to spend the rest of her career making people laugh . . . That it's rumored Veronica Lake is expecting a package from heaven . . . That director Fritz Lang, who's been spinning Virginia Gilmore around town, is back to Kay Francis . . . That Virginia is now a full-fledged poet, having sold two ditties to a national magazine . . . That Darryl Zanuck has banned Jane Withers' famous "knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out" fights from all her future pictures. Claims she's getting too big for that sort of thing . . . That now they're saying Henry Fonda is so homespun, he's unraveling?

Short Shots

Bob Hope thinks his new starrer, "Caught in the Draft," should be re-titled "Tanks —For The Memory" . . . Speaking of "Caught in the Draft," watch for Marie Blake in the same picture. She's Jeanette MacDonald's sister . . . Bette Davis' aviator husband, Arthur Farnsworth, will do his cloud-soaring alone. There's a no-flying clause in Bette's contract . . . Bob Montgomery's daughter, Elizabeth, owns hundreds of pictures of Clark Gable . . . Gene Autry's fan mail exceeds that of any other film star, past or present. And his records outsell Bing Crosby's . . . Arthur Lake wears dizzily-spotted ties when he broadcasts on the "Blondie" show. They make him feel like Dagwood Bumstead . . . There's talk going round that Judy Garland's been written in for a role opposite Gable . . . Ginger Rogers won't enter a dressing room if there's anyone whistling—not even if Jimmy Stewart's inside . . . Dorothy Lamour's still recovering from the shock. Paramount gifted her with a $20,000 bonus, unexpectedly and voluntarily . . . Humphrey Bogart tenderly refers to his wife as "Sluggy."

Reelism vs. Realism

Vivien Leigh, writing from bomb-pocked Britain, has a very funny story to tell about Winston Churchill. Vivien was introduced to the chunky Churchill immediately after the Prime Minister had attended a London showing of "GWTW." Having been properly congratulated for her own performance, Vivien asked Churchill what he thought of the movie as a whole. Churchill shuddered briefly, according to Vivien, and replied, "That picture reduced me to a pulp. There isn't a bone left in my body. Thank God I can now get back to my own war!"

Recovery Program

Someone ought to found a hospital for repairing broken-down actors. And we're not referring to the has-beens and hangers-on, either. We're talking about the talented attractive players who never get through a picture without suffering a strained back, a blistering sunburn, a broken ankle or a black eye, all in the pursuit of their art. Take Gene Tierney, for example. Gene had to get herself so messed up for her role as the miserable hare-lipped heroine of "Tobacco Road," it'll be months before she's back to normal. Even though she wound up the picture several months ago, her hair still requires frequent oil applications and her skin screams for daily toning treatments. She pays regular calls on a chiropodist who is gradually removing all the callous from her feet, and she swallows gallons of milk to make her fingernails grow. "I'm such a wreck," giggles Gene, "the only way I recognize myself is by a mole on my right shoulder!"

Putting on the Dog

We hope our fashion department won't object, but we picked up an interesting Hollywood style note we'd like to pass on to you. Take one dose of George Raft, one dose of Alfred Vanderbilt, add one toy French poodle—and we guarantee, you'll emerge the smartest-looking gal who ever sauntered beneath the noonday sun. Anyway, that's what Virginia Field did and we'll follow her lead any day. Virginia, it seems, had a brief romance with George which terminated not long ago. Before they called it quits, George gifted her with a little black-haired pup which she named Bah-Bah. Soon after the bust-up, Ginny met young Vanderbilt. Being plenty impressed by the dark-eyed trillionaire, she decided she needed a snappy new outfit for her first date with him. Racking her brain, she finally hit on an idea. Tucking Bah-Bah under her arm, she drove him to her tailor, and ordered the poor dazed man to stitch her a suit that would match the dog! The tailor complied and three days later Virginia, her dog, her suit and her beau were the niftiest quartet that appeared at the Santa Anita betting booths!



Laurence Olivier's in the R.A.F., and Vivien's doing war wark in England. Her 7-year-old daughter, Suzanne, is safe in Canada.



Bette Davis' air-minded husband, Arthur Farnsworth, is bending every effort toward getting a flying instructor's license!



Gene Raymand's famous wife, Jeanette MacDonald, nat only packs U.S. theatres but is also tap box-office star in the Orient.

They Won't Dance

No one knows what's gotten into the good old hip-swinging rhumba set in this town. The ballroom cut-ups certainly have developed leaden legs. The other evening at the Mocambo, we watched Hollywood's newest shiny-eyed romancers, Betty Grable and George Raft, spend three consecutive hours at a tucked-away table, moving nothing but their lips. Nearby sat Cesar Romero and an unidentified lovely, both ignoring the music and busily engaged in something dimly remembered as conversation. We don't mean that the art of the dance is dead in Movietown. Heck no. But the torch sure has changed hands. While Betty and George, and Cesar and his lovely cooed and chattered, nice conservative mamma and papa Gilbert Adrian surprised everyone by swinging and swaying like a gleeful pair of teen-agers. Next thing we know, Edna May Oliver will be leading the conga line!

"Hitch" to a Star

It happened on the set of "Before the Fact." An inspired Cary Grant approached director Alfred Hitchcock with a suggestion for the interpretation of a scene. Forgetting that Hitchcock is the most biting, sarcastic, unpredictable man in the film colony, Cary smiled charmingly, fluttered his script and launched into his speech. "I don't want to bore you, Hitch," he began, "but . . ." Hitchcock eyed him coldly. "People never *want* to," he interrupted, "but they usually do." And with that he strolled away yawning. Suffice it to say Cary hasn't been the same since.

Herd at Dinner

If Cary was embarrassed he ought to meet up with George Raft who not long ago got a real dose of Hitchcock Acid. George and Hitch were guests at a dinner party in the home of a mutual friend. Eventually the conversation switched, as it generally does, to actors. "Tell us, Mr. Hitchcock," queried George, coyly angling for a compliment, "what do you think of actors?" "Actors, Mr. Raft?" snorted Hitchcock. "I think they're cattle!" And before George could answer, Hitch slumped into his chair—and fell asleep!

Genie With the Dye Hair

Thanks to a snip of a scissors and a dip in the dye, Gene Raymond is a new man today. Everyone knows that when Gene had his blonde tresses darkened and his glorious waves chopped away, he was given a new lease on screen life. What few people realize, though, is that his new hair-do has enabled him to kick aside an inferiority complex that has traveled with him since childhood. As a kid, Gene was forced to wear a Buster Brown bob way beyond the time most boys are discovering girls, with the result that a day never went by without some wiseacre calling him "Goldilocks." When he grew older, he took to wearing a hat at every possible moment, but even that didn't help. Gushing females and joshing males still made his life miserable. Since the birth of the new Raymond, however, he's been holding his head high and facing the world like the best of 'em. And what about Jeanette? Well, she fell in love with that blonde hair. But she's a good little woman and even if her husband decides to switch to pigtails, she'll probably stay home nights and braid them for him!

Major Barbara

Paste another gold star next to Barbara Stanwyck's name. Shucks, paste a whole box of gold stars next to Barbara Stanwyck's name. Surely no single person in this whole mad town will ever deserve them more. Barbara's sweet and thoughtful acts are legion, but our favorite is the one that's just come to light about the cute Mrs. Bob Taylor and her adopted son, Dion. Dion is currently a student at the very excellent California Prep School. He is a bright scholar and, in his little military uniform, cuts one of the nattiest figures in his class. But from the day he enrolled, one thing has troubled him. He's been miserably lonesome for his mother. Barbara learned of this recently quite by accident. So now to make up for her son's unhappy hours, she goes up to school once a week, dons a uniform that is an exact replica of Dion's, and falling into line, drills for two solid hours with the boys. The other students are ecstatic —but Dion—well, his small chest marches four inches ahead of the rest of him!

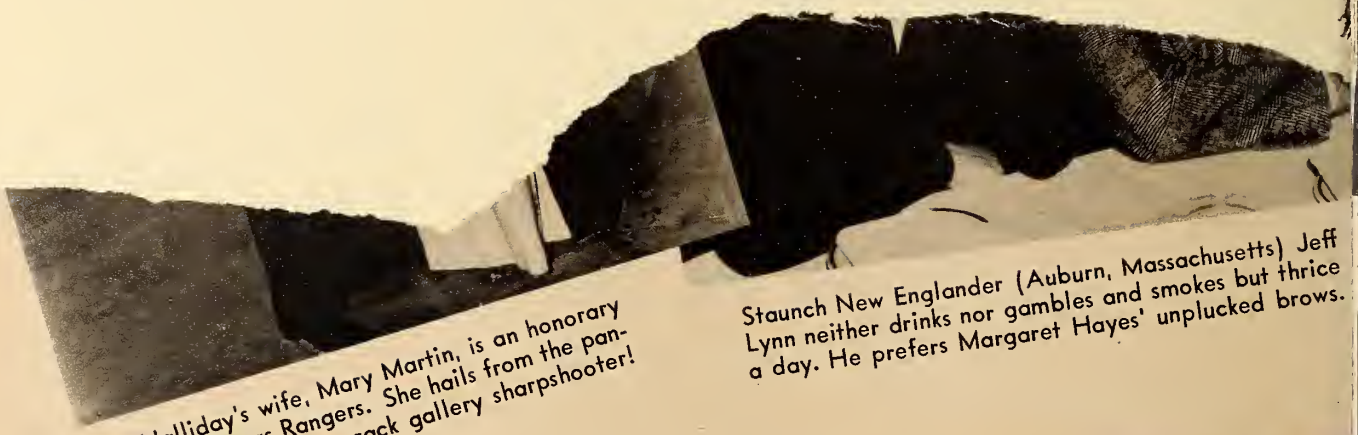
Advance Showing

If you're lucky enough to be invited to dinner at Mary Martin's home, gird yourself for a shock. Mary and hubby Dick Halliday will probably lead you into their upper hallway, point to a portrait of a small girl, quaintly garbed in polka bonnet, crinoline and pantaloons, and proudly announce she's their daughter! When that happens, don't turn tail and run. Mary and Dick aren't crazy. Neither do they have a scarlet past. The truth of the matter is the painting has been in Dick's family for years. The young Hallidays found it one rainy afternoon and, with typical honeymoon balminess, decided their first child would look just like the adorable little Colonial. "We call her Heller Halliday," beams Mary. "Any child of ours is bound to be a heller!"

After You, Jimmy

Bette Davis has Jimmy Cagney in a bad spot. The two are now hard at work in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," a comedy which Bette begged the studio to let her do. When the casting was announced, Bette was delighted and so was Jimmy. But Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother and producer of the picture, was not. In fact, Bill was a very worried man. Summoning Bette to his office, he spoke as follows: "You know, dear, if you go into this picture, you won't be the star. Jimmy's contract gives him solo billing every film he makes. If you do this one with him, your name will have to appear below his and the picture's." To which Bette is said to have replied, "Of course I know that. I know everything that goes on around here. But that doesn't bother me. I want to make a comedy—and this is it!" And that's how it stands at present. Unless Jimmy waives the rule he fought so hard to have written into his contract, James Cagney will be the star of "The Bride Came C.O.D." and Bette Davis, first lady of the screen, will be listed as a featured player! Our dough is on the Cagney gallantry, however. It hasn't failed yet.

(*Continued on page 70*)



Dick Halliday's wife, Mary Martin, is an honorary member of Texas Rangers. She hails from the panhandle state and is a crack gallery sharpshooter!

Staunch New Englander (Auburn, Massachusetts) Jeff Lynn neither drinks nor gambles and smokes but thrice a day. He prefers Margaret Hayes' unplucked brows.



George Raft will have the entire Army, Navy and Marine Corps on his neck if he keeps on dating their idol, Betty Grable. She gets more ardent fan letters from enlisted men than any other actress in Hollywood!



The Jon Halls are rarely seen around Hollywood these days. They've practically deserted Calif. for a home and orange groves in Fla.



Shirley Temple and mother go over a script for a radio show, the first of several such broadcasts stipulated on her new $2500-a-week M-G-M contract.



Lupe scandalizes Hollywood by snoozing with a revolver tucked under her pillow! She keeps 'em guessing, too, what with that mysterious new suitor, Armand Delmar, with her at Charlie Foy's.



When Rudy Vallee drinks champagne, Hollywood bistros get only a $2 cork fee. He and Maria Montez bring their own straight from a Vallee-owned winery!



The expectant Gables have done a complete turnabout since their marriage on March 3, 1939, when they vowed they'd never settle down and add little Gables to Clark's ranch house.

To an Easter Bride . . .



The bride wears ninan. Under $25, R. H. Macy. Violets crown her veil and the wedding band matches her engagement ring, an 8-carat marquise diamand!

You want to look extra special for HIM, don't you? Not just the day you're married, but ever after? It's easy to do, and you don't need much money or a raft of clothes. Just remember how you're going to live, then choose clothes to have fun in!

About $9



Add a white sailor and yau're ready ta ga shapping. Plaid gingham, pique callar. Charles A. Stevens, Chicaga. The cute navy Middie shaes by Joléne, abaut $4.

By Elizabeth Willguss

CLOTHES WORN BY LEILA ERNST, PARAMOUNT STARLET, APPEARING IN THE BROADWAY PLAY, "PAL JOEY"

About $17



Go away in a chic navy ensemble, from Franklin Simon.

About $15

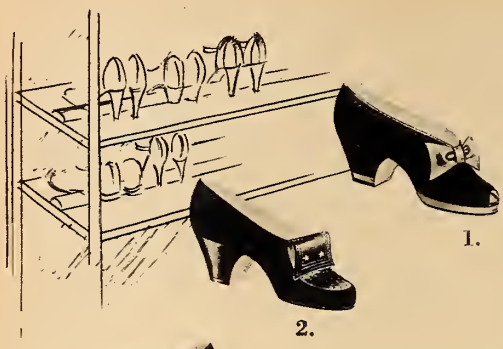


"The very fairest in all the land," answers the mirror! Sage green rayon crêpe with smart red corded pockets. Saks Fifth Avenue.

About $15



For gay evenings, a crisp white pique with jacket, blue and white seersucker top. Leon Frohsin, Atlanta, Ga.







It's smart to have Jolène shoes for every mood.

1. Zabbo, in black gabardine with light tan trimming. About $3.
2. Middie, a blue gabardine with white sailor trimming. About $4.
3. Mogul, step-in navy gabardine pump with calf trim. About $3.
4. Cabana, keen spectator pump in brown and white. About $4.

Under $8

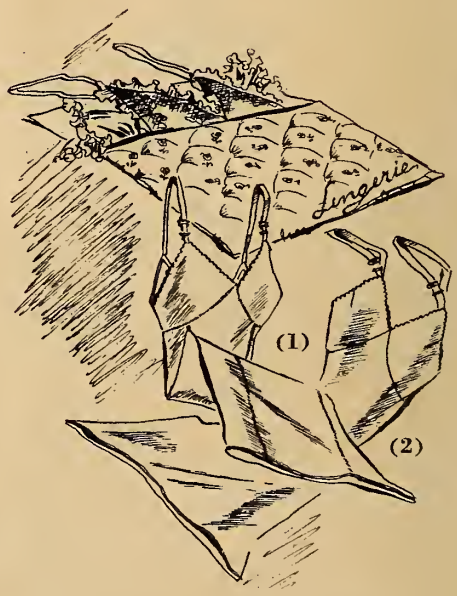


Wonderful for chilly days! A soft blue rayon crêpe dress with wool jacket. At John W. Thomas Co., Minneapolis. The Joléne shoe is about $3.

Under $17



A dreom of a negligée in dainty bud-rose chintz. The yoke and sleeves ore voile ond the skirt is ten yards around! Why not weor it dancing? At Lord & Toylor.



When you pack your pretties, remember to put in two tailored Movie Star Slips. (1) The Ziegfeld Girl ana (2) The One Hundred. Both about $1 at leading stores.

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

A LESSON IN
How to Become Some Man's Dream Girl—for KEEPS

Your romance is in the crucial stage where you *may* simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you *can* give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It's up to you, lass! If your technique's Right, you win. If it's Wrong—well, make it Right—

1



WRONG

to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man *some* rope, or what's he going to hang himself with?



RIGHT

to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded! That's where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond's every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.

2



WRONG

to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, "Don't fuss—come just as you are!" He may *think* he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!



RIGHT

to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond's glamour treatment. **1.** Slather Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smitch of dirt and old make-up. **2.** Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. *Then* wield the powder puff and you'll glitter with glamour!

3



WRONG

to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!



RIGHT

a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores, "dry" lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond's Cold Cream—*every night!*

4



WRONG

Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your handbag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!



RIGHT

to encourage him by looking sweet and *knowing* it! No distracting worry of bleary make-up or glistening nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can *trust* to hold powder right through the crisis!



WRONG

being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.



WRITE

Close the deal while it's hot! Get going *now* on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here's a dotted line to sign on—it isn't a wedding license, but one may well follow!

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
I'd love to try the same Pond's complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.



Name .....

Address .....

This offer good in U. S. only.

ODDITIES ON THE OSCARS

GINGER ROGERS AND JIMMY STEWART PLAY UNREHEARSED LEADING ROLES IN ACADEMY AWARDS' 13TH ANNUAL SHOW!



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne present miniature Oscars for best supporting roles to Jane Darwell ("Grapes of Wrath") and Walter Brennan ("The Westerner").



1940 Awards to Ginger for her performance in "Kitty Foyle" and to Jimmy for his trouping in "The Philadelphia Story."

The gardenia-bedecked Hotel Biltmore Bowl was the scene of the 13th Annual Academy Awards banquet . . . 1,500 guests were present; 1,300 were turned away . . . Those who were lucky enough to get in paid from $11 to $25 for a single ticket . . . A giant Oscar, done in glittering neon tubes, was perched atop the hotel's entrance marquee . . . Only one person in the Bowl knew the names of the winners before they were announced. He was the embarrassed representative of the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse and Co. who had custody of the envelopes containing the answers . . . There was considerable betting done at each table before the presentations were made.

Jimmy Stewart had planned to stay at home. On a hunch, two men from M-G-M went and fetched him a half hour before the Oscars were awarded . . . Ginger Rogers refused to appear for the Academy dinner when she was among the nominees a few years back. She was coaxed into coming this time by "Kitty Foyle" producer, David Hempstead . . . President Roosevelt opened the ceremonies with a radio address direct from the White House . . . Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, appearing around the corner from the Biltmore in "There Shall Be No Night," rushed through their performance and arrived in time to present the Stewart-Rogers awards.

Miss Fontanne and this year's Oscar girl met originally in 1930. They were both on the train which was bringing Ginger to Hollywood for the first time. Before they parted, Miss Fontanne told Ginger she was sure she'd make good in Hollywood. As she handed her her statuette, Miss Fontanne whispered in Ginger's ear: "I told you so" . . . Jimmy gulped and stammered before he could make his acceptance speech . . . Ginger came close to sobbing and so did everyone in the room who could see her pretty face twisting with emotion.

Jane Darwell, who won the award for the Best Performance by a Supporting Actress, hasn't had a job in over four months . . . Walter Brennan, 1940's Best Supporting Actor, accepted his third Oscar. He got his first two for "Come And Get It" and "Kentucky" . . . David O. Selznick, two-time Academy winner for the best picture of the year ("GWTW" and "Rebecca") announced there would be no more Selznick productions . . . Preston Sturges makes thousands of dollars a week, but he received his Oscar for the Best Original Screenplay ("The Great McGinty") in a rented tuxedo . . . Buddy DeSylva, new production head of Paramount and himself a noted composer ("Sonny Boy" among others) presented the musical awards. "When You Wish Upon A Star" from "Pinocchio" copped the honors for the best song of the year . . . Nicest surprise of the evening came when Walter Wanger presented Bob Hope with a special plaque for "Achievement in Humanities."

Hope delivered his funniest crack when his boss, Buddy DeSylva, left the podium. Nodding toward DeSylva, Bob chirped: "He just made a deal to loan me to Samuel Goldwyn . . . a sort of lend-louse bill!"

MEMO TO VAUGHN PAUL

(Continued from page 45)

always so beautifully groomed that this particular shortcoming is more than forgivable.

You've learned, no doubt, how very natural the future Mrs. Paul is. She doesn't paint her nails. She uses rouge and lipstick very conservatively. What's more, she's economical. We have designer Vera West's own word for it that her sole extravagance is shoes. She loves variety of footwear and pays $17 for every pair. Buys most of the clothes she wears in her films—and gets them at the second-hand rate—usually about $12.50.

Probably the most wonderful thing about your bride-to-be is her A. M. glamour. Practically any gal can sparkle after dark, but Deanna's ravishing from a dreary seven-thirty on. And cheerful! Her studio hairdresser claims Deanna's disposition is unique among feminine stars.

You can't help being impressed by the fact that she's so well-balanced. She's no helpless Dulcy. She's self-reliant, stands on her own feet. Most important, since she always accomplishes what she sets out to do, she can't fail—because now, we know from listening to her, she's out to establish Hollywood's most successful and happiest marriage.

DEANNA'S musical tastes are wide. She likes classical, certainly. But she also likes boogie-woogie and swing. She's not a musical snob—that is, doesn't think all classical music is good and all popular music bad. She judges a piece on its own individual merits. And since you're a lover of music, but admit you're not an expert, this should be fine for you.

She goes out of her way to be obliging, and that's an asset in any marriage. Remember the time Ray Jones, Universal's still photographer, got that wire from New York requesting still photos of Deanna immediately? And he knew it was impossible since Deanna was going to school, taking fittings, being made up, working on recordings and toiling in a movie. And when Deanna learned of the wire, what did she do? Skipped her entire lunch hour to come over to Ray's department and spend the time posing for the necessary stills.

And that's not all. Without ever being a student of Dale Carnegie, she knows how to win friends. And she doesn't do it consciously. The point is, she's interested in you. There was that other occasion when Deanna learned that a color photo which Ray had taken of her was selected as one of the best of the year and published as the only Hollywood star's photo in the 1941 U. S. Camera Annual. Of course, Ray was secretly proud, though he didn't think it would excite anyone else. But when Deanna got wind of it, she was thrilled, bubbling, congratulatory, and told the whole studio about it. And this trait alone would be a great cement in solidifying her wedlock with you. It shows she'll be interested, by word and by action, in your work as associate producer at Universal.

She's always taken her co-workers' mild gags with a grin. Of course, the gang has never tried practical jokes on her, but now that she's grown up, they will, and she won't mind. Her humor is harmless and innocent. It's this kind of stuff. "Do you know that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet—because there are no twacks!"

(Continued on page 63)

"I'm a coward about spanking children"

A modern mother learns how to solve an old problem the up-to-date way



1. I *dread* spanking children—I'd far rather reason with them. But sometimes a child can almost drive you mad! One day, my Janet was so stubborn. I found myself thinking, "A good smack in the right place would save us both a lot of time and energy!"



2. Janet needed a laxative and she refused flatly to take it. I know it tastes awful, so I offered to give her a lollipop if she'd take it like a good girl. And she still refused. So, for the first time, I spanked her and *forced* her to take it. She didn't cry. She just *looked* at me.



3. I felt perfectly awful all day. That's why I looked so gloomy when my cousin dropped in. She's a registered nurse for the best child specialist in town. So I asked her what to do about Janet and her laxative. And she said, "Give her a laxative she'll *like*."



4. "It's dangerous to force a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative," she went on. "It can shock her delicate nervous system. Children should get a laxative made especially for them—not an adult's laxative. *I'd* give your youngster Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "Children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "And you can be sure it's thorough, but always mild and *safe*—not a single harsh drug in it. Try it—I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her to the corner and bought a bottle right then and there.



6. The next time Janet needed a laxative, I gave her Fletcher's Castoria. And sure enough—she *loved* the taste! And me, well, I've settled a difficult problem the way I like best—without spankings. No more laxative tussles in *our* house!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

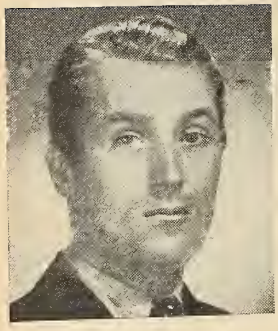
Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

SCREEN ALMANAC

The makings of a four-star scrapbook! Pictures, vital statistics and dozens of intimate "little things" about Hollywood's 400

BRIAN AHERNE



Born Brian Aherne; Worcestershire, England; May 2, 1902. Bond Street in every wrinkle . . . Hollywood's top bachelor before he went and fell . . . ducks night clubs and crowds . . . hates red fingernails . . . says "women's first interest should be their husbands" . . . quenchless thirst for tea . . . headful of airplanes and air lanes . . . as versatile as his roles.

RICHARD ARLEN



Born Richard S. Van Mattimore, Sept. 1, 1900; Charlottesville, Va. Hollywood's leading sportsman . . . hobbies: swimming, golf, riding, tennis . . . boating enthusiast . . . deep sea fisherman . . . American boy's model . . . biggest thrill in his life is his son . . . owns a flying school, his ambition since his days as a 17-year-old Canadian R.A.F.er.

EDDIE ALBERT



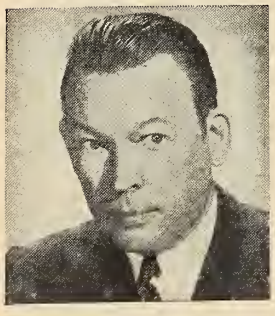
Born Edward Heimberger; Rock Island, Ill.; April 22, 1908. One gal man . . . bashful and bewildered . . . as smart as he is funny . . . hayseed with lady appeal . . . crazy about music and movie idols . . . hates Hollywood gossip, noise and cynics . . . yen to write philosophy . . . chummy with Lady Luck . . . sends invitations and forgets the party . . . no Beau Brummel.

DESI ARNAZ



Born Desi Arnaz, Santiago, Cuba; Mar. 2, 1917. Fled a revolution in Cuba. Came north of the border, found a job cleaning bird cages. Popularized the Conga. Loves chicken, rice, a quick game of soccer and redheaded women. Hates early morning phone calls and ugly girls. Stagestruck, wants to go back to Broadway.

FRED ALLEN



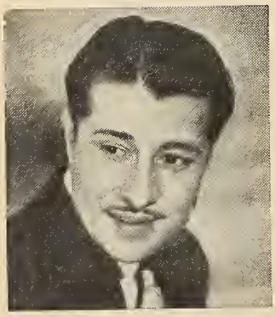
Born John Sullivan, Cambridge, Mass.; May 31, 1894. Born with a glib tongue . . . and not in his cheek. Loves to read in bed. Is a serious student of Shakespeare. Wears expensive clothes, but stuffs pockets full of junk. Always sleepy. Has sign in home telling guests to leave at 2 A. M. An accomplished cud-chewer —if no one is looking.

EDWARD ARNOLD



Born Edward Arnold, Feb. 18, 1890; New York, N. Y. Genial and fat . . . lighthearted . . . shining example of self-made man; sensible, scoffs at luxuries, pooh-poohs college educations and prefers experience for his kids . . . suggests days and ways of Diamond Jim but is as tame and domesticated as Pop . . . self confident . . . definite asset around the kitchen.

DON AMECHE



Born Dominick Felix Amici; May 31, 1910; Kenosha, Wis. Starts day at 6:30 A.M. bewildered and cross . . . loves lots of company, his family, thick steak, poker . . . hates telephoning . . . turnabout black sheep of his family . . . hobby's amusement parks . . . refuses to worry and smiles constantly . . . prefers Dago red to any other shade on earth.

JEAN ARTHUR



Born Gladys Greene, New York City, Oct. 17, 1908. Wanted to be a tight-rope walker . . . gets sick before interviews . . . cries when they're over . . . hates parties . . . positively will not talk politics . . . lives in tweeds and saddle shoes . . . has a way with a garden . . . houses 10 goldfish and a mongrel pup.

(Continued on page 68)

She likes attention, as does every girl. To illustrate, this past Christmas some one gave her a half-dozen victrola records as a present. She wrote not one, but two personal thank you notes and then phoned to say she was playing them over and over. And when you consider that with her money she could buy a million of those records!

She adores kids. When her sister had a child, Deanna stayed up from midnight to five in the morning waiting for the birth of that baby. And reported to work on time, too, without sleep!

We think Deanna rates at least four stars, Vaughn—and before the marriage has even taken place, we're sure that the plot involving Mr. and Mrs. Paul will run true to formula. You know—"and they lived happily ever after!"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 16*)

The movie—which has to do with life at the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich.—is fairly good. The title refers to Susannah, who sings in a burlesque theatre. Allan Jones, whose pop runs the music camp, wanders into the theatre, decides to help Susannah, adopts her and drags her to the camp. From there on the scenario grows duller and duller, with every cliché you can imagine popping up, but the actors keep struggling bravely and making almost all of it palatable.

There is a lot of good music, including the Meyerbeer "Shadow Song," Liszt's "Liebestraum," Strauss' "Voices of Spring" and other worthwhile items, but they are so thoroughly hashed up that they lose much of their value.

Susannah ought to go places once she relaxes. She has a lot of talent. There is a boy named Heimo Haitto, who is a Finnish violin prodigy, and he has a really outstanding and impressive personality. Allan Jones is himself again; if you like him, you like him. Lynne Overman is always insurance to any picture, because he is sure to contribute a healthy share of laughs. Margaret Lindsay and Grace Bradley are swell in support femme roles. Directed by Andrew Stone.—*Paramount.*

★★½ Golden Hoofs

This is a pleasant little yarn with no pretensions to greatness, but it is entertaining and it moves Jane Withers one step nearer to romantic leads. She's not quite there, but it looks as though she will definitely make the transition without trouble. That's important news, of course.

There's another important little bit of news in the casting of this picture. Buddy Rogers, who used to make many girls' hearts flutter not so very long ago, makes his movie comeback here. Hard to say whether it's a successful comeback or not. Buddy belongs in pictures, of course, but the part, here, is not strong enough to tell you much about him. Let's give him another chance before we decide, folks.

INFORMATION DESK
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

BRUNETTES! There's Beauty for you in these 3 questions



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has rich auburn hair, blue eyes. She uses Pond's Brunette (Rachel) because it matches her fair skin.







When trying to choose the right shade of powder for yourself, ask yourself only three questions.

Shall I *lighten* my skin?
Shall I *match* it?
Shall I *warm* it?

It's simply a matter of this:

Are you more beautiful when your skin looks frail shell-pink?

Are you lovelier when your skin looks ivory-pale to contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?

Are you more stunning if your skin is a warm, rosy tone to dramatize your brunette coloring?

Pond's has 4 superlative brunette shades to give the effect you desire.

A light rose-pink shade—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A deep cream shade—Brunette-Rachel. Countless brunettes use this to match their natural creaminess of tone. Some use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. This is the powder that matches most successfully the brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. A third group finds that the pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

And there is also our new Dusk Rose, the darkest, rosiest of our shades. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes who dislike growing paler in winter keep a warm, sunny tan with Dusk Rose.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look.

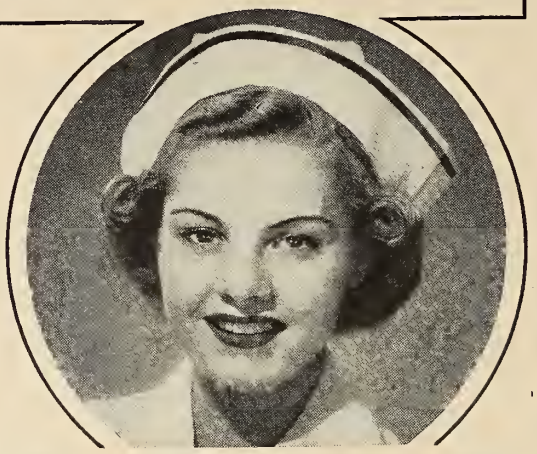
Brunettes will find their 4 lovely shades and ***Blondes*** will find an equally successful group. You can pick your own shade easily.

Free **Write to Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PE, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.**

WANT TO "DO SOMETHING" ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION?

WHICH OF THESE FAULTS MARS YOUR COMPLEXION BEAUTY?

- √ Externally-caused blemishes?
- √ Enlarged pore openings?
- √ Rough, "dried-out" skin?
- √ Chapped skin and lips?



Most complexions would be lovelier if it weren't for some common skin fault. If you'd really like to "do something" about *your* complexion, do what thousands of women all over the country are doing every day! Use the greaseless, snow-white *MEDICATED* cream, Noxzema!

NOXZEMA is not just a cosmetic cream. It contains soothing *medication* that helps
...heal externally-caused blemishes
...it helps smooth and soften rough skin
...and its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.

Nurses were the first to discover the remarkable qualities of this delightfully soothing, medicated cream. Now women everywhere use it regularly, both as a night cream and as a powder base. Why not try it? Find out what it may do for you!



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a limited time you can get the special 25¢ Noxzema for only 19¢. Get your jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter.

The story is one of those typical Withers affairs in which she is little Miss Fix-It again. This time she wants to save her home grounds as a breeding place for trotting horses and balk the efforts of Buddy, a commercially-minded gent who doesn't give a hoot about traditions and wants to convert the place into a bangtail proposition. Janie wins out, of course, but at the cost of a broken heart (?). It's full of hokum and stuff you've heard and seen many times before, but it is handled very deftly and pleasantly, and it won't make anybody mad. Directed by Lynn Shores.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★½ Blondie Goes Latin

The Blondie pictures, co-starring Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and the Simms tot, have found a peculiar little spot in the hearts of a lot of customers. Result: Columbia is now expanding the pictures, and that's a mistake. This one is a curious goulash which is likely to alienate more customers than it attracts.

The Bumsteads go on a cruise to South America, which permits Arthur Lake to play the drums and Penny to do a rhumba and a couple of songs. There is a band and there is Tito Guizar, a sweet-singing Latin. Also there are a good many romantic and business complications. The whole business, however, adds up to not so very much. Young Larry Simms' dead-pan is the only real fun in the picture (and mighty good he is, too) with his dog, Zero, not far behind. Directed by Frank Strayer.—*Columbia.*

★★½ Road Show

Some poor pictures annoy you, some make you angry, a few leave you with a feeling of infinite regret. Such a one is "Road Show," which has a lot of laughs, and a basic possibility for good fun—but which just doesn't come off. A little more work and concentration could have made it a smash.

It's one of those screwball yarns, having to do with a millionaire who is scared that some dame is going to knock him off for his bucks. He gets himself sent to a bug-house for a while, joins a half-baked carnival company as roustabout, and in various and sundry ways conducts himself in a manner to suggest the bug-house should have kept him. It's goofy, but the laughs are spotty, with long hunks of nothing in between—and the finale indicates that the producer, writers, and director just plain gave up and said, "Oh, nuts."

Adolphe Menjou is top man, and has a royal good time as a wacky chap who helps John Hubbard conduct himself in true millionaire fashion. Hubbard is plenty okay, too; it's about time he got a break in some movie. Carole Landis is the girl—and she tries hard—but she doesn't look as if she's worth all the ballyhoo. Blame it on poor photography. Patsy Kelly and Charles Butterworth garner some legitimate laughs in small parts. Directed by Hal Roach.—*Roach—UA.*

★★½ Scattergood Baines

When a magazine and radio serial has as many followers as the character of Scattergood Baines, it is extremely difficult to bring it to the screen without bothering a lot of people who have mental pictures which they've been carrying around for years. If you never read one of the stories or listened to one of the broadcasts, you're liable to think it's pretty good—otherwise, you'll be somewhat disappointed.

Future pictures (the studio plans a series of them) probably will have more dramatic action, since the attempt was made here to establish and introduce the characters, thus seeming somewhat slow. The story itself, once it gets started, is pretty interesting, having to do with a pretty schoolmarm forced to disguise her beautiful face because of a prim school board. Also, there is a secondary theme about a big lumber company trying to cheat Scattergood out of some timber rights. Both yarns are neatly integrated.

Guy Kibbee is pretty good in the title role, once you get used to him. He's not as fat as you've been led to believe Scattergood should be, and his voice doesn't even remotely resemble the Scattergood voice on the radio. So what? Don't look for comparisons, and he's convincing. The supporting cast is only fair, with Francis Trout, who does Pliny on the radio, making a successful movie début in the same role and topping the regulars. Carol Hughes and John Archer handle the romance. Directed by Christy Cabanne.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★½ The Monster and the Girl

The verdict on this one is pretty much up to you—if you want to play ball, you'll think it's grand fun; if you go to the theatre with a show-me attitude you'll probably be bored. It's a chiller-diller, full of action and thrills.

Young Phillip Terry comes to the big city to avenge his sister, who has been seduced by Robert Paige, head of a vice ring. The gang frames Terry and gets him sent to the electric chair. Before he takes the hot seat, Terry makes a deal with a doctor and his brain is transferred to a giant ape. After he dies, the ape wanders around town systematically knocking off the gangsters one by one. The last gangster manages to kill the ape, which seems a shame, somehow, because the ape has become a sort of avenging hero, despite the fact that he spreads death and destruction. That gives you an idea how screwy the whole yarn is—but there are plenty of us gluttons who love that kind of stuff.

The acting is okay, though uninspired. Ellen Drew is the gal; Paul Lukas, Marc Lawrence and Joseph Calleia are best in support. Director Stuart Heisler manages to keep things moving at a sufficiently torrid pace.—*Paramount.*

★★½ Trial of Mary Dugan

For many years now, Bayard Veiller's stage play has been excellent entertainment and the current re-filming of it is still okay movie fare. It is told rather slowly at first, but once it gets moving you'll have a swell time.

Laraine Day is Mary Dugan this time. (Norma Shearer did it last time) and it is a distinct step up the ladder for her; she turns in a wholly believable performance in a tough part. The rest of the cast—Robert Young, Tom Conway, Frieda Inescourt and Marsha Hunt—is okay, but it's Laraine you'll talk about when you leave the theatre.

Just in case you've forgotten, the story has to do with the plight of a girl on trial for murder. Bob Young is her lawyer and—when things look absolutely hopeless for the kid—he manages to turn the tables by a clever court-room trick which gives the picture a really exciting kick finish. Save a lot of your plaudits for the understanding which Norman McLeod put into the direction.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

FOREVER AND A DAY

(*Continued from page 10*)

fell. If anyone were silly enough to ask for, and I were silly enough to supply, one of those single-word descriptions, I'd make it sunny.

People ask whether marriage has changed Tyrone. Annabella says not. Some of his friends disagree. As one put it: "When I first met him, he was flying off in all directions. He didn't know where he was going or what he wanted. Now he knows." I detected one difference. His eyes used to be restless. Now they're quiet with the serenity his wife must have brought him, since it wasn't there before.

He's also become a devoted householder, another new role. "I care," he admits barefaced, "about the color of drapes and the hang of pictures."

They had neither drapes nor pictures when they moved in a week after their marriage. They had, says Annabella, the garden furniture, a mattress and a marble game—"one of those things you put a nickel in which somebody gave Tyrone. We ate sometimes on the garden furniture, sometimes on the game."

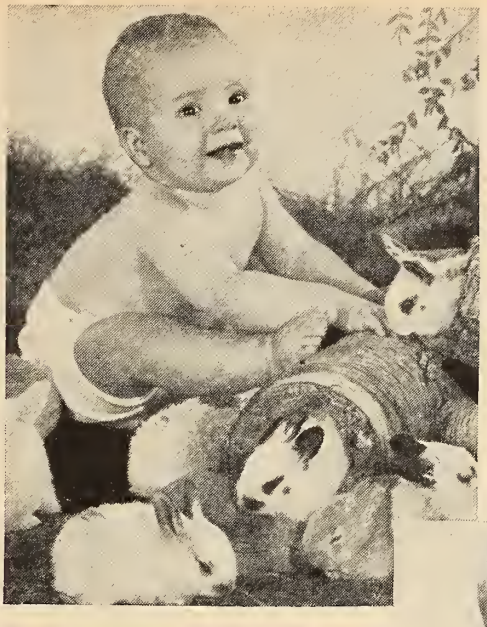
THIS was because, until Annabella's furniture arrived from France, they couldn't be sure what they'd need. Meantime they had some changes made in the house—painted the roof and shutters green—opened Annabella's balcony and added a little winding staircase that leads directly to the garden—built additional bookshelves—ripped out two fancy fireplaces, an elaborately carved one in the library and the living-room fireplace which was all mirrors, replacing them with plain brick and wood. "I live on movie sets all day long," said Tyrone. "I don't want to come home to a house that looks like one."

Asked for her views on the subject, Annabella looks mildly astonished. "I thought Tyrone had a wonderful taste, because he had mine. There are houses for which you have to wear velvet and satin, you have to dress for that house in negligées with lace. But we are always around in slacks, so how could we suit with such a house?"

Then came the beautiful old family pieces from France—rich in tradition and lustrous with the polishing of generations of hands—consoles and chests—a Spanish desk for the library—an old bishop to bless the hall table—a smaller desk fitting into a niche in the upstairs hall as though designed for it, though its exquisitely painted drawers had originally been built to guard the papers of a monk. Still it probably feels at home, upholding at either end a lovely Mexican bottle-madonna.

When these were placed, they began to fill in. An English dining-room with a silver Lazy Susan service under the window, which they hesitate to refer to lest they startle the cook, whose name is Susan. Chintzes everywhere—"to bring the garden into the house." A modern bedroom for Ty—sandblasted Japanese oak and green blocked linen. A gay child's room for little Anni. Annabella's room, feminine but not fussy, the head and footboards of the bed covered with quilted chintz and looking like a flower-starred field in summer. The night table holds two phones, one recently installed.

"I'd call the house," Tyrone explains,



"**Hey! Know any tricks** to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like . . ."



"**Hold on**—maybe they feel the way I do when I'm hot and cross and some foolish grownup's trying to make me chuckle. Maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off! . . ."



"**Gleeps! That's it!** Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wiggle their ears and start to frolic."



"**What a thrill!** A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day! It's swell for chafes and prickles. Mighty inexpensive, too."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



"and the line was always busy. It drove me mad. So I said to Annabella, let's put in a private phone, just for you and me. Now I can never remember the number and central won't tell me. It turned out to be so private *I* can't get it!"

"Never mind," Annabella soothes him, "we'll have it printed on your key."

After it was finished, they didn't like the living-room.

"It's not warm enough," said he.

"More chintzes maybe," she speculated. "Well—let's sit in the library."

The idea of a living-room they didn't live in irked them both. Last Christmas Ty got an idea. He'd fix it up as a holiday surprise for Annabella.

THIS required management. A decorator came up to take measurements while madame was out. Tyrone picked his pieces—odd tables, soft couches, a honey of a desk, warm-toned chairs. One day Annabella felt ill and stayed in bed. Her husband wasn't pleased exactly, but neither was he displeased. Grabbing the phone, he told the decorator: "This is the day." They hauled his purchases through the front door on tiptoe, arranged them in the living-room to see how they fitted, and hauled them away again. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve they were all brought back and piled up in the garage. Annabella suspected nothing.

"For one month before Christmas," she observes, "everything is a lie. One says, where do you go? You are going out again? I am not going with you? What are you doing? Nothing. Again nothing? Every day we are doing nothing. Each time I was going into his bedroom, he would say, don't touch anything. We know it is for each other, but we get mad anyway, because we can't wait till Christmas. Oh, yes, I thought I would find new things on the tables, but not new tables under the things."

The René Clairs—he directed Annabella's first French picture—came on Christmas Eve to stay overnight and spend the holiday with them.

"René's never forgiven me," says Ty. "When the girls went to bed about midnight, I broke the news. It took hours to tote the old stuff out to the garage, and the new stuff in." Climbing round packages and Christmas trees, in imminent danger of breaking their necks or at least of rousing the household, they managed to finish the job undetected. They even hung pictures—four old French prints Tyrone had unearthed somewhere so that Annabella should find Paris hanging on her wall.

For a moment next morning, surveying this Aladdin-magic, she stood speechless, then turned to her grinning husband. "Do they all go back tomorrow?" she murmured before flinging herself at his neck. Nowadays, when Mr. Clair seats himself on a Power couch, he shakes hands with it. "Yes, I know this one intimately. It's a heavy one."

There's tradition on both sides of the Power family. If Annabella's forebears are present in the furniture they used, Tyrone's are equally in evidence. The chief treasure of his library is a two-volume book, whose title page reads: "Impressions of America—during the years 1833, 1834 and 1835 by Tyrone Power, Esq."

It was published in 1836, dedicated to "My only Patron and gentle Public" by "Your devoted, humble servant," and from its pages breathes as vibrant and kindly a personality as you'd meet in a year of books, as the author tells with modesty and humor of what turned out to be a triumphal tour of these states, up and down the eastern seaboard, south to New Orleans and west to the Mississippi.

Ty undoubtedly knows his great grandfather better than most of us know our contemporary kin. He gets a kick out of comparing his impressions of American cities with those of the hundred-year-back Tyrone. Philadelphia, for instance—"the dwellings are chiefly of brick, of a good colour. . . . The windows are furnished with latticed shutters; these, when not closed, fold back on either hand against the wall, and being painted green, and kept with much care and freshness, would invest humbler dwellings with an attractive air, especially in the eyes of an Englishman, accustomed to the dingy aspect of our city residences."

Too bad that Englishman couldn't have peered into the future when he set out from Liverpool in the packet-ship Europe "yards pointed and sails closely furled." His own son sniffed at the father's frivolous profession, and wrapped himself in the respectable folds of the law. He'd have liked to know that his grandson picked up the sock and buskin where he dropped them, and that his great-grandson keeps his memory green with old playbills and pictures on the curved wall of his bar. There's one portrait on the strength of which Darryl Zanuck would have signed the earlier Tyrone without a test. Four photographs only share the honor of the gallery with him—Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Maurice Evans, Noel Coward.

But Tyrone's itching to show you the garden. He leads you along what used to be dirt paths, filled in by himself with decomposed gravel, personally edged in a herringbone pattern of bricks. To date he's laid four thousand.

HE holds the bricks like that," Annabella gibes softly, "and comes in with his shirt all beautiful pink."

To give him his due, though the borders might have been laid more speedily by an expert, to this untrained eye they could hardly have been laid more competently. "Ysidro, the gardener, indulges me," says Tyrone.

He weeds the paths too, and points with pride to the dozen eucalyptus which, when he planted them last year, were as tall as Annabella and are now twice as tall. They gloat over budding almond blossoms and a new tangerine. They pick figs and avocados from their own trees and eat 'em like mad. Ty frowns at the bathhouse awning, beaten to a pulp by the storms California never has. "Joys of owning a home," he growls, "I love it."

Annabella calls all the hedges pittosporum, though some are not. "Because it sounds scientific," she explains. "I don't know how it spells." (Neither does my dictionary. A nurseryman told me how it spells.)

Epatant gambols along beside them. Epatant, whose name means extraordinary or striking, belongs to that most ingratiating tribe of dogs, the French poodle. He's called Eppie for short and Tyrone pretends, with extraordinary or striking lack of success, to be sore at him. Annabella jumps to the defense.

"Of course at the beginning that dog was very young. Well, I don't know, maybe he noticed we don't go very often into Tyrone's room, so maybe he thought, it's a nice, quiet room, if I have something to do, that's where to do it. Always it happened on Tyrone's carpet. But no more, Eppie, hein?" Eppie remains sublimely unself-conscious, a black clown stalking a yellow butterfly.

He's the only house dog. Two police hounds and a mongrel cocker share the

grounds with a goat. Annabella's affections embrace all animals, especially small ones. So when Ty was rash enough to come home and tell her that his dentist's goat had given birth to a son whose future looked uncertain, she insisted on taking him in. The baby has now become a menace. He dines, by preference, on roses and, if only for olfactory reasons, has to be kept strictly to his own enclosure.

"Of course we can't give him away," his mistress protests. "Nobody would like to have that thing. Still it isn't his fault if he has grown up like that."

Anni's a dark, quiet little girl who attends the Paulist school in Westwood and thinks America is "good." Her name is Anni because her mother's an individualist. Annabella was christened Suzanne, "and when in school they called Suzanne, twenty-five girls stood up. I thought, rather an ugly name which is yours, than one which belongs to all the world. So to my daughter I gave a name which nobody has in France. Now she is here, where everybody is Ann."

Next to her mother, her grandmother and Tyrone, Anni loves horses. She sits and draws horses, she pores over books on horses, she plans to marry a farmer with a hunded horses. She all but ran a fever when Tyrone brought her from Mexico a *charo* outfit—the long trousers and little jacket worn by native cowboys. Her mother puzzles over the source of this passion. Between herself and horses there is no affinity.

"A horse can be nice with everybody, but with me at once he begins to jump. He knows I'm scared. Oh, don't say it, please. Or if you say I am scared, then say I am ashamed too."

She's ashamed too. Want to make something of it?

I stopped to admire a bowl of azure stock on the patio table. "From the garden," said Ty. "We never have to buy flowers any more."

"No." Annabella slipped her arm through his. "We really were saving money when we bought that house."

Which drew her husband's best grin. Yes, Tyrone's happy. Not perfectly, of course. Who is? What bothers him now is the endless shooting schedule on "Blood and Sand." He still has four thousand bricks to lay.



Eduardo Blasi shows Jack L. Warner, Vice President of Warner Brothers, how they "tee off" down Argentine way.

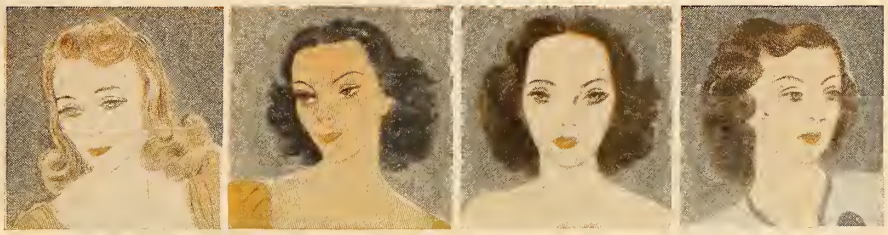
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To deepen love interest

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Vivid skin, dusky or olive tones. For luscious richness, use Woodbury Brunette. For copper glow, Cbampagne.

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WOODBURY *Face Powder*





SCREEN ALMANAC (*Continued from page 62*)

FRED ASTAIRE

Born Fred Austerlitz; Omaha, Neb., May 10, 1900. Contradictory hoofer of heels. Aspirations to 2nd baseman yet scores all his innings on dance floor. World-famous for grace yet quakes at ballroom dancing. Suave and smooth on surface yet shy and naïve inside. Orders custom-made clothes via mail, yet gets a faultless fit.

•

MARY ASTOR

Born Lucille Langhanke; May 3, 1906; Quincy, Ill. Serene . . . book collector (poetry to mystery thrillers) . . . willing and able—writes fiction, sketches, knits, speaks three tongues—but falls down on cookery . . . loves bric-a-brac . . . hates telephones . . . economizes on stamps . . . fond of pets . . . lives in sweaters, slacks and tailleurs.

•

MISCHA AUER

Born Mischa Ounskowsky; St. Petersburg, Russia; Nov. 17, 1905. To strangers, he's woeful; to his family, he's infatuated with nonsense, to bill collectors, he's automatically asleep; to tie salesmen, he's a weekly sucker; to real-estate agents, he's a renegade renter; to party-goers a chandelier-swinging ape; to sunglasses a kleptomaniac.

GENE AUTRY

Born Gene Autry; Sept. 29, 1907; Tioga, Tex. Everybody's pal (especially Champ's) . . . the real McCoy in Westerners from his genuine Texas drawl to his brightly colored cowboy shirts at $25 a throw . . . wants to die with his boots ($75) on . . . collector of spurs . . . campfire cook par excellence . . . non-drinker, smoker . . . charitable.

•

LEW AYRES

Born Frederick Lewis Ayer; Minneapolis, Minn.; Dec. 28, 1908. NEVER: . . . carries a watch . . . gambles . . . eats candy or big breakfasts . . . talks fast . . . whistles . . . uses dining room. ALWAYS: . . . wears 8-year-old tan sweater around the house . . . sticks to tweeds . . . lives on high hill . . . philosophical . . .

•

LUCILLE BALL

Born Lucille Ball; Butte, Mont.; August 6, 1911. Here's a redhead whose clothes are red withal; whose weekly allowance is $10; whose Great Love is hamburger with onions; whose gun shot South American crocodiles from the air; whose "rep" is best-dressed gal in Hollywood; whose tongue slips into torrid tiffs; whose chassis requires gobs of fattening foods!

LYNN BARI

Born Marjorie Bitzer; Roanoke, Va.; Dec. 18, 1920. Minister's daughter with all the virtues; none of the vices—studious, literary, quiet and unassuming but far from dull. Ex-medical student. Goes overboard every time for blue, chocolate, steak, potatoes, perfume, tailored togs and shoes.

•

BINNIE BARNES

Born Gittell Enouce; London, England; March 25, 1908. Born with tongue in cheek where it's stayed ever since. Youngest of 14. Peddled milk and modeled for Schiaparelli. Early in game learned value of a well-timed fib. Hates publicity and gives reporters run-around. Lives on quiet side, binding her books and real-estating at a profit!

•

JOHN BARRYMORE

Born John Blythe; Phila., Pa.; Feb. 15, 1882. Has had a "hell of a life" dodging women and bill collectors. "Never married a woman, they all married him." Ad libs lines, loves to shock audiences. Collects wives, old glassware, and risqué stories. Believes in astrology. Worked one day on art department of a newspaper . . . was fired.

•

LIONEL BARRYMORE

Born Lionel Blythe; Philadelphia, Pa.; April 28, 1878. Tho' he's a saviour to struggling actors, champ among back fence gabbers, best customer in sandwich shops, most eccentric relaxer in studio (he plays concertos on his dressing room piano), stranger to his comb, idolizer of prize fighters, he's just a scene-snatcher to brother John!

(*Continued on page 72*)

"QUINTS" GET FIRST CANDY



Naturally, **Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods.**

You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satisfaction in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today.

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"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose—as well as other nutritious ingredients—helps overcome between-meal hunger and fatigue.

. . . . An American Favorite

STYLE YOUR SMILE

(*Continued from page 49*)

against further inroads. For skin may renew itself, hair grow in again and nails return after injuries, but once you lose a tooth—it's gone and, though store teeth are certainly better than none, they'll never take the place of the ones you grow yourself.

Crooked teeth may be a problem to some girls, but never forget this: that, although teeth may have been more easily aligned when you were in the pigtail and pinafore years—many a wonderful straightening job has been done long after girls have reached their exciting twenties.

Crooked teeth not only spoil a girl's appearance but also interfere with her digestion, because she can't chew properly. They're harder to clean and are consequently much more easily infected than straight ones. Uneven teeth frequently cause mouth breathing, which is definitely detrimental to good health as well as beauty. For these reasons, your best bet is to go to your dentist and have them attended to—now!

Check up on your teeth regularly. Some may need attention every month. Others may go on as sound as rocks for years—but don't take chances. Many a costly, painful and permanently disfiguring mouth condition can be prevented or indefinitely postponed by a little timely dental care.

If you will give your own precious teeth one half the good care that girls in Hollywood are required to devote to theirs, you'll have a winsome, spontaneous and self-confident smile that girls with dingy, unattractive mouthfuls can never hope to rival. For fashions may come and fashions may go—but the girl with a lovely smile is always in style.

COMEDY ON CANVAS

(*Continued from page 32*)

Decker tucked the canvas under his arm and marched out the door. He never received a cent for his work. The picture now hangs in his studio. He uses it as a target for his B-B gun. These incidents notwithstanding, Decker is very happy in Hollywood. He knows he'll never starve here. Whenever times get tough, he can always make a living painting Napoleons! He has more calls from actors, directors and producers with Little Corporal complexes than he does from anyone else! In fact, one actor, dying for an important role as the historic Frenchman, ordered himself painted as Napoleon though he looked no more like him than a dish of fried eggs. The actor took his portrait to the producer who was casting the picture—and, with no trouble at all, landed the greatest part of his career!

Decker devotes his leisure hours to serious painting. He hopes to exhibit a collection of these Decker-in-the-style-of-Decker canvases in New York before long. His favorite picture, however, is neither caricature nor serious. It is a sketch of his dearest crony, John Barrymore—a slightly risqué impression of the Great Lover, deep in a chair caressing a bottle, while overhead float two fat Cupids . . . Elaine Barrie and her devoted mother. Thus does one artist pay tribute to another in this startling movietown.

90% more Porous

than its nearest competitor selling at the same price

THE FACTS: At both skin and room temperatures, Cutex Nail Polish showed on an average a transmission of 90% more moisture than its nearest competitor. With Cutex, moisture can get through to your nails!



Does your Nail Polish Check on all these Points?

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- ✓ Is the brush always of even bristles, securely set in an aluminum shaft made in U. S. A.?

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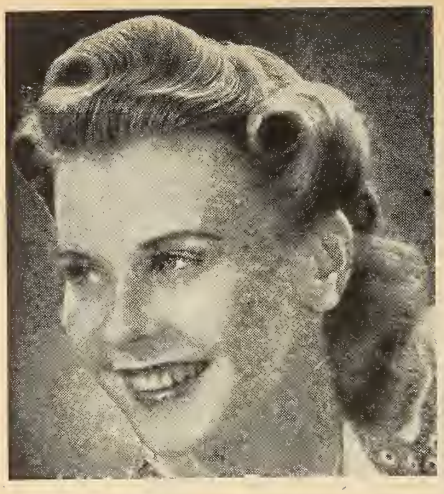
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after one shampoo with Halo

THE heartbreaking thing about drab, colorless, mousey hair is what it does to the rest of you. You may be as pretty as a movie star, but if your hair-do lacks Oomph, so do you!

Halo is not a soap—it therefore leaves no dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair. And with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl. How it gently cleanses your scalp, and leaves it fragrantly clean.

And Halo, because of its new-type ingredient, makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

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See how smooth, youthful, alluring your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base. It helps conceal blemishes, subtly 'tints' your complexion, gives you a flattering 'portrait finish.'

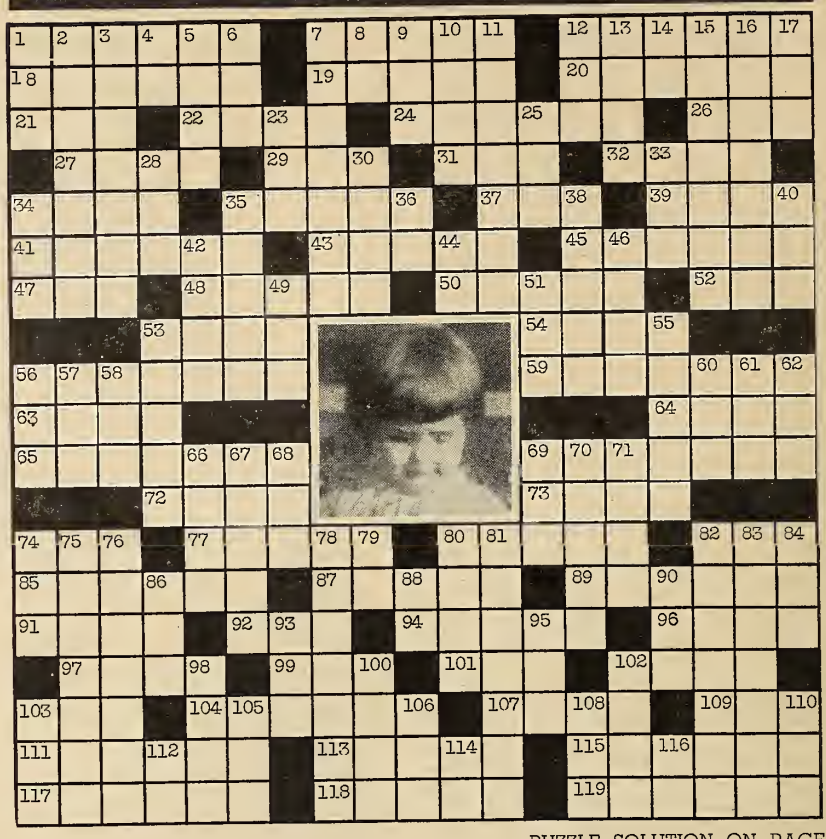


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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 73

ACROSS

1. Popular actor in "Free and Easy"
7. He's "Tall, Dark, And Handsome"
12. Star of "That Uncertain Feeling"
18. Cagney's wife in "Strawberry Blonde"
19. Femme in "They Met in Argentina"
20. With Stewart in "Come Live With Me"
21. Bark
22. "Alfalfa" Sweitzer
24. Dancer in "Hit Parade of 1941"
26. Affirmative vote
27. Ratlike rodent
29. Hawaiian acacia tree
31. Charlie Ch - - -
32. Endeavors
34. Fawning
35. Silent day star
37. Husband of "Margie"
39. A list
41. "Nice Girl?"
43. A Hottentot
45. Robert Cummings pilots these
47. Blunder
48. Tracts
50. She's in "Phantom Submarine"
52. Distinguished Service Cross: abbr.
53. Mohammedan official
54. A "January" star
55. Actress in "Maisie Was A Lady"
59. She's in "The Bad Man"
63. Mrs. John Payne
64. Prevaricator
65. Impersonator
69. Femme lead of a film
72. S. American evergreen tree
73. Actor in "Buck Privates"
74. "The Wonder Dog"
77 & 80. What actress is pictured above?
82. Birth month of 77 Across: abbr.
85. Actor in "I Wanted Wings"
87. Shellac
89. Weirdly
91. On the sheltered side
92. Actress in "So Ends Our Night"
94. Irish singer
96. Heroine in Westerns
97. Lucille - - - -
99. "- - - Vegas Nights"
101. Clever
102. Learning
103. Evening: poet.
104. She's in "Knockout"
107. Dog star
109. Actress Munson
111. Orchestra leader in "Let's Make Music"
113. Consumed
115. Hardened
117. Emphasize
118. Fear
119. John Brown in "Santa Fe Trail"

DOWN

1. Yodeling cowboy
2. Nelson in "That Hamilton Woman"
3. Having two poles
4. Evelyn Venable: init.
5. Commentator for sports reels
6. Chinese pagoda
7. Comic in "You're The One"
8. Questioning exclamation
9. Director of "Kitty Foyle"
10. Song like Deanna sings
11. Femme in "San Francisco Docks"
12. Swedish comedian
13. Vamp of silent era
14. Printer's measure
15. Actor in "Mr. And Mrs. Smith"
16. Son of Agamemnon
17. Extinct government code
23. Hollywood studio
25. M-G-M's lion
28. Jeffrey - - - n
30. Stuttering comic in "Chad Hanna"
33. Man's name
34. Poem
35. Siren in "Virginia"
36. R - - inald Owen
38. Motion Picture Theatre Owners Ass'n: abbr.
40. Cameramen's organization: abbr.
42. Title
44. Sun god
46. Den
49. Sea eagle
51. Sick
53. Build
55. Parlor
56. Curvacious star
57. Polly in "Andy Hardy" series
58. Fields' daughter in "The Bank Dick"
60. Three: Rom. num.
61. - - - Grey
62. Before
66. Richard Calvert in "Nice Girl?"
67. The original "Charlie Chan"
68. A course
69. Producer of "Topper Returns"
70. Femme in "The Mad Doctor"
71. Comedienne in "Boys From Syracuse"
74. Triumphant exclamation
75. Star of "Arise, My Love"
76. Dancer scheduled for "Panama Hattie"
78. Mixed well
79. Old pronoun
80. Margaret Lindsay's real name
81. Where "Night Train" was filmed
82. Looking glasses
83. One to whom property is transferred
84. Railways: abbr.
86. Dolores - - - Rio
88. Symbol for strontium
90. Film with S. American setting
93. Yale
95. "Those Were The D - - -"
98. Tennis strokes
100. Box
102. Sweater girl
103. "- - - tasy"
105. Lya - - -
106. Summer: Fr.
108. Boyer's son in "Back Street"
110. "Sailor's L - - -"
112. Massachu - - tts
114. Actor in "Meet John Doe:" init.
116. Pronoun

OBJECT—GAYETY?

(*Continued from page 29*)

buried talents and made a new star. He badgered director William Wyler into badgering Warners to cast the Englishman as Howard Joyce in "The Letter." If he'd done nothing more, he'd have proven himself a gold mine. But he did lots more. Shortly after meeting Roz, for instance, he brought her into the Vincent fold.

He's blonde, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered, stands six-foot-one and has been described as "the laughing Dane." He got his British accent legitimately from the English school in which he was educated. His taste in clothes is quiet. Mostly he wears dark blue, and his ties are either solid in color or pin-striped. Beautiful cuff links are the only touch of sartorial glitter he allows himself. He lives in a swank apartment in a swank apartment house called Brandon Hall and drives a dark blue Buick.

Feature by feature he's pleasant looking rather than handsome, but when he smiles—which is often—girls' hearts do flip-flops. Like Rosalind's, his manner with people is casual, unaffected and friendly. The office force thinks he's swell. Hearing that one of them had smashed up her car, he produced a fat Christmas check to help repair the damage. You can't help liking a man who's both generous and thoughtful. Christmas, however, comes only once a year. It's his day-by-day thoughtfulness that wins people and keeps them won.

ONE'S inclined to credit any statement of Rosalind's, including the one that she doesn't expect to become Roz Brisson. Doubt is bound to sneak in, on the other hand, because of the etiquette among movie players which requires them to deny marriage or divorce until after the accomplished fact. Which still leaves much to be said on her side.

Their attitude toward each other in public smacks more of good fellowship than of orange blossoms. They don't hold hands, they don't cast sheep's eyes. And while that may mean nothing more than a reluctance to wear their hearts on their sleeves, lovers, however discreet, generally manage to give themselves away.

There is also the well-known Hollywood practice of blowing a bubble into a gas-filled Zeppelin. Someone spied a new car in Brisson's garage on Christmas Day. Next morning the gossip columns commented how sweet of Roz to give Fred a car for Christmas. He bought the car himself. Her Christmas gift to him was nothing more extravagant than a desk set —"without a picture frame even," she says dryly.

Then there was the story of the family dinner party, prettily embroidered as the occasion on which the elder Brissons bestowed their blessing on the young folk. Simply and accurately, Fred's parents arrived, Roz was interested in meeting them as she'd have been interested in meeting parents of any good friend, so the four had dinner together.

If they ever do marry, it's likely to be after sober thought and for keeps. Roz isn't one to go for an in-and-out marriage. Lively spirits don't keep her from being level-headed. She comes of level-headed stock. Her father told his large family of girls that as long as they were studying, he'd be glad to have them at home. He wouldn't, however, brook a bunch of idle, bridge-playing, lying-in-

(*Continued on page 73*)

U. S. SALESGIRLS FIND...



more minutes of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum

. . . AND 2 OUT OF 3 PREFER THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT FLAVOR OF BEECH-NUT GUM

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An independent research organization questioned 245 salesgirls as follows. Each girl was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified). Each was asked to tell how long she thought the flavor lasted and which stick tasted better.

The results. According to the girls, Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 14% longer than the peppermint flavor of all other brands tested. Also—2 out of 3 girls preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of other brands.

Get Beech-Nut today—in the bright *yellow* package. It's delicious—*stays* delicious.

They said:
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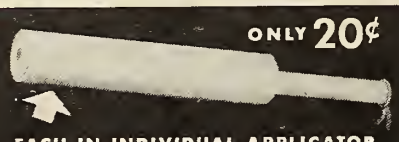


Why I switched to Meds



—by an airline hostess

We airline hostesses are modern-minded. So I've always preferred *internal* sanitary protection—though I admit I hated to pay the extra cost. That's why I was so tickled when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Meds certainly are miles ahead. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so downright little.



EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

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when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

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1. Gives lustrous highlights.
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3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses

10¢ for 2 rinses





SCREEN ALMANAC (*Continued from page 68*)

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
Born Fred Bartholomew; London, Eng.; March 28, 1924. Six feet and gangly . . . wants to grow up in a hurry and be a top star like his idols Tracy and Garbo . . . loves America for its swing music, football, hot dogs, ice cream and girl friends . . . inheritor of quick Irish tongue from his Irish grandma; an affinity for fisticuffs from Eire.

•

WARNER BAXTER
Born Warner Baxter; Columbus, Ohio; March 29, 1893. Half yachtsman, half farmer; propensity for good clothes . . . fuss budget about his belongings . . . hates to be waited on and abhors female servants . . . hires a chauffeur but always drives own cars . . . cabinful of pelts to prove his prowess as a hunter . . . concoctor of famed chile con carne.

•

WALLACE BEERY
Born Wallace Beery; Kansas City, Mo.; April 1, 1889. Rough stuff over a tender heart. Passionately fond of kids and has adopted four. Crazy about pups. Hunts, flies his own plane and tinkers around in his home-built machine shop. Would walk a mile for a Chaplin film. Steers clear of night clubs. Murders King's English.

•

RALPH BELLAMY
Born Ralph Bellamy; Chicago, Ill.; June 17, 1905. That western drawl's a phony; he's an ex-city slicker! Used to live in a Greenwich Village garret and got to hate all of N. Y. except Bronx Zoo. Shuns night clubs because he can't dance a step and rarely drinks. His only vices: chain-smoking and reckless driving. Loathes hats and bow-ties.

•

ROBERT BENCHLEY
Born Robert Benchley; Worcester, Mass.; Sept. 15, 1889. Businessman with a twinkle. Having swell time. Frank and bellowing laughter. Prize raconteur and life of any party with his dead-panned witticisms. Eye-opening versatility — author, actor, playwright, columnist, critic, commentator and authority on private lives of newts and polyps.

•

CONSTANCE BENNETT
Born Constance Bennett; New York, N. Y.; Oct. 22, 1905. A great friend to those she trusts . . . to be happy means to be working and well-dressed (she's one of the best-garbed ladies in films) . . . animal fancier . . . temperamental . . . keen business acumen . . . works like a trojan for British War Relief . . . owner of huge cosmetic firm.

JOAN BENNETT
Born Joan Bennett; Palisades, N. Y.; Feb. 27, 1910. Hates cheerful early-morning risers . . . likes delicate perfume, French furniture, New York, sensible hats, down hair-do, dogs, rose quartz . . . fastidious gourmet . . . super-sensitive . . . honest . . . positively refuses to light three on a match, walk under ladders or disregard No. 13 . . . initial-wearer.

•

JACK BENNY
Born Benny Kebelsky; Chicago, Ill.; Feb. 14, 1895. Everything's "marvelous." Where there's Benny, there's a cigar. Right eye's bluer than left. Perennial blue and gray double-breasted suits. Changes his shoes thrice a day. Famous cowboy, yet he's rarely seen astride a horse. Such bad taste in socks and ties, his wife has to pick 'em.

•

EDGAR BERGEN
Born Edgar Berggren; Chicago, Ill.; Feb. 1, 1903. Inventor of shoe polish that resisted water but didn't polish and lemonade-ice cream drink (failure) . . . likes parties . . . holds private conversations with Charlie and won't let anyone else handle him . . . gives him a room and closet of his house . . . member of the American Society of Cinematographers . . . crazy about women and caviar.

•

INGRID BERGMAN
Born Ingrid Bergman; Stockholm, Sweden; Aug. 22, 1917. Crazy about music, corn on the cob and the color white. Gets a kick out of New York, double decker busses, drug stores for their triple layer sandwiches and yummy sundaes. Doesn't smoke. Uses no makeup or nail polish. Systematic. Frightened by autograph seekers. Cool as a cucumber!

•

JOAN BLONDELL
Born Rose Blondell; New York, N. Y.; Aug. 30, 1909. A regular gal (they call her "Blondell" on the set) . . . perpetually sun-burned . . . so superstitious she refuses to start a picture on Tuesday . . . two-fingered pianist . . . wants to drive a hook-and-ladder . . . scared of airplanes . . . bad memory . . . sleeps long and hard and on tummy . . . pyjama-proponent.

•

HUMPHREY BOGART
Born Humphrey Bogart; New York, N. Y.; Dec. 25, 1900. A twentieth century realist . . . no Art for Art's sake . . . likes to make money and does . . . despises all crooners, book jackets and new clothes . . . thinks nudism is sensible . . . plays a keen game of chess . . . likes to study political science . . . has suppressed desire to be great pianist.

(*Continued on page 94*)

(Continued from page 71)

bed-till-noon women about the house. When they quit school they could go out and earn a living.

Such training tells. Roz earns a good living now, but she doesn't splurge. Her house is bought and paid for. It's a white brick affair behind a white brick wall, New England style, attractive, exquisitely furnished but with a modest seven rooms. She'll tell you it's on the wrong side of the tracks which means that it's not up among the haughty estates with their pheasants and nurseries. She's recently installed a paddock swimming pool —and if you don't know what that is, it's the cheapest kind you can get. She had tons of salt poured into it to remind her of the ocean, and at Christmas time she hangs sleigh-bells on the door to remind her of New England winter

She has no chauffeur. Her medium-priced coupé of a soft shade of green is driven either by herself or by Hazel, her maid. Hazel used to work for Garbo, but Garbo doesn't keep a maid between pictures. When she asked Hazel to return after one such interlude, Hazel didn't guess she could leave Miss Russell.

Fashion experts included Roz last year among the ten best-dressed women. She considers smart clothes an essential adjunct to her profession and spends a reasonable proportion of her salary on them. But she doesn't come out in a new mink coat each year, and she spends more thought than money on her wardrobe. Many of her things are bought from Irene, the famous Hollywood designer.

She doesn't go in for much jewelry, either costume or real. And she loves crazy hats. Her hobby is collecting luggage, but she's no snob. A burglar broke into her sister's Florida home while Roz was visiting and took among other treasures her matched bags. She proceeded to New York, laden with cardboard boxes and hat-sacks, ignoring the sniffs of porters all the way.

She's worked out a routine of her own to restore her balance when things go wrong. She hops into a car, leaves the green spaces of Beverly and drives downtown where people stand waiting for busses and streetcars, where stenographers snatch their lunch at drugstore counters, where tired men and women relax in a two-by-four park. "What have *you* got to kick about?" she asks herself grimly and goes on home.

Nothing stands in the way of marriage for her and Fred. So—

Is Roz telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Have they their own good reasons for waiting?

Will they pack off to Yuma the day this story appears? You figure it out!

Solution to Puzzle on Page 70

R	O	B	E	R	T		C	E	S	A	R		O	B	E	R	O	N
O	L	I	V	I	A		O	H	A	R	A		L	A	M	A	R	R
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S	T	R	E	S	S		D	R	E	A	D		M	A	S	S	E	Y



Are Your Teeth Alluring, Too?

the Answer's on the tip of your tongue

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Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba... and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2 Your Tongue Tells You

Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull... bars your way to romance.

3 *Switch to* Pepsodent *with* Irium



Pepsodent will remove that filmy coating that clings to teeth... the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Only Pepsodent contains IRIUM... super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

Use Pepsodent regularly. Because Pepsodent also contains an exclusive, new high-polishing agent that safely buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.

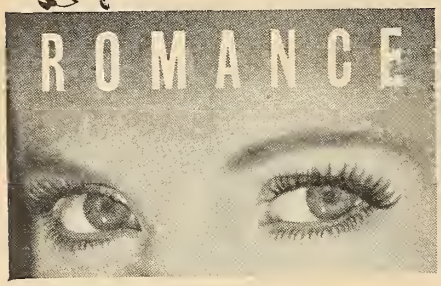


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ROMANCE





Beautiful eyes win compliments and 'dates'! Bring out the glamour in yours by using Kurlash, the clever eyelash curler. It curls your lashes upwards—making them appear longer and eyes wider, brighter! Requires no skill—performs "A Miracle in a Minute", without resort to heat or cosmetics! . . . $1.00

IMPORTANT: Get acquainted with KURLENE, the oily base cream that makes lashes appear darker, more luxuriant! Used with KURLASH, KURLENE makes your lash-curl last longer, too 50c



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Send 10c in coin or stamps to Jane Heath, Dept. 5E, Kurlash Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y., for trial tube of Kurlene. Receive *free* chart analysis of your eyes.

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Color: Eyes_____ Hair_____ Skin_____

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Don't let gray hair put you on the sideline of Life. In this streamlined business and social world—you've *got* to look young! And why not? Millions of men and women have licked the handicap of Gray Hair—quickly and inexpensively.

Right today, in the privacy of your room, you can comb through your hair a color that will take years off your appearance. You can give your hair the desired shade so gradually even your friends will never guess. It won't rub off, wash off, change the texture of your hair or interfere with your wave.

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Make up your mind to look YOUNG! Get that bottle of Mary T. Goldman's today! It has a money-back guarantee. Or, if you want further proof, clip out the coupon below. We'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete test kit for coloring a lock snipped from your own hair.

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☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"WHO? . . . ME?"

(*Continued from page 43*)

the practice field every day. You usually had to untangle the whole squad before you could find the ethereal blonde at the wheel.

The fact that she was expelled from school was due only incidentally to football. It was really a cumulative penalty, she thinks. Three things happened to her in a row. Being easily bored by pedantic loquacity, she rose during assembly one day to interrupt the orating principal with the friendly and candid information that he'd told them the same story in another speech just the day before. This did not start the week off very well. Then they had a test in geometry. The captain of the football team sat just in front of her and, unlike many athletes, was a whiz at mathematics. Little Virginia wasn't. The geometry teacher was the football coach and she didn't want to disappoint him by turning in a blank paper. So she copied the captain's answers very carefully and neatly. Next day when the coach came to class with the exam papers, she saw detection in his eye and before he had a chance to mention the incident, she got up and said, "Yes, I know now it wasn't right, but it was so easy and I thought I ought to put *something* down. I'm sorry."

She never quite knew why he didn't flunk her. Maybe it was their mutual devotion to the squad. Then when the team went out of town to play, she persuaded her parents to take her to the game. It required more cuts than she was entitled to, considering the demerits that she'd already won and she returned to learn—joy of joys!—that she was expelled. The family was nice about it, and she was very happy. After a wonderful week untrammelled by studies, she got an abrupt summons to return to school. It developed that the musical organizations of all high schools in the state were to have a meeting complete with programs, and the Fargo school couldn't take part because she was their only accompanist. So they had to ask her to come back. She returned in triumph to the spotlight of the piano stool and once more looked angelic as music flowed from her finger tips. She felt that way, too, because everything they had blamed her for had simply happened to her while she was acting with the best of intentions. At last, one day the names of seniors who were to get diplomas were read—and lo, the name of Virginia Briggs was included among the others.

"Who?—Me?" she gasped.

"Yes," said the principal with a look of relief, "You."

Shortly after that her father's business went bad, and he took the family to Los Angeles. One day her aunt sat looking at her thoughtfully and then suggested she might stand a chance in pictures. "Who?" echoed Ginny a bit appalled. "Me?" But she did nothing about it. Finally, her aunt took her to meet director William Beaudine, who also looked at her thoughtfully and put her under personal contract at $25 a week. She was little more than an extra in a couple of films for Fox. But after a singing test, Beaudine placed her at Paramount for $75 a week. She continued to get only $25 because he said he had to get back his investment. It was, she avers, her first understanding of the relation of capital to labor. She and her mother and father and a couple of young brothers lived on the weekly twenty-five. This was the period in which J. Walter Ruben first saw and vainly tried to talk with her.

A little later, Jack Harkrider, designer for Florenz Ziegfeld, arrived on the Coast to scout talent for the screen version of "Whoopee!" He, too, looked at her thoughtfully and signed her as a showgirl. At this bit of good luck, her appendix began acting up. But she could not afford an operation until she'd got the money from the job. It was nip and tuck between the appendix and the finish of the work. But eventually she wakened from the anaesthetic with the knowledge that, even had she died for it, she'd held out long enough to be able to pay the hospital bill. By the time she was up and at it again, she found herself without a sponsor or a contract and with a very strong feeling that Hollywood was not all.



On the set of "Rage in Heaven," stand-in Betty Brooks and director Richard Thorpe help benevolent leading-lady Ingrid Bergman sort donations of tinfoil collected for the benefit of the Los Angeles Children's Hospital.

Harkrider, who was back on Broadway working on a new Ziegfeld show called "Smiles," saved the day. The next thing she knew she was headed for New York and a spot in the Ziegfeld décor at $90 a week, which looked like affluence.

They put some ostrich feathers on her head, a few spangles here and there, and hung a long shimmering train from her shoulders and Ginny Briggs, the erstwhile taxi-maiden for the Fargo footballers, was Virginia Bruce, a Ziegfeld lovely. She also posed for Neysa McMein, who not only painted her for magazine covers but invited her to her home on Long Island and introduced her to a lot of nice people. Life suddenly looked rosy.

It was at this time that she began to get a reputation as one of the most enthusiastic eaters on Broadway. "Men really enjoyed seeing me eat," she relates and adds that she still lays claim to the title of the star best fitted to cope with a good steak and accessories. But at the time when the stage door Johnnies were first discovering the delicate looking gal's gastronomic capacity, they were puzzled by something else.

THEY wondered why she'd never go anywhere that required you to dress up. It just didn't seem natural. In New York as in Fargo, she specialized in the safety of numbers and members of her Broadway squad knew each other. So they got together to solve the problem. They didn't know that a good part of her salary was going to the family on the Coast, but by a process of working through all possible answers and probing their mutual heart's girl friends, they discovered she didn't have an evening dress. They figured she couldn't be offended if they remedied the situation as a group. So, one man chipped in the cost of a dress, another shoes and such things, and a third incidentals and in no time at all, she appeared in a diaphanous blue thing and some new slippers—as desirable a Cinderella as was ever bedecked on a cooperative basis. She managed to become the toast of Broadway without getting burned. When "Smiles" closed, she went into another Ziegfeld show, fittingly called "America's Sweetheart."

Once she actually got a couple of lines to speak. That was when two chorus girls, each of whom had a line on the stage, started slugging each other in the dressing-room. They fought tooth and nail—pulled hair, bit and clawed. "I get terrified when women fight," reports Virginia. "It's different when men sock each other—seems more natural—but the sight of women doing it frightens me." So, she cowered in a far corner of the room and was found there by the frantic stage manager. He'd separated the battling chorines, who were not in fit condition for their one-line speeches, and he gave her both lines that night. But the next day, the girls had made up, so the lines were restored to their former owners.

She was scheduled for a new production for the next autumn called "East Wind," and the saga of the Bruce on Broadway would probably have continued if she hadn't gone home to visit the folks in the summer. Hollywood suddenly opened its eyes, took another look, and M-G-M had her make a film test. They offered a contract, but her mind was set on going back where she'd enjoyed it. She started for New York, leaving a decisive "No" behind her. She stopped off in Fargo to see relatives and the old gang and found a telegram upping the salary of the film offer. She



GONE FOR THE DAY
(*and night*)

Many husbands grow indifferent because of

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that may ruin romance... "LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

WHEN he dashes away for the 8:15, she never knows whether he'll return at dinner time—or in the wee small hours of the morning.

Once upon a time he was an ardent husband. But now . . . in spite of her beauty and charm and her perfect score as a mother and housekeeper . . . she is only another lonesome, neglected wife. (Why doesn't someone tell her about "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?)

Few things can cool a husband's love as quickly as negligence about intimate, personal hygiene. It's a fault few husbands can forgive.

More women should use "Lysol" regularly for intimate bodily daintiness. "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene because . . .

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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The old witch put the beautiful princess to sleep before she had time to open her new package of Dentyne (that chewing gum with the truly royal flavor).

Along came the prince and woke her up. Then he spotted Dentyne and cried, "Say, what's this?"

"Have you too been asleep?" laughed the princess. "Dentyne helps keep teeth white and sparkling. But I chew it mostly because it is so spicy and very delicious. Try some."

"Mm—say, it's good!" said the prince, "extra chewy, too."

"Especially made that way," the princess explained, "to give your mouth the exercise it needs, and to help keep teeth free from tartar and decay. Your dentist will tell you so."

"Smart girl," cried the prince. "Will you be my queen?"

Moral: You'll enjoy a royal flavor-treat when you taste fresh delicious Dentyne. And you'll like its smart handy *flavortite* package.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

said, "No," again. Finally her parents called persuasively on long distance and she gave in. When she reached the Coast again, it looked as though she'd made a mistake. All she did for a time was make tests for parts Jean Harlow always played. Finally, she was in "Sky Brides" and "Winner Take All."

But our fragile heroine had not been the prize eater of all Broadway for nothing. It developed that John Gilbert was to make a picture called "Downstairs," which required a girl who could wade into a bowl of solid meat stew, talk at the same time and still be a fit subject for the camera. The director thought of Virginia. When Gilbert refused to make the test with her, she had one of the few moments of real fury in her life. They put her up against the difficult job of doing it with the director who casually read Gilbert's lines from a chair offstage. She attacked the goulash with vigor, but her mind was on the lines, not on the way she was eating. When it was over, she ran into Gilbert and made a few pertinent remarks about his being too great to bother helping with the test. Well, she got the part and she also got Gilbert. They were married and a little later she retired from films. And after that, they had a daughter—Susan Ann. But two years of married life convinced the parties most concerned that a divorce was in order. So eventually she got that, too.

From the time she returned to the screen, she began to gain real momentum. The same Jack Ruben, who had tried to talk to her when she first went to Hollywood called for a couple of dates, but she said she was busy those evenings. She really was, but he didn't know that and stopped calling. She made "The Mighty Barnum," played the spitfire showgirl in the picture called "The Great Ziegfeld" with all the authority of an unscarred survivor of actual backstage battles, and was called one day for "The Bad Man of Brimstone." The persistent Mr. Ruben had sent the call. He was to direct it.

"You're to play a rugged frontier character and ride a horse—"

"Who?—Me?" she asked, adding several exclamation points to the question. Aside from the fact that her only frontier experience had been in the front line of the Ziegfeld troops, she had *once* ridden a horse. Perhaps the verb *ridden* is too strong. The equine, which was a western pony out in Fargo, hadn't really let her get that far. She'd instantly taken a header off his back and had been scared of horses ever since. Somehow, Miss Bruce failed to see herself as a cowgirl — which is understandable. But somehow, Mr. Jack Ruben persuaded her to take the part and, while they were on location up in Utah where the evenings were long enough for uninterrupted conversation, she discovered that he was right about a lot of things, including the fact that it would be nice for them to get married. But he didn't convince her that she and horses were cut out for each other's company. She did another horse opera later called "Let Freedom Ring," and once again the horse thought the title meant "Bounce that blonde." Now whenever a studio press release reads, "Endangered by the wild plunging of an excited horse, Miss Virginia Bruce was badly shaken up today—" it's no publicity blurb. It simply means that she and the horse have met and parted in their usual abrupt fashion. She just can't get firm with the horse and he knows it.

She is, in fact, very no good at exerting discipline over anything or anyone, including seven-year-old Susan Ann who, like her father, is full of mischief. "Every time I try to scold her, it seems so foolish I get to laughing," explains her mother. "She and Jack understand each other perfectly, so now he's taken over the responsibility of training her—which is very good for Susan." And Susan reports she thinks it's swell.

As you can clearly see by the above notes, a lot of things have happened to Miss Virginia Bruce. But conversation still brings out a good deal of Ginny Briggs of Fargo.

"When she does this, she thinks she's sophisticated," says her husband, doing a neat imitation of her tipping her nose in the air, looking haughty, and poking at her back hair with a languorous gesture. "She *thinks* she's sophisticated—and heaven knows she ought to be—but as a matter of fact she's the most naive thing alive."

"Who?" says Virginia, and far be it from us to suggest that the lazy little smile has anything but acquiescent blue-eyed wonder in it, "Who?—*Me?*"

MY DATES WITH MICKEY

(*Continued from page 25*)

no more like "Andy Hardy" than the man in the moon!

On the way to the Freemans we discussed each other's pictures, told each other how wonderful we were. And that's the last time we even mentioned, "shop." Mick never talks about his work, thank goodness. There is nothing duller than an actor who spends the evening telling you what line he spoke perfectly that day. And don't think they don't!

Well, we got to the Freemans. Mick didn't even take a cocktail. We each had a coke. He never takes a drink when he's with me, or any other time that I know of. I guess he's changed, recently. He tells me I've slowed him down, but I think it's more that he's awfully keen about his physical condition. He has to be, with all the work he does.

On the way home fro mthe Follies, we stopped in at Delhavens, in Beverly Hills, and had some ice cream. We always stop in for ice cream on our way home. That was a Monday night. Mick wanted to know if I would see him Wednesday night. I said "Yes."

Wednesday night we had to go to a Mothers' Club party. Most of the mothers of the movie stars have a club, you know, and this was their big shindig. Mick was the whole show, as usual. People have accused him of being a show-off, but he isn't really. The only reason he ever puts on an act in public is because he feels he's getting a terrific salary and that it's the public who have put him where he is. He feels he should give them what they want at all times. People expect so much of him. It's "Do an imitation, Mickey," "Do this, Mickey," "Do that," wherever he is. He never gets any rest, and he never lets people down in any way.

Driving over to the Mothers' Club that night, Mick apologized for being such a poor conversationalist. He isn't a poor conversationalist. He knows so much about music and world conditions. But he isn't glib. When he apologized, I said,

"I'm not good, either—don't take it so hard!"

Mick picked that up like a snap of the fingers. "That's an idea for a song," he said, "Don't Take It So Hard!" He has written the song, too. He played it for me the other night.

We really talk surprisingly little when we have dates, Mick and I. There will be long stretches of time when neither of us says anything. We quit apologizing for that after the second date.

We have had dates three or four times a week for the past five months. In all that time, we have only been to a couple of night clubs.

Mick hates to go anywhere formal. So do I. He hates me to wear hats, and he never wears one himself. His socks are not too loud, and he always wears "Clark Gables"—you know, those spiffy sports jackets with accented shoulders. He saw Clark Gable wearing one once, and nothing would do but he must have the same. Now he owns plenty of them. He doesn't like me to wear gloves, either. That's because he likes to hold my hand, of course, but that's as far as it ever goes. He never gets fresh. On New Year's Eve we were at a party, and when midnight came he kissed me on the cheek. That's the only time he ever kissed me, or even tried to. I have never had to say, "Mick, I'm sorry. I don't like that."

He senses what my standards are. I think a girl can make that very clear on a first date. He knows I can't go any place I want to go, that I can't get home any time I want to, that 11 o'clock is curfew for me. And he never resents it or makes fun of it. He seems to like it!

He is very protecting, too. When we are out, he watches out for me like a mother hen. One night someone was telling a story and when they came to the end and said, "that son ——" Mick broke in, that quick little way of his, "You mean son *of a gun*, don't you?"

He tells me, "When I'm around you, Linda, I'm not going to let them use any of that language."

He is awfully unselfish, too. Whenever we are going out, it's always, "What do you want to do?" If there's any "falling in" to be done, he does it.

I hate corsages, so Mick never sends me any. He hates to send them, anyway. Says they're about as routine as washing your face every day. When we go to some big studio affair, he sends me those brown orchids with yellow veins. He thinks they suit my coloring better.

HE notices everything—whether I have a new bag, a different shade of hose, a new lapel clip or an unusual color scheme.

Most of our dates consist of having dinner at his house in the Valley. Just his mother and stepfather, Mick and me. There's usually a discussion about the races. Or we sit around and listen to records. Mick goes in for classics and I do, too. We don't dance very often, though Mick is a wonderful dancer, as everyone knows. He is *very* sensitive about his height. I always wear low-heeled shoes when I go out with him. I bought four pairs with low heels that I call my dates-with-Mick shoes.

We talk a lot about horses, too. Especially Mick's horse which Mr. Mayer gave him. Mick's been training him, goes to the track and clocks him. Mickey christened him "In On Time!"

Once or twice we've gone to Ocean Park and had fun on the roller coasters. Mick's just like any boy about hamburgers and hot dogs. Eats them like crazy! But when we go out in public, it's not a date, it's a Personal Appearance. Why, when you drive down Wilshire Boulevard with him, he calls every newsboy by name and gets home looking like a newsie himself, armed to the teeth with papers.

Not long ago, we had a date and Mick went to sleep! We had gone to the sneak preview of "Men of Boys Town," and were both pretty tired. I had done some of my biggest scenes in "Blood and Sand" that day. All the way over, Mick had been entertaining us with his wonderful imitations of Wendell Willkie and of commercial announcers on the radio. We saw the picture and, as usual, Mick said nothing about himself. He thought it was a wonderful picture. It is, and it's *his* picture—but not a word out of him. On the way home, I said "Now, Mick, you must relax . . . go to sleep, please!" So he just put his head down and slept all the way home! How's that for a date with Mickey?

Believe me, he is a hard worker, Mick is. I went to a broadcast rehearsal with him recently. There wasn't a quip out of him. He knew he was getting $5,000 for that broadcast and he delivered. He's a very serious-minded boy. Level-headed, too. He knows how fleeting Fame can be, and often is. He wants to be a director when he's a little older and he'd like to have an orchestra of his own.

We are not in love. We are a little romantic, of course, on account of our ages. We are perfectly happy in each other's company, but that's as far as it goes with me.

For, much as I like Mick, I wouldn't marry him, or anyone, for a while. I can *imagine* falling in love with him, oh, yes, and I just hope he doesn't get some fluffy, dizzy little thing when he does marry. Because he wants a home and family. Mickey really has ideals.



Constance Moore and Brian Donlevy, Paramount player, appearing in Paramount's current hit "I Wanted Wings"

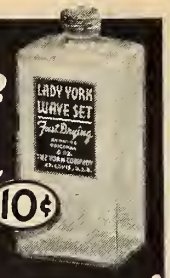
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Girls Rave about this Amazing New WAVE SET!



In a recent survey, girls were asked why LADY YORK WAVE SET was their First Choice. Here are typical answers:

"Easier to apply". . ."Dries more quickly". . ."Wave lasts longer". . ."Leaves no white flakes". . ."Has a lovely odor". . . "Doesn't leave the hair stiff and pasty". . . "Isn't sticky, or messy". . ."Hair combs so silky-soft and fluffy". . ."Gives hair a more beautiful, natural-looking sheen."

You, too, will be enthusiastic about Lady York Wave Set. Comes in clear and 6 lovely, harmless tints (see coupon). If your 5 & 10¢ store or drugstore doesn't have it, send coupon and dime for full-size bottle, postpaid. Money back if not satisfied.

LADY YORK WAVE SET 10¢



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York Company, St. Louis, Mo.—Enclosed is 10¢ (coin or stamps), for a full-size bottle of Lady York Wave Set, postpaid. *Check Kind Wanted:* CLEAR, Medium Brown, Med. Auburn, Med. Henna, Med. Black, Golden Blonde, Lt. Blonde.

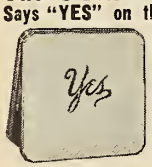
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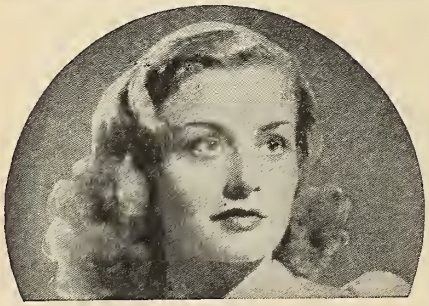
The COMPACT HIT of the YEAR!

Says "YES" on the Front Side, "NO" on the Back



You'll make a big hit with your friends when you show them this lovely novelty compact! Beautiful lustrous enamel in white, pink or blue, with contrasting lettering and beveled gold edges. Well built, sturdy construction.

Send $1.00 (plus 10¢ for postage) to **Joan Alden, 509 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.**



Her Blonde Hair Was Growing Dark

Until She Discovered This Special New 11 Minute Home Shampoo

A single wash with this new shampoo made specially for blondes makes hair shades lighter, helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair. Called BLONDEX, it is not a liquid but a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. This instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Next, it gives it attractive lustre and highlights and keeps that "Just-Shampooed" look for a whole week. Fine for children, it is absolutely safe. Bears the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. BLONDEX costs but little to use and is sold at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
*Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)	3★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
*Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount)	4★
Arizona (Columbia)	4★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)	3★
*Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia)	C 2½★
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Buck Privates (Universal)	2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners)	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
Colorado (Republic)	2½★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M)	3★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount)	2★
Devil Commands (Columbia)	2★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal)	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal)	2★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)	2½★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dulcy (M-G-M)	3★
Earl of Puddlestone (Republic)	2★
East of the River (Warners)	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)	2½★
Escape (M-G-M)	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
Father's Son (Warners)	C 2★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)	C 2★
Flight Command (M-G-M)	3★
Four Mothers (Warners)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M)	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia)	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia)	2★
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3★
*Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Go West (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Hard-Boiled Canary, The (Paramount)	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M)	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
High Sierra (Warners)	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners)	3★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal)	3★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Happened to One Man (RKO)	3★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount)	3★
*I Wanted Wings (Paramount)	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists)	2½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO)	4★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount)	3½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia)	3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO)	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount)	C 2½★
Little Bit of Heaven (Universal)	C 3★
Little Men (RKO)	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)	C 3★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists)	4★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	3½★
Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount)	2½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Meet the Missus (Republic)	2★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO)	2★
Michael Shayne, Detective (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners)	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
*Nice Girl? (Universal)	3½★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount)	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Nobody's Children (Columbia)	2½★
North West Mounted Police (Paramount)	C 3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
No, No, Nanette (RKO)	2½★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	2½★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M)	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Playgirl (RKO)	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Pride of the Bowery (Monogram)	2½★
Quarterback, The (Paramount)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Queen of the Yukon (Monogram)	2★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	2★
*Reaching for the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
*Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Road Show (United Artists)	2½★
Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic)	2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal)	2★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
San Francisco Docks (Universal)	2½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners)	4★
*Scattergood Baines (RKO)	2½★
Second Chorus (Paramount)	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal)	3★
Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M)	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Slightly Tempted (Universal)	2★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists)	3½★
Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists)	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
So You Won't Talk? (Columbia)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Strawberry Blonde (Warners)	3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount)	2½★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO)	3½★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists)	C 3½★
Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)	3★
This Thing Called Love (Columbia)	3½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Too Many Girls (RKO)	3★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal)	3★
*Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Virginia (Paramount)	3½★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO)	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
You're The One (Paramount)	2½★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox)	2★

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 53)

Casting Note

We like the way John Barrymore squelched a heckler the other day. John was getting a terrific rib from an ancient graybeard who's known him since he was a toddler. "John," said the graybeard, "your father was a great actor, and so was his father before him. But you! You only pretend to know what it's all about—and I don't like you for it!" "Zat so?" snapped the Profile, "Well, sir, the only thing I like about you is that you're a great part for Lionel!"

Shopworn Angels

If ever Mrs. Ray Milland comes upon her husband appreciatively eyeing the models in the Gown Department at I. Magnin's, she won't pack her bags and head for Reno. Instead she'll just hurry up to him, peck him on the forehead, and say: "Oh, you darling!" A woman of great forgiveness? No, not exactly. It's just that Mrs. Milland knows that Ray's favorite indoor sport is shopping for fancy duds for her. The girls in the Ladies' Wear Division all know him and marvel at his superb taste as well as his astonishing memory for his wife's measurements. They're thrilled by his liberality, also. No wonder. The last time Ray went off on a shopping binge, he returned home with a half-dozen street frocks—and a $275 dinner dress! Alexander Korda's another who braves the tape measure and stray pin brigade, to give his wife a hand. Whenever Merle's too busy to get around to the stores, Korda orders her up a batch of clothes, ranging from the fluffy to the severely tailored type—and has yet to select an item that doesn't fit her perfectly!

Pride is Thicker Than Dollars

The Milwaukee Militants who sound like a bunch of Nazi Bundists or Kuklux Klan-ers have sent more than one studio head diving for the blessed relief of an aspirin tablet. Though they don't deck themselves out in white sheets or swastikas, the Militants have been working like devils to destroy what the studios have spent thousands of dollars to build. We mean the name Dennis Morgan. The Militants, you see, are a group of civic-minded citizens of Milwaukee who are banded together for the purpose of boosting famous Milwaukeeans. Dennis is one of them. So, for years, whenever a Dennis Morgan picture has come to town, the Militants have gone around, buzzed in theatre owners' ears, and up in lights has gone the name 'Stanley Morner,'—the original Morgan moniker. Hollywood's been screaming, but they haven't been able to do a thing. Only recently did they find a way to deal with the offenders. They made Dennis Morgan a full-fledged star—and the Militants have docilely agreed, now that their Stan has officially arrived, to bill him with his Hollywood tag.

Charity Begins in Bed

Autograph hounds grouped outside of Ciro's were startled the other evening when a young woman broke their ranks and rushed up to Joan Crawford, exclaiming, "Miss Crawford! Miss Crawford! I just had a baby in your bed!" Equally surprised were the saleswomen at a local department store when a shabbily dressed man hurried up to the star, gripped her hand, and cried: "How can I ever thank you! I spent two weeks in your bed, healing a broken leg!" It's a tribute to Joan that neither the autograph hounds nor the salespeople will know, until they read this column, why their favorite was playing hostess to perfect strangers in anything as intimate as a bed. Certainly Joan will never tell them she is supporting four permanent rooms in a local hospital where the needy may go and free of charge receive the best of attention in addition to treatment from Joan's own private, and very expensive, physician. It's things like that that make Hollywood proud of Hollywood.

Under the Influence

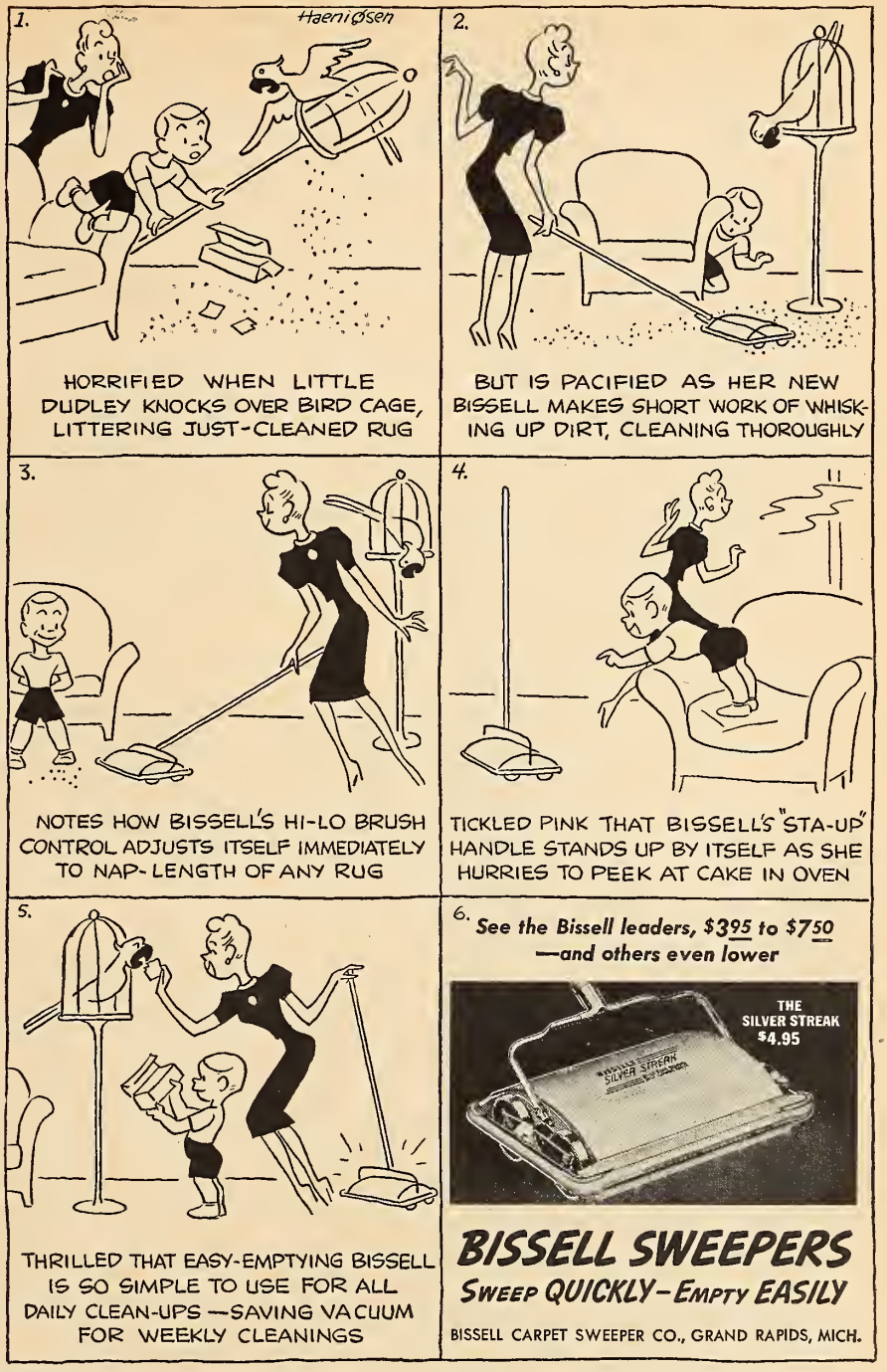
The Hollywood Reporter reports this one: Director Rouben Mamoulian spent an entire afternoon rehearsing Linda Darnell and Ty Power in a scene for "Blood and Sand." Next morning they ran through it again, and Mamoulian stopped them after one try. "Linda," he said, "you're not doing it the same way as I told you to yesterday—you have different touches. How come?" To which Linda replied, "Well, I was out with Mickey Rooney last night—he suggested 'em."

Vital Statistics

Carole Landis probably has the most interesting statistics in town. Besides her 1½ inch fingernails and her waspish 23 inch waist, Carole boasts a chest measurement of 37 inches. Asked by the studio publicity department if she wouldn't rather have the figure released as 36, Carole exclaimed, "Indeed not! I measure 37—and I don't care who knows it!" The Hays office seems to care who knows it, however. They sent a special memo to Fox officials reminding them that all portraits of the seductive Carole must be sent to them for a purity seal before they are turned loose on the impressionable public.

Love At First Hate

Of all goofy distinctions! Among his friends, W. C. Fields is famous as the man who loves to hate! Yep, we're giving it to you





straight. Unlike most men who, at his age, come to enjoy the gentle things of life, W. C. brazenly disdains the birds, the bees and the flowers, and finds his pleasure in despising as many objects as is humanly possible. This adorable trait was best revealed when the columnist wife of a man high up in American politics came to Hollywood on a recent lecture tour. Fields has had fun detesting the lady for years. So, on the night of her appearance, he dug deep into his notoriously thrift-bound pockets, pulled out the enormous sum of $2.50, and had the time of his life sitting in the very first row, just looking up and hating her!

Perfect Host

All of Mr. Fields' loathings aren't as highly specialized as the one we mentioned above. The poppy-nosed comic doesn't like people in general. To keep them away, his strange brain has devised enough wild schemes to scare the German army. His most ingenious, we think, is the one he uses on well-meaning—but uninvited—guests. When he hears the unsuspecting innocents tripping blithely up his front walk, W. C. peels his eye through a slit in the door to see who's coming, and then scurries to his desk and turns on his "gadget machine." This infernal contraption crashes dishes, rattles tin cans, and plays a recording of himself having a battle royal with a screeching woman. The unwelcome guests, startled by the racket, are generally so afraid of becoming involved, they turn on their heels and scramble away, while the delighted Fields, chuckling blissfully, returns to his solitude and sarsaparilla.

Class-Conscious

Time was when all an actor needed to get along was a pair of broad shoulders and a silky line. But not any more. Now he apparently needs culture, too! From faraway New York comes the astonishing news that Victor (Muscle Man) Mature is sneaking away from his débutante worshippers and spending his free afternoons taking special courses at Columbia University. And right here in Hollywood, Dottie Lamour's boy friend, Greg Bautzer, is resisting her allure and spending several evenings a week going to night school! If this "back-to-the-classroom" movement keeps up, we look for the Wednesday Afternoon Debating Society to become the event of the week, and the Public Library the Ciro's of the future! Can't you just see Betty Grable and George Raft armed with butterfly nets, disappearing into the hills to pursue specimens for next Tuesday's biology period?

16-Cylinder Palace

Automobile owners who boast that their $4,000 buses are equipped with everything but the kitchen sink, have nothing on Preston Foster. His car *is* equipped with a kitchen sink! And it has a full-sized bed, a stove, an air-conditioning unit, a bar, an electric light plant, and hot and cold running water, besides! Pres paid $2,500 to have these trifling conveniences built into his station wagon (which he uses for hunting trips) and next year, if times are good, he'll install a swimming pool!

Hollywood Economizes

If you're one of those people who thinks Hollywood producers are so dizzy with wealth, they merrily toss their dough into the wind and never give a care, you ought to take a trip to Warner Bros. You'd find out how really mistaken you are. At the brothers' studio, economy has reached a







high that not even your stingy Aunt Elsie could hope to beat. On one stage, Edward G. Robinson as "The Sea Wolf" is bossing an enormous ship called the "Ghost." But the "Ghost" is just Errol Flynn's old "Sea Hawk"—with a new set of sails! And two stages down, Brenda Marshall is winding up "Singapore Woman," which the studio decided to film simply because it had all the rubber plantation sets that were used in "The Letter"—and didn't want them to be wasted!

Budget Blues

Should followers of the Brenda Marshall-Bill Holden romance desire some really cozy gossip about their favorites, they can snub all newspaper columnists, radio commentators and studio informants. For intimate details, all they need do is go to the little man who does the laundry for the Brown Derby. And how does he know all? By simply studying the table-cloths! Brenda and Bill both receive weekly allowances from their business managers (Brenda gets $20; Bill gets $35) and, in order to keep their finances straight, the kids invariably spend their dinner hour outlining their budgets on the Derby linen. The laundry-man deciphers their pencil marks, and so far has discovered (a) that Brenda had to sacrifice her ice cream for a bottle of perfume; (b) that she then lost the money in one hour at Santa Anita; and (c) that the last time they dined at the place Brenda and Bill had to pool their funds to pay the check because Bill had spent everything up to his last quarter on shells for his new gun!

Paper Passion

When you go to the movies and watch a sizzling love scene between Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr, or Marlene Dietrich and George Raft, maybe you wonder who dreamed up their scorching dialogue and passionate embraces. Maybe, if you ponder on it long enough, you visualize a writer who is pale and poetic—or perhaps a two-fisted ladies' man who knows what women want (verbally, that is)—and gives it to them. Well, here's where you get disillusioned. Scenario writers are too often pretty prosaic fellows who fix the car on Sunday and like to play poker with the boys on Monday. Furthermore, many of them are ashamed of their work. No matter how beautifully it pours from the lips of Charles Boyer, Errol Flynn or Ginger Rogers, *they* think it's sissy stuff. In a survey taken among them it was learned that male writers are so shy, they usually write their steaming love passages alone, behind locked doors and then sheepishly slip their manuscripts to a typist. Women scenarists, on the other hand, are less self-conscious. They boldly dictate the tender sequences, complete with commas and colons, before rushing off for a lettuce-and-tomato sandwich, or a date with Hattie, the hairdresser.

Angora Anguish

Has anyone reported this one about Rosalind Russell? Roz was in a swank gown shop, the other afternoon, looking for a new dinner dress. She discovered a knock-out number and would have bought it immediately. But one glance at the price tag stopped her. The dress was just too, too expensive. Regretfully, Roz hung it back on its rack and started for home. But all the way, the thought of it nagged her. The dress was a stunner, and she wanted it badly. Finally, damning her budget, she turned on her heel and sped back to the shop to buy it. There, to her chagrin, she saw her beloved gown—on the body of another woman! Poor Roz, you say? Well, save your sympathy. The unbeatable Russell promptly went into a huddle with the salesgirl and learned that the other woman, a regular customer, was allergic to angora. Grabbing an angora sweater, Roz pulled it over her head and proceded to flit about the room. As the tickly fluff flew into the air, the other woman began to choke and cough and, at last, desperate for relief, slipped out of the gown and fled from the store. A few minutes later, Rosalind Russell plunked down her check and, smiling like a babe, left the shop with the gown tucked neatly under her arm!

Disa and Data

The reason for Jack Carson's long face these days is the buck-a-week allowance dictated by his wife . . . Since beginning work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Spencer Tracy refers to himself as "we" . . . Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Ida Lupino have all had wisdom tooth trouble in the past few weeks . . . George Raft has a hatter fly over from Texas when he wants some new lids designed . . . Judy Canova puts sugar in her milk . . . The John Waynes have tagged their new daughter Melinda . . M-G-M is training twenty deer and twelve bears in their studio zoo, for use in "The Yearling" . . . Mary Astor is dabbling with short stories . . . Loretta Young's kid sister, Georgianna, is grown up enough to have fun with Dead Ender Billy Halop . . . Mary Martin will be off on a "classics and swing" concert tour come autumn . . . Maria Ouspenskaya, whose weight hopped from 90 to 92 pounds, is dieting to take off the "excess fat" . . .



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RULES: This contest open ONLY TO AMATEURS, 16 YEARS OLD OR MORE. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible. 1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches wide, on paper 7 inches wide. Draw only the girl, not the lettering. 2. Use only pencil or pen. 3. No drawings will be returned. 4. Print your name, address (town, county, state), age and present occupation on back of drawing. 5. All drawings must be received by Apr. 30, 1941. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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Jackie Cooper won't go to college for three more years. He wants to take advantage of his movie popularity while he's got it . . . Hedy Lamarr's one-time spouse, Fritz Mandl, provided the bankroll for the Ilona Massey-Alan Curtis opus, "New Wine" . . . Herbert Marshall and Nat Wolff, former and present husbands of Edna Best, have been seen dining and night-clubbing together . . . Joan Crawford's favorite song is "None But the Lonely Heart." She plays a recording of it between "takes" . . . Dennis Morgan is hotly denying those divorce rumors . . . Intimates say the stork is bound for the Justin Darts (Jane Bryan) . . . Richard Ainley, quitting Hollywood for service with the RAF, has broken his engagement to Ouida LaBranche, Basil Rathbone's niece, "out of fairness to her" . . . John Qualen, who will never be forgotten for his role as the frightened film father of the quints, will soon pay them a visit—his first . . . Nils Asther and Norman Kerry, last-generation idols, are back in Hollywood being bombarded with picture offers . . . Milton Berle authors a column called "The Berle-ing Point."

A Tip From the Stars

Are actors generous tippers? That is a question everyone asks us, so we decided to ask someone who really knows—a parking lot attendant at Ciro's. Here's what we found out:—On the whole, the stars are very liberal. If they are solid, substantial family men like Gary Cooper, Eddie Robinson and Clark Gable, they slip the car-boys a 50c piece before claiming their flivvers. If they're play-boys of the George Raft-Franchot Tone calibre, they never tip less than a dollar. And if they're plain, ordinary guys who don't care about impressing the gal on their arm, they hand over a quarter. The car-boys sometimes run into cheap-skates, too. When that happens, they deal with the offender in a novel way. They wait until a mob of important people are within earshot, and then sweetly inquire: "And what kind of car are you waiting for, Mr. er . . . .?" Or if the star is extremely tight-fisted, which is very rare, they handle him as one of the boys did the other evening. When a famous leading man passed him a five-cent piece, the car-boy handed it back, saying: "Keep it. I don't need it as badly as you do!"

Grand Reunion

As we go to press, the Lupe Velez-"Big Boy" Williams marriage plans are still at the "maybe-we-will, maybe-we-won't" stage. "Big" is confiding to pals that the whole deal is no go because Lupe bawls him out in public and he won't take it. And Lupe is saying there'll be no wedding, because she's rich enough to remain single! Frankly, we don't know what to make of it, or of a little incident which occurred the other evening. It was fight night at a local sports stadium when Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe's "ex," wandered in and found himself seated directly behind his former wife and her new boy-friend. Johnny flushed and fidgeted for several minutes and, the next time we looked, was seated a half-dozen rows farther back!

Board and Rumors

Ask Anne Shirley and Cesar Romero how easy it is to start a scandal without realizing it! On second thought, you'd better not ask them. They may not even know that a few years ago rumors of a secret marriage between them were galloping up and down the country! The whispering started when eagle-eyed fans noticed some very interesting details in a series of "at home" pictures published in two different magazines. In one magazine, Cesar was shown swimming in "his" azure pool, relaxing in "his" leafy patio, and descending "his" winding staircase. That was all right. But the other magazine ran photographs of Miss Shirley taken in *her* home—and Anne was seen cavorting in the very same pool, knitting in the very same patio and waving from the top step of the very same staircase! What the magazines forgot to mention was that both Cesar and Anne leased apartments in the same building—and their monthly rent checks gave both the right to call the outside surroundings "home!"

Warning To Warners

Speaking of photographing stars in their homes—Joan Leslie's neighbors are still wondering what happened to her the other afternoon. The neighbors saw a huge truck back up to the curb, and watched wide-eyed while dozens of heavily-shrouded articles were carried into Joan's house. And an hour later they were just as wide-eyed when the stuff was all carried out again. It seems, Warners wanted some "at homes" of Joan, but felt that her home was too comfortable and cozy-looking to match the public's idea of a glamour girl's nest. So, on order from the higher-ups, the studio prop department was raided and the necessary plush-stuffed divans, for rugs and chaise longues were set up within the Leslie portals. After the "shooting" was over, the boys again piled the borrowed "oomph" on their truck and toted it back to the studio. Here's a tip for the Warners, though. If they want to avoid anything like the Romero-Shirley buzzing, they'd better be darned certain they don't pick up the same bits of atmosphere when they go over to Eddie Albert's for pictures!

Better Luck Next Time

At two o'clock one morning, last week, Lloyd Nolan was awakened by a telephone call from the woman who manages the Beverly Hills apartment building he owns. The woman's voice was frantic. "Mr. Nolan!" she cried. "There's been a murder! Come right over!" Lloyd, who has often portrayed a detective on the screen, saw his chance to play an honest-to-gosh Sherlock. Yanking on his pants, he grabbed equipment ranging from magnifying glass to hunting rifle, and rushed to the scene of the crime. There he found the landlady, pale and trembling. She pointed to the ceiling of her bedroom. In the center was a growing red blotch—significant, frightening. "I'll start right on this," whooped Lloyd. "But call the police." In a few minutes, with the aid of the law, Lloyd led the expedition upstairs. Breathing hard, he smashed in the door, and there, on the floor, on its side, gushing crimson, lay—a bottle of California port wine which had fallen from a table! "Nuts," groaned Lloyd. "Give me a good, old movie murder with a script. I never did like comedy anyway!"

Comes "the Dawn"

When you see Paulette Goddard, Olivia deHavilland and Charles Boyer in "Hold Back The Dawn," you might remember that the authoress, Ketti Frings, used to interview these same stars for magazines like Modern Screen. Miss Frings understands movie audiences pretty well and, when she sold her little drama to Paramount, she specified that it be called "Yonder Lies Paradise" because she thought fans would go for that. But Paramount had another idea. They pointed out that since the saga concerned an American girl who was able to spend only one night a week with her refugee husband below the Mexican border—she would want that night to be a long one, and, if the husband were Charles Boyer, she would certainly want to "Hold Back The Dawn!"

ALL-AMERICAN HEART THROB

(*Continued from page 35*)

At least three of the Martin accomplishments are the envy of rival glamour boys.

First off, he has a way of wooing that pays dividends. Knowing his ladies, he sends them gifts he's sure they'll like, dances attendance on them, notices what they're wearing. Secondly, he's a careful dresser, smooth but not flashy. Finally, he's a dancer of parts, as Miss Turner discovered to her delight.

The Tony Martin who is giving romance the brush-off knows exactly what he is doing. For one thing, with Metro expecting big things from him, he is at the pinnacle of his career. He's going to town.

He's been waiting for this chance to vanquish Hollywood for ten years.

Back in 1931, a Metro scout heard him sing on the Lucky Strike program and was so impressed with his voice that he induced him to come to Hollywood. Nothing wonderful happened. Three years later he was tested for a part opposite Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee." Studio bosses nixed the proposition because of his youth.

Early in 1936 he was crooning with an orchestra in San Francisco when an RKO scout spotted him. He was given a contract. For six months he hung around and did nothing. Chagrined, he asked for his release and got it. That very same night he went to work at the Trocadero. His opening number was "You Hit the Spot," a sentiment which was echoed by Darryl Zanuck, one of the patrons that night. Mr. Zanuck promptly hired him.

At Twentieth Century-Fox he was given a spot in "Sing, Baby, Sing." He was having trouble getting his numbers recorded properly when a luscious blonde swished up to him and offered to give him some pointers, "since I've had a little experience." Her name was Alice Faye. He saw stars. But promptly. He fell in love with her.

There was every reason under the sun why something wonderful should have come of the romance.

Tony Martin, born Alfred Morris, and brought up by his stepfather who owned a ladies' ready-to-wear shop in Oakland, California, had much in common with the pert, scenic blonde. For one thing she was Miss Simplicity. And who was he but Mr. Down-To-Earth? This quality in their make-up wasn't all they shared.

YIPPEE, FANS!

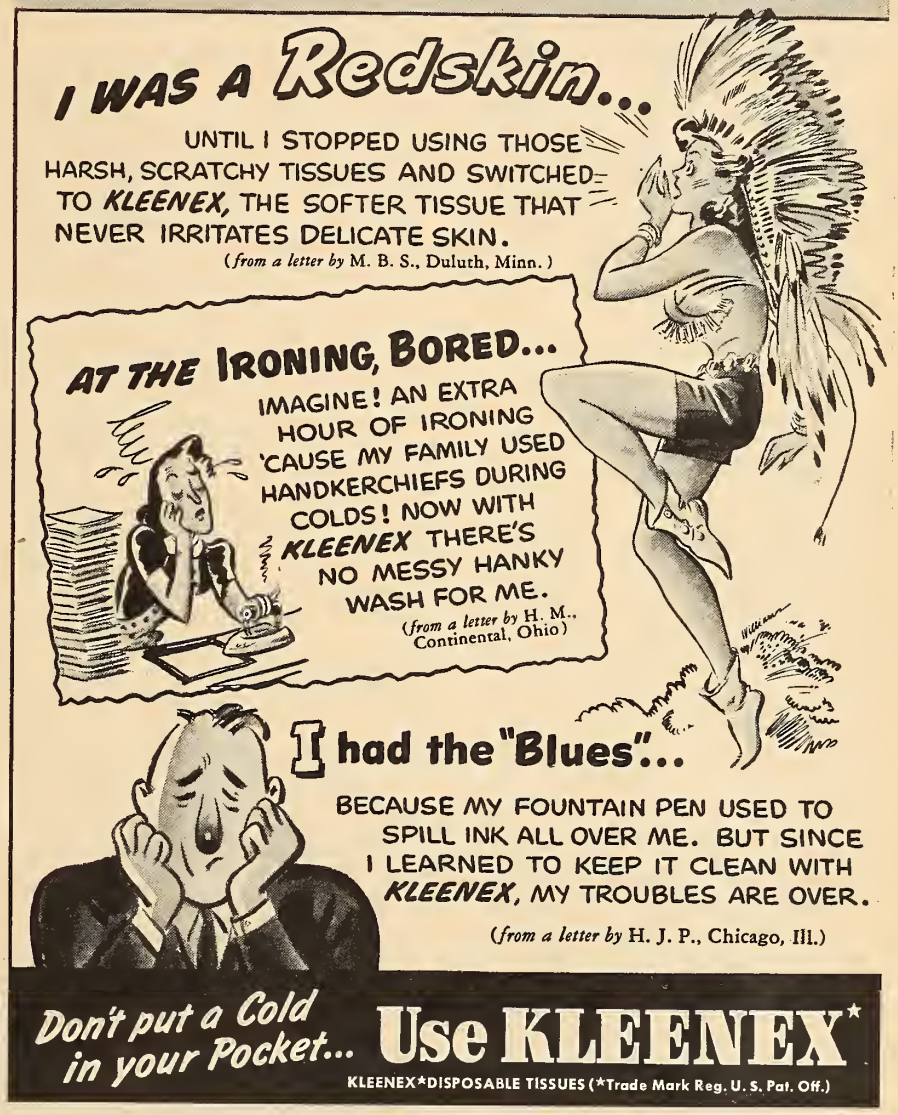
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Both loved to sing. Alice Faye was already a name. Tony Martin had quit St. Mary's College at eighteen (at the invitation of the authorities, he admits) to toot a saxophone. Crooning had been thrust upon him accidentally. He was astonished that anyone applauded. However, he took the hint, concentrated on his voice.

Finally, the two were ambitious beyond belief. To Alice Faye, alumna of Manhattan's Tenth Avenue and ex-member of the "line" of "George White's Scandals" Tony Martin was her kind, a plugger and a winner.

Marriage, therefore, was inevitable.

At Twentieth Century-Fox, Alice Faye caught on like an epidemic and became a box-office name overnight. Meanwhile, as an actor, Tony Martin was not setting the studio, much less the world, on fire. Instead he found himself slowly slipping into a role he despised—that of Mr. Alice Faye. To make matters worse, after his début in "Sing, Baby, Sing" he was assigned no parts. Fiercely proud, he bought back his contract (for $30,000). Then he set out to salvage his career. And above all, his confidence in himself.

He salvaged both career and self-confidence in short order, and in such spectacular style as to exceed his fondest dreams. He did it via a series of personal appearances at $7,000 per week. There was one tragic postscript to the success he was winning. Alice Faye brought suit for divorce and got it.

His sensational tour brought immediate reactions from Hollywood. He was offered $50,000 to do "Music in My Heart." He accepted somewhat cynically, mindful of the ill luck that dogged him in pictures. "Music in My Heart" did very well for itself, and for all concerned.

One of the screen's best bets for 1941, Tony Martin is in an eminently fine scoring position. With television on its way to the big time, he will be sitting even prettier.

It would seem that Tony Martin is all set. And so he is—except for one important item, which is probably the most important reason why he's so emphatic when he insists he has no time for romance.

Something he said the night he opened at the New York night club, the Versailles, was the tip-off. When the lights were dimmed so that Tony could croon in the gloaming, one of the admiring debbies shrieked:

"But, Tony, I can't see you."

"Neither can Alice," he came back, with a noticeable touch of melancholy.



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A SMATTERING OF LEVANT

(*Continued from page 27*)

greet director Schertzinger. Didn't greet Don Ameche or Mary Martin, the stars. Didn't greet the crew members, who love his puns and between-scenes piano playing. He ignored everyone, asking only one question, "Where's the make-up man I had last time? He was telling me his life story and still had three years to go!"

Levant promptly injected some of his own gags into the script, had the studio hire two Steinway grand pianos for him (one for the set and another for practice at his apartment), tried to avoid the special wardrobe man, whose job was to see that hat-hater Levant didn't try to hide the gray felt he wears in the picture. (Said Levant, "I don't want a hat. It doesn't fit my character." Said the director, "In this picture you're supposed to look as if you have enough money to buy a hat!")

Asked if he likes Hollywood, he admits he does, very much. "But I won't ballyhoo the place. My enemies'll say I'm on the Chamber of Commerce payroll."

What he doesn't like about the place is the way it disrupts his curious erratic way of life. For instance, the studio demands he be on the set at nine in the morning. Levant is notorious for putting himself to sleep, after reading five newspapers and taking two sleeping pills, at five in the morning and waking at one in the afternoon to breakfast at a drugstore counter.

Other Levant habits are equally famous. In New York, he visits a psychiatrist almost daily. He practices his piano every afternoon. He doesn't drink whiskey, but averages 33 cups of coffee a day. He is a chain cigarette smoker, and smokes through an entire meal. He never walks, takes cabs everywhere, and cabbies know him as "Mr. Oscar." He is

(*Continued on page 86*)



The cast of Republic's "A Man Betrayed," (co-starring John Wayne and Frances Dee) played hookey one day to help John celebrate the arrival of a baby girl! She's his fourth child.

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always an hour late for an appointment, but loses his temper if you are so much as five minutes late. He is, in turn, surly, charming, witty—but constantly insulting.

True, the items that won him a movie contract were his brilliant quips on the radio program, "Information, Please!" and his book, a hodgepodge of brickbats, which sold 75,000 copies in four months and was called, "A Smattering of Ignorance."

On the radio, Levant is a sensation. First appearing in 1938 as a guest quiz artist, he could play 10,000 musical compositions from memory. He knows answers to questions about everything—the White House, French novels, the Brooklyn Dodgers.

On the printed page, his book devotes 267 pages to insulting the great and near-great. In his slender volume, Levant labels Leopold Stokowski, "a musical Lucius Beebe wearing his scores like so many changes of attire." Viciously, Levant, whose Hollywood musical experience was limited to writing scores for early talkies and Western horse-operas, tells of a renowned movie producer who, desiring to create a French musical atmosphere in a film, suddenly shouted: "I've got it! Put in a few more French horns!" He is now penning another book. Rumor has it that this will be entirely about Hollywood foibles.

He isn't a conversationalist; he's a human monologue. But good! Recently, S. W. Behrman had Oscar Levant to dinner, but the guest of honor was Alexander Woollcott. However, Oscar grabbed the spotlight. With the cocktail he began talking, talked through the consommé, and talked, talked, talked through the rest of the meal. Woollcott was amazed. Finally, nodding toward Oscar, he asked the hostess, "Is he reading?"

A short time after that, when Levant was broke, he was spending the summer loafing and writing music at playwright George Kaufman's country place in Pennsylvania. After several weeks, Mrs. Kaufman took him aside and said:

"I thought you'd be embarrassed about

(*Continued on page 89*)



Jean Arthur picks a subway car set for relaxation twixt takes of the romantic comedy, "The Devil and Miss Jones," which Jean's hubby Frank Ross is producing at RKO-Radio Studios.

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John Shelton's 26, and a bachelor—having recently been unhitched from Bette Davis' stand-in Sally Sage. Cooks breakfast for himself, then runs through a few of his own piano compositions before dashing off for his nine o'clock date with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



His apartment is on the top floor of a cute four-story building. He dresses like a college boy—a hangover from his University of Southern Cal. days. Dislikes formality in clothes or people.



John and Laraine Day débuted in the same picture, "I Take This Woman," and they're swell pals. Date occasionally, usually with a gang—Ann Rutherford, Rand Brooks, Helen Parrish and Co.

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The six-foot, gun-shooting hero, Billy the Kid, had exactly one chance in a 100,000 of crashing the movies when he left his job in a Dallas insurance office.

Hollywood Highlights

TWO UNKNOWNS GET FEATURE BILLING IN THAT WESTERN THRILLER — "THE OUTLAW"

To Jane Russell, 19, and Jack Buetel, 21—neither of whom had ever laid eyes on a klieg light—went contracts from Howard Hughes for the coveted top roles in his million dollar production, "The Outlaw."

It took six months of constant searching before Hughes found the talent he wanted. Countless name actors were turned down; hundreds of unknowns tested and flunked. And when at last he did decide, he chose two absolute unknowns who never had an ounce of publicity written about them in their lives. Why didn't he pick top stars? Why small-timers like Jane and Jack? Hughes gave us the answer. In order to make a perfect picture, he believes the players should be accepted by the public as their screen-life characters. He's a realist and thinks that if he'd chosen established stars, the people who put their money down at the box-office would remember them for their dinner-jacketed background and know they were just playing a part. They've never seen Jack, but the first time they do, he'll be Billy the Kid. The same thing applies to Jane as Rio, Billy's girl friend.

Hughes' reputation for picking 'em dates way back to 1930 when he cast an unknown, Jean Harlow, in "Hell's Angels" and a couple of years later discovered Paul Muni and George Raft for "Scarface." Now, he's once more turning to the amateur ranks for his talent—and Hollywoodites are watching those two lucky newcomers, Jane and Jack, as the possible big film news of the coming year!

the servants, so I tipped them each three dollars and told them it was from you."

Oscar blew up. "Damn you, Beatrice!" he shouted. "They'll think I'm stingy! Why didn't you give 'em five dollars!"

Levant has been married twice. The first one was eight years ago, an ex-chorus girl named Barbara Smith. This lasted seven months. They fought constantly. The worst fight resulted in a philosophic, and then physical, disgression on how long it takes to boil an egg. After the break-up, a reporter said to Oscar:

"Well, your marriage didn't last long, did it?"

"The hell it didn't!" Oscar barked. "You should just live an hour with me!"

But the classic crack came when he was asked exactly why Barbara divorced him. He replied soberly, "Incompatibility," and then with a whisper, "and, besides, I think she hated me!"

In 1939 he married attractive June Gale, who had appeared in "Hotel for Women." At the wedding ceremony, Oscar, in old form, leaned over and inquired of the judge, "Confidentially, sir, do you think I'm making a mistake?"

Eventually, they decided to have a child. Before it was born, Oscar claimed his wife was prejudicing the baby against him. "She writes nasty little notes about me," he said, "and then swallows them!"

The youngster, a girl, finally emerged unprejudiced and is now five months old.

Thus, Oscar Levant, Hollywood oddity. His epitaph will not mention his fame as an interpreter of George Gershwin's serious piano music, nor that his bosom pal and worshipper, Alfred Vanderbilt, once named a horse after him, nor that he composed a smash hit called "Lady Play Your Mandolin." However, in his epitaph will be the item with which he ended his book, a remark Brahms is said to have made upon leaving a party, to wit: "If there is anybody here that I have forgotten to insult, I apologize."

But one last note, please. He is not infallible. Once, in a duel of words, he met his Miss Waterloo.

At an intimate Hollywood get-together, Greta Garbo said to a friend, "I should like to meet this legend Levant."

The friend arranged the meeting in a few minutes. He introduced them.

"Pardon me," said Oscar, "I didn't catch the name."

Garbo frowned and turned to her friend. "It is better," she concluded, "that he should remain a legend!"



Brooklyn's 20-year-old star of "Tobacco Road," Gene Tierney, designs and makes most of her own clothes. (She concocted that mad hat she's wearing.)



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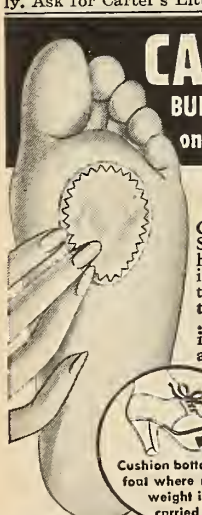
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NEW *Super-Soft* Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Good Housekeeping Bureau

IS SHE ANOTHER BOMBSHELL?

(Continued from page 39)

lucky all my life. My luck started when I was born."

That called for an explanation. And the explanation led to the whole story of how she arrived where she is.

She was born November 14, 1919, in Lake Placid, New York—and christened Constance Frances Marie Keane. Her father, H. A. Keane, was then a commercial artist who worked long-distance for the New York Herald Tribune. Her mother was "just a plain housewife—one of those wonderful women who are perfectly happy to concentrate on having a home life."

If you think Veronica is small, you should see her mother. At first glance, she looks as if she might be her daughter's younger sister.

"She nearly died when I was born. Neither of us would have lived if it hadn't been for a Caesarean operation."

Veronica started school in Lake Placid, then later was sent to the Villa Maria convent in Montreal, where she was well educated. "Nuns are the best women teachers in the world—because they teach for the love of it."

She didn't rebel against convent discipline. "I thrived on it. I was a serious youngster. I didn't ask anything more from life than to be permitted to bury my nose in books. The nuns had to get after me to go outdoors and play games."

She didn't know what she wanted to be when she grew up. One summer she was drafted for a child's part in an Adirondack Players' production—but the acting bug didn't bite her. And despite her father's talent, she had no urge to draw.

The winter of 1936-37, her father and mother went to Miami and took her along. That was where she finished school. That was also where she started wearing her hair as she wears it now. (Which takes care of the rumor that she invented the hairdress to attract Hollywood's attention.) "I just resented spending hours in beauty parlors and in front of a dressing-table, all because of my



With a pair of grand movie stars for parents (Warner Brothers' Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman) betcha three-month-old Maureen Elizabeth Reagan's a potential Bette Davis!

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hair. I rebelled against *that.* I made up my mind that I was going to fix my hair so that I could take care of it myself—and easily."

About the time that she made that individualistic decision, she also decided that she was going to study medicine. "I was *that* serious. I was going to repay the debt I owed to surgery—for being alive!" That fall she enrolled in the pre-medical course at McGill University, Montreal.

The first year of a pre-medical course is designed to weed out all those who aren't intent on becoming doctors. Veronica sailed past that first year and was well into the second, when her father developed heart trouble.

His doctor prescribed California. Veronica quit college temporarily to be with him and her mother.

The Keanes took a small, quiet apartment in Beverly Hills. Where, as the weeks passed and her father steadily improved, Veronica became desperate for something to do. And desperate to know someone—anyone—her own age. "Desperate enough, finally, to go around the corner to the Bliss-Hayden Theatre and ask to be admitted to their dramatics class. "Not that I had acting ambitions—I just wanted to meet people. I worked hard after I got in and played four parts before I was actually hit by the acting urge. The fifth play had a part in it that I thought would be fun to play—the part of a dizzy little siren. I asked for it, and they gave it to someone else. *That* was the turning point. So they thought I couldn't play it? I felt challenged. I had to show them. I argued and I pleaded and I fought for that part. Until they finally let me play it, the last week of the run, when they knew the show was going to close anyway. Funny, isn't it, that I had to fight to play that unimportant hussy part—and the part of the hussy in 'I Wanted Wings' was handed to me on a platter only a few months later?"



After what seemed an endless absence (one year), Ilona Massey returns to the screen to star opposite her fiancé Alan Curtis in "New Wine."

No talent scout discovered her in that role, because all the talent scouts had seen the play before she was put in. However, an agent saw her. He persuaded her to let him try to get her in the movies.

"He didn't tell me at the time that his idea of the way to get an unknown in the movies was to have her line up with 200 other girls at a studio audition for bit players and hope she'd be picked. He told me that he could get me auditions, and that auditions were 'easy.' I didn't find it easy or even possible to show any acting talent under those conditions, so I gave up the whole idea.

"Then when I didn't care any more, an ironic thing happened. A girl I knew at Bliss-Hayden was going to have an interview at RKO. She asked me to go along with her at the last minute. I did—just to keep her company. I was so cured of my own movie ambitions by then that I didn't care how I looked. I went just as I was, in slacks and an angora sweater, without make-up and with my hair tied up in a bandana because I had just washed it and it was still wet. And just to show you what can happen when you don't care, the casting director said to me, 'You're the type for this picture.' And I found myself in the movies, playing a bit in 'Sorority House'. . . . That's what I mean by pure, unadulterated luck."

That bit led to a role with Leon Errol in a two-reel RKO comedy, which was also lucky for her, because Errol saw to it that she got a close-up. That close-up caught the eye of Murray Fiel of the William Morris agency, who has repre-

(*Continued on page 93*)

Hedda Hopper's Lowdown on HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE

NOBODY KNOWS MORE about the movie stars' private lives than does Hedda Hopper, featured actress in films and creator of the newspaper column and radio program, "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood." In May SCREEN GUIDE she tells the intimate truths she knows about Cafe Society's night life. Read her revelations in the *only* large-size PICTURE magazine of motion pictures—Screen Guide!

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Ginger Rogers' Lost Loves: The men she might have had—and the real reasons why she refused each and all!

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Cary Grant's Secret Romance Story: Barbara Hutton writes a new chapter in Hollywood's real-life mystery-romance!

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INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

answers every one of his fan letters personally. He has a typewriter in his room where he spends most of his idle time pecking away at letters! His address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Arthur Halloran, Mass. Linda Darnell's favorite actor, Don Ameche, is going to play with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio," to be released around April 11th. . . . The last of June you'll see him in "Miami" with Betty Grable, Carole Landis and Jack Haley. Neither he nor Alice Faye played in "Thanks a Million." Maybe you're thinking of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

An ardent fan, East Orange, N. J. Cuban Desi Arnaz was born in Santiago on March 2, 1917. He has black hair and dark brown eyes, is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 160 pounds. During the Cuban Revolution, his family lost their money and position (his dad was mayor) and Desi was forced to flee to Miami, Fla., where he earned his living singing with a dance band. Xavier Cugat spotted him and the rest is history. It was he who introduced the Conga to Miami and New York. Lucille Ball's his missus.

Janet Owen, Newark, N. J. Ocean City, N. J., was the birthplace of Preston Foster, October 24, 1902. A part in opera and a Broadway play gave him his start, and for the last eight years he's been in Hollywood making motion picture news. He's married to Gertrude Warren and has an adopted girl, Stephanie. You can write to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where he's working with Patricia Morison and Richard Dix in "The Roundup."

Ruth Fox, Scranton, Pa. You aren't the first to ask us who played Willie in "Strike Up the Band." Everybody's curious about Larry Nunn, 13-year-old Marshfield, Ore., boy, who was chosen for the part after Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives heard his voice on an Irene Rich weekly radio program. He's 5 feet one inch tall, weighs 99 pounds, has light brown hair and blue-green eyes, has a yen for sports, especially soccer, football, boxing, fencing and bowling! While making "Strike Up the Band," he made a name for himself around the studio with his clever cartoons of Mickey and Judy and others on the set. In Hollywood, he lives with his mother in a small bungalow. You'll see him next in "Men of Boys Town," in which he again plays with Mickey Rooney. If you want to write him, address your letter to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Virginia Sherry, Lynn, Mass. Eddie Bracken got his start playing bit parts in "Life's Too Short," "So Proudly We Hail" and "Iron Men." Like Desi Arnaz, he played in both the stage and screen versions of "Too Many Girls," and now Paramount's featuring him in "Reaching for the Sun," coming out on May 9th. Eddie is 21 years old, married, five feet ten and one-half inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. . . . Lucille Ball's that lady's real name. . . . Hal LeRoy did play in "Harold Teen," in 1933. . . . Your "Spanish" Ann Miller was born a solid United States citizen in Chireno, Texas, in 1919.

Alison Wells, Escanaba, Mich. Although Bob Preston was born a New Englander in Newton Highlands, Mass., in 1918, he moved to California with his family at the age of two and was dropped plumb into the heart of the movie business. During high school, he lost his heart to the stage and devoted all his efforts to crashing into films. Six feet one inch tall, weighing 175 pounds, dark-brown haired and grey-eyed, he's married to Kay Feltus, and is making a name for himself in his work. You can reach him at Paramount, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where he's making "New York Town" with Mary Martin, Lynne Overman and Fred MacMurray.

Sally Wilson, South Norwalk, Va. Jackie Cooper is 18 years old and has grown up to a height of five feet ten and one-half inches and weighs 165 pounds. When he's not with Bonita, he's adding guns to his collection or working around boats in the harbor. His next movie's "Ziegfeld Girl." Bonita's latest was "Wild Man From Borneo."

A. Patterson, Fargo, N. D. Allan Lane was last heard of at Republic Studios, where he made "Grand Old Opry" in 1940. You can write to him there at 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal. . . . Sheldon Leonard played the part of Phil Church in "Another Thin Man."

An Errol Flynn fan, Latonia, Ky. Lili Damita is Errol Flynn's first wife, and likewise Errol is Lili's only mate. They met on a boat when Errol first came to America and were wed on June 19, 1935. They haven't any children to date, but are expecting. Errol was born in Ireland, June 20, 1909, and Lili was born in Paris, Sept. 10, 1904.

Lucy Torris, New Bedford, Mass. Don Beddoe was born in Pittsburgh on July 1st, but spent most of his boyhood in New York at St. John's School and Trinity College. Although he majored in journalism at the University of Cincinnati, he immediately turned to the stage upon graduation and did several Broadway and radio shows. He ultimately wound up in Hollywood where you can reach him at Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St. He's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair.

J. S., Memphis, Tenn. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., will send you an autographed photo of Jimmy Lydon for 25c in coin or stamps.

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FACTS WE NEVER KNEW TILL NOW:

That America's 17,000 movie houses can seat 10,462,208 at one time—during an average week actually do accommodate from 55 to 85 million flicker fans.

That Jimmy Cagney majored in art at Columbia U; Alan Curtis was once a Chicago hackie; Richard Denning once tipped the beam at a ponderous 230; Walter Brennan's first screen bit was to bray like a donkey; Joan Blondell trouped at the age of 3 as "Rosebud"; Marlene Dietrich's pappy was a German grenadier; Pat Morison has the longest hair in Hollywood—39 inches; Louise Beavers had to learn Negro dialect for screen work; Henry Armetta pressed pants before hitting the footlights.

That the average high-salaried star in Hollywood supports ten other persons—relatives, "old friends," et cetera.

That Garbo conscientiously dieted off 25 pounds during the filming of "Camille," to make her screen decline seem more authentic.

That Hollywood's top stars, asked to judge themselves, voted Gary Cooper and Olivia de Havilland most popular, Paul Muni most intellectual, Hedy Lamarr most kissable, Mae West most generous, and Myrna Loy the ideal wife.

These are just a few fascinating nuggets tracked down in the first issue of HOLLYWOOD WHO'S WHO. This exciting new publication thumbnails the lives of 500 actors and actresses—with pictures. It tells a step-by-step story of how films are made—stories by such Hollywood biggies as Will Hays (Censorship); Sam Goldwyn (The Star System); Howard Dietz (Publicity); Frank Capra (Direction); Walt Disney (Animated Cartoons), etc. And that's not all. Many of your favorites—John Garfield, Bill Boyd, Gene Tierney and others—give you straight talk about themselves and their jobs.

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

(*Continued from page 91*)

sented her ever since. And it helped him get her a bit in a Jones Family picture, and then a bit in "Forty Little Mothers"—which was destiny in disguise.

But before we go into that, let's pause for a brief revelation of something else that had happened to her in the meantime; something that gives a sidelight on both Veronica and men. She encountered a man who tried to broach some cozy ideas for the good of her career. She told him off as he had never been told off before. But a few months later when a young girl relative of his arrived from abroad, he telephoned Veronica to try to arrange for the girl to meet her. "I want her to meet a clean American girl," he said.

Of that little incident, she said, "I suppose you can't blame a man for trying. But any man will respect a girl who *doesn't* say 'Yes.' And, more important, the girl can respect herself. Certainly you can be twice as happy married, if you have a clear conscience."

Something else happened before "Forty Little Mothers" that's worth noting. Her agent took her to Paramount, and the man who was then head talent scout said, "She'll never amount to anything. She's just another cute kid." Just ten months later he found himself assistant director on "I Wanted Wings"—which was destined to make her a sensation!

Veronica's role in "Forty Little Mothers" wasn't important in itself. But it was important in that it introduced her to Freddie Wilcox, then M-G-M test director, now a full-fledged director. He walked on the set one day to look over the outside talent that M-G-M had signed for the picture. He wanted to know who the exotic-looking little blonde was. She was different. And he had been looking five years for a different type of blonde.

"He was the first person who thought I had dramatic possibilities. He told M-G-M what he thought. They couldn't see me except as an ingénue. I was too young and inexperienced, they said, to be anything else. Freddie said to me, 'They won't believe that you can do what I say you can, until they see the proof on actual film. Are you willing to work your head off for five or six months—to show them? I want to make a dramatic test

(*Continued on page 95*)



In "Singapore Woman," a remake of "Dangerous," Brenda Marshall has the role that won Bette Davis an Academy Award. David Bruce is her co-star.



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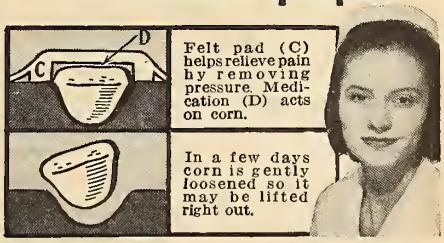


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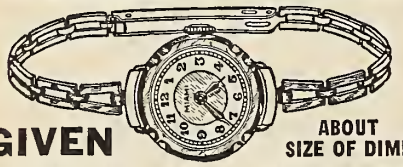
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SCREEN ALMANAC (*Continued from page 72*)

MARY BOLAND
Born Mary Boland; Detroit, Mich.; Jan. 28, 1880. Trouper since age of 15. Habituée of art and antique shops. Yen for domestic comedy roles (dithery, buxom dames). A good scout—amiable, modest, intelligent. Scared to death of crowds. Loves California and movies. Sculpts, plays piano and raises orchids. Zasu Pitts-ish hands.

•

RAY BOLGER
Born Raymond Bolger; Boston, Mass.; Jan. 10, 1903. Fiend for economics and figures . . . dances in his sleep and gets inspirations for new steps in mid-dream . . . uses horse liniment for strenuous dancing aftermaths . . . yankee twang . . . lanky grace . . . haunter of golf courses and book shops . . . enjoys living with in-laws . . . sings and strums guitar.

•

BILL BOYD
Born William Boyd; Cambridge, Ohio; June 5, 1898. No "Going Hollywood" for him! Known as "Bill" to everyone. Avoids bright lights of the city. Keeps fit by playing Hopalong in real life—punching cattle and ridin' the range of his ranch. Loves to hunt, fish and swim, too. Cooks to perfection over a barbecue. Travels in a trailer.

•

CHARLES BOYER
Born Charles Boyer; March 4, 1900; Figeault, France. Loves roast beef, but can't pronounce it; says "rozbif" . . . smokes two and a half packs cigarettes a day . . . hates nicknames, and his wife always calls him Charles; he calls her dear . . . can play the violin, but never does . . . frightfully nervous . . . impatient . . . best wine cellar in Hollywood . . . can tango rings around Arthur Murray . . . inveterate gambler.

•

OLYMPE BRADNA
Born Antoinette Olympe Bradna; Paris, France; Aug. 12, 1920 Book and dish collector. Studies French so she won't forget it. Alternatively vivacious and dead serious. Pedals a bike, roller skates and rides horseback. Sings as well as she dances. Loves of her life: terrier "Bobbie" and a noisy parrot. Maple-furnished bedroom.

•

GEORGE BRENT
Born George Nolan; Dublin, Ireland; March 15, 1904. Hates girls who smear their lipstick. Likes brainy women. Takes four showers every day. Plays demon polo and chess. Owns a grocery market and saves his money. Has a house full of dogs—sleeps on two pillows with his pet pooch beside him. Used to marry often—now abstains.

TOM BROWN
Born Thomas Brown; New York, N. Y.; Jan. 6, 1913, the son of a stage actor-producer and musical comedy star who took him into their act at the age of six months. Upon his graduation from private school, he went into radio, stage and screen work. Tho' he's best known for collegiate roles, he's never been to college. He's divorced from Natalie Draper.

•

VIRGINIA BRUCE
Born Virginia Helen Briggs; Minneapolis, Minn.; Sept. 29, 1910. A lot of fun. Unfalteringly smooth disposition. Possessor of Hollywood's No. 1 complexion. Crazy about her little girl. Fond of cats, dogs, lamb chops, Guy Lombard's music, bridge, dancing and the theatre. Paints and collects first editions. Favorite role: Jenny Lind.

•

JANE BRYAN
Born Jane O'Brien; Hollywood, Cal.; June 11, 1918, into a strait-laced lawyer's family. Stage-struck at 8 and forever after acting before family or a receptive mirror. Discovered by talent scout at Jean Muir's Theatre Workshop. Ambitious to go on stage. Great friend of Bette Davis who coached her. Perpetually sunburned and freckle-faced.

•

BILLIE BURKE
Born Ethelbert Burke, Washington, D. C.; Aug. 7, 1885. Daughter of a circus clown. Always planned to write a successful play—never did. Very proud of authoress-daughter. Spends hours each day wooing Youth. Is a jangle of nerves. Frightfully afraid of ants. Loves frills and perfumes. Plays a smashing game of tennis.

•

SMILEY BURNETTE
Born Lester Burnette; Summum, Ill.; March 18, 1911. Fat and genial. Capable plus—once held down a single job as announcer, radio entertainer, manager and engineer! Natural flair for comedy. Never enters night clubs. Neither smokes nor drinks, but makes up for it in foodstuffs! Honorary mayor of Studio City, California. Collector of interesting hotel letterheads.

•

BOB BURNS
Born Robert Burns; Van Buren, Ark.; Aug. 2, 1896. Showed an early affinity for music on his parents' houseboat where he organized a band and taught himself piano, trombone, guitar and bazooka (made of two gas pipes and whiskey funnel). During war he organized a Marine Jazz Band which wowed Europe. First real break came when he appeared on the Rudy Vallee radio show.

(*Continued on page 96*)

(*Continued from page 93*)

of you. But the test will take intensive preparation on your part. Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach, will work with you, and so will I, if *you're* willing to work!'

"It was an unexpected challenge, and I set out to fight for that break.

"I worked for five solid months without pay—and Lillian and Freddie worked with me. I read every script in the M-G-M files. Aloud, with gestures. I learned how to deliver lines, how to register emotions, how to handle myself in scenes. I learned by daily trial-and-error. I went over scenes until I was ready to drop with exhaustion. Then I went over them again. But at the end of five months Freddie said I was ready for my test: a dramatic scene from the play, 'Spring Tide.' He took a solid day to make it and the result was really something. We all had that feeling. We all felt that our work was repaid by that test.

"Then came the crowning irony. (I can't help it; it's the only word that fits.) What happened to Linda Darnell in the picture, 'Star Dust,' happened to me in real life. Somebody kept the head of the studio from seeing my test."

She looked plenty sultry as she made that revelation.

"That would probably have been the dismal end of my movie career—if I hadn't had incredible luck. If my agent hadn't happened to come over to Paramount a few days later to try to sell some actor to producer Arthur Hornblow for 'I Wanted Wings.'"

HORNBLOW had every other role cast, but he was looking for a girl to play Sally; still hoping to find a startling unknown. He was that positive that the role was a star-maker. He said so to Veronica's agent—who went into an immediate song and dance about this girl, Constance Keane, and the test she had made at M-G-M. Hornblow, making allowances for the enthusiasm of agents and wondering why M-G-M hadn't signed her, if she was so startling, reluctantly agreed to look at her test.

"So the test arrived at Paramount, and once he saw it Mr. Hornblow thought maybe I *could* handle the role. He told my agent to get me over to Paramount right away for an interview.

"To everyone's consternation, I showed practically no interest in the role. (I wasn't letting myself in for another terrific letdown.) Mr. Hornblow, baffled, finally said, 'Here's the script. Read it over the week-end—in case we decide to test you next week.' That was Saturday morning. That night Paramount phoned me and told me to be at the studio at 7:30 Monday morning for a test. After that I was more interested.

"I probably owe an everlasting debt to Wally Westmore because, when he made me up for that test, he taped the eyelashes so tightly that I couldn't open my eyes wide. The test was terrible, but everybody who saw it said, 'Boy, does she have slinky eyes!' And"—she smiled—"I got the role. And a new name. They said 'Constance Keane' was too stagey. They said that 'Veronica' would be more exotic (they didn't know that they were naming me after my mother), and that 'Lake' would express the cool appearance of my hair. I'm not used to it yet—though I'm getting used to being called 'Ronnie' instead of 'Connie.'

"And then," she continued, "I got the works. For days I had one wardrobe test after another, dozens of make-up tests and endless portrait sittings—all for glamour's sake. I collapsed at the end of the week, which gave them an awful scare, because I was supposed to leave for location in Texas Sunday night. I never expect to get so much medical attention again, all at once, in my life. But I was on that train Sunday night!

"It's impossible to give you any conception of how hard I had to work—a rank beginner playing an important dramatic role in a big picture. When I wasn't actually in front of the camera, I was in my dressing-room rehearsing my lines with Phyllis Laughton, the dialogue coach. That went on six days a week, including the few days I had off. And Sundays, Phyllis and Troy Saunders worked from 9 to 5, drilling me in putting over a song number, 'Born to Love.' (I had never sung in public in my life!) And now people are taking it for granted that I'm like that girl I portray—that I didn't have to work very hard to portray her!"

She jabbed with mock viciousness at the chicken croquette on her plate and ate a mouthful before she answered the next question: How did she find time to elope—with John Detlie, young M-G-M art director—half-way through the film?

"You would have found time to elope, too, if you had gone with one boy steadily for eight or nine months, and you were in love with him, and you suddenly started reading in gossip columns that you were romantic about two dozen other fellows. I wanted to stop those phony rumors—but in a hurry.

"How did the romance start? Like something out of fiction. When I was making 'Forty Little Mothers' at M-G-M, John would see me in the commissary every noon. He noticed that I didn't fall in my soup from excitement when Gable walked in—which made him decide that I was 'different.' But he could never catch my eye. I began getting daily bouquets from somebody named 'John.' I had no idea who 'John' was. Then, somehow, he got my telephone number and started calling. I made Mother answer. He finally said to Mother, 'Can't you persuade your daughter to go out with me just once? Really, I'm perfectly harmless.' And she finally made a date for me to go to lunch with him. He asked her along, too—which made a deep impression on both of us. Most men can't be bothered with a girl's mother. And I was pretty impressed when I met him.

"The night we had decided to elope, I was in Riverside on location. Mother was with me, and I had the hardest time, getting away from her, getting her off to a dinner party. On top of that I had sprained my ankle that day and it was all taped up. I had my foot in a moccasin, and I was supposed to drive to Santa Ana to meet John. But I got there!"

She wasn't afraid for her marriage because of her career. "There's no danger of professional jealousy, because John and I are in different phases of the movies, and any publicity I get won't bother him, because he doesn't pay any attention to those things—and neither will any income I get, because we're going to live on his. And there's no other danger. I'm not career-mad. I want to settle down young and have a home and a family. Also, don't overlook the fact that I understand artists, being the daughter of one! We're living in an apartment right now, but we're looking at lots. When we do build, it will probably be a fantastic house, because we'll build it to suit ourselves, and not care what anyone else thinks. That's the way it's going to be with our marriage. They can think 'it won't last,' but we'll show 'em!"

Yes, indeed, Veronica Lake is different. And—very much of a blonde bombshell!

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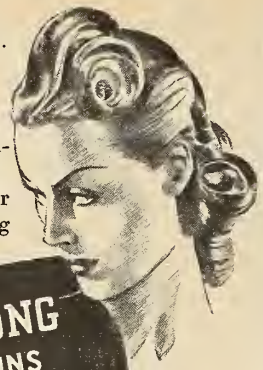
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SCREEN ALMANAC (*Continued from page* 94)

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
Born Charles Butterworth; South Bend, Ind.; July 26, 1899. Law school grad . . . former newspaper reporter (obituary dep't.) . . . maybe that's where he picked up his pious air of a mortician's assistant . . . hollow-voiced . . . master of understatement and vague, irrelevant humour . . . peppermint, pencil, cigar and hotel bible kelptomaniac.

•

BRUCE CABOT
Born Jacque de Bujac; April 20, 1904; Carlsbad, New Mexico. Attended University of Tours, France. Has a perpetual tan and sex-appeal plus—a masculine Betty Grable. Liz Whitney has a crush on him. He adores calves liver and bacon. Lost a job as sparring partner when he knocked his boss out. Used to be a cowboy, and still jumps into the saddle whenever he can.

•

JAMES CAGNEY
Born James Cagney; New York, N. Y.; July 17, 1904. Soft hard guy. Doesn't drink or smoke, but packs a terrific punch. Collects guns, never uses 'em. Spends spare time raising horses. Takes music lessons, wants to play a pipe organ. Loves to read and eat cookies. Sneaks into colored shirt—when wife isn't looking.

•

RICHARD CARLSON
Born Richard Carlson; April 29, 1913; Albert Lea, Minn. Swears he's going to write the Great American Play. Was Phi Beta Kappa, and taught English in the University of Minnesota. He is a triple-threat man, has an acting, directing, writing contract. Likes moustaches, two clean shirts a day and Strauss waltzes. He'll be a father by Easter. Adores ham and eggs and cream cheese and chives.

•

JOHN CARRADINE
Born Richmond Carradine; Feb. 5, 1906; in New York City. Cadaverous! 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. A villain on-screen, he's a saint after five o'clock. Brings his wife daily gifts. He is still a Big Apple fiend. Knows practically every work Shakespeare ever wrote. Wanted to be a judge, but wound up on the wrong side of the law—cinematically.

•

LEO CARRILLO
Born Leo Carrillo; August 6, 1899; Los Angeles, Cal. Has a regular armory of guns, but confines most of his trigger-stuff to shooting galleries. Has a huge menagerie, including two baby baboons. Knows more rope tricks than Gene Autry, and once saved a man's life by a skillful throw of the lariat. Owns five houses and a yacht, but certainly hates to part with four bits for a haircut.

MADELEINE CARROLL
Born Madeleine Carroll; W. Bromwich, Eng.; Feb. 26, 1908. Keeps her dresses for five years . . . and wears 'em . . . sends name of favorite restaurant to friends as a compliment . . . wants to form women's league of nations . . . loves broadcasting . . . terribly afraid of cops and spiders . . . carries saccharine in cigaret case . . . drinks coffee constantly . . . hankers to be a diplomat.

•

JOHN CARROLL
Born Julian La Faye; Mandeville, La.; July 17, 1912. Hit Hollywood because he was tired of "it all." Became a gun-runner at the age of ten. Saw best friend stabbed to death; stopped adventuring for a spell. Studied opera; too tame. Treasure-hunted along Atlantic; found a few dead oysters. Is a crack athlete. Has had no time for complexes.

•

LYNNE CARVER
Born Virginia Samson; Sept. 13, 1909; in Lexington, Ky. Breakfasts on steak and potatoes while listening to a Brahms symphony. Has a voice trained for the opera, but won't sing for the movies. Swims every morning before breakfast. She writes loads of letters, but invariably forgets to mail them. Has a passion for champagne cocktails.

•

CHARLES CHAPLIN
Born Charles Chaplin; April 16, 1889; in London. Both his parents were stage people, and his own acting career began when he was six. He came to the United States in 1910, and immediately started his phenomenally successful work for Keystone. Couldn't be more versatile; writes, plays, composes music and arranges musical scores, besides being the laughing-with-tears-in-your-eyes type of comedian.

•

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Born Lily Chauchion; Paris, France; Sept. 13, 1905. Easy come, easy go. Keeps "Oscar" in her closet, uses him as a hat rack. Slips garlic in the soup when hubby's back is turned. Always loses handkerchiefs and gloves. Has all kinds of imaginary ills, marrying a doctor didn't cure her. Loves to be babied.

•

RONALD COLMAN
Born Ronald Colman; Surrey, Eng.; Feb. 9, 1891. A camera fiend . . . friends live in constant fear of untimely exposures . . . loves to play jokes . . . once caught 228 pound marlin swordfish, and never lets anyone forget it . . . thinks he can play poker . . . loves the circus . . . gets slushy over "Danny Boy" . . . wears the most outlandish neckties.



SCREEN ALMANAC

GARY COOPER
Born Frank James Cooper; May 7, 1901; Helena, Mont. Lackadaisical walker, talker, whittler, sketcher, harmonica blower . . . likes best of all his cowboy friend, Slim, planning ahead, cowboy clothes, loud ties, Russian prints, his foreign-made car . . . goes to sleep anywhere no matter what . . . never forgets . . . practices roping on hired calves.

•

JACKIE COOPER
Born John Cooper; Sept. 15, 1922; Los Angeles, Cal. Mad about swing music, guns and swords, photography, acting, pipes, loud socks and sports clothes . . . dotes on dolling up once a month, buying a gallon of gas at a time, his butler, Sunday afternoon jam sessions, boxing, bachelorhood, rising and shining at 6 A. M. . . . Never takes a date to a "dive."

•

JAMES CRAIG
Born James Meador; Feb 4, 1912; Nashville, Tenn. Personal aspirations toward piracy; parental aspirations toward the ministry; compromise in a combination Cary Grant-Jimmy Stewart actor . . . unmarried careerist . . . well-traveled . . . former truck driver, ditch digger, oil field mucker, baseball and football star, boxer and wrestler . . . Kitty Foyle's dream guy.

•

BRODERICK CRAWFORD
Born Broderick Crawford; Phila., Penn., 1905. Harvard man for one day; deck hand for three years. Had nose broken in a waterfront fight—that's why he looks like a yokel. Hurled from family bosom in disgrace. Mother, Helen Broderick, didn't want another trouper in family. Sonny made good! Owns brace of dogs which are scourge of his studio.

•

JOAN CRAWFORD
Born Lucille Le Suer Cassin; March 23, 1908; in San Antonio, Texas. Got her movie name through a magazine contest. Is a terrific Garbo fan, and takes her two dachshunds to see all her pictures. Cries at least once a day. Sleeps in a huge bed with a canopy and eats shredded wheat every day for lunch. She runs with her trainer every morning before breakfast, and could probably win the six-day bike races if she chose.

•

BING CROSBY
Born Harry L. Crosby; May 2, 1904; Tacoma, Wash. Forever turning the tables; changed from playboy into solid family man after marriage . . . made fortune in music although he's unable to read a note . . . went on diet and stuck to Irish stew, fried chicken, biscuits and honey and mince pie . . . proverbial track loser, yet stables forty nags!

ROBERT CUMMINGS
Born Charles Cummings; June 9, 1910; Joplin, Mo. Sticks up his slightly off-center nose at night clubs and meat . . . displays flair on the flute and woodwork as well as for English and Texas accents, getting phone calls meal-time, photography, his Hudson right-hand drive car . . . beams on his terrycloth bathrobe, his pet monkey, Chinese checkers and books.

•

ALAN CURTIS
Born Harry Ueberroth; July 24; in Chicago. Has the widest shoulders in Hollywood. Used to be a model, but don't remind him of it! Would rather be a sailor than an actor. Has a huge appetite, and consumes a five-course meal before going to bed. Chews on ice continually, and smokes an ancient pipe whenever he can get away with it.

•

LINDA DARNELL
Born Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell; Oct. 16, 1923; Dallas, Tex. Exception to all rules; doesn't smoke or drink, want to marry an actor, believe in kissing a man before she's engaged, like murder mysteries, employ a maid . . . does answer the telephone in person, retain modesty as her watchword, shoot and develop her own movies, want to tame lions.

•

FRANKIE DARRO
Born Frank Johnson; Dec. 22, 1916; Chicago, Ill. Has appeared in over 300 films . . . nickname is "Stooge" . . . smokes in bed . . . is an ardent baseball fan . . . can't stand the smell of bathsalts . . . favorite occupation is sleeping . . . has a pet bull named "Pal" . . . detests fish . . . avoids night clubs like the plague.

•

BETTE DAVIS
Born Ruth Elizabeth Davis; April 5, 1908; Lowell, Mass. Has an enormous appetite, especially for mashed potatoes, but never gains an ounce. She is an expert swimmer and when in school used to swim in snowdrifts! Is a chain smoker, loves steak and mushrooms, but won't look at Italian or Spanish food. Despite her newly-acquired, air-minded husband, Arthur Farnsworth, she is petrified of planes.

•

LARAINE DAY
Born Loraine Johnson; Roosevelt, Utah; Oct. 13, 1920. Joined the Los Angeles Player's Guild under the wing of Elias Day, whose name she later adopted. Born of a family of Mormons, there isn't a single actor in her family tree. Favorite pastime of her childhood was organizing skits and circuses in her backyard. Is one of 7 children, including a twin brother. She loves to read Ogden Nash, and dabbles in writing herself.

•

DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES



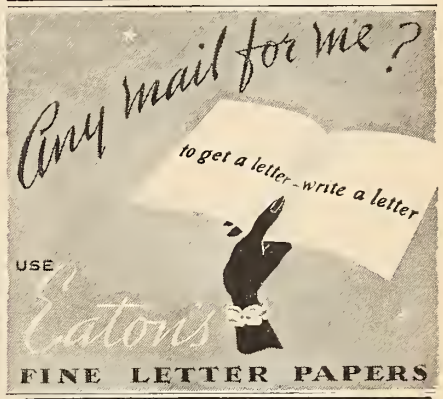
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HAPPY BIRTHDAY



Baby Sandy, appearing in Universal Pictures

Wally Beery was born on April 1, but he's nobody's April Fool! Neither, for that matter, are Walter Winchell, J. Pierpont Morgan—or any of you April-ites. Not that you don't have your giddy moments—the star-gazers tell us you crave Mickey Mouse and Flash Gordon!

You love glamour—in your job, your mate, everywhere—and that high-voltage personality makes you more than a little on the glamorous side yourself! You're an incurable teller of tall tales, but people think you're cute, not obnoxious. You won't play if you're not boss, but you're such fun to work for, nobody minds. You're extravagant, jealous, conceited and fickle; you're generous, versatile, dynamic and affectionate. You're a wonderful, incredible hodge-podge—and many slap-happy returns!

ALBERT, EDDIE—April 22
ALLEN, FRED—April 8
BARRIE, WENDY—April 18
BARRYMORE, LIONEL—April 28
BEERY, WALLACE—April 1
BYRD, RALPH—April 22
CABOT, BRUCE—April 20
CARLSON, RICHARD—April 29
CHAPLIN, CHARLES—April 16
CONNOLLY, WALTER—April 8
DAVIS, BETTE—April 5
DOUGLAS, MELVYN—April 5
EBSEN, BUDDY—April 2
HENIE, SONJA—April 8
HINDS, SAMUEL S.—April 4
HOLDEN, WILLIAM—April 17
HOWARD, JOHN—April 14
HOWARD, LESLIE—April 24
JEAN, GLORIA—April 14
JENKINS, ALLEN—April 9
LAKE, ARTHUR—April 17
LANE, ROSEMARY—April 4
LANGFORD, FRANCES—April 4
LLOYD, HAROLD—April 20
McPHAIL, DOUGLAS—April 16
NOLAN, BOB—April 14
O'BRIEN, GEORGE—April 19
PATERSON, PAT—April 7
PICKFORD, MARY—April 8
QUINN, ANTHONY—April 21
RATOFF, GREGORY—April 20
ROBINSON, FRANCES—April 26
ROBSON, MAY—April 19
SHIRLEY, ANNE—April 17
STUART, GLORIA—April 4
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY—April 23
THOMAS, FRANKIE—April 9
TOLER, SIDNEY—April 28
TRACY, LEE—April 14
TRACY, SPENCER—April 5
WILLIAMS, GUINN—April 26
WITHERS, JANE—April 12

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Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
currently starring in Paramount's "Reaching for the Sun."

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FIRST is the word for everything about Chesterfields . . . from the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos to the most modern manufacturing methods. You will find in Chesterfield everything you want in a cigarette.

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

JUDY GARLAND

SCOOP!

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT
ON ANN SHERIDAN

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE
CARY GRANT-BARBARA HUTTON
ROMANCE



Love Dawns

WHEN YOU'RE APPLE BLOSSOM SWEET and SOFT ALL OVER

You feel like a wood nymph greeting the dawn when you shower your whole body with exquisite Spicy Apple Blossom Talc. Its fragrance is pure ecstasy . . . like a cascade of orchard blossoms. It's cool as a breeze at daybreak . . . and it lends your skin a satin smoothness that's utterly thrilling! You slip on your clothes and start the day . . . feeling so gay, so fresh, so glamorous! What man can resist you? How can you help winning love! You'll adore Spicy Apple Blossom Cologne, too . . . that dash of spice teases . . . tempts . . . stirs hearts. All Lander's Talcs are superb in quality . . . divinely alluring in fragrance. An amazing value—large can only 10c at your 10c store.



★ ★ ★ ★ 4-Star Value at Your 10¢ Store

LANDER'S TALCS

10¢ EACH



Every busy morning— Every dancing night



guard your after-bath freshness with Mum!





Avoid underarm odor! Mum every day helps protect your charm, your job, your popularity!

YOUR morning freshness—are you sure it isn't left in the car or bus on your hurried way to the office? Your evening charm—are you certain it hasn't wilted and faded even before the music swings? Remember, perspiration can start just after you leave your freshening tub—*underarm odor* can give the lie to your charm before you are even hours older.

Smart girls never trust in their bath alone. A bath, no matter how glorious, only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents the risk of *underarm odor* to come. Trust your charm every day to smooth, creamy dependable Mum. Keep sure of daintiness!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only 30 seconds! Just a pat under each arm . . . and you're through! Can be used right after underarm shaving, for Mum won't irritate the skin.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor.* With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening.* Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose, too.

MUM takes the odor out of Perspiration

MAY -8 1941

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

In with the Mayflowers comes a truly original and distinguished motion picture. M-G-M presents the year's outstanding dramatic offering—"A Woman's Face".

★ ★ ★ ★

Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt will long be remembered for their performances in this screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul.



Produced by Victor Saville, it has been directed by none other than George (Philadelphia Story) Cukor.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Woman's Face" is your good fortune.

★ ★ ★ ★

The role of Anna Holm fits Joan like a cellophane glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

Following "A Woman's Face" will come in Maytime succession three more outstanding roars from the lion's den.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are—in this order—

★ ★ ★ ★

"Blossoms In The Dust" (*Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon*).

"Love Crazy" (*William Powell-Myrna Loy*).

"Billy The Kid" in Technicolor (*Robert Taylor*).

★ ★ ★ ★

If you wish to run the gamut of emotions, this is your month. *May Goes Metro.*

★ ★ ★ ★

But then so will all the other months go that way. Have you seen "Men of Boys Town"? Have you seen "The Ziegfeld Girl"?

★ ★ ★ ★

Those of you who like mementoes and pretty wall decorations might wish to take advantage of a special offer.

★ ★ ★ ★

We will be glad to send you a complete set of four beautiful full color reproductions of oil paintings by famous American Illustrators of their conception of "The Ziegfeld Girl of 1941."



Individual paintings by McClelland Barclay, John La Gatta, Neysa McMein, Gilbert Bundy. Size 9" by 12", full color prints on heavy mat paper. Write Leo, 1540 Broadway, New York, Box 120, and enclose ten cents to cover mailing costs.

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Some day I'll show you my etchings.

—*Leo*



Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

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PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

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THE ZIEGFELD GIRLS

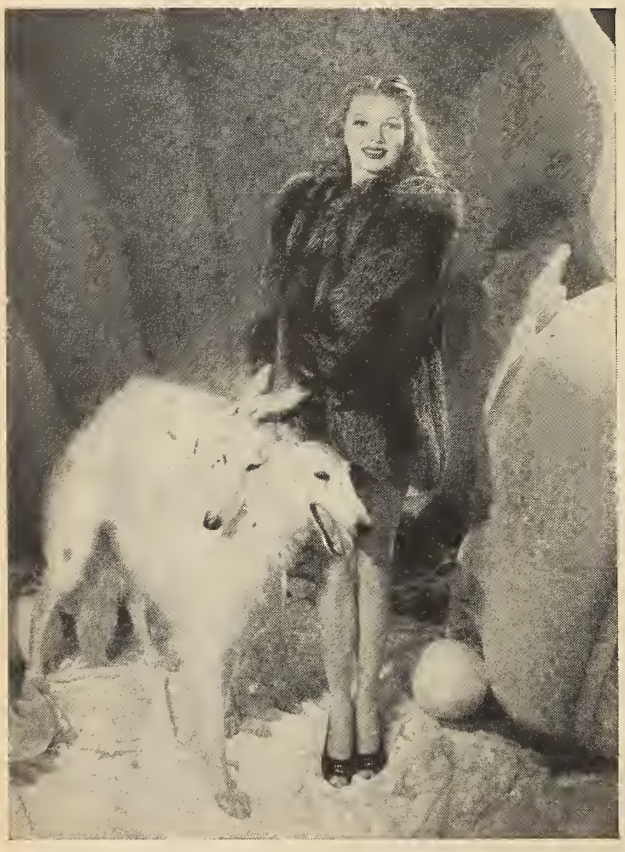


Willinger snaps his choice, West Virginian Gayle Mellatt, amid luxuriaus satin praps.

Outstanding American beauties, chosen for the movie from nearly a thousand svelte applicants —and glorified by M-G-M clicksters as they imagined the Great Ziegfeld would have done it!



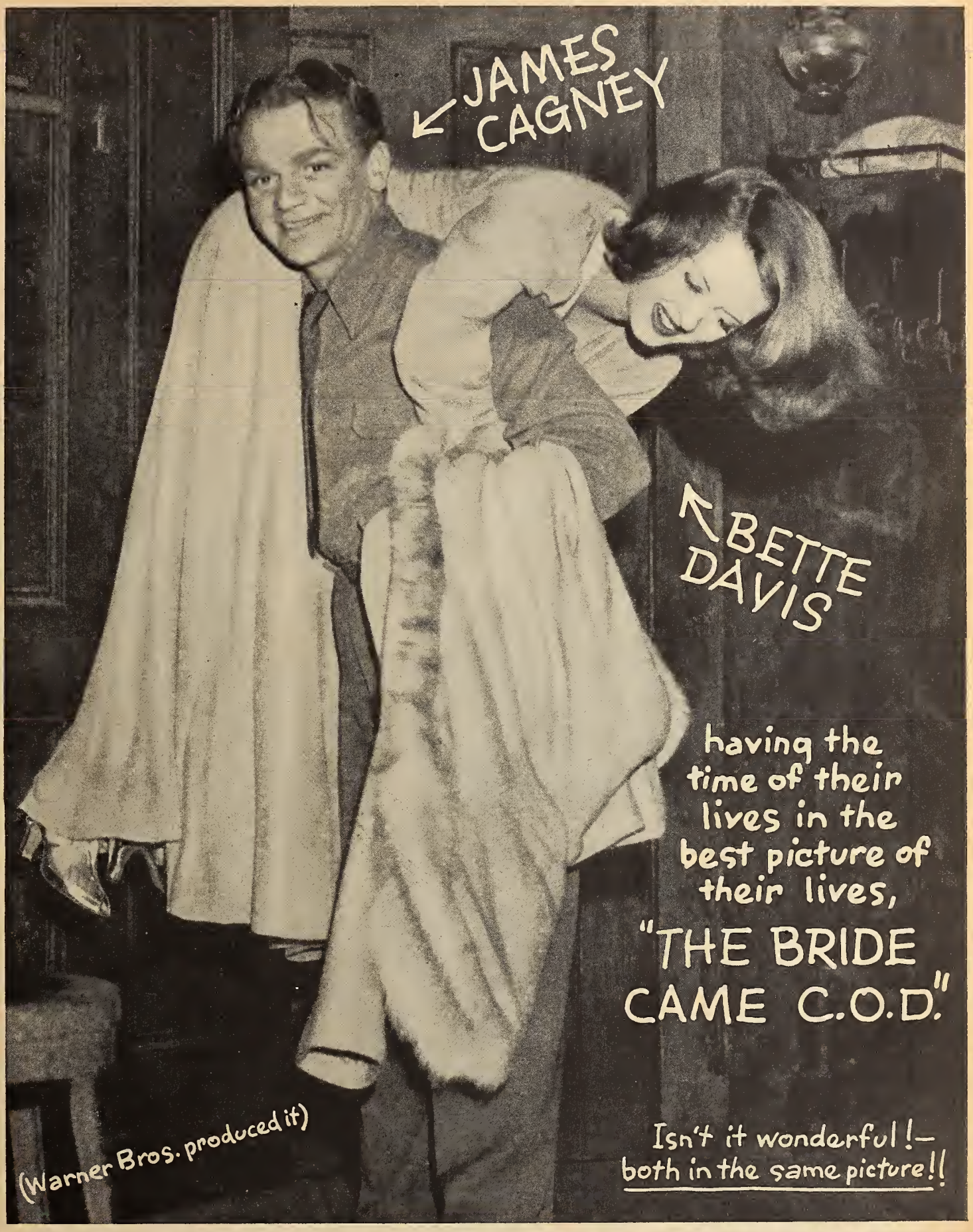
One af Eric Carpenter's decarative subjects was Broaklyn-barn John Pawers' model, Irma Wilsan. Ta him she glaries amid gay Bahemian backgraund af a Paris studia.



Virgil Apgar nabs New Yark madel and shawgirl, Anya Taranda, bundles her up in fur, laasens her hair and camplements her beauty with twa snawy Russian walfhaunds.



Phatagraphers had a heyday picking their twa ideal Ziegfeld girls fram the shaw! Carpenter last no time planting 'Friscan Ginny Cruzan befare his lens à la Mexico.



with STUART ERWIN • EUGENE PALLETTE • JACK CARSON • GEORGE TOBIAS • HARRY DAVENPORT • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • From the Story by Kenneth Earl and M. M. Musselman

FORWARD MARCH with a BIG PICTURE



ATTENTION, AMERICA!... A REGIMENT of LAUGHS and MELODY is headed YOUR way in REPUBLIC'S TIMELY comedy-AND-music hit ABOUT the boys IN the Army Camps AND their girls! IT'S called "ROOKIES ON PARADE"... And ITS grand cast of FUN-MAKERS is CROWDED with stars, INCLUDING popular BOB CROSBY, lovely RUTH TERRY, sultry-singing GERTRUDE NIESEN, funny EDDIE FOY, Jr., cute MARIE WILSON, and that master of THE art of double-talk, TONGUE-twisting CLIFF NAZARRO... With a CAST like that—with song hits GALORE—with two grand YOUTHFUL romances—and with



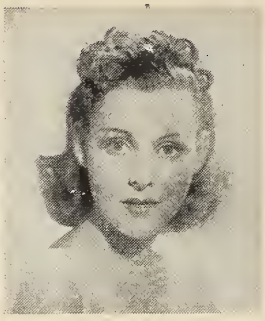
ELABORATE settings and SPECTACLE—"ROOKIES ON PARADE" is a blitzkrieg of ENTERTAINMENT! So join the PARADE! Get the beat of its SONG hits! Get hep to its DANCE steps! And forward MARCH—to fun!... with "ROOKIES ON PARADE"... It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

SCREEN ALMANAC

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH)

The makings of a four-star scrapbook! Pictures, vital statistics and dozens of intimate "little things" about Hollywood's 400



Frances Dee

Born Frances Dee, Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 26, 1907. Back seat driver . . . sits in car with two small sons and reckless hubby . . . terrible temper, throws furniture . . . tries to control herself, no luck . . . eats four apples a day . . . spent a year furnishing home . . . bought broken-down car with first C-note she earned in films.



Olivia de Havilland

Born Olivia de Havilland, Tokyo, Japan, July 1, 1916. Claims she's a Victorian; likes to play "Old Maid." Tries to write romantic poetry. Paints water colors between scenes. Can't cook, doesn't care to learn. Locks bureau so sister won't poach undies. Can bark like a dog, and will. Hates parsnips and early breakfasts.



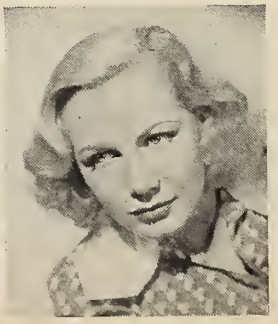
Richard Denning

Born Richard Denninger, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 27, 1916. Joined dramatic club to overcome timidity caused by 230 pounds and nickname "Fatty." Outcome was fiery ambition to become actor. Plays accordion. Likes bowling, swimming, badminton, tennis and horseback riding. Hates airplanes and trains and always travels in his car. Unmarried but plenty in demand. Enjoys card games (but never never gambles).



Andy Devine

Born Andrew Devine, Flagstaff, Ariz., Oct. 7, 1905. Got that wonderful "gravel" voice quite by accident: He tripped while holding a stick in his mouth and jammed it against his vocal chords—thus preventing his voice from changing. Discovered walking down street in his football jersey by talent scout on lookout for "Spirit of Notre Dame" talent. Has Hollywood's best disposition and is as funny off-screen as he is on.



Gloria Dickson

Born Thais Dickerson, August 13, 1917, Pocatello, Idaho. Can't resist any kind of a gooey sundae . . . has a huge collection of costume jewelry which she never wears . . . occasionally indulges in wood carving and clay modeling . . . reads all the best-sellers . . . hates bridge . . . won't go near a prize fight . . . favorite color is blue . . . always has bunches of violets in her room.



Marlene Dietrich

Born Marie Van Losch, Berlin, Germany, Dec. 27, 1904. Strong as an ox, but faints on set because she diets violently. Wears one thread stockings, orders 'em by the dozen. Bakes cakes, and sends white flowers to friends when she leaves town. Studies American history. Gives expensive presents to co-workers, fancies herself Lady Bountiful.



Robert Donat

Born Robert Donat, Manchester, England, Apr. 18, 1905. Conquered a million bogies . . . had asthma, stuttered violently, was scared of the dark . . . owns scores of phonograph records . . . loves to hear wife play piano . . . has bottomless thirst for tea and apple cider . . . rides horseback like mad . . . bets wildly on racehorses.



Brian Donlevy

Born Brian Donlevy, Portadown, Eire, Feb. 9, 1905. From hero of flying corps to collar ad model . . . once posed for photo of Cleopatra when model failed to appear . . . writes poetry, says it's lousy . . . loves gold mining and owns some fat diggings . . . raises dachshunds . . . collects pipes . . . hates his middle name, don't tell, but it's Waldo!

(*Continued on page 70*)



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, "I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine."



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely —and the mildness of Camay helped!"

—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

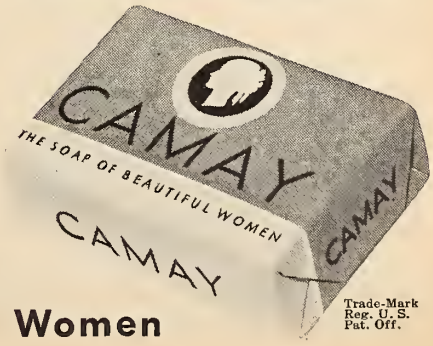
Lovely women welcome Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. GEORGE H. LEGGATT, JR., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride's enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder . . . milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!



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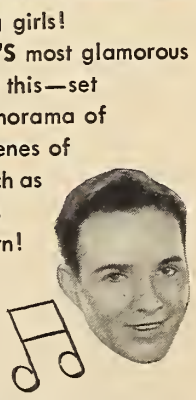
Advance Reports on a BIG PICTURE



EVERYBODY in HOLLYWOOD IS talking about JUDY CANOVA in "SIS HOPKINS"! It's REPUBLIC'S big COMEDY with MUSIC for 1941—and it TAKES rank with THE biggest you've EVER thrilled to! WHAT melody — BOB CROSBY and his band WITH the Bobcats beat out THOSE song hits plenty hot! WHAT laughs! Judy romps THROUGH one rib-tickler AFTER another with CHARLEY BUTTERWORTH and JERRY COLONNA...and what a SUPPORTING cast! It's

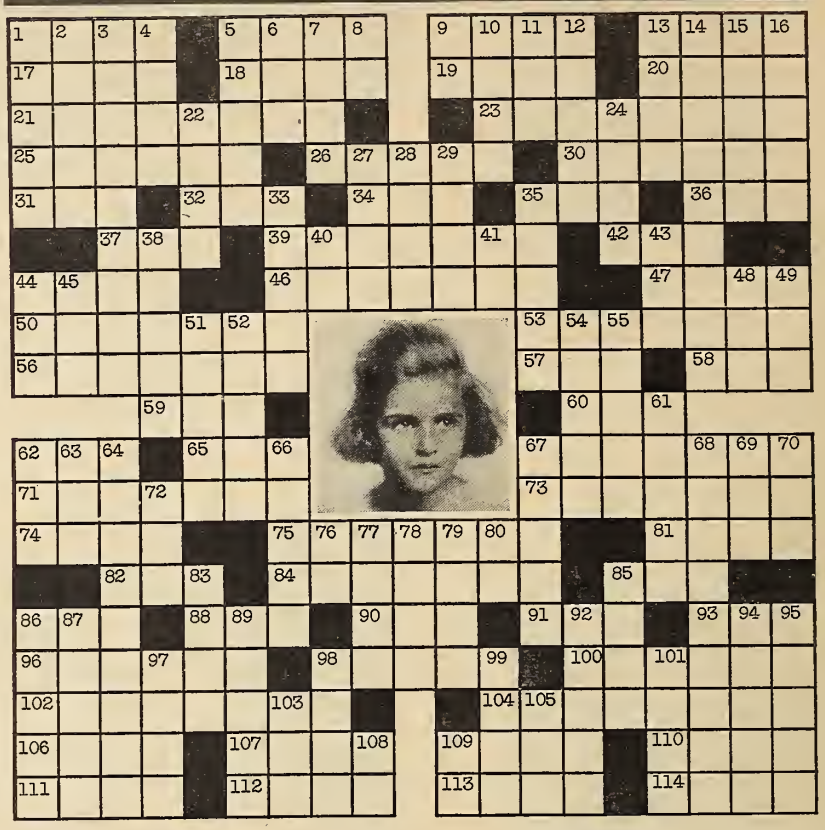


LED by lovely SUSAN HAYWARD...charming KATHARINE ALEXANDER! And WHAT stunning girls! HOLLYWOOD'S most glamorous BEAUTIES! All this—set AMIDST a panorama of DAZZLING scenes of SPLENDOR such as THE screen has SELDOM known! YOU'VE a TREAT IN store WHEN JUDY CANOVA in "SIS HOPKINS" reaches your LOCAL theatre! Watch FOR it! It's . . .



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 99

ACROSS

1. The star who'll play "Sergeant York"
5. Horror man in "You'll Find Out"
9. Secretary in "A Girl, A Guy, And A Gob"
13. Immense
17. Drug plant
18. Length of film
19. A medley
20. Princely Italian family
21. She's in "Model Wife"
23. Dusky comic in "Topper Returns"
25. Diminish
26. Secretary in "That Uncertain Feeling"
30. Last Mrs. John Barrymore
31. G - - - Markey
32. Luzon savage
34. Actor in "Billy The Kid"
35. - - - on Welles
36. A film's action center
37. Erich - - - Stroheim
39. Bonita's mother in "Gallant Sons"
42. Perform
44. Priscilla Lane's ex-hushand
46. Comedian named Lionel
47. Male lead in "Kit Carson"
50. Discharge
53. One to whom property is transferred
56. Retreats
57. - - - Cedric Hardwicke
58. Pedal digit
59. "Dr. Kildare"
60. - - - North
62. Serpent
65. A bill
67. Threatens
71. Heroine of "Meet John Doe"
73. Raise
74. Mohammedan official
75. Whose picture appears ahove?
81. - - - - Lehedeff
82. Hahitual drunkard
84. Dander in "Lady Be Good"
85. Noted Italian actress
86. Pouch
88. Possesses
90. Small island
91. Hawaiian hirds
93. Doctor of Law: ahhr.
96. Man's name
98. Popular leading man
100. Three fates
102. Alleviating
104. Consumes too much
106. "The Saint in - - - - Springs"
107. The principal "Ziegfeld Girl"
109. First name of 75 across
110. Mine entrance
111. Break sharply
112. Cut
113. Social insects
114. Unaspirated consonant

DOWN

1. He's in "Comrade X"
2. Benny's foe in "Love Thy Neighhor"
3. Producer of "Pot O' Gold"
4. Japanese coins
5. Bette's huhhy in "The Great Lie"
6. Slippery fish
7. Mother of star of "Kitty Foyle"
8. W - - ter Wanger
9. Humphrey - - gart
10. Inspector in "Footsteps In The Dark"
11. Charles Chap - - -
12. Male lead of "Scotland Yard"
13. Girl's name
14. Vaughn Paul is - - - - - - - - - producer
15. Judge in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
16. Doctrine
22. He's in "Western Union"
24. Society star
27. "The Strawherry Blonde"
28. Mend
29. Glenda's Oklahoma birthplace
33. Recesses in a church
35. Soup herhs
38. Villainess in "Shining Victory"
40. By
41. Constan - - Bennett
43. "- - - ers for Miss Bishop"
44. Juvenile in "30 Days Hath September"
45. Female ruff
48. - - - Gorcey
49. She's in "Footsteps in The Dark"
51. Amphitheater
52. Mender
54. Murderer in "Trial of Mary Dugan"
55. Femme in "Mr. Dynamite"
61. Star of "The Bride Came C. O. D."
62. Famed hero played hy R. Massey
63. A famous director
64. With Ronald Reagan in "Miss Wheelwright Discovers America"
66. "- - - - - In Arms"
67. - - - - - Goldwyn-Mayer
68. "Hollywood - - - - - - - - -"
69. Greek letter
70. Chinese actor
72. What Frank is to Ralph Morgan: ahhr.
76. - - Brendel
77. Close by
78. Spike
79. Heraldry: grafted
80. Preposition
83. Pronoun
85. River in Europe
86. Cleansers
87. He's in "Hard Boiled Canary"
89. Seed coverings
92. Reveals
94. "Blondie Goes - - - - -"
95. Viennese star
97. Theda Bara was the original
98. Vedic god of fire
99. Midday
101. Genuine
103. Girl's name
105. Large tub
108. News service: abbr.
109. With Rt. Cummings in "Devil and Miss Jones": init.

Joan Crawford in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "A WOMAN'S FACE"



If your skin looks dull, lacks color...

TRY THIS HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER



WOULDN'T YOU like to find a powder that would give a lovely, youthful-looking color tone to your complexion? Then try this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*...and you'll make a discovery in make-up.

First, you'll find an original color harmony shade that will harmonize with your type. *Second,* you'll discover a powder that really clings, creating a lasting, satin-smooth make-up.

Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today...see if your skin doesn't look lovelier...$1.00

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... Originated by *Max Factor Hollywood,* this remarkable lipstick has 4 amazing features... 1. *lifelike red of your lips...* 2. *non-drying, but indelible..* 3. *safe for sensitive lips...* 4. *eliminates lipstick line.* Color harmony shades for your type...$1.00

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Created in original color harmony shades for each type, *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge always appears lifelike. Creamy-smooth, it blends evenly, easily...50¢



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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*..... FREE. 24-6-66

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐ Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Olive ☐		
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Movie Reviews

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN



Gary Cooper, the meek, self-deprecotory habo who evolves into the hero of "Meet John Dae," holds more fascination thon just good story moteriol for newspoper reporter Borbora Stanwyck.

MEET JOHN DOE . . . . . ★★★★

Marshalling tremendous dramatic forces behind his theme of potency and pathos of the common man, Capra has turned out a documentary film that succeeds in making good picturegoing. A compelling movie revolt against injustice and oppression, it has a good deal of the same flavor which made "Mr. Smith" and "Mr. Deeds" so strong. It's one of those magnificent marriages of screen creation in which the writing, acting and directing are perfectly blended.

Gary Cooper is a meek, unaffected ex-baseball player who is having a tough time getting enough to eat when chance throws him into the position of a standard bearer for a country-wide "good neighbor" movement. Because of a newspaper yarn, and as a stunt, he becomes the personification of John Doe, is astounded to find himself overnight a world figure, a hero. What happens when he realizes that the moneyed lads who maneuvered him into a position of leadership want to further maneuver him into betraying his fellow John Does is the story of the movie. And because it's played throughout with the human equation uppermost, with speeches that seem to come straight from the heart, it necessarily touches and moves you. The only negative note in the entire story is a conclusion that's weak and none too honest.

It's difficult to discuss the acting, since all of it is topnotch. Aside from the best from Cooper and Stanwyck, there's an inspired job by James Gleason as the tough city editor which should move him back to the very top acting ranks again. Edward Arnold adds to his string of believable character portrayals with a thought-provoking impersonation of a newspaper tycoon. Walter Brennan plays one of his typical vagabond philosopher parts. Spring Byington, Gene Lockhart and Harry Holman are other topnotchers. And don't forget the writer's name, Robert Riskin; he's tops. Directed by Frank Capra.—*Warner Brothers.*



When carnivol players Bob Hope ond Bing Crosby got together with Dotty Lomour on the mid-Africon set of "Raad to Zonzibor," od-libbing flew so fast Paramount hired an extra script girl.

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR . . . . . ★★★★

It's not very often that a zany comedy belongs at the very top of the column, but this is surely such a case. "Road to Zanzibar" is without reason and has mighty little rhyme; but it's full of fun—rip-roaring, eloquent, constant fun.

Clicking even more pleasantly than in "Road to Singapore," Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are teamed as a couple of American carnival performers stranded in the heart of Africa. While working a series of showmen's rackets to earn enough coin to get back to the good old U. S. A., they bump into Dorothy Lamour and Una Merkel, an American vaudeville team likewise stranded among the natives. The boys go on the make for the girls and the girls go on the take for the boys.

They start on a wild and woolly safari through the jungles; there are slave auctions at which Lamour is one of the articles offered for sale; there are battles with wild animals; there is a war with wild natives (Crosby and Hope double-handedly winning over thousands of armed Africans) and there are a number of songs and dances. And, by the way, there's a healthy strain of sharp satire on critics to make the visiting intellectuals happy.

There's no sense telling you who is better than who in the cast. Everyone seems to have chucked his tongue well into his cheek and gone to town. Dotty Lamour, in an interview, told us that she was scared to death to go on the set half the time, when Crosby and Hope were in fine fettle. But they aren't the only ones deserving praise. Taking an important share in the rumpus-raising are Una Merkel, Eric Blore, Joan Marsh and Luis Alberni. And the picture shows results. Everyone was having a swell time making it, and the audience will have a better time seeing it. There are six songs, and all of them are very okay. A special hand for the magnificent direction by Victor Schertzinger.—*Paramount.*

★★★½ The Sea Wolf

This version is a bit different in story content from any of the other five screenings of Jack London's sea tale, but not enough so to annoy anyone. It is a big spectacle full of thrilling movie footage in the best tradition, and with a very exciting cast of star talent. Some of you tender-hearted girls are liable to feel the film is too rough and tumble—but if you like your action raw and your spine a-tingle, then this is your meat.

Eddie Robinson adds a strong character portrayal to his list in the role of Wolf Larsen, captain of the Ghost. He is as interesting a psychopathic meanie as the movies have bothered with, treating his men and all life with constant, unrelenting cruelty. He reads books, the classics, he knows the better things of life —and hates them, just as he hates everything and everybody and is despised in turn.

John Garfield and Ida Lupino are two bits of human flotsam who drift aboard his boat. They're both escaped jail-birds, which makes them perfect prey for Robinson's twisted mind. Alexander Knox, practically a movie newcomer, is the fourth member of the top player quartet, giving neat emphasis to his role as a writer who is shanghaied by Robinson and turned into a sailor. He is pleasant to look upon and has a good deal of talent, giving the three stars tough competition throughout.

There are quite a few notable bit players, best among them being Barry Fitzgerald as Cooky, one of Robinson's chief scoundrels.

While the acting is of A-1 caliber and the story exciting, it is the physical production that counts. Director Curtiz has managed to imbue all the sets and action with a surprising amount of verity. The Ghost itself is a boat that you are sure is sailing the seven seas. Throughout you get the feeling that this is not mere movie hocus-pocus but the real McCoy. The technical director, art director and photographer deserve to share the bow with Curtiz and the actors.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★½ That Hamilton Woman

This is a lavish and colorful production with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in the leading roles; that should ensure it a lot of attention. It can be recommended warmly, but with reservations. Unless you're fairly keen on historical costume movies, you won't go for this one.

Alexander Korda has given the picture a good deal of loving devotion, and it shows it. It is in extremely good taste and carried out in infinite detail. That is one of the things that is wrong with it; it is so full of detail that it is slow and seems never to get going. Yet in the end one feels the story told is incomplete.

One wishes that there were a bit more explanation of Lady Hamilton's early life and a good deal more explanation of what happened to her after Nelson died.

Vivien is unbelievably good as Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's inamorata; she makes the character live and breathe. Olivier is stern and cold as Nelson, a very brutal rendering, but one which will merit a lot of attention. It is a rather easy interpretation of history that Korda has chosen, and the two famous lovers stage a highly interesting battle for the privilege of loving each other in a world which insists on condemning both of them.

Alan Mowbray has the third most important role, as Sir Hamilton, and it is a performance which should send his stock soaring. After going along for years thinking of him as a clown, now he turns out to be a fully versed and subtle dramatic actor. Henry Wilcoxon, Gladys Cooper and Sara Allgood are very fine in support roles.

The physical production is lavish and worth mentioning. Directed by the producer, Alexander Korda.—*United Artists.*

★★★½ A Girl, a Guy and a Gob

This is the first Harold Lloyd production in which he does not appear, and it's a grand comedy. Lloyd proves emphatically that, aside from being a great comedian himself, he has the rare understanding and ability to pull the wires from the sidelines. The picture is a rollicking bit of merriment with many flashes reminiscent of the clean-cut slapstick which brought Harold fame.

It's a light-hearted comedy, hard to explain. It has a lot of the qualities of "You Can't Take It With You," but also a lot of something else which can only be labeled as high-speed fun. Both George Murphy and Lucille Ball are better than they have ever been.

Lucille is the daughter of a screwball family whom you automatically laugh at and love. Her boy friend is George Murphy, a gob who is labeled "Coffee Cup." Her boss is Edmond O'Brien, rather a stuffed shirt who becomes so human under the ministrations of George and Lucille that he winds up winning Lucille away from George. Not that George cares too much. He's a sailor. There's a girl in every port. But don't get the idea that George is a heel; he is,

(*Continued on page 16*)



Listen in!

(The girls are talking about Tampons)

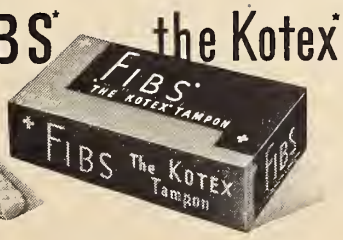
The Blonde: *It's invisible* sanitary protection, thank heavens . . . 'cause Fibs are worn internally . . . keep my secret safe even in this bathing suit. Otherwise I'd be missing lots of fun this summer.

The Brunette: *Whatta pal* . . . why didn't you tell me before? I had to miss the beach all last week! But why Fibs? . . . aren't all tampons alike?

The Blonde: *I'll say they're not!* For one thing . . . Fibs are easy to use . . . no gadgets needed, so naturally Fibs cost less. And what means even more to me — Fibs are the *Kotex* Tampon . . .

The Brunette: *That's the answer!* Fibs are a Kotex product . . . so it's Fibs for me! Now I remember . . . Fibs are the tampons that are "Quilted" for more comfort and safety. And you get a full dozen for just 20c.

FIBS* the Kotex* Tampon



Not 8 - not 10 *but* 12 FOR 20¢

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DROP IN FOR DESSERT with HELEN PARRISH

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Here's Helen herself—quite the cutest cook who ever fussed with a frosting. She coils the one she's making "Ideal"—and no wonder!



With her mother superintending the job Helen gives the final touches to a cake that's sure to be a stor attraction wherever it's served.



And here it is! A divine Angel Food which she proudly holds aloft for all to admire—and also gives you, here, her recipe to try.

HERE'S A GRAND IDEA FOR A NEW KIND OF PARTY!

Among her friends Helen Parrish is famous for the gay and original parties which—with her family's enthusiastic cooperation—she "throws" on the slightest pretext. An evening of bowling, a morning's canter, a holiday, birthday or engagement, all such events provide the only excuse she needs for staging a gay get-together of her crowd. This includes such bright young luminaries as Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Bob Stack, Charley Lang, Judy Garland, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper.

The very latest thing in Parrish Parties is the "Drop in for Dessert" variety—which means just that in the way of food, plus a lot more in the line of fun and frolic afterwards. Because Helen and her friends often work late at the studios, she devised this new scheme to give everyone more time to dress, grab a quick bite and turn up in time for the sweet course. Imagine what a boon it is to the hostess not to have to worry about late arrivals, not to have to plan on a dinner of several courses, nor on serving refreshments later on in the evening just when everything is in full swing!

Naturally, for such a party a choice of beverages as well as several sweets should be provided. At the Parrishes (in a dining room done in shades of yellow and orange, with yellow daisies and candles on the table) you would find both regular and decaffeinated coffee and, on warm evenings, a cold fruit punch as well. Everything, including the homemade ice cream and several cakes, is served buffet style. We feel particularly fortunate to have secured Mrs. Parrish's very own cake recipes for you. You'll find them pictured here and, in recipe form, on the opposite page. Since Mrs. Parrish is an electric mixer enthusiast the directions she gave us are keyed to the use of one of these fine cooking aids. Of course the same proportions can be followed when you make your cakes "by hand," making due allowance for the fact that you cannot beat as fast or as steadily. We'll be glad to give you her Devil's Food Cake recipe, too, if you just send in a stamped self-addressed envelope. It's as good as all those that appear here, and we know when you've tried these you'll agree that's saying a lot. With such inspiration you'll surely want to give one of these novel parties, too, for your friends, who will then declare you to be "a star hostess" in your own right!



With the toble all set for the porty, Helen Porrish smiles hoppily—knowing the young friends who occepted her invitotion to "Drop in for Dessert" will all *simply adore* the refreshments she helped to prepore.

PARRISH ANGEL FOOD

1 cup sifted flour
1½ cups granulated sugar
1⅓ cups egg whites
1¼ teaspoons cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Sift flour, measure. Add ½ cup of the sugar to flour, sift together 3 times. Beat whites with flat wire whisk until frothy. Add cream of tartar and salt and continue beating until they stand up in stiff peaks—glossy and fine-grained, but not dry. Sift remaining cup of sugar and gradually beat into egg whites. Add flavoring. Fold in sifted flour-sugar mixture gradually. Bake in deep 9 or 10-inch tube pan (ungreased) in slow oven (325°F.) 60-65 minutes. Invert in pan until cold. Cover with Chocolate or Ideal Icing.

GOLD CAKE

½ cup egg yolks
½ cup softened shortening
1 cup sugar
2 cups sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat yolks in small bowl 4 minutes at high speed. Cream shortening in large bowl 2 minutes at high speed. Add sugar gradually, blend thoroughly. Add beaten yolks, continue beating 2 minutes longer at high speed. Stop machine, scrape bowl. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add to butter mixture alternately with combined milk and vanilla, at high speed. Scrape bowl, beat a few seconds by hand, working quickly. Pour into two greased 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 35-40 minutes.

CHOCOLATE LOG WITH BROWN BARK FROSTING

5 eggs, separated
½ cup powdered sugar
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon vanilla

Beat together yolks and sugar until very light—about 10 minutes. Add cocoa, flour and vanilla, beat until blended. Fold into stiffly beaten whites. Spread thinly in shallow oblong pan (approximately 10″ x 15″) lined on the bottom only with waxed paper and well greased with unsalted shortening. Bake 6-8 minutes in hot oven (425°F.) Turn out on lightly floured cloth and, while still hot, roll up as for jelly roll. When cool unroll, spread with ½ pint sweetened whipped cream or with Ideal Icing. Roll up. Cover with:

Brown Bark Frosting: Cream 3 tablespoons butter with 1 cup confectioners' sugar. Stir in 2 squares melted chocolate and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add more confectioners' sugar alternately with a little hot milk, until right consistency to spread. Cover log with frosting and scratch through frosting with fork to simulate bark. Helen Parrish also makes "knot holes" in "bark" with the back of a spoon.

HELEN'S IDEAL ICING

1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 egg whites, unbeaten
½ teaspoon flavoring

Place first 5 ingredients in top of double boiler. Beat until blended, then place over rapidly boiling water. Cook—beating constantly—until frosting will stand in peaks (approximately 5 minutes with electric beater at high speed, 7 minutes using hand beater). Remove from heat, add flavoring. Beat until right consistency to spread.



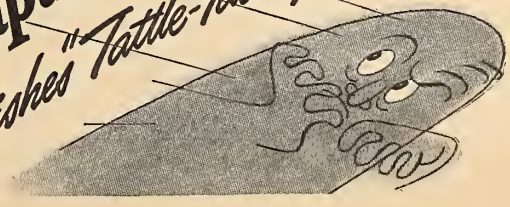
Does it get you *down* . . . when you have to get *up* on washday? . . . It's no fun to face a big family wash with only a 'half-way' laundry soap to help. When you think of the endless rubbing *you'll* have to do—to get *all* the dirt out—no wonder you're weary before you start . . .



Those back-breaking chores won't worry you when you wake up to a Fels-Naptha washday. Fels-Naptha Soap gives you two tireless helpers—active naptha and richer, *golden* soap. *Together*, they pitch in and do the job in jig time—dislodge the stubbornest grime—whisk it away quickly, gently, thoroughly. Your clothes come out of the wash tub whiter, brighter, sweeter. You finish washday just the way you started—*with a smile!*



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



IRRESISTIBLE
Romance



YOURS WITH
Irresistible
PINK ROSE
MATCHED MAKE-UP

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's enchanting new lipstick... for "Pink Rose" is a rich, rosy red... the season's smartest, most flattering shade. Blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. It's a creamy-soft, non-drying lipstick that goes on easily and stays on longer, because it's Whip-Text, the secret Irresistible way! Try other Irresistible favorites... the ever-popular Candy Stripe, a true red... or, vibrant School House Red, the brightest red of them all. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

IT'S Whip-Text
STAYS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



10¢ AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

Mother's Day PERFUME SURPRISE!
New! The bonnie bonnet box with Irresistible's gay bewitching perfume! A tribute to Mother's youthful spirit... a compliment to her charm.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢

(Continued from page 13)

rather, a light-hearted, sweet, young gent who doesn't worry too much about life and stuff. A good guy. You'll probably be sorry that he doesn't get the girl for the fadeout.

All the performances are extra special, with Murphy probably the standout. Edmond O'Brien has a very tough assignment, and the gradual transformation he has to undergo is done beautifully. Lloyd Corrigan garners a lot of laughs as Lucille's brother. Directed by Richard Wallace.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★½ The Devil and Miss Jones

Charles Coburn is the front part of the title and Jean Arthur is the Jones part, and that is the way they rate, too—which is the big surprise news. After all these years of expert trouping, Coburn is really on top. This picture ought to establish him as a socko star—well, it will, so why worry?

Aside from the talk that will be caused by Coburn's performance, the story will cause a lot of chatter because of its theme. It is based on the problems of labor in a big city—and it treats these problems rather intelligently although in high comedy fashion.

It seems that Coburn is the richest man in the world and has no idea how the plain people in the world live until he wakes up one morning to find out that he is a stinker. He makes this discovery via agitation on the part of the employees in a department store he didn't even know he owned. They want a living wage and better working conditions. Because he thinks all working people are dolts, he doesn't even trust his detectives to do a decent job, so he goes to the store as a private investigator intending to rout out the "trouble-makers." He becomes so won over by the just cause of the workers that he winds up leading the pickets in a strike on his own store.

Silly? Sure, but you can't imagine how funny it all is, and there's a bitter nub of solid truth under the chocolate-coated comedy antics. The ending is thoroughly pleasant and unconvincing, but it should leave you thinking about what the ending to such a problem should or could be.

Besides the remarkable Coburn job, the cast is replete with good actors. Jean Arthur is as fine as always in the femme lead, a shoe clerk in the big store. Robert Cummings is not as strong as he should be in the role of her boy friend, largely because it is a difficult part, written honestly and with integrity. He is the leader of the workers, the so-called trouble-maker.

Spring Byington, as a sweet clerk in the store who romances Coburn (not realizing who he is), is also exceptionally good and will win a great many new admirers. Edmund Gwenn is best among the many others who keep the picture moving merrily and excitingly throughout all but the last few minutes. Director Sam Wood has added a great many human interest touches which make the picture sound authentic throughout and keep the pace at a high pitch.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Topper Returns

The newest in the Topper series is a bit of a fooler, because it doesn't concentrate as much on photographic high jinks as the previous Topper pictures, but goes in for more story content via a mystery routine. It's good, spine-tingling fun. Joan Blondell has the invisible femme role created by Connie Bennett, but you won't mind the substitution. Roland Young and Billie Burke are back in their old niches, with all the other characters newcomers.

Introduction of a couple of murders, plus the full assortment of trick panels, sliding doors, secret passages, subterranean tunnels and what have you, add considerably to the fun, while the camera is still doing nutty things by making Young, H. B. Warner and Joan Blondell appear and disappear at will.

The idea is that Carole Landis is Joan's pal and an heiress. Somebody tries to knock off Carole but stabs Joan by mistake. Joan now joins up with Topper (Roland Young) to solve the mystery.

Superb performances are turned in by Young, Warner, Miss Blondell and Miss Burke, with Rochester (Jack Benny's man Friday) not far behind. Donald MacBride and Patsy Kelly get a lot of laughs in similar roles, while Miss Landis and Dennis O'Keefe are satisfactory as the romantic element. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.—*Roach—United Artists.*

★★★ The Round-Up

Richard Dix, Pat Morison and Preston Foster are starred in this virile western which moves out a bit ahead of the cow-drama brand. Considerable rewriting has been done on this old stage play mostly by way of modern dialogue and situation, but basically it is still a yarn of the old Western days with two men battling for the love of the same gal. A better title would have helped; the picture deserves it.

Foster shows up just as Patricia is about to marry Richard. He used to be her boy friend before he went roaming, and he does his best to break up the romance, even after she goes through with the marriage. All this is highlighted by a background of danger—renegade Indians, rapscallion whites, etc. Nothing especially new in the set-up, but nicely handled and made human by intelligent characterization.

The three stars are topnotch, each fitting a well-defined role neatly, but the acting surprise is a fat boy named Don Wilson. You may remember him as the radio announcer on Jack Benny's program. Well, here he is as an actor, in the role of Sheriff Slim Hoover, and terrific. The boy's going places in movies in a big way, or we are no prophet.

Little Betty Brewer, who has been noted previously, is moving up, too. She's a clever sprite and should be about ready for her break. Ruth Donnelly and Jerome Cowan are best among the other players. Directed by Leslie Selander.—*Paramount.*

★★★ The Penalty

This picture is what we experts call a sleeper. Behind the hackneyed title lies a tender and moving little yarn sure to please most movie customers. To be sure, the basic story is pretty routine (it's really a modern-day variation of the David Copperfield theme) but there is heart-tug and genuine emotion.

Edward Arnold is a cold and arrogant murderer, and it is pleasant to see him, for a change, as a real toughie, rather than as a polished meanie. His son, Gene Reynolds, worships him, and the old man deliberately trains the kid to grow up into a life of crime. The cops catch Gene, send him to reform school and eventually parole him to Lionel Barrymore, a kindly farmer. When Arnold, in hiding, shows up to take the kid away (the cops having figured on just such a move; using the boy, really, as bait to catch the father) there has been a regenera-

tion. The kid refuses to leave Barrymore, and Arnold, making his getaway, is killed by the police.

Young Reynolds is easily the cast standout in a very tough assignment; this boy has the makings of a very important emotional star. Arnold and Barrymore are both topnotch in contrasting roles. Marsha Hunt and Veda Ann Borg are fine in very short bits, but women don't get much to do in the picture. The writing is exceptionally good, making the characters all sound like real human beings. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ The Man Betrayed

This is a fooler, a picture much better than may appear on the surface yet not as good as it might be. It is a thrilling yarn of crime and corruption, handled in expert fashion with absolutely A-1 acting and directing. It is the writing that is off, telling in a lackadaisical manner of a number of rather hackneyed themes. But John Wayne and Frances Dee in the top roles are really superb.

Wayne is a backwoods lawyer who investigates the death of a friend killed in a big city fight. The death is called suicide, and Wayne, while unwinding the mystery, discovers a whole heap of municipal corruption. Edward Ellis is fine as the big city boss, and Miss Dee makes an excellent romantic foil, which means a triumvirate of excellent performances that can't help but interest you. Both Ellis and Miss Dee ought to be having more movie work of importance than they have been getting. Ward Bond and Alexander Granach help the supporting cast considerably.

The direction by John Auer is above average and worthy of a more important product.—*Republic.*

★★★ Rage in Heaven

One of the saddest things imaginable is for an actor to get stuck on himself in a certain type of characterization. Robert Montgomery is a good movie actor, with a lot to offer, but he has become so enamored of his work as a psychopath that he insists on repeating it. Okay, a lot of people liked him in "Night Must Fall," and some people liked him in "Earl of Chicago." But enough is enough. In "Rage of Heaven" he appears again as a pleasant-seeming young man who is obsessed by a yen to commit murder.

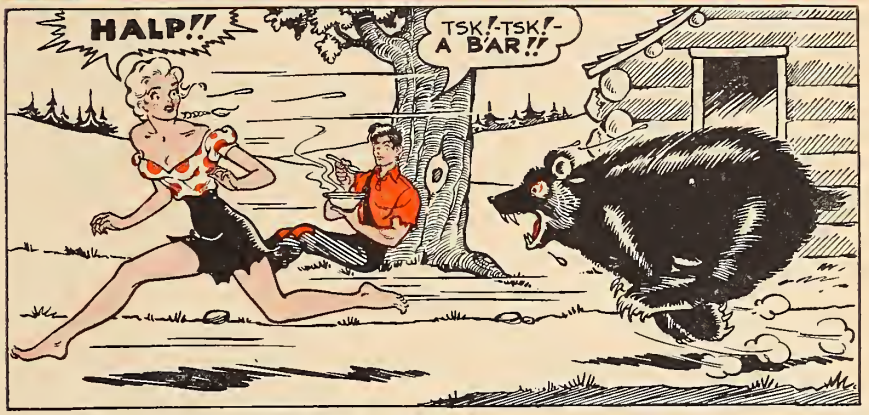
Let us hasten to admit that a good deal of it is worthwhile. The story isn't quite as phony as the title. It tells of a young man (Montgomery) who is pleasant and sweet enough, but who has a twisted mind which drives him and everyone around him nuts. Married to Ingrid Bergman, he is constantly jealous and attaches his demoniac designs mostly on George Sanders, although professing to be his friend and admirer. It all winds up in tragedy, of course. While it is well done throughout, two of the great faults are that it is slow and there is practically no suspense. Everybody in the audience knows pretty much from the first second what the finish must be.

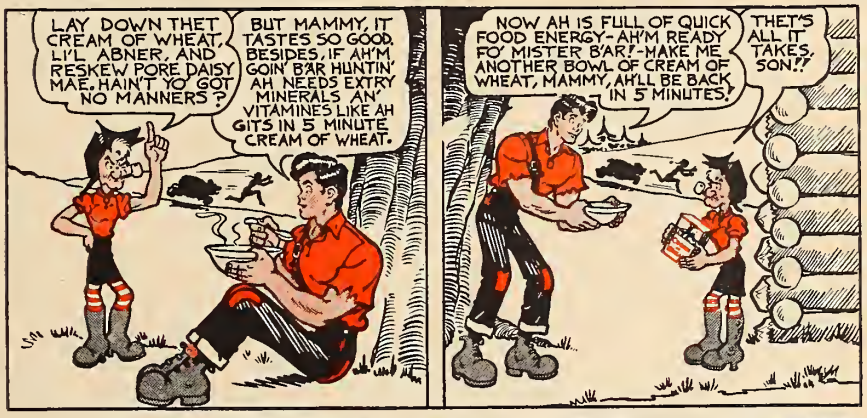
Besides Montgomery, who is good despite being typed, the cast is in the extra special class. Miss Bergman adds another piquant portrayal to her collection and moves a step closer to recognition as being really important. Sanders is cast against type; that is to say, he is a nice guy for once. It's smart casting, and he comes through with flying colors. Oscar Homolka turns in his best American performance to date as a cranky doctor. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, II. —*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

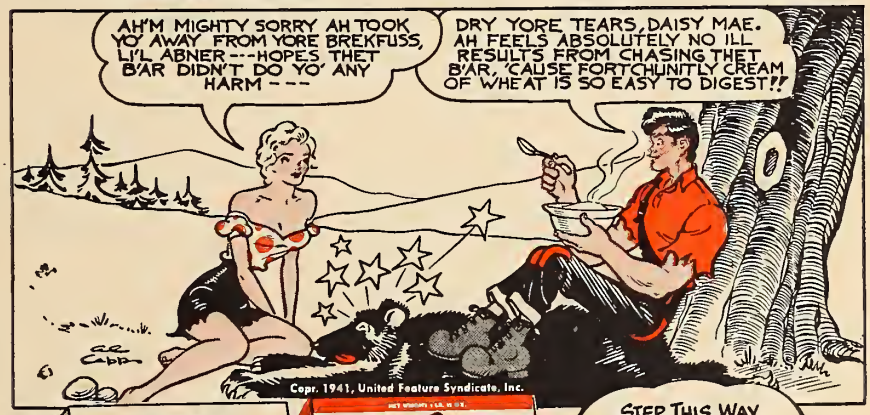
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LI'L ABNER By AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
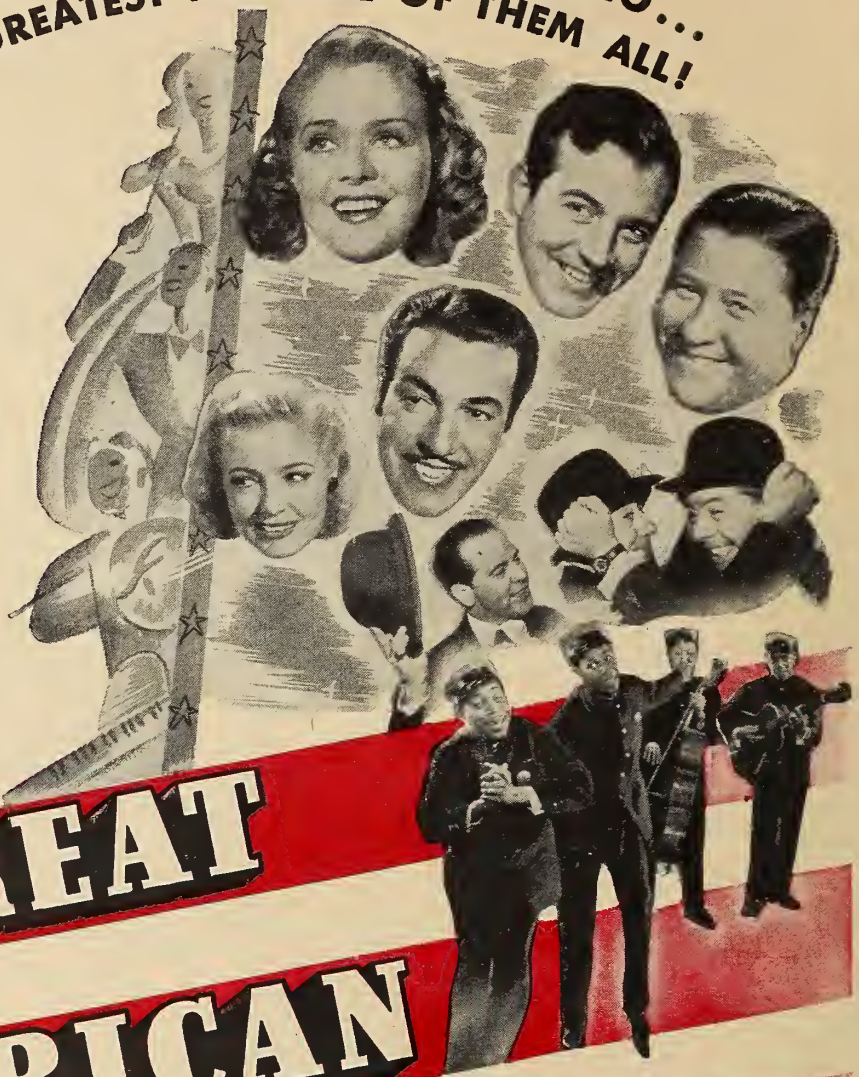








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THE GREATNESS OF THE SCREEN...THE MAGIC OF RADIO... COMBINED IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL OF THEM ALL!



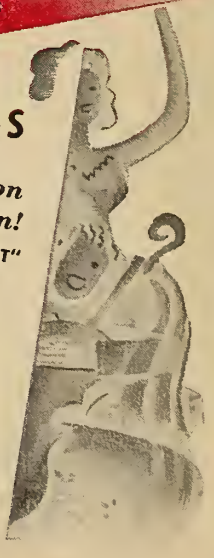
ALICE FAYE
JOHN PAYNE
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THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

. . . . From the studio that gave you "That Night in Rio"!

with CESAR ROMERO
Mary Beth Hughes • James Newill
Nicholas Brothers • Wiere Brothers
The Four Ink Spots
Directed by Archie Mayo
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Don Ettlinger and Edwin Blum, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

New HIT SONGS
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren!
"LONG AGO LAST NIGHT"
"I TAKE TO YOU"
"I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU"
"THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"
"WHERE YOU ARE"
"IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME"
•
Dances staged by Hermes Pan



Radio Ad Songs: "Chesterstrikes" • "Chapman's Cheerful Cheese" • "Porter's Puppy Biscuits" • "Wavo"



MYRNA LOY

Freckle-faced, carrot-topped, genuinely shy and strictly adhering to her father's simple slogan: "Work hard, mind your own business, stick up for your rights and everything will come out all right," Myrna Williams Loy comes natural by her housewifely roles. In private life, she found she couldn't get along without husband Arthur Hornblow and is happiest in the domestic niche buying groceries, puttering around the garden, playing the piano off-key, cooking up new Mexican dishes. He calls her Minnie and showers her with hankies and perfume (she won't have jewelry). Dubbed the girl with the perfect disposition, she rarely talks, but is the world's best listener. Even though she often stays abed all day and gorges ice cream, she preserves her 5' 5", 125-pound figure with exercise and work, i.e., she's a talented sculptress and dancer and is currently emoting for M-G-M's "Love Crazy."

DON AMECHE

Little did Kenosha, Wis., think Don Ameche would turn out to be the local boy who made good. Son of a righteous saloon-keeper (he never let anyone get drunk), Don licked and was licked by more local boys than any other single inhabitant, stuffed mattresses in a factory, rounded the hitherto square street corners with a construction gang, drove his family wild by nonchalantly enjoying the campus life of four different universities and finally gave up education to join a stock company. You probably heard him on the radio in "Betty and Bob" or "First Nighter" a couple of years ago before Hollywood nabbed him. Married to his childhood sweetheart, Honore, he has four boys, Ron, Don, Tom and Lon, vies with them for the biggest piece of apple pie at dinner and is fast giving them a first-hand appreciation of amusement parks! You'll be seeing him soon in 20th Century-Fox's "Miami."



CLIFTON MAUPIN



MARTHA SCOTT

It all happened in a Kansas City classroom when Martha Scott discovered she was sitting at a desk once occupied (consequently sanctified) by Bill Powell, and thereupon vowed by all the gods that some day she would go to Hollywood to see him. In the meantime, a favorite teacher had financed her education and she had taught long enough to realize that she wasn't cut out for the classroom. Running off to Chicago for a lick at the drama, she lent her talents to selling in a candy store and playing Shakespearean roles every hour on the hour at the World's Fair. Several stock parts and "Our Town" on Broadway and she was on her way to meet Mr. Powell! Wed to Carleton Alsop, she lives on a ranch, originally bought to house a horse she won in a bet. Her one and only hobby's the theatre, and her sole sport's batting a shuttlecock around. Watch for her in Columbia's "They Dare Not Love."



BOB STACK

Some guys have all the luck. On top of inheriting a cool two million on his 21st birthday and giving Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss, Bobby Stack was pronounced the "film find of the year" just a few months after he was graduated from dramatic school. Just like that! Born in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1919, he lived abroad from the age of 5 to 11 and forgot the English language to such an extent that his family had to hire an interpreter so everybody could understand one another. In college he played the saxophone and clarinet and sang with the dance band. Lists his first real job as laborer in a Lake Tahoe logging camp. He's champion skeet shooter (has over 50 guns) and no laggard in his racing auto. He adores polo, but has broken his wrist so many times his studio says nay to the game. These past few months he's been romancing with Deanna again in Universal's "Nice Girl?"

ANN SOTHERN

Ann's the most adaptable creature alive! She likes being a motion picture star, enjoys being interviewed and photographed, remains loyal to her friends who knew her *when*, doesn't mind dieting (no bread, potatoes or pastries), is the life of every party, has something in common with most everyone she meets—speaks both French and Scandinavian, collects old China, enjoys backgammon, adores dogs, and is an ardent reader of Russian history. And it's no wonder! Born in North Dakota between stops on her mother's concert tour, she was shoved around from pillar to post all during her childhood. Inheriting her mother's musical bent, she took up piano, violin and voice and was such an apt composer she copped all the prizes in high school. She first nibbled a musical career torch singing in Ziegfeld's "Smiles" on Broadway. Right now she's warbling in M-G-M's "Lady Be Good."



CARPENTER



FRANK POWOLNY

GENE TIERNEY

Everybody at Gene Tierney's select Connecticut début knew something was brewing when she made her bow in an exact copy of one of Bette Davis' "Jezebel" gowns. To socially minded Mr. and Mrs. Tierney it was just one more bad omen that their daughter was hell-bent for a theatrical career. Her dad bargained with her. If she'd give the social whirl a three months' trial and still wanted to act after that, he'd help her make the rounds of theatrical producers. Well, Gene stuck to her guns and not only landed a bit part, but soon was playing a lead in "The Male Animal" and accepting an invitation to Hollywood. Though this 20th Century-Fox star is only 20, she possesses the aplomb of a sophisticated 28 and has such notables as Rudy Vallee, Bob Sterling and Mickey Rooney at her feet. She sniffs all the fresh paint and gasoline she can find, loves to ride and would rather dance than eat.

BOB'S "CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"... and he's singing his new theme song right from the heart!





TANKS for the memory
Of that physical exam
Staged by Uncle Sam
An Army Doc knows how to shock a tender diaphragm
How charming he was! (The big Gazabo!)





TANKS for the memory
Of hours carving spuds
The "Sarg" and us are buds.
We'd like to meet that bozo wnen we re out of Army duds...
How lovely he is! (The big Palooka!)



We've even got blisters from sittin'
For many's the TANK that we've ridden
And Parachute landing ain't kiddin'
Just nice clean play at a buck a day!



And TANKS for the memory
Of meeting up with Dot
A little gal who's got
What a Colonel's daughter oughter have to make this Army hot
TANK YOU SO MUCH!



Directed by DAVID BUTLER • Original Story and Screen Play by HARRY TUGEND • Additional Dialogue by WILKIE C. MAHONEY

HEART-APPEAL P

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Watch for him in "The Great American Broadcast."

To get an accurate picture of Cesar Romero, you've first got to toss the caricature overboard. Tall, dark and Cuban, he looks like the popular conception of a lady killer, a smooth operator, a professional bender-from-the-waist—a conception nailed by the sheiks and gigolos he's played. He can't help his looks or his parts, but they belie him. He's well-bred, but doesn't work at it. "What's he got that other men haven't?" someone asked Ann Sheridan when she used to go out with him in the pre-Brent days.

"Manners," she said dryly. "He doesn't make passes."

Legend paints him as a glittering man-about-town, stepping out nightly with a fresh cutie on his arm. Actually for every evening at Ciro's, he spends two dozen at home with his family or friends. He's been publicized as a fabulous spender. There's nothing fabulous about him but his good humor, and the one thing likeliest to explode it is the above-mentioned brand of publicity. He says stories tagged "This Girl Can Have Me" or "Cesar Romero Hunts for a Wife" burn him up because they're untrue, unfair to him and the people he's seen with, and make him out a dope. He thinks reader reaction to such stories is, "Who does that ham think he is!" and if it's not, it should be. He accepts his share of responsibility for the false buildup. During his first three years in Hollywood, having been told that contacts were im-



At 34, Cesar's getting distinguishedly grey at the temples. Adores showing visitors all the local hot spots. This is Mrs. Julian Chaqueneau, a fellow New Yorker.

"BUTCH" LOOKS LIKE A SUAVE HELLER, BUT (HE'LL KILL US FOR TELLING YOU) THE GUY'S AN ANGEL!

portant, he accepted all the invitations he could handle. That's long been a phase of the past. Almost all the girls he used to date are now wives. "It was practically marriage insurance," he says, "to go out with me." He had too many responsibilities at the time to afford taking on more.

His sense of responsibility has been sharpened by two factors—devotion to his family and sudden changes in fortune. He knows what it is to have fancied security and lost it. When he was fourteen, his father's prosperous exporting business failed. His mother, accustomed to luxury, cheerfully turned chief cook and bottle washer. They insisted that Maria, a year older than Cesar, should finish her course at Barnard, after which she taught French and Spanish in an Asbury Park high school. Between them, she and Cesar kept the family pot simmering, with Maria doing the lion's share, since her brother's income from show business was often non-existent. Which is why he revels in looking after them now.

They live in an attractive apartment. Cesar's father, a semi-invalid, leads a quiet life. His mother is cheerful and active as ever, though no longer with housework. Her wide circle of friends includes the mothers of Ty Power and Virginia Bruce. Cesar hates to write letters, so Maria takes that job off his hands. Young Edward will be graduated from USC this year and plans to join the navy. Grace, the second sister, went back east to be married and six months ago presented Cesar with a nephew, named Bob Hope after his father—no connection with the Paramount or Pepsodent Hope.

After years of apartment living, Cesar moved into his own home eight months ago. He'd long wanted to build but kept putting it off till next year, because how did he know how long he'd last? Time passed, he continued to work and he found a site in Brentwood, practically surrounded by friends. He liked the idea of moving in among them and decided to do it then instead of waiting forever till next year.

So the two-storied Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse of white-painted fieldstone and wood went up, with its shingled roof and nine rooms, mostly pine-paneled. He loves the bright informality of early American furnishings, and the place is gay with rag rugs, copper round the fireplace, burnished cherry and maple. Kay Salkow, wife of the writer, who helped him decorate, discovered an old lady who all her life had been collecting the kind of stuff Cesar craved. Her kitchen table, scraped and refinished, now graces his living room. Her clock keeps time in his hall, and he all but dragged her beautiful old four-poster from under her. Lengthened seven inches to accommodate his length, it's his treasure of treasures.

William, who used to work (*Continued on page 90*)



Cesar (with Alice Faye) radiates sophistication in his tux and Cisco Kid coiffure—but paradoxically he prefers milk to highballs and cover-up dresses to snaky ones.



The gigantic and jolly Romero, who, incredibly, can knit, sew and cook, approves of director Lewis Milestone's wife, Kendall, because she can rumba. It's his favorite dance.

BLONDES PREFERRED . . .

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

It is a pretty safe bet (three to two, according to Hollywood bookmakers) that Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton will take the plunge this year. There are those dyed-in-the-wool sentimentalists who mention a June wedding. But the more conservative name a later month, if only out of respect for Cary's contempt for the trite and the traditional. You can bet your hope chest that the wedding will not be reeled off in any Little Church Around the Corner. It will be secretly performed and sudden-like.

What makes all this Mendelssohn music seem so probable are the following facts: For one thing, our Cary is devoting virtually all of his conscious hours not claimed by RKO-Radio's exciting new drama, "Before the Fact," to dancing attendance on the ravishing Miss Hutton. To put it plainly, they're going steady, as the saying goes.

Secondly, Miss Hutton, contrary to her original plans, has decided to linger in Hollywood instead of fleeing these parts directly her lease expires—April 1st. At this writing, ensconced in the magnificent Buster Keaton villa, she is shopping around for another house. Miss Hutton is not one to be vegetating in Hollywood when a more exotic world beckons immediately beyond the prow of her gleaming white yacht that's anchored in the bay, if you get what we mean.

Thirdly, the whole shebang of Cary's friends have suddenly become allergic to the mere mention of her name. You no sooner do when they burst into windy discussions of the Academy Awards and wind up by asking you whether you'd like to change places with Jimmy Stewart, who was tagged by Uncle Sam not so long ago.

Anybody but Cary and you'd get a little mad at all the labor involved in keeping posted. You see, with Cary it's like this: He loves privacy and he loves publicity—but he never mixes the two. He'll let himself be interviewed by the right people ("right" meaning anyone who doesn't pry into his romantic life); he'll do fancy mugging on the set for the studio cameraman; and he'll pump the hands of the few visiting firemen that are lucky enough to crash a Grant set. But let a studio photographer try to snap him on the Santa Monica surf hard by his modest little fourteen-room house, and he'll pitch man and camera into the salty brine without a single qualm. That's how it is with Cary.

Miss Hutton makes Cary look like Errol Flynn on one of those Warner junkets in which Flynn gets photographed at least five hundred times. Mortally afraid of a camera, she has been snapped only on those occasions when she couldn't help herself. She has never been photographed (*Continued on page 95*)



Babs Hutton (with Woolworth Donahue) is said to have paid $2,000,000 for her divorce from Count Reventlow. It's rumored he'll gain custody of their son if she remarries before '42.

EXCLUSIVE! A PEEK AT THE MOST GLAMOROUS



Cary and Virginia Cherrill were married in London in 1934 and took a 14,000-mile wedding trip. They honeymooned in a Hollywood cottage for a year; decided to divorce in 1935. Insiders say Virginia's interference in Cary's money matters caused the rift.



Cary, who'll soon be seen in Columbia's "Penny Serenade," and Phyllis Brooks were engaged for two years. Called it off amicably but definitely in January 1940, for reasons never made public. Dated Fay Wray and Roz Russell occasionally before devoting himself exclusively to Babs.

ROMANCE TO HIT HOLLYWOOD IN YEARS AND YEARS—THE CARY GRANT-BABS HUTTON BONFIRE

PRELUDE TO A HONEYMOON

DREAM MAN, DREAM HOUSE—AND A BREATH-TAKER OF A TROUSSEAU! LOOKS LIKE ILONA MASSEY'S MARRIAGE WAS MADE IN HEAVEN



This is her white satin bridal nightgown. The day before the ceremony, she dropped over to the beauty parlor and had her nails and hair done—nothing more. She's never had a facial and doesn't pluck her eyebrows.

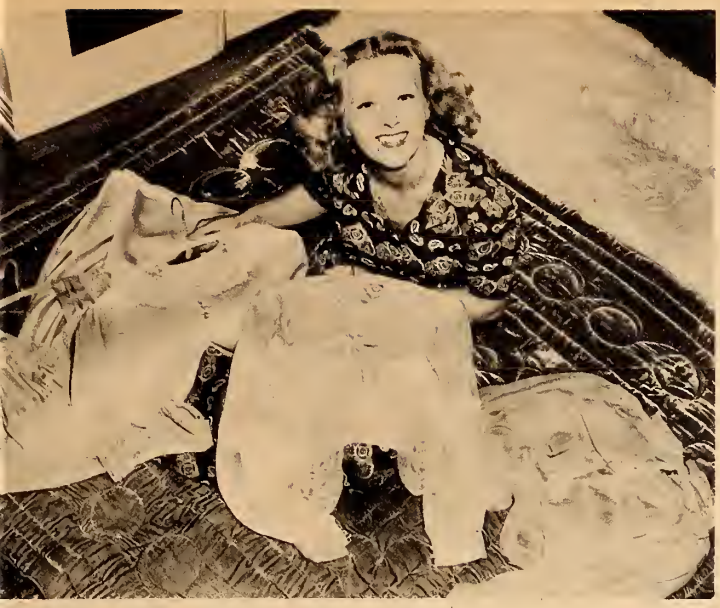


Closets of towels came with the house, but Ilona invested in a dozen shaggy ones, which Alan adores!

There were no spinster or bachelor dinners, and no showers preceding the Curtis-Massey merger. . . . Few people attended the ceremony. Alan's brother and sister-in-law came out from the Middle West to be best man and matron of honor. . . . They're deferring their honeymoon until July; will then proceed by boat to Rio de Janeiro, where Ilona has a four-week engagement at a night club. The boat trip will take 12 days. . . . Since she'll need a different gown for every evening of her night club appearance, she'll take only 10 or 15 of her own gowns with her, and rent the rest from a costuming



Ilona's additions to the house were all her books, 2 heads of herself sculpted by Nelson Eddy and Junior, the dog.



She collects bed-jackets—has dozens of them; hates slips and never wears them. Wears built-up shoes to make her tall, as Mr. C. prefers "statuesque" women to half-pints.



The house, which they bought completely furnished even to the silverware, has 3 bedrooms. Alan's contributions were a picture of himself, aged two, and his record collection.

company in Los Angeles. Some will be the costumes Binnie Barnes wore in "New Wine," and others from "That Hamilton Woman."

In the meantime, they're setting up housekeeping with Junior (a fat dachshund) and Ilona's Aunt Teresa, who has always lived with her. . . . Curtis plans to install a Roman Bath in the garden. (A Roman Bath is just a good-sized bathtub built into the ground and reached by stepping down two steps.) He calls it a "poor man's swimming pool." It will have only cold water running into it. For the city's records it will be listed as a fish pond, and Curtis says he'll have to have a few fish in it with him. If there aren't fish in it, it would be called a swimming pool and he would have to install a costly filtering system. The bath will cost $200.

Through Ilona, Curtis has become interested in singing. Took voice lessons for five (*Continued on page 85*)



The gorgeous groom, whom Ilona's known for 2½ years, used to be a collar ad. His trousseau includes 3 new suits, 12 shirts and 6 neckties. (Turn to page 85 for a list of hers.)



Alan, who wears a gold wedding band, helped pack for their brief wedding trip. He'll have to get a draft board O.K. when they go on their real honeymoon to South America.



They always use table mats—own no formal dinner cloths, as they rarely entertain. Cesar Romero's their most frequent guest. Alan and Ilona loved co-starring in "New Wine."

VILLAIN BY accident

BY BETTY HARRIS

Strictly off the record—that black sheep, Conrad Veidt, has a Bob Hope-ish sense of humor and a heart of gold!

When you saw "The Thief of Bagdad," you were supposed to hate the suave, sinister Hindu fakir who coveted the girl loved by the handsome Prince. You weren't supposed to write in and say that if *you* had been the girl, you would have chosen the fakir.

And when you saw "Escape," you were supposed to hate the cultured, cold-blooded German general, who didn't intend to let either the Countess or her friends get away. You weren't supposed to write in and say that you were sorry to see him die.

The boys who handle the incoming mail at the Culver City Post Office haven't seen so many letters addressed to any one actor in years. "Who is this Conrad Veidt?" they want to know. "And why is he getting so much mail?"

That's something that the boys at M-G-M would also like to know. They have all the curiosity of scientists who wonder what produces lightning—because sometime they might want to launch a thunderbolt intentionally.

They may tell you that they knew all along what a sensation Conrad Veidt (pronounced Vite) would be. But the fact remains that he arrived in Hollywood, less than a year ago, without any ballyhoo. No one predicted his popularity. No one thought of advertising his appeal. No one dreamed that this man who played villains would soon get as much fan mail as the Gables and the Taylors, and for the same reason—his hypnotic effect on women.

He is an unforeseen phenomenon. And an unexplained one. He has something that no other screen villain has ever had. But what, people don't exactly know.

He isn't a young man. He isn't a dashing romantic type. People talk vaguely about his striking appearance, his extraordinary height and his lean, angular, ascetic face. They discuss his piercing eyes, his intense mind, his poise, his "continental charm," his foreign accent. But they can't explain his fascination. They are beginning to have the suspicion that he is an extraordinary actor.

How did he become such an actor? What is his story? How does *he* explain Conrad Veidt?

He says, deprecatingly, that he is more baffled than anyone by the fan mail he is getting. He says, smiling, "I thought I was past such things. I am 48, and not afraid to admit it. Also, I was in Hollywood once before, and such things did not happen. When I came this second time, I expected people to say, 'Oh, yes, Conrad Veidt. I remember seeing him when I was little. A long time ago.' That is, if they said anything. Because, this time, I came without even being invited. I had just finished a picture in England called 'Contraband.' I came over here to edit and release it. I had no plans beyond that."

What *did* happen when he was in Hollywood before?

His smile widens. "Let me tell you about it."

John Barrymore brought him to Hollywood in 1926. John had seen him as Ivan the Terrible in the German picture, "Three Wax Works." And John had immediately cabled him: "HAVE GREAT ROLE FOR GREAT ACTOR. WILL YOU ACCEPT IT?"

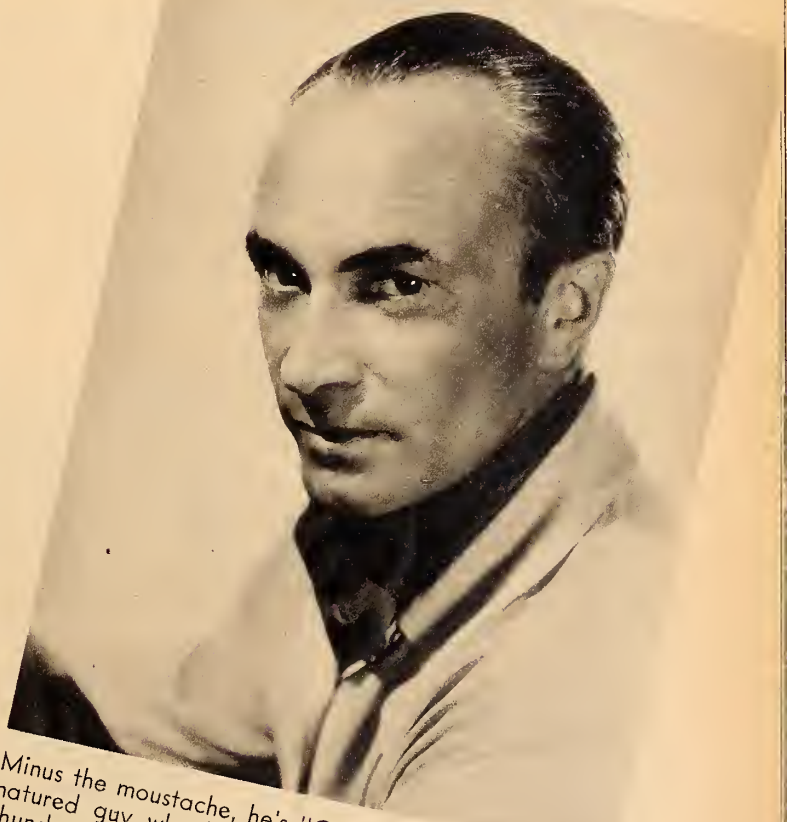


Conrad Veidt says he never feels really wicked unless he's wearing a moustache. Is terrifically sinister and diabolically charming in "A Woman's Face," with Crawford.

"I said to myself, 'Why not? You don't know if Barrymore is flattering you or not, but you do know Hollywood is the center of things.' I cabled back: 'LEAVING IMMEDIATELY.' I had never been in America before. I was filled with boundless illusions. I imagined what New York would be like, and it was more wonderful than I had anticipated. Everything in this marvelous country exceeded my expectation—the height of the buildings, the luxury of the hotels, the size of the station where I boarded the train for Hollywood. The train, itself, was a super-train. I stopped wondering what Hollywood would be like. I was positive that, when I stepped off the train in California, I would find myself in a paradise of palms and flowers. Instead, I found myself in the most frightful, dismal railroad station in the world. (Now vanished.) Without a palm or a flower anywhere in sight.

"On the platform stood a man in the costume of the old French court, with make-up on his face. It was John Barrymore. The first thing he said was"—and Veidt mimics Barrymore's facial expression and vocal inflection— "'My God, are you tall!'" (Veidt is six feet three.)

"He led me to a big limousine, and the next thing I knew we were going 80 miles an hour through the streets of Los Angeles, with two motorcycle policemen leading the way. I was no longer disappointed. This was the Hollywood I had pictured. And I became even more cheerful when we reached the Ambassador Hotel, and I saw some palms (*Continued on page 79*)



Minus the moustache, he's "Connie"—a lovable, good-natured guy who hates to wear a tie, loves picnics, thunderstorms, sailing and long, aimless motor trips.

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT

This report is confidential and for your information only.

Case No. #2180—The Nick Harris Detective Agency

Report of Operatives #174 and #110

In Re. Investigation: *Ann Sheridan*

Pursuant to instructions from the General Manager, Operatives No. 174 and No. 110 secured an automobile and a miniature camera equipped with telescopic high-powered close-up lens, and drove to North Hollywood where Operatives were detailed to keep the home of Ann Sheridan, the Subject in this investigation, under surveillance.

Upon arrival at 9:25 A.M., Operatives noticed that the house was a low spacious Spanish type of home containing about seven rooms.

Operatives first observed the Subject at 9:31 A.M., dressed in dark brown slacks and tan silk shirtwaist, apparently doing exercises to martial music. Operatives approached the house and noticed about 200 records stacked on the floor beside a combination radio-victrola. Operatives also noticed that someone had chalk-marked the window screen with the word "Oomph."

The Subject, hereinafter also to be referred to as "Miss Sheridan," continued doing exercises until 9:40 A.M., and then entered what seemed a breakfast room and had her breakfast, which lasted until 10:20 A.M., reading a book throughout the meal. She then came out of the house with a dog, a toy French poodle which she addressed as "Amos." Miss Sheridan, upon reaching the house-gate, encountered a dark-haired woman dressed in a black and white checked coat and white hat and stopped to chat for a few minutes. The dark-



General manager Hanson of the Nick Harris Agency handled the case himself. Here's Ann exercising at 9:31.



She dallied 40 minutes over breakfast. Read "Out of the Night;" sipped milk from monogrammed glass.



10:25—A cigarette and a stroll to her mailbox (which has a chimney and curtains) to get the new Esquire.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the past few months* MODERN *dreds of letters from Ann Sheridan's fans. They did, where she went and how she lived during October 11 to March 14) that she was off salary, foll with Warner Brothers.*

So, in order to secure for its readers the behind-the- Warners' "bad girl," MODERN SCREEN *hired the Nick Harris to follow Ann on one of her last days of unemployment. Agency has been operating on the West Coast for 35 years. strung from Alaska to the Cape of Good Hope. It has handle problems since the Owen Moore-Mary Pickford case.*

This report appears exactly as it was received by us—toget. series of off-guard photographs, snapped by the operatives with ture camera.

haired woman walked down the street, and Operatives noti she entered the house next door to the Subject's. Miss S then walked to the mail box situated at the curb and too parcel. She removed the wrapping, revealing a copy of E. magazine.

At 10:36 A.M., Miss Sheridan returned to the house, and Opera saw her go into the kitchen and get what seemed to be some dog f for "Amos." While in the kitchen Miss Sheridan talked briefly to heavy-set Negro woman dressed as a maid. She then returned to the living room and Operatives saw her getting into a chair to read a book entitled "Out of the Night." Miss Sheridan left her chair twice to answer the telephone, once at 11:15 and again at 12:15 P.M.

The Subject kept reading until 12:30 P.M., when she arose and placed the book on a shelf. Operatives noticed her again at 1:03 P.M., when she came out of her house wearing a long dark mink coat over a black dress, and went to the garage and got into a black Packard coupé. At this time Operatives also want to mention that they noted another girl around the house whom Operatives later learned was known as "Gwennie," a companion of Miss Sheridan's.

The Subject left her home alone and drove to a drugstore at the northwest corner of Ventura Blvd. and Mariotta Street, entering same at 1:10 P.M. Sitting at the counter, she ordered a pimiento cheese sandwich on white bread and a Pepsi-Cola. After finishing her lunch at 1:40 P.M., she made one telephone call, which lasted five minutes. She looked around the store for a while and then left. Walking leisurely she returned to her car and drove to the Studio City Theatre on Ventura Blvd., where the picture being shown was Warner Brothers' stirring "Santa Fe Trail." (*Continued on page 75*)



Called one of her cronies at Warners. Had to use a phony name, as no one there was supposed to speak to her.



Swapped her slacks for mink and was off in her dusty last year's Packard coupé for a drugstore lunch in town.



Dieted to keep that oomph. Every studio was bidding for her, but her Warner contract has 4½ yrs. to go.



Went to "Santa Fe Trail" for the third time. Most afternoons she gardened, took a drive or studied Spanish.



s a
hen
.ane.

Ty Power and Annabella (she's Annie to him) never miss a première or a prize fight. Ty's frau, who's letting her boyish bob grow long, is a celebrity hound and autograph collector.



It's a dream come true for South African Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino. They'll be co-starred in the movie "Gentle People."



No wonder the Hall-Langford marriage has taken! They were married twice; civilly on June 8, 1938—in church a month later.

CANDIDLY

SIT IN ON THE HOLLYWOOD NIGHT

John Payne's wife is so devoted she gets madder than a hornet at people who call her by her maiden name. Fumes the twenty-three-year-old mama, "I *was* Anne Shirley—four years ago!"



Rosemary Lane, who averages fifteen fan mail proposals a week, has never had an engagement ring—Dick Haydn ("Professor Carp") is trying to promote a change of regime!





The Boyers and Colmans (that's Pat and Ronnie) grab a snack and swig at the Scheherazade every week after their knittin'-for-Britain session in the Boyers' basement.



That old slickeroo Reggie Gardiner shares a Pepsi-Cola with British actress Anna Lee at a party to introduce her to the press. She's Robert (director of "Back Street") Stevenson's wife.

YOURS...

HIFT WITH OUR LORD OF THE LENS!



The Mocambo's practically home to the Ronnie Reagans. They live a block away and wind up every evening with a rumba there.



Georgie Jessel of the fabulous ties and adolescent wife recently electrified Ciro's by yelling, "I'm going to be a father!"

Ray Milland speaks Spanish like a native (to say nothing of Welsh and German), but he thumbs-down congas and tangos. That's wife Mal—who's 6' in high heels—with him.



The Howard scion, "Butch," who's 5 months old and a czar, okays one Ciro's date a week for mom and pop—Andrea Leeds and Bob. Mr. H. always eats an apple with his scotch and soda.



GAMBOL OF THE STARS



Edward Arnold and Ken Carpenter, representing sponsors Screen Actors Guild and American Federation of Radio Artists, auctioned off Roosevelt's campaign hat for $3200!



Everyone and his brother were there, from the most insignificant bit player to top-notchers like Motion Picture Academy head Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, annual Gambol's best-dressed patroness.

Red Skelton gave old-timers Laurel and Hardy their stiffest competition for comedy honors. Red's imitations were hit of impromptu floor show in which stars entertained one another.



For once, Carole Landis missed her usual 10 hours' sleep to attend the benefit with producer Raymond Hakim. It was held in the Cocoanut Grove of Los Angeles' swank Hotel Ambassador.





Despite prohibitive price, party was mobbed and scores of late-comers turned away. None such were David Selznick and Olivia de Havilland, who reserved their $11 dinners far in advance.



Lana Turner, minus a couple of wisdom teeth, and songster Tony Martin are at it again. They weren't speaking until he named his pony "Lana" to offset another dubbed "Alice!"

One of the most popular guests was aviator Arthur Farnsworth, Bette Davis' recently acquired husband. He's one of the few successful "outsiders" to crash the gates of Hollywood society.



Granville and Cooper wore off some of the five-course dinner before the 11 o'clock floor show began. Only 18, she's an established veteran, having been in flickers ever since 1932!



UP-ON-THEIR LUCK RADIO AND SCREEN ACTORS LEND A HAND TO THEIR LESS FORTUNATE BRETHREN AT A GALA FROLIC!

The Welles-Del Rio Romance



If Dolores becomes Mrs. Welles, it'll be her third marriage. Married first at 15, was widowed a few years later. Orson married at 19. Has a daughter, 3, named Christopher.



First bond between Orson and Dolores was love of music. She has Hollywood's most phenomenal classical record collection (over 3,000).



Orson, whose real name is George, wrote a text book on Shakespearean drama at fifteen. Revenue from his books is now in six figures.

THE AMAZING STORY OF TWO PEOPLE, DISILLUSIONED ABOUT LOVE, WHO'VE FOUND COMPLETE HAPPINESS TOGETHER!

BY JAMES REID

Orson Welles has never been one to shy away from doing the unorthodox, unapproved thing, or one to hesitate about going after whatever he wanted. Naturally a great many people strongly suspect that when he decided he wanted Dolores Del Rio, he didn't hesitate about going after her, even though it meant breaking up her nine-year marriage to Cedric Gibbons.

They're thinking of how, in his late teens, Orson went after a Broadway reputation, and got it—with his prodigious experiments as an actor, director and producer. And of how, in his early twenties, he set out to be radio's biggest sensation and was—with his dramatization of an invasion of the United States by monsters from Mars. They're remembering how he went after, and obtained, a movie contract such as no one had ever had before—a four-way contract to act, write, direct and produce—at the age of 24. They're thinking of how he determined to set Hollywood on its ear with his first picture, and of how, at the age of 25 he has carried out his intention. "Citizen Kane" is a sensation, not only because a certain publisher is trying to have it suppressed, but because in every department, it revolutionizes the business of movie-making.

It's easy to believe that anyone capable of doing all those things would also be capable of taking a Glamour Girl away from her husband.

But, strange as it may seem, that *isn't* the explanation of the fact that Dolores Del Rio is no longer Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Orson may have broken all kinds of taboos to win the world's attention. But he didn't flaunt convention to win Dolores. In fact, he came to Hollywood with the definite idea that she was the one movie actress he didn't want to meet. It was a fixation with him. He had had that idea since the first time he had seen her on the screen. He was 14 at the time. (Dolores was 21, though she looked older.) He had decided then that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and he was afraid meeting her might spoil his illusion. He might find out that "the most beautiful woman in the world" was as stupid as she was beautiful. And he brought that phobia to Hollywood with him.

He arrived in early August, 1939, and among the first invitations he received was one from Jack Warner. Though he was brand-new to Hollywood, he knew that when the Jack Warners invite you to a party, you gratefully accept. However, there's a strong chance that he would have shattered tradition and stayed away, had he known that the festivities were to celebrate not only Jack Warner's birthday, but Dolores Del Rio's. He didn't find that out until he was actually at the party.

He saw her the moment he stepped into the room. She was at the other end talking with someone. He hoped that he could just look at her and not have to meet her. Then he discovered that she was one of the hostesses and he realized with dismay that it would be impossible to avoid an introduction. But he put off the meeting as long as possible.

As a much-ballyhooed and unpredictable new arrival in Hollywood, he found himself the object of intense curiosity. He was kept busy answering questions. And he gladly talked his head off, trying to stay away from the end of the room where his eyes kept wandering.

Finally Ann Warner took him firmly by the arm and said, "You've been here an hour and you haven't met Dolores yet." What could he say but: "I've been wondering when someone would introduce us"—and behave as if his words couldn't be taken two ways?

A moment later, he was (*Continued on page 87*)

ON THE SET WITH

"lady be good"

Any New York actor stepping through the doors of M-G-M's sound stage No. 27 would swear he was back on Broadway. There are laughs and lights, and all of the backstage hubbub that prevails two minutes before the curtain goes up. It's only when the actor gets close to the scene and sees the cameras grinding that the illusion is broken. And then he knows he is on the gaudy, glorious set of M-G-M's new musical, "Lady Be Good."

Though Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer paid a fabulous figure for the rights to "Lady Be Good," they're using only the title and two songs. Scripters wrote an entirely new story to fit Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young and John Carroll. They made Bob and Ann a song-writing team whose marital troubles cause Ann to leave home and move in with pal Eleanor Powell. Former suitor John Carroll, a radio crooner, helps mix things up, and matters come to a climax in the court of Judge Lionel Barrymore, who plays Cupid in the modern manner. Laughs are laced all through the plot by Red Skelton, Reginald Owen, Virginia O'Brien and Phil Silvers.

The night club set, where so much of the important action takes place, is one of the swankiest ever constructed for a movie. Skelton describes it perfectly: "It's the sort of place in which you either spend $500 —or you wash your own plates!"

Eleanor Powell's "tap concerto" aged members of the technical department at least five years. They had to build special equipment to catch the image of her fast-tapping tootsies. Five pianos were lined up, and she whisked from one to the other with increasing speed, matching each note with a tap.

Eleanor does one dance with "Buttons," a canine wonder and the sensation of "Lady Be Good." The studio hunted for a cute pup for weeks and finally signed a bright-faced French poodle. At the last minute the poodle got stage-fright and had to be withdrawn. It was then that prop boy Jackie Ackerman ankled in with "Buttons," a little half beagle, half fox terrier whom he had personally trained.

Besides having rhythm, "Buttons" has a terrific temper. But only where his stand-in, a woolly toy dog, is concerned. "Buttons" rips the make-believe pup to pieces every few days.

Between scenes, Ann and Eleanor vie for his affection by feeding him all his favorite foods. "Buttons" is no fool, however. He bounds from Ann's candy to Eleanor's special dog biscuits without revealing the least bit of favoritism. Until the strain gets too great, the smart little four-footer will probably continue playing both ends against his own fuzzy middle!

THE M-G-M LOT ROCKED WITH LAUGHTER WHEN THE "LADY BE GOOD" CAST TOOK OVER!

Powell and Skelton rehearse, while composer Silvers and Sothern (who wears 35 Adrian gowns) heckle. Ann breaks her no-more-singing-roles vow—sings Jerome Kern's "The Last Time I Saw Paris" which cost Metro $10,000.





When the cast discovered "Buttons" had no chair he could call his own, they petitioned for one! Eleanor sports a clip that's an exact replica of him.



This is Eleanor's first picture since her operation a year ago. She's already plotting a Pan-American good will trip to teach South Americans our latest dance steps.



Next to Harpo's visit, biggest calamity to befall Eleanor was getting locked in a dressing room. She used Jeanette MacDonald's 'till her own was completed.



Pandemonium breaks loose when Skelton and Carroll start tossing gags back and forth. An ex-vaudevillian, this Skelton's second picture (first was "Flight Command").



George claims he has the "disposition of an angel." However, he's irked by people who mispronounce his last name. It's "Saunders." He's back on his home lot, 20th Century-Fox, for "Man Hunt."

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BAFFLING BACHELOR

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

INVADING THE MUCH-TOO-PRIVATE LIFE OF HOLLYWOOD'S HEAVENLY HERMIT—GEORGE SANDERS

This George Sanders is a strictly unreliable guy, take it from me.

On the screen he's been playing mainly Nazis and no-goods for five years—and look what happens! All of a sudden women everywhere go mad about him. They write him mash notes and tell him he has more charm than a cobra and won't he please reform (with their affectionate aid)? And he says uh-uh.

Off the screen it's even worse. Unless he's pinned down on the set he's as hard to grab as a taxi on a rainy night. Nobody knows for sure what George is up to or why. They can't find him at Hollywood hangouts or track him down to his dwelling, because he's always shifting it around like a turtle. He's lazy, lackadaisical and as independent as a tomcat.

The only time on record George reacted violently to anything in Hollywood was when Maureen O'Hara, who lived next door to his temporary hideout, let a firecracker get out of hand last Fourth of July. It lit under George's window and went "blooey!" He bounded out in his pajamas and gave her both barrels on the subject of obnoxious neighbors. Maureen's Irish spit back sparks and for some minutes it was a grand and glorious Fourth. Then George went back to bed, since it was only 3:00 P.M. and practically the crack of dawn for him.

George is a big moose of a man with shoulders like the Golden Gate Bridge and a jaw slightly on the lantern side. The statistics are six feet three and 215 pounds which would look nifty in a prize ring. Matter of fact, in college George boxed a bit, and swam too—enough to drag a few people out of the Thames, a creek near London. But now, at thirty-four, the word "exercise" makes George wince. "Nothing more strenuous than chess," he protested. "I keep my weight down by smoking cigarettes." Then he yawned and stretched out on his spine. "This," observed George, "is the only reasonable position for a man of intelligence."

Around town, I'd better explain, George Sanders is already a legend. He'll admit he can sleep twenty-four hours at a stretch without the slightest toss or turn. Even on sets, with assistant directors barking on all sides of him, George periodically pounds his ear when there's as little as five minutes between takes, rousing at the cry of "Action!" and spouting dialogue a mile a minute.

He's not the kind of Britisher who dresses for dinner deep in an African jungle. He'll spruce up sometimes to the extent of a tweed coat, soft collar and tie. But the number twelves he parked against the wall the day I saw George were sheathed in cozy carpet slippers. "You should see me when I'm relaxed," grinned George, "I go barefoot."

Now all these defections trace, perhaps, to the fact that George Sanders is one-quarter Russian. He was born in St. Petersburg—before it was Petrograd and then Leningrad—and even went to Russian grammar schools, because his mother was half Muscovite and his pop was an Englishman in business there. Then came the Revolution and, being capitalists, the Sanders assumed the position of the fox in a foxhunt.

For a time there it looked as if George would never survive to give girls the flutters in Hollywood. George can recall, in particular, hot-footing it with his maw and paw across a frozen Russian river, pursued by a very (*Continued on page 97*)



George Sanders, whom John Barrymore calls "one of the greatest actors in the world," was once in love with Margaret Lindsay. Says the woman he'd most like to meet is the Duchess of Windsor.



Between scenes on the "Tom, Dick and Harry" set, director Garson Kanin talks baseball with Rogers and Murphy. Ginger, who's a Joe di Maggio fan, was the star pitcher on her high school team.



Dress designer Walter Plunkett says Ginger's the type for sophisticated clothes. Was voted the typical American girl by fashion experts.

A dream com



Ginger's favorite orchestra leader is Johnny Green (above), husband of her pal, Betty Furness. Favorite movie people are Spencer Tracy and Peg Sullavan.

Two months ago they crowned a redhead queen of the movies. It was a popular choice, the general feeling being that Ginger had earned her honors the hard way. Hollywood likes and respects what it knows of her, but doesn't know much.

She's looked upon as a semi-recluse. In the movie dictionary a recluse is one who stays away from the night spots. Ginger's a "semi" because she steps out now and then. In the pre-Hutton days, she and Cary Grant made an occasional twosome. But her name has been seriously linked with no man's since the Howard Hughes whirl. As three consecutive dates add up to romance in the gossip columns, the inference is plain. They may note that she danced at Rhum-Boogie with Raymond Hakim, producer of French pictures, or that "she's seeing the town through the eyes of Phil Silvers" (musical director) —but their hearts aren't in it. When Mrs. Rogers comes to town—she divides her time between New York and Hollywood—Ginger goes out more often.

BY JEANNE KARR

rue ★



Ginger with the two people who helped her acquire "Oscar"—her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, who is also her manager, and "Kitty Foyle's" brilliant young producer, David Hempstead.

THAT "OSCAR" MEANS FAR MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER FEATHER IN GINGER ROGERS' CAP!

But the deftest illusionist couldn't pull a convincing moonlight-and-roses throb out of an evening spent with your mother and two escorts.

She believes in keeping your private life private. She has few intimates and those few, taking their cue from her, remain uncommunicative. At least once a week she has dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward (nee Margaret Sullavan) or they with her. She dotes on the Hayward children, and the only photograph on her dressing table at home is of Brooke, the eldest.

Other close friends are Florence Lake, who used to be in the movies, and Deems Taylor, musician and critic. Three pictures hang above the couch in her studio dressing room—two charcoal drawings by herself of Katharine Cornell and Ginger Rogers and a photo of Taylor. When she rests on said couch, she sticks under her head a down pillow in a slip of skyblue Irish linen on which her monogram is embroidered in white. It was made for her by the girl who used to handle her studio publicity. We all know the sensation of loving some inanimate object among our belongings as though it were alive. That's how Ginger loves her pillow.

It was her passion for music that formed the original bond between her and Deems Taylor. Passion isn't too strong a word. She has a Capehart in her workroom at home, another in her permanent studio dressing room and a smaller machine in her portable dressing room. During short waits between scenes she'll knit. But with the prospect of more than ten minutes ahead, she goes to her dressing room and listens to as much of a symphony as time allows. She owns a magnificent library of symphony records, and it's part of her secretary's job to keep it up to date.

On the set of "Lucky Partners" a package arrived for her one day. She's a child about packages and surprises. So long as it's something to open, she gets excited. In her eagerness to (*Continued on page 77*)

SMOOTHIE !

OOMPH BOY TONE DIDN'T GET WEALTH



"I buy clothes about every three years," says Franchot, "which accounts for the fact that I'm frequently shabby-looking."



Franchot, currently starring in "She Knew All the Answers," is 14 years older than twice-divorced 22-year-old Carole Landis.

Franchot Tone has rediscovered Hollywood and he thinks it's nifty!

When he pulled up stakes almost two and a half years ago, he left behind him a bewildered little hamlet. Was he through with pictures? Would he ever return? When? Why was he leaving in the first place, a man with a future like his?

Well, the refugee is back, as you know, and Hollywood is glad no end, especially the bachelor ladies, who were among the town's loudest mourners. Mr. Tone is, himself, pretty gleeful about it.

He gave us the whole story the other day, relaxed on a divan in the lush living room of the house he shares with Burgess Meredith. It used to be the Wayne Morrises' love nest, and it's as lavish as a Cecil B. de Mille set.

Mr. Tone was in excellent voice indeed, dressed in an odd brown tweed jacket, slacks and brown moccasins, his Scottie lying in magnificent boredom at his feet.

"I left Hollywood for a post-graduate course in acting, first with the Group Theatre, then with Lee Strasberg. For the former I did 'The Gentle People' with Sylvia Sidney. Under Strasberg's direction I did 'The Fifth Column.'

"I'm happy to be doing pictures again. I do not, as has often been charged up against me, prefer the stage to the screen. I have, however, always considered the stage capable of forms of its own. Today Broadway merely represents plays competing with pictures, using as its main attraction the in-the-flesh appeal. These plays will, if successful, be bought for the moving pictures, which will make them into better entertainment than they were on the stage."

The visiting reporter gasped. This didn't sound like the Tone of the Group Theatre days, the Tone who had poured thousands of dollars into that organization!

Franchot resumed his shocking revelations.

"I like Hollywood as a place to live very much. Unfortunately the ballyhoo has made it seem like no other spot in the world, intellectually, morally and ethically. Actually I'm afraid it's like any other town in America, except that there are far more beautiful, witty and open-pursed people around than anywhere else. I particularly love the feeling of a community which sprawls from the San Fernando Valley hither and thither toward the sea and toward the hills, held together by a common activity in a single industry. It is a big city with small town interests. Here, neighborliness is still a virtue."

Had Mr. T. noticed any changes? Any improvements?

"Yes, I think working conditions are better. Not for the stars and featured players, perhaps, but for the extras and bit players, whose position in the

AND WISE VIA THE EARLY-TO-BED METHOD!

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

industry was insecure, disorganized, inadequately paid for. The Screen Actors Guild has won great concessions and will solve the problems in time, because the studios are anxious to cooperate."

Mr. Tone took a deep puff on his pipe and cut loose on a brand new tangent without any special coaxing.

"This trip out I'm enjoying myself for fair. For one thing I've discovered I prefer Hollywood routine. So far as an actor's work is concerned, there isn't basically much difference between stage and screen. But take a look at the respective schedules, will you?

"A stage player doesn't finish his stint until around midnight. After a snack he generally piles into bed at 2 A.M., provided that he isn't having what is known as an after-the-theatre date. At best he wakes up at noon feeling logey. The evening performance is ahead of him, and he doesn't want to eat much. Besides that he has to eat dinner around six o'clock, and in New York that means he eats alone. It all adds up to an unsatisfactory existence.

"Now in pictures it's something else again. You're usually through at 6 P.M., which gives plenty of time for a leisurely dinner plus a chat with friends. And you can get to sleep by eleven if you want to." Not that Franchot usually does.

The Tone, who has returned to the Hollywood which catapulted him into the nightly dreams of at least 194,327 college girls, 4,932,843 high school girls and heaven itself knows how many happily married wives and mothers, is a changed man.

He's ready to play any kind of role—provided the part has "character." He's tired of playing the Social Register playboy, the jaded blue blood who's always falling in love with a perfectly wonderful item out of his class.

"I enjoyed immensely playing in my first Western, 'Trail of the Vigilantes,'" he confided with a grin. "Why didn't someone tell me about the horse operas before?"

Would Mr. Tone say a few words about Deanna Durbin?

Gladly.

"If all young ladies of nineteen were as naturally lovely, unaffected, talented and intelligent as Deanna Durbin, America would indeed be the land of the Pilgrim's Pride."

From which you might conclude that Miss Durbin with whom he romped in their joint latest, "Nice Girl?" is somewhat okay.

Mr. Tone was going strong on the Durbin when a huge animal right out of a Disney cartoon bounded into the room. On closer inspection it proved to be a great Dane, roughly about nine feet tall. It gave way when Franchot's little Scottie (*Continued on page 89*)



AN ACE OF CLUBS



Chief attraction are the green parrots that sway in perfect rhythm to all the rumbas. Walls of cages are let down during the day for sunning and feeding.



Despite all the Latin implications ot its name, the sole south-of-the-border touches at the club are a rumba band and two huge black sombreros on the far wall.

Last summer, handsome silver-haired Charlie Morrison gave up his agency business and headed south to open a night club in Mexico City. He lifted the name "Mocambo" from a guide book, hired a young American architect named Peter Graham Harnden to design the interiors, and was prowling around the Paseo de la Reforma looking for a good location when a wave of homesickness hit him. He opened his club in Hollywood instead.

A new night spot in Hollywood should be as a coal in Newcastle—but Mocambo's clicking colossally! The walls are beginning to bulge from the strain of crowding 400 customers into the 250 available places, so anxious is everyone to find out whose hand Franchot Tone is currently holding, whether Rudy Vallee was successful in getting another date with Gene Tierney, and how soon Charlie Chaplin's weekly visit is going to include the pert Paulette Goddard.

Few movietown night spots have become a habit so quickly. David O. Selznick drops in nearly every evening. Adrian and Janet Gaynor caught the fever early and are constant visitors to the main room for dining and dancing. Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes frequent the club, but never together or at the same time. Even the colony's stay-at-homes are lured from their firesides. Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, Eloise and Pat O'Brien, Carole and Clark Gable come often. And proving that the competition knows a good thing when it sees it, one table last week was surrounded by managers from five rival night spots!

Each of the steady customers has his favorite table. If that table happens to be occupied when he comes in, the customer waits patiently in the bar for it to be

MOCAMBO IS THE NEW TOWN SQUARE OF HOLLYWOOD—WHERE THE GABLES RUB ELBOWS WITH TOURISTS FROM KALAMAZOO AND THE WAITERS ARE A COUPLE UP ON WINCHELL AND SKOLSKY!



It's so mobbed that celebs like Desi and Lucille Arnaz come armed with an evening paper to read while standing in line waiting for their special table.

vacated. Betty Grable and George Raft like a table near the door. Rudy Vallee has two pet locations—one near the dance floor when he's with a large party; the other in a distant corner when he's with a luscious morsel. Gail Patrick often brings a group of men from the army base at March Field, and reserves the table with the best view of the entire room so the boys won't miss a thing. Alfred Vanderbilt is usually seated behind one of the pillars on the dance floor, where he is completely hidden from the view of everyone except those at the adjoining table—a desirable arrangement because he's reticent about being seen in public with a glamour girl until his divorce becomes final.

Monday night is Mocambo's Sweepstakes Night, and the place is jammed with Hollywood stars who, like ourselves, can't resist the (*Continued on page 86*)



As at Ciro's, it's a club rule that men wear ties, and Jo Carradine almost got the old heave-ho when he showed in a scarf. Maitre d'hotel André loaned him one of his ti



Al Ritz hoists protesting Dotty Lamour up on a sway-bc milk wagon pony! He was part of the decorations at M cambo's Diamond Horseshoe Ball after Santa Anita's closir

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN



Gracie Allen and George Burns got married on a shoestring back in 1926 (they were earning $5 a day in vaudeville) but now average around $200,000 yearly!

BRENT GIFTS SHERIDAN WITH CADILLAC COUPÉ! DRAFT HITS HOLLYWOOD! VERY LATEST TURNER-MARTIN SCORE!

MYSTERY AT METRO

Maybe they don't suspect it. Or maybe they know all about it and just don't want to spotlight the people involved. But whatever the reason, there's a major romance flourishing under the very noses of M-G-M's publicity department—and not a word of it has leaked to the outside world. At least, not a soul has hinted that four-year-old Richard Nichols' feelings for two-year-old Christina Crawford are not purely platonic—and vice versa. Dashing Dickie, appearing with Joan Crawford in "A Woman's Face," was introduced to the alluring Christina several weeks ago when she came down to the set to see her adopted mother. Each recognized in the other something he and she had always been looking for. Dickie invited Christina to play with his toys and Christina blushingly accepted. Christina offered Dickie a lollypop and Dickie nearly choked with delight as he said his thanks. Unhappily, even as in the case of their elders, the course of true love does not run smoothly. Christina can't come to the studio until after she's had her nap, generally around 5 P.M. And Richard, being a minor, may work only a few hours each day and then must go home. In fact, the last time we talked to the half-pint Romeo, he was wailing because the law was making him leave by one door at the precise moment his love was entering by another!

DISA AND DATA

Robert Montgomery is allergic to cats . . . Ida Lupino's kid sister, Rita, is getting her start the hard way. She's in the chorus line at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Eleanor Powell says there'll be no more bust-ups for her and Merrill Pye. They go to the altar this summer . . . Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovitch have hung out a real estate shingle . . . Two major studios are doing their darndest to bring Richard Greene back from England . . . Jerry Colonna has been sporting that handlebar mustache for 15 years. His wife's never seen him without it . . . If you ever have Gary Cooper to dinner, serve him boiled rice soaked with honey and cream. It's his favorite dish . . . The former chain-gang convict who sent an extortion note to Betty Grable has been rewarded for his efforts. He'll sit in jail a year and a day . . . In London they bill Charlie Chaplin as the "Voltaire of the Cinema" . . . Add Arthur Lake and Laird Cregar to the town's wisdom tooth sufferers . . . Clara Bow, one-time "It" girl, is reportedly seriously ill . . . Director-genius Preston Sturges was the originator of kissproof lipstick . . . Twelve years ago, comedian Lou Costello was a Hollywood stunt man. He once had to dress up like Dolores Del Rio and leap from a second story window!

STABLE FASHIONS

Boys and girls who are trimming their new spring duds with belts, shoes and hats done in Palomino beige probably don't know that each time they don the color, they're paying tribute to a horse! Yet that's exactly what's happening. Here's the reason. Some months ago, Leo Carrillo met the president of the Chrysler Corporation. The two men grew chummy over a few beers, and before the evening was out, Mr. Chrysler Corporation had promised Leo an automobile the exact color of his Palomino pony, Golden Boy. Mr. Chrysler Corporation proved to be as good as his word. Ere many moons had passed, Leo was the proud owner of an $8,500 car which matched his horse right down to the last pore. A famous fashion magazine was intrigued by the story and promptly sponsored the new shade—Palomino beige. Leo's proud of the whole deal, but says he, "Golden Boy is worried. He can't figure out how anything can look so much like him—yet smell so different!"

THE DANCING AHERNES

Pity Joan Fontaine! Joan loves nothing more than a twirl around the dance floor. Yet after almost two years of marriage to Brian Aherne, she's had exactly three dances with him! "It's not that Brian doesn't like dancing with me," Joan defends. "He really does. But two things spoil our fun. First, he's so tall that by the time my arm is around his shoulder, my feet are off the ground. And second, well—Brian just doesn't have my abandon."

OF HEARTS AND HOUSES

We don't know why ourselves, but no report on Hollywood is ever complete without a last-minute bulletin on the *affaires du coeur* of Lana Turner. This column's contribution follows herewith: By our calendar, Lana is now swinging into her seventh month of "keeping company" with Tony Martin. Such consistency naturally gives rise to rumors of marriage, love eternal and all that stuff about "till death do us part." Well, that's the purpose of our paragraph—to explode the idea that the pair has anything of the sort in mind. At the moment of this writing, Lana is buzzing busily over plans for the attractive three-bedroom house she is building for herself and her mother. And Tony, who won enough dough in a single day at Santa Anita to pay for a new home, is spending his spare time shopping for a comfortable bachelor's residence. If we know those two, they're not going to trip to the altar and then trip away again—to separate houses!

TSK, TSK

Where the truth stops and fiction begins, we can't exactly say. But the story goes that the recent George Raft-Humphrey Bogart fracas wasn't exactly child's play. According to reliable sources, the boys got together on a Warner Bros. sound stage where both were testing for parts in "Manpower." Also present on the sound stage was one Mack Grey, George's faithful companion and bodyguard. If the reports are true (and mind you, we don't say they are), Grey stepped up to Bogart and announced, "We (Raft and Grey) don't want you (Bogart) in our picture." Bogey thereupon saw red and swung at Raft. Raft ducked and the blow caught Grey who went out like a light! Another story has it that Raft wasn't even present at this little tea



Merrill Pye, art director for most of fiancée Eleanor Powell's movies, has a rival. Mickey Rooney's had a crush on her for years—sends her anonymous orchids.



Now that Ann Sheridan's punching a time-clock again she makes George Brent take her home at 9:30—but Saturday nights they don't miss a single late spot.

party. Whether he was or was not, one thing remains clear—Humphrey may have landed the punches, but Raft landed the part. Bogart is out of the picture, and the studio claims he was withdrawn because he was needed for another role!

CONSCRIPTION BLUES

Dat ol' debbil draft, blithely casting his shadow over romancers from coast to coast, isn't turning in his tracks when he gets to Hollywood. Director Garson Kanin will vouch for that. Gar's hankering for Katharine Hepburn is far from the realm of make-believe, yet he'll have to postpone his wooing of the red-topped Katie for a solid year. Gar goes into the infantry early in the summer, and unless Katie is the kind of gal who softens at the sight of a uniform, there'll be a twelve-month's stop signal on the Hepburn-Kanin courtship. Another pair to come face to face with the reality of conscription are Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden. They'd like to marry pronto (and are free to do so), but until Bill serves his term as Uncle Sam's soldier boy, they feel they can't make any plans for the future. Bill hasn't been drafted as we go to press, though he does expect the call to arms almost momentarily.

TO ANNIE WITH LOVE

Boy, oh boy, what a boy friend that George Brent is! Ann Sheridan had a birthday a few days ago, and on the night preceding the event, George handed her an exquisite lipstick crusted with amethysts. Since he expected to work the next day, he topped his gift with a kiss, bid his Annie "Happy Birthday" and departed. The following morning, Ann was wakened from a deep and blissful sleep by George's secretary, Rita. "Mr. Brent just phoned," said Rita. "He thinks he dropped his pipe in your garage. Will you see if it's there and call me back?" "Now?" asked Ann sleepily. "Yes, now," replied Rita. "It's his favorite, you know. He's anxious about it." Yawning widely, Ann hustled into a negligée and headed for the garage. Pushing back the heavy doors, she stood blinking into the blackness. Then suddenly she let out a cry. For completely wrapped in cellophane, standing silent, big and beautiful, was a brand new Cadillac coupé! "I thought I was still asleep," Ann confesses. "When I realized I wasn't, I felt like crying. I didn't though. I was afraid the servants would think I was disappointed!"

SON-NY DAYS

The last time he came to Hollywood, Oscar Levant hopped on the telephone and dialed his good friend and one-time teacher, pianist Arnold Schoenberg. Though 68 years old, Schoenberg is the proud papa of a three-year-old son. Oscar, himself a recent father, hoped to get together with his old pal and compare paternal notes. To his astonishment, Schoenberg gave him the cool, cool shoulder. "Call me some other time," he said frostily, "in a week maybe. Or two, or three." Oscar was hurt. Schoenberg had never acted that way before. He put the treatment down to old age and accompanying grumpiness and hung up the receiver. But the whole incident troubled him. A few days later he phoned Schoenberg again. And again he received the same vague, indefinite response. This was more than he could bear. "Arnold," he exploded, "you know me like a brother! What's the meaning of this?" The aged maestro was on the spot. "All right, Oscar," he stammered, "I'll tell you the truth. We had another son yesterday!"

SNAPPY COMEBACK

Ann Rutherford, now twoing with 20th Century-Fox's George Montgomery, will probably be surprised to hear that her handsome boy friend had as tough a time getting the breaks as did many a pie-faced actor. According to George, when he first came to Hollywood he got a heart-breaking runaround. After several months of disappointment, he went to his agent and asked for advice. "Get out of town," counseled the agent. "Lay low till they forget you. Then, some day, we'll bring you back under a new name." "Some day!" gasped George. "How long will that be?" "Oh, about two months," came the too-true reply.

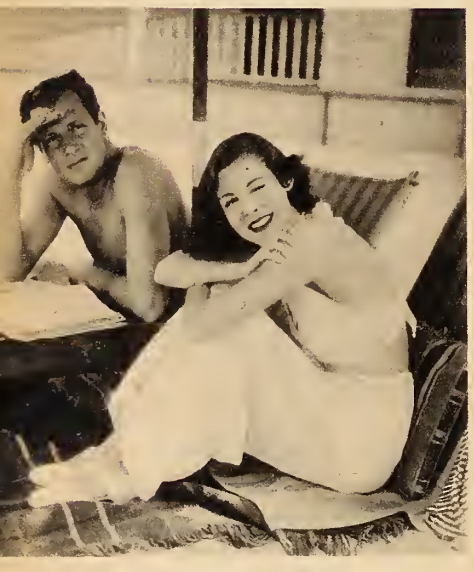
STEP SISTER

Remember, we told you a short while back that dance director Hermes Pan had nominated Betty Grable's figure as the most perfect in Hollywood? Well, now it's Betty's turn to slap back the compliment. Asked to name the best all-'round ballroom beau in town, Betty promptly panted, "Pan!" When it comes to picking the specialists, though, Betty has to run up a long line of movie heroes. Here are the names she'd fill in on her dance card for an evening with the experts: Viennese waltz, Charles Boyer; jive and swing, Mickey Rooney; rumba, Cesar Romero; fox trot, George Murphy; broken rhythm, Fred Astaire. For the tango, Betty selects George Raft. But we've a hunch George could fill Betty's order for anything from the polka to the Virginia reel. After all, wasn't she overheard telling him just the other evening, "I love you so?"

ARMY MANEUVERS

Fans of Jimmy Stewart, Hollywood's Number One Draftee, needn't worry about their favorite falling for a glamorous army hostess while he's in camp. Glamour isn't one of the things the army is selling. They proved it when private Everett Scott came to town to receive an airedale puppy intended to replace "Laddie," the famous dog who died of lonesomeness when Scott was drafted. Slews of screen sirens, including Dorothy Lamour, Hedy Lamarr and Paulette Goddard, offered to gift the young buck private with a substitute canine. It will never be known, however, whom Scott might have chosen as his patroness. His superior, a Major-General Joseph Stillwell, instructed him to pass up the offers of the glamour queens and accept his pup from very girlish, unsophisticated Deanna Durbin! Hoping, no doubt, he would set a sweet example for the rest of the army!

GOOD NEWS Continued



Papo" McCrea (thot's Mrs. McC's nome r him), Fron and their sons divide their me between their ronch and Malibu.



rs. John Gorfield's gone in for glomorous air-dos since her nose operation; col- cts wedding rings—weors 3 ot o clip.

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

It happens every now and then. An autograph hound turns up with such a rare item, he doesn't know whether to hide it in his back yard or turn it over to the Smithsonian Institute. Such an item is now in the hands of a freckle-faced kid who thrust his album into the hands of Frances Dee the other afternoon. Frances accepted the book graciously and, flipping rapidly through its pages, selected a nice, shiny sheet for her message. After a moment's thought she scrawled a few lines and returned the book to its owner. When Frances had gone, the youngster scanned the inscription eagerly. What he saw there made him blush to his hair-roots. For on the page following Joel McCrea's autograph and preceding Rita Hayworth's, Frances had written: "I'd better get in here between 'Papa' and Miss Hayworth —while there's still room!"

TENTH AVENOO FASHION PLATE

For the first time in his flicker career John Garfield is ashamed to be seen in costume. Prisoner's stripes, tramp clothes, seamen's togs—none have abashed the great Garfield. But the latest dish is more than he can swallow. For his part in "Gentle People" John must strut around in flashy duds complete with double-padded shoulders, high trousers and pinched in waistline à la Rochester. John, who's always prided himself on being a plain guy, is so miserable about looking like a "slicker," he's ready to bawl. And that's not the whole of it. Not only does he have to wear the darned things—he had to buy them, too! Studios, you know, rarely furnish players with modern-day wardrobes. So before he could report for work, John had to shell out his own hard-earned cash for an outfit he wouldn't ordinarily be caught dead in!

DIDJA KNOW

That those stories branding Ray Milland as a tight-fist about aid to Britain are aimed below the belt? Ray's contributions to British relief average $666 monthly . . . That although she's been mum about it, Hedy Lamarr has supported a radio show for a Hollywood orphanage for a full year . . . That Carole Landis is rounding her education by taking piano lessons . . . That Baby Sandy's two stand-ins are dubbed "A.M." and "P.M." because one works in the morning and the other in the afternoon . . . That Mexico City, famous for its gorgeous brunettes, picks red-tressed Ann Sheridan as its top favorite . . . That Charlie Chaplin is angling for permission to show "The Great Dictator" to Nazi soldiers confined in Canadian prison camps . . . That a local tailor insists actor-draftees are ordering buck private uniforms with padded shoulders . . . That Anne Shirley is sporting a black eye hung on her by a prankish two-year-old working in her newest picture . . . That Dean Jagger and John Qualen were in the same music class in high school. Qualen studied the flute, Jagger the tuba . . . That Humphrey Bogart christens everything he likes "Sluggy?" It's his pet name for his wife, and he just tagged his new boat the "Miss Sluggy" . . . That Robert Montgomery is saying he'll quit pictures when his current contract runs out because he wants to try his hand at Broadway, play-producing . . . That Carmen Miranda has a $200,000 insurance policy on her hands alone?

LOUISIANA PURCHASE

At a nearby studio John Carroll bumped into a clothes problem similar to Garfield's. But Carroll must know all the angles because his turned out much more happily. When the New Orleans oriole was assigned to his newest picture, the studio instructed him to appear on the set with a beautiful, streamlined assortment of "what-the-well-dressed-man-will-wear." John smiled sweetly, said he'd be happy to do as the studio requested —but he didn't own anything that nifty and couldn't buy it, either. Needing him for the part, the studio had no alternative but to send John to the swankiest tailor in town and order him the finest wardrobe money could buy. Since the clothes were built just to fit Carroll, they're of no value to the studio and, when the picture is completed, there'll be nothing to do but turn them over to Mr. C. himself!

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

It's been more than a year since newspaperman John Barry began editing Priscilla Lane's heartbeats. Yet in all that time, official Hollywood has never gotten a glimpse of Pat's beau. Contrary to suspicions, Pat hasn't been keeping Barry under cover because he's old or deformed or even plain repulsive. In fact the reverse is true of him. Barry is a charming and attractive young man as the town will soon discover. Pat always wanted to show him off but she's kept him out of public places because she feared she'd run into one-time hubby Oren Haglund. Unlike Alice Faye, who can smile brightly when she sees Tony Martin, or Joan Crawford, who always stops for a chat with Franchot Tone, Priscilla felt a reunion with her "ex" wouldn't be much fun. But she's safe now. Haglund's been drafted and, at long last, the coast is clear.

IS THERE A CARRIER PIGEON IN THE HOUSE?

Step right up, folks, and meet Red Skelton! He's the crack comedian currently threatening the august position occupied by Messrs. Bob Hope and Jack Benny. Like his distinguished competitors, Skelton tells his funniest stories on himself. Unlike them, however, Skelton occasionally tells a story that's true. For example, there's the one about telephones. Red confides he's so allergic to Mr. Bell's brain child, he hasn't lifted a receiver since 1936! Even today if he as much as hears a voice coming through an earpiece, he breaks out in a rash. As a consequence Red is so anti-telephone, he can't even get a phone message straight. "Like the time my manager called me up and said I was to do an engagement in St. Louis," he explains. "I got scrambled on the date and hit the town a week too soon. The theatre manager is still trying to figure out why there were six acts of vaudeville that week!"

TIME OUT FOR COMEDY

Clark Gable is photographer Clarence Bull's problem child. Clark hates sitting still for pictures, and worse than that he hates breaking into a "natural" grin whenever Bull gets a notion to click his shutter. Clark's mournful expressions have given Bull many a harrowing hour, but it looks as though his troubles are over for a while. Bull has fitted his camera with a string of odd-looking gad-

(*Continued on page 102*)



Dorothy Lamaur, glamorous Paramount star, protects her lovely nails with oily lubricants, then covers them up with clean, cotton gloves.

Brittle Nails

BY CAROL CARTER

If your nails split, break, peel or chip easily, don't blame your liquid polish. Bring those arid nails back to health and beauty by giving them a little well-planned extra care.

If you live in a steam-heated apartment, if you go in for sports, if you're run-down or on a reducing diet, or if a hundred and one other modern problems of living confront you daily, then you shouldn't be surprised if your nails split, break or become too brittle for comfort—to say nothing of beauty. What your nails need is a little special attention—more lubrication, nourishment and stimulation. Coddle them a bit and they'll respond by becoming as strong and flexible as ever.

Those nails you gaze at so regretfully are similar to your hair in composition and the way they grow. They're made of keratin, a highly resistant substance, and though they're connected with your body, they're only appendages, not actual living parts. Nails are produced, however, by living cells called the matrix, which lies beneath the base of your fingernails, and their health, while developing, depends on the condition of these formative cells. After nails reach the surface of the skin, they're on their own and depend on you for all their care and attention. If the way you live and your activities dry them out, it's up to you to replace the natural lubricants in order to keep them strong and flexible.

Since the nail-producing matrix is fed by the blood stream, the condition of your health affects the growth and texture of your nails. Have you ever noticed horizontal ridges on them? These indicate temporary retardation in their growth. If nails continue to split and break no matter how much care you give them, look into your health, and check your (*Continued on page 101*)

Put the finger on broken nails and show a perfect hand

Winning Hands . . .

Beautiful hands depend upon three conditions—cleanliness, protection and perfect grooming.

You'd think everyone would know how to wash her hands, but you'd be surprised how many girls fail to wet their hands before rubbing on soap, and then neglect to rinse off every trace of soap and soil before drying. Blot your hands free of every vestige of moisture and massage the cuticle and entire finger back toward the wrists as you dry. If you don't take that initial precaution, all the creams and lotions in the world can't counteract your carelessness.

You see, the skin on your hands differs from that on the rest of your body. On the palms there are no oil glands at all, but an extra number of sweat glands. The backs of your hands have fewer oils for natural protection than other parts of the skin and get extra hard usage besides.. That's why you must not only wash and dry hands carefully, but also protect them with a cream or lotion after every wetting, to replace lost moisture and supply needed lubrication.

As a further precaution against aging, unlovely hand skin, apply cream or lotion generously the last thing before retiring each night and always before going out into either sun or inclement weather. A dusting of talcum powder over the cream will give added weather insurance.

Massage increases the good effects of creams and lotions. Start at the fingertips and massage in a deep rotary motion down each finger and back over the wrists. Given daily with a good cream or lotion, this will help ward off wrinkles and rough, unsightly hand skin for years to come.

Besides massage there are many excellent exercises to keep hands supple and soft. Just the simple motion of twisting and wringing them while covered with cream or lotion will do wonders if repeated regularly.

Another good exercise is to clasp your hands together, press fingers downward hard against the hands, then relax. A third beautifying exercise is to hold hands upward, press fingertips together firmly and relax. Still another is to clasp hands together and twist the wrists back and forth, pulling the fingers



Rita Hayworth, beauteous star of Columbia and Warner Bros. pictures, shapes her nails to long, graceful ovals.



Rita recommends the daily use of a rich, oily cuticle cream to soften nails and prevent breaking, peeling and brittleness.



An orange stick wound in cotton is indispensable for removing old nail polish and for applying cuticle softeners.

HEARTS CAN BE TRUMPS—IF YOU KNOW HOW TO USE YOUR HANDS IN THE FASCINATING GAME OF GLAMOUR

BY CAROL CARTER

against one another. Repeat each of these ten times every day.

Open and close your hands, bending the fingers as far back as possible and try shaking them loosely, as if they were covered with water you want to dislodge. Continue this little exercise for two or three minutes. Take a piece of tough paper and try to wring it just as hard as you can, as if you were wringing out clothes, squeezing and twisting as hard as possible. Of course, if you do your own laundry and wring your clothes this way frequently, you've already done that little beauty stint, so skip the paper wringing.

Another grand little hand and finger limber-upper is to pull on a cord or old towel just as hard as you can with both hands, in opposite directions. Such exercises give not only grace but strength to hands and wrists and firmness to arm muscles, too.

If you want narrower fingertips, you can do pretty well if you're willing to constantly pull and press at your stubby digits. However, the shape of your hands is not nearly as important as (*Continued on page 68*)



A cream or lotion massage should follow every manicure and washing and be your last beauty rite at night.



Liquid polish gives nails a jeweled brilliance all their own.



Claudette, who's starring in "Skylark," despises diets and setting-up exercises. Keeps down to 112 pounds by skiing at Sun Valley. Has won tons of medals.

Secrets of the Boudoir

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT
as told to Gladys Hall

Any woman can give the illusion of beauty—and Claudette Colbert proves it!

The first secret that comes to my mind is the rather painful admission that I am a one hair-do woman. One coiffure the year round makes Jill a dull girl, but better a dull girl than a laughing stock. One of my worst fears is that I may sometime be the object of the suppressed titter. That's why I try to avoid extremes in hair-dos, make-ups, hats. They're apt to be plain funny!

If, like myself, you have large features, broad cheek-bones, a prominent nose, no rosebud for a month, large eyes and a large head, you are a one hair-do woman, too, whether you know it or not. The only time I ever change my hair-do is when I play character parts on the screen. Wearing a pompadour, I become the serious type and in the long bob, a siren. Off-screen I can't wear the long bob at all. Never do, for it makes me look too heavy. Besides, I think that with smart clothes the long bob is not very chic on anyone. I've a feeling that men don't like fantastic hair-dos on women, but maybe that's wishful thinking since I must serve a life sentence in bangs!



Claudette's dressing room is done in yellow and features this fabulous 20-drawered dressing table of her own design.

Some women I know have magnifying mirrors in their dressing rooms — illuminated by 100 watt bulbs. I wouldn't have one of those things around for anything. Why torture myself unnecessarily! After all, the human eye is not a magnifying mirror. Mine is a mirror made of pink glass—wonderfully flattering. I don't make up in front of it, use the ordinary mirror for that and face facts, but that last peek in the pink glass is a grand cocktail for the vanity.

Now that my boudoir is giving up its secrets, I may as well let you in on my most important one. It's this: Make yourself as comfortable as you can. When in the boudoir, try to feel as much as possible like a sleek cat upon a silken cushion before an open fire. Cats love their comfort, you know, and that's why they never seem to age. Lazy by nature, I loathe exercises, and only do them when they're fun. That's my motto and one of my secrets—only when a woman is having a good time is she really beautiful. I never have massages, either. They make me feel silly, like a French roll being kneaded, and to me anything that makes a woman look or feel ridiculous detracts from her charm. I always take a hot bath just before going to bed—a bath, not a shower. You have to stand up when you take a shower, and that's not my idea of creature comfort. I stay in the tub at least twenty minutes and do all of my thinking there; even read, occasionally. Whenever I can, I have breakfast in bed; read the papers in bed, do my telephoning in bed and sometimes even spend a whole day there. I look ten years younger when I get up.

Dressing in an attractive room is another important aid to beauty. Why do you suppose the studios provide us with luxurious dressing rooms, tastefully furnished with cushioned couches, soft rugs, drapes and what not. Because they love us and can't do enough for us? Don't be silly! It's because they want us to look our best and know that a charming environment is most conducive to charming results. Not all of us can have luxurious boudoirs, but we can all have clean, neat ones. There's something fussy and frazzling about dressing in the midst of confusion, and it's bound to show. Dressing should be a quiet, orderly process; not a mad scramble, with pin-pricks of exasperation because the mascara brush is clotted, the eyebrow pencil blunt, the powder puff grimy, the lipstick removers not on the dressing (*Continued on page 86*)

IN THE MIDST OF FABULOUS HOLLYWOOD, YOUNG BILL HOLDEN PAINTS THE TOWN RED ON A FRUGAL $10 BILL!

LOVE ON A BUDGET



Bill and Brenda seldom wear formal clothes—just for premières and various "anniversaries." They're always broke, and Ciro's is a luxury. When they go, they get their money's worth—are the first to come, last to go. Wind up every evening at the Derby. Often double-date with Wayne Morris and Pat Stewart.

A FORMAL DATE'S A RARE OCCASION, AND BRENDA MARSHALL'S TICKLED PINK AT THE PROSPECT OF DRESSING UP!



Bill dotes on the shower in his self-furnished, $50-a-month parlor-bedroom-and-bath apartment. Showers in three minutes flat; always shaves afterwards, claiming that the hot water softens his skin and brings out whiskers.



Brenda creams her face before tubbing. Says it keeps her skin from drying. Yards of black net protect her elegant coiffure. (Bill likes it long, but she "ups" it for big nights.) Neither reads nor soaks in the tub. Just scrubs.



Has "5 o'clock shadow" before noon, he says. Can never get by on one shave a day. Has fun shaving all around his face leaving a mustache and goatee. Laughs his head off at them, then takes ages shaving them off.



He never has Brenda's flowers sent. Delivers them in person—white baby orchids for special occasions. Always sends her a telegram the day she begins a picture. Brenda thinks he's stunning in long bob and sideburns. This set's for "Texas."



Does her hair and puts on make-up before dressing, though she admits that's all wrong. Powders several times during an evening. Applies fresh lipstick once or twice (in privacy of the ladies' room), with her special lipstick brush.



She keeps her toilet water in refrigerator so it'll be cool and refreshing after hot tub. She has dozens of brands but sticks exclusively to French-made "Tabu." It isn't sold in U. S. A., so they drive across the Mexican border to get it.

Continued . . .



He con tie o bow tie without o mirror, but is only humon obout collor buttons. Is olwoys losing them under the bed. Brendo ond o $10-o-month bochelor service keep on eye on his wordrobe which he ignores. She just mode him buy 2 suits.



Bill's folling for the "I'm oll reody" line, which Brendo's evolved to hustle him. He tokes on hour to dress, she tokes only ¾. They tiff frequently, but never for long. Coll eoch other Ardis (her reol nome), ond Bill or Beedle (his reol one).



She's o pushover for good monners and immoculote grooming. Is trying to spruce Bill up—finolly has him wearing well-cut sports clothes. He tought her riding ond skeet-shooting. Thinks she looks heavenly in sweoters ond o riding habit.



Part of the routine is phoning to check on Bill's progress. She's sentimentol obout the silver sondol neckloce; soys everything Bill gives her is o good-luck chorm. Between weekly monicures, she touches up her noils herself.



Bill's a Fred Astaire in his own boudoir, a dud on the dance floor. "He just walks when he dances," complains Brenda. His fabulous record collection is the result of their many evenings' browsing in the local music shops.



Bill lives for the day he can afford a valet. He does all his own work—washes dishes, makes bed. Won't buy even an ash tray without consulting Brenda. She comes over weekly to vacuum rugs; a man comes twice monthly to wash windows.



Evening's plans are generally indefinite and very informal. Brenda just has a few evening gowns, mostly white ones, 'cause Bill likes 'em with her olive skin. In turn, he wears blue and white shirts to please her.



The weekly allowance doled out by their business managers doesn't provide much cash for dining out. Besides, Brenda knows how slow niteries are on service, so she wards off hunger pangs by some icebox-raiding before she goes out.

FOR FREEDOM AND FUN

By Elizabeth Willguss

ABOUT $6



A

ABOUT $7



B

C

D



E

Each piece $3.71

ABOUT $6



F

ABOUT $6



G

ABOUT $7



H



I

GET INTO ONE OF THE NEW FULL SKIRTS— PLEATED OR GATHERED OR FLARED—AND YOU'LL BE IN SWING WITH SUMMER, 1941!

ABOUT $6



J

A. Cool beige spun-lin suit with checked gingham collar. Saks 34th, New York. Brown and white oxfords on walled last, by Velvet Step. **B.** Striped piqué in sky blue with scalloped white collar, and **C.** Bold royal blue bands on white piqué. Both, Roberts, Ohio. **D.** Seersucker suit in gay plaid with crisp white collar, Himelhochs, Detroit. **E.** A set of match-your-own cottons from California, the new long sleeved plaid shirt, full skirt with narrow plaid bands and shorts. R. H. Macy, 4th floor. **F.** Big coin dots and solid blue hem and yoke distinguish another piqué. I. Magnin, California. Classic spectator pumps, a Velvet Step shoe. **G.** Full printed skirt, plain top and soft girdle. Jr. Assembly Shop, Franklin Simon. An all-white Velvet Step shoe in elasticized crushed kid. **H.** Cruise-air, a Dupont rayon, makes this a cool suit for commuters. Franklin Simon. **I.** More polka dots, in a brown and white Carol Crawford dress, also of Cruise-air. D. H. Holmes, Ltd., New Orleans. **J.** A little-girl dress in China blue and white print. Jr. Assembly Shop, Franklin Simon. Smart brown and white oxfords with novelty trimming. Velvet Step shoes by Peters.

Notice the new "Inside-out" stockings worn by the model—actually knit that way, so the desired smooth, dull surface is on the outside. They don't snag easily, they look extra sheer and wear much longer.

and

$16.95



A cape's the thing this spring and especially if it is checked. At The Fair, Chicago, and Kresge's, Newark.

9.95



If you prefer a coat for casual wear, have a brown check. Palais Royal, Wash., D. C.; Steinbach-Kresge, Asbury Park.



Always keep a pliofilm accordion Raintopper handy to save your hat from a rainy day.

"THESE 3 WOMEN have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"—*says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer*

HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.



MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figurine. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.



MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.

Give YOUR skin THEIR Beauty Care



A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for daytime cleansings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A rousing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after *1 full minute*. You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has *taken off* countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.



See how YOUR skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.



SEND TODAY FOR NEW BEAUTY RITUAL KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVF, Clinton, Conn

I want to follow the same beautifying skin care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed 10¢ (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit, containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name_____

Address_____ (Offer good in U. S. only)



If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET at your favorite department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get neet today

WINNING HANDS

(*Continued from page 57*)

their grace and well-groomed appearance.

And don't think that just because the weather's warm, you can neglect your daily ritual with creams and lotions. Sun, wind and water are no respecters of seasons, and they get in their destructive work in summer just as well as winter.

Don't tell us that you haven't time or can't afford to care for your hands, either. There are always a few odd moments that can be devoted to such important self-improvement. And with the inexpensive sizes of good hand and nail preparations everywhere available in chain and variety stores, expense should no longer be any excuse.

And don't feel sorry for yourself if you have a lot of work to do, either at home or in business. Busy, capable, well-trained hands are more beautiful than lazy, idle ones any old day.

Good grooming for hands means more than anything else a perfect manicure. And there are so many advantages to doing ones own at home that it's no wonder nearly every girl now has her own kit of manicuring equipment. For one thing, you can squeeze that home manicure in at odd moments, and you can have a perfectly heavenly time trying all those luscious new shades of liquid nail polish. Besides, you'll then have all the gadgets and shades of polish necessary for a good retouch job as often as you need one.

Begin by washing your hands thoroughly and removing every vestige of old nail polish. (Use a cotton-wound orange stick dipped in polish remover to persuade it out of difficult corners.) Shape your nails to a medium rounded oval with a fine-grained file or an emery board. (Files are grand if your nails are strong and healthy. If they're brittle or thin, do most of your shaping with an emery.)

NOW soak the nail tips in warm sudsy water for ten or fifteen minutes. Apply a cuticle softener to the base and sides and press cuticle back with a clean orange stick. Rough, shaggy cuticle edges should be removed without cutting, whenever possible. A safe, effective preparation is especially made for this purpose. (The better you train back cuticle with fingers or towel after every washing and every time you apply cream or lotion —the smoother and thinner your cuticle will be.)

Next rinse hands thoroughly and apply white pencil under your nail tips. This accents their outline. Be sure that all oil and soap are off nails and that they are thoroughly dry before you attempt to apply polish. A buffing at this point is excellent to stimulate, smooth and strengthen nails. Buff them in one direction only. This repeated once or twice a week will considerably improve roughness and ridges.

A colorless foundation polish or undercoat will do a great deal to protect nails and help polish go on more smoothly and last longer. After your liquid foundation has thoroughly dried—and not before—stroke on the shade of polish most suitable for the kind of clothes you wear and the way you spend your time.

Fairly light or soft burnished shades are certainly always safe for sports or business wear. Bright, exotic colors are dramatic with black, white or navy, and brilliant "red reds" will be worn a lot this year with all kinds of clothes. Do try always to match or harmonize your polish with both rouge and lipstick and tone the shades of all to harmonize with the colors in your costume as well as with the basic undertones of your natural skin coloring.

TOP off your manicure with a bit of cream or oil rubbed into nails and cuticle and a fresh fragrant scented lotion or hand cream massaged well into hands from finger tips to wrists.

Some girls have asked us about the effects of constantly using liquid nail polishes. Far from being harmful, liquid polishes actually do a real service in beautifying and protecting nails from splitting, ridging and scaling. If yours are properly cared for with oils, creams and lotions, as we recommended in the beginning, you should have no difficulty whatsoever. If your nails are thin or brittle, look to your diet and check up on your physical condition before you blame your polish.

Hangnails are often caused by constant snipping of cuticle, improper washing of hands or the use of a rough or worn out hand brush. If you'll keep cuticle soft with oils and creams, pushing it back with every drying, and use mild soaps and brushes that are in good condition, you should have little trouble.

If your palms perspire too freely, the source is likely nervousness, exhaustion or some other general physical condition. Alcohol or toilet water or a sprinkling of refreshing talcum powder will relieve this temporarily. For permanent results, though, check up on your rest, diet and mental habits. Control your nerves and don't be a worrier, if you'd have dry, comfortable palms.

One of the best cures for nail biting we know is to give yourself such gorgeous flawless manicures at all times that you just couldn't think of ruining them by the childish habit of nail nibbling. Poise and self-control are the first essentials of any kind of charm or attractiveness. Can you imagine girls like Rita Hayworth, Madeleine Carroll or Hedy Lamarr chewing their cuticle? Neither can we. Take a lesson from the stars and give a hand to beauty every day. Cleanliness, protection and grooming are your watchwords.

The taals for o manicure ore simple and inexpensive. Here's whot you'll need: a little bowl, o coke of easy lothering soop, o small firm-bristled brush, o noil file, emery boord, oronge stick, a bit of catton, cuticle softener ond remover, polish remover, noil white, cuticle oil, palish faundotion or noil protector and a few af your favorite shodes of palish (far different manicures). Add to these a bottle of lotian or a tube or jor of frogront hond creom, ond you'll be all set for manths af perfect monicures. A poir of cuticle scissors, o buffer ond o bit of powdered pumice ore good, but not always necessory. It wan't be omiss ta add ta your kit a few of thase handy little crescent-shaped potches for mending braken nails (yau put one on ond palish right over it—slick as onything.) A set or two of those ortful artificiol nails are onother boon for either on emergency when some of your noturol nails ore broken, or just for the fun of o little variety. Every one of these articles can be hod far a few pennies at your locol chain or voriety store.

Treat yourself to

Lollipop and Butterscotch

New Nail Shades by CUTEX

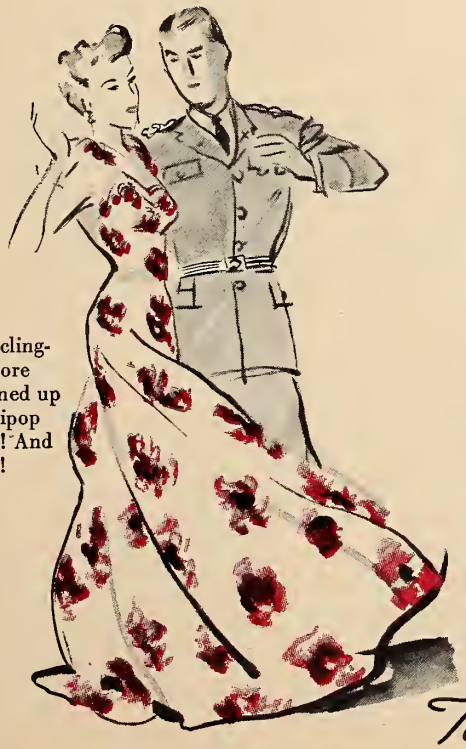




• Luscious Lollipop, looking for all the world like iced claret cup! Slither it onto those fun-faring fingertips and watch the lads "come about"!



• Like a tingling splash of salt spray is the new Cutex Butterscotch—it has such dash and gleam and gorgeous stimulation. Stunning with suntan!



• Frothy frills or clinging crepes *do* more for you, sweetened up with Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch! And does *HE* love it!

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its *burnt-sugar* cast is positively delectable!

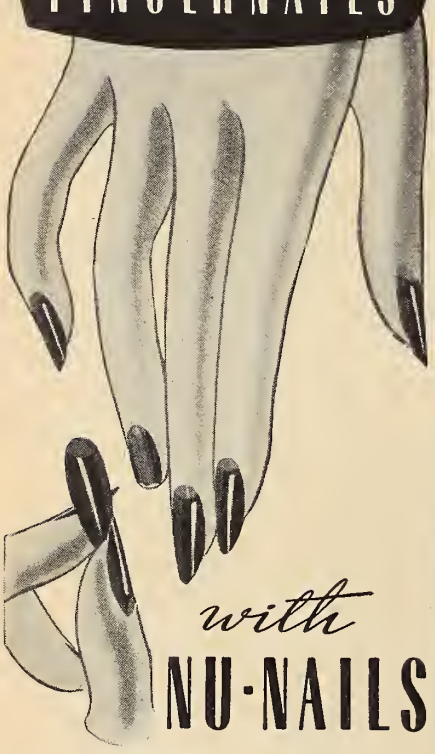
Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, Clover, Cameo. And all nearly ***twice as porous*** as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don't grow longer and more beautiful this summer! Cutex is only 10¢ in U. S. A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London



Tops for Flair and Wear

Help yourself to
BEAUTIFUL
FINGERNAILS



with
NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails



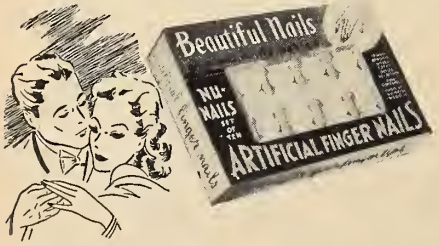
"My hands must always look lovely. So when my nails are short or broken, I use artificial Nu-Nails to lend that long, tapering look."
Gloria DeHaven Popular Model

WHY be ashamed because your fingernails are short and broken? At a moment's notice, you can have long, lovely nails that everyone admires.

It's easy to cover unsightly nails with NU-NAILS—the artificial fingernails that bring new beauty to hands! Incredibly natural looking, they even have half-moons! Worn any length and polished with your favorite enamel, they cannot be detected.

NU-NAILS protect fragile nails while they grow strong again. They remain firm, even in soap and water. Removed at will. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Be sure to get a set soon!

NU-NAILS. 462 N. PARKSIDE, DEPT. 15-F, CHICAGO



Set of 10 with Adhesive 20¢ at all ten-cent stores



PHILIP DORN
Born Frits Van Dongen, Scheveningen, Holland, Sept. 30, 1905. Honorary member of the Dutch Queen's Guard. First ambition was to go to sea but final and foremost yen was for the theatre. Studied at The Hague and performed all over Europe and in the colonies. Wed native Hollander seven years ago and brought her to this country where they live in a modest Hollywood apartment. Spends five nights a week at the movies and five hours every free day with a speech coach perfecting his pronunciation and mannerisms. Likes dogs, preferring mongrels.

•



MELVYN DOUGLAS
Born Melvyn E. Hesselberg, Macon, Georgia, Apr. 5, 1901. Sophisticate who loves ice cream sodas. Thinks he'd like to live in China, but admits it's a romantic dream. No good at small talk. Reads "Esquire" on the sly. Brings up his children "the modern way." Spends hours puttering around with his books. Hates interviews and having his picture taken. Loves rummy and opera.

•



ELLEN DREW
Born Terry Ray, Kansas City, Missouri, November 23, 1915. Was working for $10 a week in a 5-and-10 when she won a beauty contest. Immediately left for Hollywood, but instead of a screen contract, landed a job in a soda shop as a waitress. Was serving a "black and white" to agent Bill Demarest, when he discovered her for Paramount. She loathes cooking, but loves to eat. Is adventurous and superstitious, probably because of her Irish blood.

•



IRENE DUNNE
Born Irene Dunn, Louisville, Ky., July 14, 1904. Won first prize at a county fair for her doughnuts . . . hates women in men's togs, swore she'd never appear in slacks . . . terrified of demon driving . . . adores lobster, but it makes her faint . . . plays slambang golf . . . hates hard likker . . . goes on lemon pie binges . . . favorite sport, reading in bed.

•

DEANNA DURBIN
Born Edna Mae Durbin, Winnipeg, Canada, Dec. 4, 1922. America's Adolescent . . . chews licorice sticks . . . read "Gone With The Wind" from cover to cover—twice . . . desperately dumb in mathematics . . . hoards match covers . . . loves spaghetti and cake . . . despises vegetables . . . still thrilled by high heels . . . always refused to sing hotcha numbers . . . on the trail of opera . . . and awfully serious about it.

BUDDY EBSEN
Born Christian Ebsen, April 2, 1904, in Orlando, Florida. Once a soda jerker in Pennsylvania Station, now loathes ice cream. Loves croquet, fried chicken, watermelon, sailing, polo. He married Walter Winchell's "Girl Friday". Stopped dancing when he was 13, because it was too "sissified"—but he couldn't give it up for long!

•

NELSON EDDY
Born Nelson Eddy, June 29, 1901. Was a boy soprano in his local choir, but hated singing lessons. Now is crazy about swing, especially Benny Goodman. Collects Chinese porcelain horses . . . is terrifically nervous . . . gets horribly seasick . . . wears huge tortoise shell glasses while reading . . . never happier than when playing a guitar or riding a horse. Has a 17-year-old stepson.

•

STUART ERWIN
Born Stuart Erwin, Squaw Valley, Calif., Feb. 14, 1902. A comic valentine. Infuriates wife with his hobbies; concocts model airplanes, raises carrier pigeons, duck hunts, writes unsuccessful plays, raises successful dogs. Says people drink too much. Once dreamed he played role of Einstein. Threatens to become a deep-sea diver—when he's angry.

•

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
Born Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., New York, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1909. Tossed around by parents' divorce and became international commuter at 6 mos. Studied art and writing in Paris. Inherited the Fairbanks daring and defied Doug, Sr., by appearing in a movie lead at 14. A terrific flop left him undaunted and he went into show business in earnest. Married and a papa.

•

FRANCES FARMER
Born Frances Farmer, Seattle, Wash., Sept. 19, 1914. Laughs more readily than she smiles . . . would give up Hollywood for New York any day . . . sick and tired of being told to reduce . . . as fashionable as Bonwit Teller . . . casual and direct when she talks to you . . . biggest and best adventure: tour abroad as a newspaper subscription contest prize-winner!

•

ALICE FAYE
Born Alice Leppert, New York City, May 5, 1915. Constantly slipping away to have her fortune told . . . but swears she's not superstitious . . . untidy . . . hurls her clothes on the floor at night . . . loathes all exercise except bowling . . . loves steak and ice cream cones . . . is Hollywood's "no temperament" girl . . . very proud of it.

(Continued on page 72)

She's Famous—Adored—
she has a Beauty Tip for YOU



TRY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. Give your skin, right in your own home, the gentle care that protects Hollywood's million-dollar complexions. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—leaves skin smooth and soft. You'll find these facials a wonderful beauty aid—a great help in keeping skin lovely.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



TAKE THIS silent marriage vow—that you'll *always* Be Yourself, Be Natural. When you make-up, wear Tangee NATURAL ... the lipstick that enhances your *own* individual lip beauty.

As you apply Tangee NATURAL ... see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee NATURAL helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.



TANGEE Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist.,
417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ [Please Print]
Street _____
City _____ State _____ MM61

SCREEN ALMANAC (*Continued from page 70*)









EDITH FELLOWS
Born Edith Marilyn Fellows, Boston, Mass., May 20, 1926 into distinguished family of artists. Started singing and dancing when she was knee-high to a grasshopper. Fond grandma took her to Hollywood to wow the movie-makers when she was 3. Instead she played bit parts for years and years. Paints, writes, plays piano, sings in Italian, French and Spanish. Ambitious to be opera star.

•

BETTY FIELD
Born Elizabeth Field, Boston, Mass., Feb. 8, 1918. Bound-determined to be actress from fourth grade on . . . realized ambition at 14 . . . still gets stage fright . . . eats whatever she likes with no figure "results" . . . loves English sports clothes . . . hobbies are horseback riding and beaux . . . modest . . . self-sufficient . . . authority on breeds of dogs.

•

VIRGINIA FIELD
Born Margaret Cynthia Field, London, Eng., Nov. 4, 1917. Fell in love with Viennese prince whose family prevented their marriage . . . enraged her ultra-respectable family by going on stage . . . plumper than average star (5' 5", 125 pounds) and hates American ideal of slenderness . . . wants to produce her own pictures, collect paintings and return to Vienna some day.

•

W. C. FIELDS
Born Claude William Dunkenfield, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 10, 1879. Ran away from home at 11 and was consecutively a hobo, juggler, vaudevillian, pantomimer, comic chatterer, stage and screen star . . . cop hater because he was bakery snatcher . . . everybody loves him . . . writes scripts, stripped to shorts and socks . . . weakness for sleeping late.

•

GERALDINE FITZGERALD
Born Geraldine Fitzgerald, Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 18, 1914. Gave up art course in convent for footlights of London. Divides time between Hollywood and Dublin (even then she gets homesick) and career and husband and son. Hires chauffeurette because she's afraid to drive. Accompanies herself on piano. Collects ship models galore.

•

ERROL FLYNN
Born Errol Flynn, Antrim, Eire, June 20, 1909. Marco Polo gone wacky . . . big time adventurer . . . wants to be a bartender . . . is a connoisseur of fine wines . . . loves food . . . can cook, and does . . . plays bang-up poker . . . a whiz at card tricks . . . wears good-luck chain around his neck . . . desperately frightened of dentists and spiders.

HENRY FONDA
Born Henry Fonda, Grand Island, Neb., May 16, 1905. Hates make-up and glamour roles—would prefer to slouch around and be called Hank. Forever taking candids . . . loses from 5 to 15 pounds a picture . . . sculpts, paints and burns with desire to write . . . eats everything but apples (and they make him sick) . . . quiet spoken and earnest . . . makes airplane models . . . adores cold showers but hates to turn water on!

•

JOAN FONTAINE
Born Joan de Havilland, Tokyo, Japan, Oct. 22, 1917. Pronounced a genius at age of 3 by Stanford University intelligence test . . . fascinated with art and history and wants to write a book about it . . . British subject who's never been in England; was educated in Japan and U. S. . . . rabid motion picture fan, especially of Katie Hepburn's . . . wed to Brian Aherne.

•

DICK FORAN
Born John Nicholas Foran, Flemington, N. J., June 18, 1910. Played leads in Mercersburg and Princeton theatricals; cruised on freighters; special investigator of Penn. R. R. Radio singing got him a job in Hollywood. Plays violin, guitar and accordion. Enjoys travel. Collects guns and fishing tackle. Owns Smoke, the horse he rides in Westerns. Reads adventure books.

•

GLENN FORD
Born Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford, Montreal, Can., May 1, 1916. Earliest ambition was to be fireman or policeman, but turned out to be everything but—chauffeur, announcer, paint vendor, bus driver, photographer's model, roof mender, wheelbarrow pusher, actor. Never took a vacation—if he did he'd spend it going to shows. Drinks tea every afternoon. Wants to marry a "home" girl who can cook steak and cheese cake. Hates night clubs and spends most of his time outdoors. Averages 8 hours sleep which may account for his perpetual ability to smile widely at everyone.

•

PRESTON FOSTER
Born Preston Foster, Ocean City, N. J., Oct. 24, 1902. Man with a yen to sing whose first job was that of a deaf and dumb Chinaman in a stage play. Ex-newspaperman and one-time operatic singer. Nowadays he's the host to Sunday "Open House" that's a Hollywood habit and one of the most popular actors in studio from crew on up. He's a papa by adoption. Bugs about yachting.

(*Continued on page 74*)



... and take the Jantzen Mainliner

to the beach...to glamour...to a wonderful summer!

You can't beat this thrilling new Jantzen...the line is so smooth... the fabric is lush Water-Velva interknit with "Lastex" yarn, to take off your bumps...the wonderful Jantzen anatomists are at the controls and that means actual foundation fit and a delightfully elevating Beauty-lift Bra...the colors are South Sea-ish and therefore romantic and the neckline is very new and very exciting—6.95. Others 4.95 to 10.95.

At leading stores...or write for illustrated style folder
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND ORE.; VANCOUVER, CANADA

Jantzen











KAY FRANCIS
Born Katherine Gibbs, Oklahoma City, Okla., Jan. 13, 1905. First stab at dramatics was playing leading masculine role in her own play in school . . . social secretary to several society people . . . likes to travel by plane and sail, hates interviews and photographs . . . can't scream or say "r" to save her life . . . owns pets galore—two dogs, two cats, goldfish, frogs, a parrot, rabbit and canary . . . hates being dubbed the "most" or "best" of anything . . . favorite role: in "Elmer the Great."

•

CLARK GABLE
Born William Clark Gable, Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. He is a great poultry fancier, collects guns, and never has fewer than fifty hats. Wore a derby at the age of 16. Smokes ten-cent tobacco. Is constantly wiggling his eyebrows. Adores police broadcasts. Carole calls him Pappy or Moose, and had a bar put near the bathtub for him.

•

GRETA GARBO
Born Margaret Gustafson, September 18, 1906, Stockholm, Sweden. Wears no make-up, except fabulous, false eyelashes. Loves hot jazz and newsreels, hates flashy clothes and jewelry. When she is happy, she whistles, and when Hauser isn't looking, gorges herself on ice cream cones. Never went to a dentist in her life. She is a whiz on skates, and plays a smashing game of tennis.

•

JOHN GARFIELD
Born Jules Garfinkle, March 4, 1912, on the lower East Side of Manhattan. He is a great idealist, preferring to do pictures with social significance. Is a chronic gum-cracker and tooth brusher . . . loves pumpernickel . . . is an accomplished musician . . . talks the way his idol, Clifford Odets, writes . . . flys, but is frightened to death every time.

•

WILLIAM GARGAN
Born William Gargan, Jr., July 17, 1905, Brooklyn, New York. Has been a soda-jerker, bookie, street-car conductor, and also dabbled in writing in his spare time. Great Howard fan, and has a son named Leslie Howard Gargan. Has flaming red hair, and has to curb his appetite for spaghetti to keep his figure. World's best sense of humor!

•

JUDY GARLAND
Born Frances Gumm, Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 10, 1923. Used to own a flower shop, but is allergic to roses. Hates crowds, cats, high-heeled shoes, is petrified of thunder storms and earthquakes, loathes onions and raisins. Loves ice-cream and has a soda fountain in her play room. Has a Pekinese named "Phooey." Most of her clothes are green. Has a terrific crush on "Lil Abner." Never took a singing lesson.

GREER GARSON
Born Greer Garson, September 20, 1914, County Down, Ireland. Can't add to save her soul. Hates small talk, but loves intelligent conversation. Has Florentine red hair and green eyes, is highly nervous and not too strong physically, but has an iron will that keeps her going. Loves walking, yellow roses, chocolate cake, strong black tea and poodles. Terrified of telegrams and cats.

•

PAULETTE GODDARD
Born Pauline Levy, June 3, 1911, Great Neck, Long Island. Loves designing jewelry and clothes. Used to be a platinum blonde. Rides a motor skooter around the lot, and enters every golf tournament. Will travel miles to see a bit of snow. Hollywood's most beautiful figure. Thinks nothing of staying up half the night at one of the local gay spots, then exercising strenuously all day. Is continually chewing on celery and biting nails.

•

BETTY GRABLE
Born Betty Grable, St. Louis, Missouri, December 18, 1916. Adores onions, garlic, and pepper—collects sweaters and perfume . . . loves to walk barefoot . . . is a great Dodgers' fan . . . is an expert at ping-pong and ice-skating . . . allergic to orchids . . . loathes football. Thrives on keeping busy, loses pounds if she has to sit still for long. Her favorite relaxation? Jitterbugging!

•

CARY GRANT
Born Archibald Leach, Bristol, England, January 18, 1909. No smoothie off-screen. Plays with electric trains and does incredible acrobatic stunts. Bribes servants to listen to him play the piano! Invariably gets stagefright, smokes two packs of cigarettes a day, is a dream in shorts . . . breakfasts on tripe and onions, won't look at coffee, loves gay night-life. Walks upstairs four steps at a time.

•

JON HALL
Born Charles Hall Locher, Fresno, California, February 26, 1913. Was raised in Tahiti, and his mother is one-fourth Tahitian. Is a cousin of James Hall, writer of "Hurricane." Applied for a job as technical expert on the production of that picture, thinking himself qualified because of his background. He didn't get that job, but instead landed the leading part in the film. He has a gorgeous physique, loves dancing, olives, pretzels, and torch songs à la Frances Langford.

(*Continued on page 76*)

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT

(*Continued from page 35*)

The Subject entered the theatre at 2:15 P.M., going in alone, and Operatives kept her under surveillance by keeping the front of the theatre under observation.

At 4.38 P.M., Operatives noticed Miss Sheridan leave the theatre. She walked slowly along Ventura Boulevard, stopping to look in several shop windows.

At 4.55 P.M., she entered a drugstore and made a call from a public telephone booth, which lasted about ten minutes. She came out of the booth, waited for about three minutes then re-entered the booth and made another call which lasted until 5.15 P.M.

Upon leaving the drugstore, Miss Sheridan walked to Miller's Music Shop on Ventura Boulevard, entered the same, and Operatives noticed that she selected an album of Deanna Durbin's music. She took the album to a soundproof room and played three records. She then left the room, made a purchase and returned home at 6.00 P.M., first taking her car to the garage. Due to the inclemency of the weather, Operatives were forced to abandon use of the camera for the balance of the investigation.

At 6.04 P.M., Operatives noticed a light in a room that seemed to be a bedroom, and the Subject appeared to be dressing. Then the lights went on all around the living room, and Operatives could see some activity around the house.

At 6.45 P.M., a red Dodge coupé drove up to the front of the house, and a man wearing a gray suit and dark hat entered, whom Operatives later identified as George Brent, the movie actor. Mr. Brent stayed in the house for about 20 minutes, at which time Miss Sheridan and Mr. Brent walked out to the Dodge coupé and drove away. Operatives followed the surveillant pair down Sunset Boulevard to Olvera Street in Los Angeles. There they left the car at 8.05 P.M. and entered the La Golondrina Café where they had dinner and a few dances.

At 10:45 P.M., Miss Sheridan and Mr. Brent left the La Golondrina Café and drove directly to Miss Sheridan's home where Mr. Brent entered with the Subject. Mr. Brent stayed for 14 minutes, then left. This was at 11.44 P. M.

Operatives noticed no activity in the house after this except a light in what seemed the bedroom, but the lights went out at 12.16 A.M.

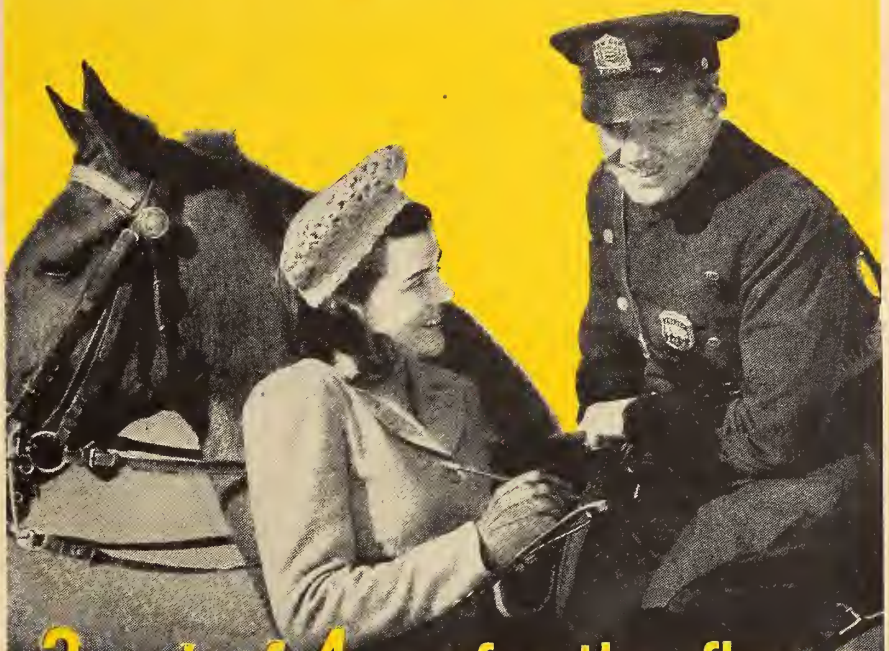
Operatives stayed until 1.00 A.M., and seeing no necessity for remaining, discontinued the case for the day, returning to the office of the Agency to submit this report.

Respectfully submitted,
Operative No. 174
Operative No. 110

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send todoy for the new, up-to-dote list of Hollywood stors with their correct studio oddresses. It is o convenient size to hondle or keep in o scrop-book. To receive o list, oll you hove to do is write to us ond osk for it, enclosing o lorge, self-oddressed ond stomped envelope. Don't forget thot lost item, os no request con be complied with otherwise. Pleose send request to Informotion Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Modison Ave., New York, N. Y.

POLICE REPORT!



3 out of 4 prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

203 OUT OF 269 POLICE PREFER THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT FLAVOR OF BEECH-NUT GUM

The extra goodness of delicious Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum has been tested by an independent fact-finding organization.

(Here's the way it was done):

269 policemen in 15 different cities were questioned. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed.

Each policeman was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified), and asked to report which stick he preferred. *Result:* 203 out of 269 (3 out of 4) preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of other brands.

Try the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut today. You'll enjoy its delicious long-lasting peppermint flavor.





"I got 6 Pairs of gorgeous hose with what I saved on Clopay Window Shades"

● "Poor me! Not a decent pair of hose to my name!—and our window shades looked so shabby! But I couldn't afford new shades and new hose at the same time!

"Then my lucky star led me past the CLOPAY counter at the 5c and 10c store! What a thrill!—Good-looking window shades from 10c* up. I could hardly tell the 15c* CLOPAY *Lintones* I got from the costly 'linen' kind! And for only 25c* each I got oil-finish CLOPAY washables I can wash like glass! And such a choice of swell colors!"

*Prices quoted are for 36" x 6' size, ready to attach to rollers; mounted on rollers, 10c to 15c extra.

You Too Can Save Amazingly by Seeing CLOPAYS at the "5 and 10"

Replace shades at all your windows with CLOPAYS—and save the money for that nice "extra" *you* want! You'll find them at leading 5c and 10c stores, most hardware, neighborhood and variety stores. FREE! Book of 49 color and pattern swatches; write CLOPAY, 1219 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MORE MONEY-SAVING NEWS . . . VENETIAN BLIND COST CUT IN HALF

Value miracle!—Venetian blinds of costliest type yet only $1.49 to $1.98! See CLOPAY Venetians, with washable paint finish, automatic tilt, cord lock, etc., at department, neighborhood, 5c to $1 stores. Write for sample slat, name of nearest store. Address above.



CLOPAY
All-American Values In
WINDOW SHADES and BLINDS

SCREEN ALMANAC (*Continued from page 74*)



STIRLING HAYDEN
Born Stirling Hayden, Montclair, N. J., 1917. A confirmed sailor since he first stepped aboard a ship. Traveled around the world several times and is a full-fledged shipmaster. Planned to start shipping service with ex-Kaiser's yacht but was wrecked off Cape Hatteras before getting into action. Never set foot on a stage before going to Hollywood after being spotted in a picture magazine by a movie mogul. Authority on Polynesian dress. Sleeps in a sarong. Neither smokes nor drinks. 6' 4" tall. Unwed.

●

LOUIS HAYWARD
Born Charles Louis Hayward, Johannesburg, South Africa, March 19, 1909. Most punctual man in Hollywood, usually wears three watches. Hates night clubs, red nail polish and onions. Is a tea addict, won't miss a single Mickey Mouse cartoon, loves Daiquiris, red roses and roller coasters. Collects classical records, but loves swing, too. Has a dog that sits up at bars and drinks milk. He can whip up a tasty meal in nothing flat.

●

SUSAN HAYWARD
Born Edythe Mariner, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1920. President of "Perfect Legs Institute of America." Trained to be an artist but turned out to be a N. Y. model. Hollywood beckoned and her first role was the lead in "Beau Geste." She loves to walk in the rain, gnaw on carrots and go barefoot. Has a temper, flaming red hair and bright blue eyes.

●

RITA HAYWORTH
Born Margarita Cansino, New York City, October 17, 1918. A member of the celebrated Cansino family of dancers, she made her début at the age of six. Is terrifically extravagant, spending between $12,000 and $15,000 a year on her clothes. Is the honorary mayor of 12 South American cities. Sleeps in a 12-foot satin upholstered bed. Always sucks lolly-pops unless she is chewing on wheat wafers. Owns a Doberman-Pinscher that lives in a doghouse with a sun-porch attached to the regular sleeping quarters.

●

SONJA HENIE
Born Sonja Henie, Oslo, Norway, April 8, 1912. Her father taught her to skate at the age of six. She is thrice winner of Olympic figure skating championship, ten times winner of World's championship. Thinks roller skating is too dangerous! Her skating tights, made of sheerest silk, can be worn only two or three times and cost $35. She has been decorated by the King of Norway and was recently rated as the fifth most important person in that entire country's history.



HUGH HERBERT
Born Hugh Herbert, Binghamton, New York, August 10, 1888. Contrary to popular opinion, he is Scotch Irish. His favorite exercise is sleeping, his hobbies are farming and drinking beer. Owns fifteen dogs, but can't stand the sight of a Mexican hairless. Can cook beautifully, his masterpieces being spaghetti and apple pie. Is a chronic laugher-at-his-own-jokes. He would rather ride in a bus than the most luxurious limousine. Sings loudly and quite badly every morning in the shower.

●

IRENE HERVEY
Born Irene Hervey, Los Angeles, California, July 11, 1910. Broke down the stubborn resistance of Ben Piazza of M-G-M's casting office by literally camping on his doorstep for weeks on end. He finally succumbed and got her a screen test, which resulted in a part in "Stranger's Return." She knows all her parts by heart. Greatest ambition is to do comedy. Can't sit still a second; rides, plays badminton, and swims in her spare time. Doesn't eat much at mealtime but is always nibbling on some tid-bit between times.

●

JOY HODGES
Born Frances Eloise Hodges, Des Moines, Iowa, January 29, 1916. Is a demon with a firing stick, being a member of two gun teams. Collects perfume bottles and bracelets. Can't resist shoes and never has less than forty-five pairs in her closet. Loves sweaters, tailored suits and sport dresses. Chinese food is her idea of ambrosia. Used to sing with an orchestra and claims she still "bellows a bit" in the shower.

●

FAY HOLDEN
Born Fay Hammerston, Birmingham, England, September 20, 1895. Was on stage for 32 years as Gaby Fay. Much younger looking in real life, she wears a wig to make her look older when she plays Ma Hardy. Hobby is gardening, but Mickey Rooney says she is the world's best cook, too. Nothing makes her prouder than to have some fan call Mick "her son." She loves scrambled eggs and sausages at all sorts of weird hours.

●

WILLIAM HOLDEN
Born William Beedle, O'Fallon, Illinois, April 17, 1918. His rise to fame reads like a scenario—from Pasadena Jr. College student to the title role in "Golden Boy" in one step. Was so excited when he started to work on the picture that he ran a temperature of 102° the first three days. Hates restaurants, loves roller coasters. Would do anything on a dare. Drives like a demon. Prefers brunettes. Would love to have a crew-cut. Is incredibly absent-minded.

DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES

A DREAM COME TRUE

(*Continued from page 47*)

open this one, she broke a fingernail. It contained records from Lewis Milestone, her director, "because you're such a good little girl." She takes equal delight in the reverse procedure. From December 1st on, no one's allowed to enter her workshop at home. There she hoards all her Christmas purchases and wrappings, keeps the door locked and spends happy hours wrapping up gifts.

It's no whim but an illuminating clue to her temperament that she dislikes loudness in any form. She can't endure the color orange and shrinks from violent noises. Her set is more subdued than most. At the blare of a playback her palms go over her ears. She refuses to argue. In any conflict of opinion she'll listen quietly and weigh viewpoints that oppose her own. Once her mind is made up, nobody can budge her.

SERENITY is her watchword, the keynote of her life. She lives in a white house, atop one of the highest Beverly hills. Here she feels it's her right to demand strict privacy. The grounds have been photographed, but no camera has ever penetrated beyond the front door. As movie homes go, it's an unpretentious place. Because it's so high up, she had to have a retaining wall built on the side away from the road. If you've had any experience with retaining walls, you know they're expensive. It's the one costly note in the whole ensemble.

As you enter you're laved in a sense of coolness and peace. The first thing you see and all you see at first is the soft, pervasive, monotone beige of the hall and living room. The furniture's modern but not bizarre. What you get is an effect of tailored order, of a place for everything and everything in its place.

Upstairs are two bedrooms and baths—one for Ginger, one for her mother. Ginger's blue and white room is furnished in fruitwood and, except for the bed with its white canopy and satin coverlet, looks like a sitting-room. The rug is deep blue. There's a chaise longue in one corner. A huge bay window, its seat covered in a homespun blue and white tweed, frames the hills by day and the fairyland view of the city by night. Two barrel chairs flank the open fireplace, with a round table on a handmade white rug between them. Except for the books on this table everything is sprucely laid away. There are French books among them, which Ginger reads with comparative ease and occasional help from a dictionary. Her secretary, Jacques Parsons—better known as Jackie—used to be a French teacher, and Ginger has taken lessons from her for three and a half years.

Against one wall stands a specially made cabinet, glass-shelved and doored, which holds her exquisite array of perfumes. This can hardly be called an extravagance, since the collection is made up of gifts. If her friends didn't keep her supplied, though, she might be tempted to supply herself. She's a perfume-lover. She had a herb-garden planted under her window and lies in bed at night sniffing its delectable odors.

Blue mirrors form the walls, ceiling and wardrobe doors of her dressing-room, and the windows are shaded by white-mirrored Venetian blinds. Here as elsewhere, the impression is of an almost ascetic neatness. There is no dressing-table litter. Except for the aforementioned photo of Brooke Hayward, the tabletop is bare. The center drawer holds

"Just because they're twins—she spoils them twice as much!"

The twin's grandmother learns there's a difference between "spoiling" and modern child care



1. My mother-in-law was off on her favorite subject again! "I'm not one to meddle," she was saying, "but *someone* ought to tell Joyce that if she doesn't stop kow-towing to these twins they'll be spoiled for life!"



2. "Now, mother," Dad Jones said, "you let the children bring up their babies in their own way." "Why, I wouldn't dream of interfering," my mother-in-law exclaimed. "But—my word! Special foods, special soap, special this and that . . ."



3. "And *even*," I interrupted, "a SPECIAL LAXATIVE! Pinkie's going to get some of it right now. I'm not spoiling the twins, Mother Jones, I love them too much for that. I'm bringing them up exactly as the doctor told me to!"



4. "The doctor says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies *need* things especially designed for them. So of course they need a special laxative, too. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "The doctor said I'd find Fletcher's Castoria thorough—yet always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. What's more . . . the twins are crazy about it. Watch this!"



6. Pinkie took her Fletcher's Castoria and licked the spoon! But Winkie howled 'cause he wasn't getting any! So Mother Jones grinned and said if *that* was the modern way, she'd see to it that *all* her grandchildren get Fletcher's Castoria from now on!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children



Nails like jewels!
Quick as a wink!
No waste!



Try this exciting new
SQUEEZE-A-MANICURE

Pledge



(Choose your enamel shade by the color on the cap)

● No more dipping and dabbing in bottles . . . no dried-up or thickened polish. Now gently *squeeze* a PLEDGE manicure out of a *tube*. It's so much easier! The tube itself is the brush. With one swift motion you paint each nail. Saves time, effort. *Cuts manicure* expense, too . . . no waste through evaporation. An exclusive new PLEDGE formula . . . extra-fine quality polish gives a bright, long-lasting manicure. Ask to see the new "Brite Red" and "Patrician" shades for Spring and Summer costumes. 13 other smart PLEDGE colors. In 20¢ tubes at leading variety chain store cosmetics counters.

4 PLEDGE TIME SAVERS

- *LIQUID NAIL ENAMEL* . . . Almost applies itself . . . from new brush-tube.
- *POLISH REMOVER* . . . Felt-tip tube speeds job . . . handy slit for "tipping" nails.
- *CUTICLE SOFTENER* . . . Flows from tube into small NYLON brush-tip.
- *NAIL CREAM* . . . Felt-tipped tube, cleverly shaped to massage the nails.

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a Lucite comb and brush and a lipstick—all she requires for street adornment. In fact she needs little more at night—the only difference between day and evening makeup being that she darkens her lashes. She uses neither nail polish nor powder, original in that she dislikes shiny nails and doesn't mind shiny noses. Because of the screen she keeps her freckles under cover most of the time by a tan acquired through swimming and sunbaths.

She splurges on bath luxuries which gleam, scented and inviting, from a little tray beside the tub. The bathroom fixtures include a hanger attached to the door for her pajamas, with a bar over which the pants can be folded.

SHE has a good but not fantastic wardrobe, and she wears her clothes out. Asked to contribute something she was through with to the Ann Lehr Guild, she replied: "When I'm through with them, they're ready for the ash-heap," and handed over, among other things, a lovely silk jersey sports dress, parting with it with a rueful pat as one parts with a friend.

Irene, the swank Hollywood designer who numbers Rosalind Russell, Carole Lombard and Mary Martin among her customers, makes most of Ginger's clothes. Within the last few years her taste has changed. From the frilly feminine she has veered to the simplest of simple lines. For color she sticks to blues and greens and hazy, smoky tones, avoiding the hard and brilliant. She loves brown and uses it for street wear as most women use black. Texture is all-important, with stiff, shiny fabrics out. She may fall hard for a color, but unless the material is soft and pleasant to the touch, she'll pass it up.

Her informal headgear is a beany. Otherwise she prefers large, off-the-face hats, the kind described by Vogue this season as "pure-brow." Except with pastel-toned dresses, she uses a special shade of hose—a kind of bronze, very sheer, like gun-metal—but brown instead of gray.

The only section of her wardrobe that looks like a movie star's is her shoe closet. Tier on tier of 5B's they rise, and she sighs as she looks at them—partly in delight, partly in self-reproach. She can't resist them. Lapel gadgets are the only form of costume jewelry she goes for, and she wears real jewels only on rare gala occasions. A diamond necklace graced her throat on the night of the Academy Award dinner, but rumor has it belonging to her mother. The much-publicized square emerald, said to have been given her by Howard Hughes, has never been seen in public.

Emily and Guno, married, compose the household staff. Guno takes care of the grounds, and drives either the large Packard or the Buick coupé. Emily runs the house, with Ginger planning the meals when she's alone, otherwise turning the job over to her mother. Her favorite sports are tennis and swimming, and she's good at both, having reached the semi-finals in a tennis tournament last year.

She can indulge in both at home. The pool and court stand apart from the house and on a slightly higher level. After her swim she climbs into sweater and slacks, or shirt and shorts, sticks a beany on her head and leaves her hair to curl at will. She doesn't need permanents. Ordinarily she wears her hair parted at side or center, brushed back from forehead and temples, bound with a ribbon and falling loose to her shoulders. It's been various colors at various times, but she's let it revert to its natural chestnut now, a chestnut less red than it used to be. Looking like a boy, she romps with Sharma, her Afghan hound and only animal, or mixes herself a chocolate soda. A pushover for ice-cream, she shares with Jane Withers the proud distinction of owning a private, fully-equipped soda fountain.

When the bathhouses were built opposite the pool, she had a workshop added for herself. There she draws, paints and models clay. She makes no fetish of her hobby but works as the mood takes her. If the place doesn't see her for a month she owes no one including herself an explanation.

She is self-taught. Once, taking it into her head to do a bust of her mother, she engaged an instructor to tell her what not to do. "Let me go my own way," said Ginger. "Only tell me if I handle the tools wrong."

On the evening of February 27th last, she slipped into the new gown Irene had designed for her to wear at the Academy Award dinner. It was of dove gray marquisette over a nude-colored angel skin slip. It had a peplum, a fitted bodice with inserts of black chantilly lace and a very full skirt. With it she wore a tiny Juliet cap of blue-gray flowers. Her mother clasped the diamond necklace round her throat and gave her a big kiss for good luck.

Shaking inside, she maintained an outward composure. There was a five-to-one chance that this evening would set the seal of triumph on years of endeavor. George Schaefer, head of RKO, had invited Ginger, Mrs. Rogers, David Hempstead, producer of "Kitty Foyle," and several others, to attend the dinner as his guests. President Roosevelt spoke. Many people spoke. The hours wore on. Award followed award.

Then Walter Wanger introduced Lynn Fontanne. Her "thank you" was happily brief, after which she read the names of the nominees for best actress—Bette Davis, Joan Fontaine, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Martha Scott.

"The winner of this award—" she said and paused—the auditor handed her a sealed envelope, which she opened—"is Ginger Rogers."

HEMPSTEAD, seated next to her, planted the first kiss of congratulation on her cheek, while bedlam broke loose. Ginger rose and walked toward Miss Fontanne almost as if she were afraid of stumbling. The older actress hugged the younger as she handed Oscar over.

"Thank you," croaked Ginger as if with four frogs in her throat and burst into tears. Through the click of cameras and a tangle of outthrust hands, she made her way slowly back to the table trying to mop her eyes between handshakes. Her first whispered words were for her mother: "I've never been so happy in my life."

Garson Kanin, director of "Tom, Dick and Harry," Ginger's current film, doesn't keep all his cute gags for pictures. When she came to work next day, she found Kanin and the crew drawn up at salute—the director in tails, the others in tuxes to do honor to the Academy Award winner.

If it was a gag, it was also a symbol. She'd started her career at fourteen by winning Charleston contests. She'd climbed to enviable heights as a dancing star and comedienne. Most girls would have been well content. But through all this she'd nursed one dream—the dream of recognition as a serious dramatic actress.

Well, it certainly looks as if little Virginia MacMath has made the grade!

VILLAIN BY ACCIDENT

(*Continued from page 33*)

and even a tremendous swimming pool.

"Barrymore didn't go back to the set that day. We talked our heads off all afternoon. And that night he took me to the opening of the Carthay Circle Theatre. My trunks hadn't shown up, and I had no dress suit. He said, 'I'll have the studio send one over.' And over one came. It was a perfect fit except that the trousers were up to here"—he hauls his present trousers up to the tops of his socks to illustrate. "But we went anyway. As we drove up to the theatre, the announcer called out, 'Mr. John Barrymore and the noted foreign actor, Conrad Veet'—which sounded a little like Conrad Feet. And I step out with my trousers up to here. People screamed with laughter. They whistled at me. I thought I was a ruined man.

"I was surprised when Barrymore still wanted me in his picture, 'The Beloved Rogue.' I played the part of Louis XI, a short, wizened man. A feat that I managed"—he smiles again—"by wearing a tremendous robe, which hid the fact that I was walking around in a squatting position.

"After that, I signed with Universal where I played a varied assortment of men without souls. The high spot was the title role of 'The Man Who Laughs,' in which I played a tortured human being made horrible by a permanent grimace. I think that might have led somewhere. But talkies came, and I couldn't speak English well. I went back home."

HE IS an English citizen now, and has been one for years, but his birth—over which he had no control—took place in Germany, where his father was a minor public official.

"My first ambition," he says, "was to be a doctor, and I held on to it for almost four years. When I was about 13 or 14, my father fell very ill. Our doctor said that only an operation could save him, and that there was only one man who could perform such an operation—a very famous surgeon. We had no money. But this great man consented to operate and did save my father's life. Afterward when we tried to pay him a few marks, he said that was enough and sent the money off to some charity. He was almost a god in my eyes. A tall, gruff man who hated pretense and worked miracles as a matter of course. I was fascinated by his hands—by the thought of the power they held over life and death. Knowing such a man, *I* wanted to be such a man."

He pauses for a moment. "Later, much later," he continues, "I tried to discover what connection there might be between a doctor and an actor; why I found it so easy to change my ambition. I'm not sure I have the explanation; it's very highbrow. It's that actors, too, have to know everything about human beings—to be able to operate on human emotions. It's a terrific experience to stand on a stage, and say things that dope audiences, night after night, as effectively as if you had doped them with pills." His blue eyes twinkle. "It's so fascinating that you can keep at it for a lifetime."

It all started with the effect that he produced, reciting a prologue to a school play. "I was in what you call high school, and the students every year put on a Christmas play for parents. I wasn't asked to appear in this particular play, but to deliver a long monologue before



Pale white lilies are wallflowers today!



FASHION SAYS:

"Sweet eyefuls this summer wear rosy-beige powders"

Newsy! Smart! EFFECTIVE! They DO things for you!

They're potent stuff—Pond's glamour-making rosy-beige powder shades! Give 'em half a chance and they'll re-style your looks *and* your love-life in one shake of your powder puff!

It's the "rosy" that turns the trick. *Livens* your skin. Blends with a warm-toned complexion—peps up a sallowish one. Sends you from your dressing table nursing the sweet suspicion you've suddenly become a dazzler. And you have! Your lengthening string of beaux will make *that* clear! Go rosy-beige with Pond's!

Pond's 3 lovely rosy-beiges

Rose Cream
frou-frou rosy-beige—
IT SWEETENS

Rose Brunette
vibrant rosy-beige—
IT BRIGHTENS

Dusk Rose
sun-struck rosy-beige
IT GLOWS



SEND FOR these 3 flatterers today!

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PF, Clinton, Conn.

I want to try the rosy-beige shades everyone is talking about—the shades that such society favorites as Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. St. George Duke are wearing. Please send me free samples of Pond's 3 Rosy-Beige Powder Shades right away!

Name_____

Address_____

Offer good in U. S. only



the curtain rose. That changed the entire course of my life. The play was a flop—but everybody said I was a big success. I was a great man around school for a few days. I had a taste of the satisfaction of doping an audience. Even though I had done it unconsciously.

"I made up my mind to study all the great actors I could. I had precious little money. That meant that I had to sit in the balcony and stand in line for two hours before a theatre opened to get even a good balcony seat. I saw these great actors, and it was the old story. I said to myself, 'They're very good, but I could do just as well if I had the chance.' You have that kind of self-confidence only when you're very young, when you don't know better.

"Finally I spoke to the porter at the Max Reinhardt Theatre, an old man who looked like Father Christmas. 'How can I become an actor?' I asked him. His answer was, 'Have you any talent?' I said, 'Lots of it. Where can I go for acting lessons?' He knew an old character actor who sometimes picked up a little extra money teaching. He said he would speak to him about me. One matinée, Father Christmas took me backstage to the old actor's dressing-room. The old man asked me to recite anything I might know. I reeled off passages from 'Faust' and 'Hamlet,' which I knew by heart. 'You have talent,' he said. 'I'll take you as a pupil.' Then came the big question: For how much? The price was more than I could pay. He said, 'That's all right. You can pay me later.' I was very lucky to find such a teacher. *Very* lucky.

"After about ten lessons he smuggled me into an audition before Max Reinhardt; it was an audition for actors who were already actors. I delivered the first 'Faust' monologue, and Reinhardt listened, smiling, but said nothing afterward. I thought he had been amused by my youth and my long Bohemian haircut. Then next day came word that I had a contract. Not as an actor but as a volunteer. That meant that I was hired as an extra—at just enough money to keep me from starving. And I had the right to go to the Reinhardt school, the best in the world, absolutely free. All of which was wonderful training. I constantly learned, constantly smelled the atmosphere of the theatre.

"That went on for two years. Then came the War. They said I was too thin, too emaciated to be a soldier. They said I could do my bit as an actor in one of the theatres behind the front lines. They sent me to Libau near the Russian border. That theatre was terrific training. Every day another play. One day it was 'Hamlet'; the next day, a comedy; the day after that, an operetta. And I was in all of them, including the operettas—even if I *couldn't* sing."

It wasn't until 1916 on leave from acting in Libau that he finally made his bow on the Berlin stage in, believe it or not, the role of a priest.

"I was never a villain on the stage. I always played strong, sympathetic types. In that play, I brought happiness to a condemned man in the last two minutes of his life.

"It's amusing," he adds, "to recall what one critic said on that occasion. His name was Siegfried Jacobson, and he was the George Jean Nathan of Berlin. If he tore into you, there was nothing left—but if he praised you, you were 'made.' We all waited in fear and trembling for his verdict. Out came the weekly which he wrote for, and his whole article was about a new actor named Conrad Veidt, whose strong characterization of the priest promised much for his future. He ended the article by saying, 'I pray he will never make a film in his life.'

"I shared Herr Jacobson's distaste for films. There was no art in them. They were low, low entertainment. That is"—he raises his eyebrows eloquently—"I thought so until the producers started coming around with offers. One of them asked me how much I made a month on the stage. In dollars it would have been about fifty. He offered to pay me that much a day to act on the screen. That's how the movies got me." He smiles frankly. "After I had signed the contract I wondered if I were selling my soul, like 'Faust.' I didn't know that I would find movies fascinating. Even if they did make a villain of me.

YOU see, after they had me under contract, they started wondering, 'Now how are we going to sell this strange-looking man?' I couldn't be a variety of things as on the stage. I had to be something special, something that could be trade-marked. They decided that, with my appearance, I should be something bizarre. A hero couldn't be bizarre. So, by the simple process of elimination, they arrived at the conclusion that I would have to be a villain. And to establish the fact firmly in the public mind that I *was* a villain, they tagged me 'The Man with the Wicked Eyes.'

"In my first picture I played a sinister Hindu fakir and discovered to my surprise that I had made a distinct impression. I mention this to show you how life travels in circles. In 'The Thief of Bagdad,' I played a sinister Hindu fakir again—and again discovered to my surprise that I had made an impression."

That first screen success led to a long string of successes which, he hopes, is prophetic now.

"Only I hope I can stay recognizably human this time," he says. "I couldn't when I first started. I was caught up and swept along on a tide of sombre futurism and cubism, which reached its high point of expression in 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari'—then faded into oblivion. I was lucky not to fade with it, lucky to be in demand still as a demonic actor."

Lucky—?

He smiles at the question. "Yes. There is a strange satisfaction purely from an acting standpoint in being able to play a demonic character convincingly. To make an unreal character real. It's the hardest kind of role to do, because it's the easiest kind to over-do."

A remark that should convince you, if nothing else has, that he is definitely a phenomenon. Most actors don't go around looking for the hardest work they can find. And that's why few actors can cast the spell that Conrad Veidt can. They haven't let themselves in for as much practice as he has.

But don't start thinking at this point that his only measure of a role is how demonic the character is. "A villain can be very phony," he says, "if he's villainous just for the pleasure of being villainous. If he isn't compelled to villainy by something beyond his control—some illness, mental or physical; some abnormality; some supernatural force. I always try to find an excuse for any villain I play. Something that will make the audience sympathize with him even as they hate him."

All of which would seem to make it apparent that it was no simple accident you felt a twinge of positive liking for the Hindu fakir and the general.

What makes it difficult for Conrad Veidt to explain his sudden popularity is that this is no new approach to villainy for him. He has had it for more years than he cares to remember. He had it when he was in Hollywood the first time. "It was most apparent in 'The Man Who Laughs,'" he says. "For all his horribleness, The Man was a human being."

And there *was* a flurry of fan mail then. Except that he wasn't around to receive it. He was back in Germany, playing villains in the only language he knew—now that pantomime was no longer eloquent enough for Hollywood.

"I made some more sombre pictures in Germany," he says. "Then I made two pictures that had a possible world market, if they were given English versions —'F. P. I. Doesn't Answer' and 'Congress Dances.' So I made both German and English versions. I still didn't know the English language. The English words had to be put into my mouth. But they came out so well that I had offers from England. Thank God. I went over in 1931, and I was still there in 1933 when terrible things started happening in Germany. Things I had smelled coming.

"I became a British citizen. Meanwhile I made one British picture after another. And I started a new cycle—playing first a villain, then a good man. I played The Stranger in 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' for example, just before I played the fakir in 'The Thief of Bagdad.' Then I played a straight role in 'Contraband,' which has now become 'Blackout.'"

WHEN World War II broke out, he offered his personal fortune to the British government, interest-free. And it was to raise more funds for England by getting "Contraband" released in America that he brought it over himself last summer. He didn't seek the part of the general in "Escape." The part sought him. And he wouldn't sign to play that or any future Hollywood roles until he had arranged officially for the major portion of his salary to go to British War Relief. All of which he is reluctant to talk about. "I'm only doing what we're all doing," he says.

He talked to me about his hobbies—gardening, astronomy and reading. ("You won't believe it after seeing these mental cases I portray, but my favorite reading is Philosophy.") Or about the Americanization of the young English boy he has adopted for the duration. Or about his secret ambition, which is to direct. ("I'd like to do a modern religious picture—something to help people appreciate the things that God has given them that no war can destroy.") Or about how he approaches a role. ("First I read the whole script to get a complete mental picture of the character. Then I ask myself how he would walk and move. That will tell me how he would speak.")

He is a man of intense, warm enthusiasms—whose newest enthusiasm is his role in "A Woman's Face" with Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas. "I play the greatest meanie in the world," he says. "I befriend a girl who has never had a friend, and then, when she falls desperately in love with me, I try to make her the instrument of a terrible vengeance against my fate. If only I can make people feel that this man, this spirit of evil, is an unhappy human being. Sick with unhappiness, the unhappiness of Lucifer, the angel cast out of heaven. If I can do it as I see it, other unhappy people will feel they're lucky by comparison. And even happy people will have a *little* sympathy for him."

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

★★★ Girl in the News

Here is a real surprise, a swell movie, full of excitement and sure to be loved by audiences once they get into the theatre. The difficulty is that it was made in England under war conditions and has no stars to lure you in. But if you get a chance, be sure to see it—you'll be grateful.

There is no war propaganda here, and no mention of world conditions at all. It is simply a thriller-chiller in the best tradition. Margaret Lockwood, Barry K. Barnes and Emlyn Williams have the leading roles, and all three are people you should know a good deal more about; they have real talent. Towering above their work, however, is the hand of the director, Carol Reed, a master of melodrama. He works a good deal along the same suspense lines as does his countryman, Alfred Hitchcock, and much may be expected of him.

Miss Lockwood was here in Hollywood for a while a couple of years ago and should have been kept here. She is a looker and has tons of talent.

She plays the part of a nurse who gets involved in a strange series of coincidences which lead to her trial on a murder charge. She is found not guilty and released, but a cloud hangs over her name and she has a tough time getting a job. Eventually she does—and walks into a second murder rap. She is freed by the clever work of her lawyer, Barry Barnes, who pulls a cute court-room trick for a finish after a lot of exciting footage.

Barnes is a pleasant young man who is not too good looking and should make femme hearts flutter; also he is a grand actor. Emlyn Williams, of course, is one of England's best; you may remember that he originated the leading role in "Night Must Fall" on the stage in both London and New York. There is a top-notch cast of support players. Directed by Carol Reed.—*20th Century-Fox (British made).*

★★★ Murder Among Friends

One of the most pleasant duties a film reviewer can possibly have is to report seeing a good picture; especially when he didn't expect the film to amount to much. "Murder Among Friends" is a refreshing slab of homicidal humor. It is first-rate mystery and first-rate comedy, all in one. With a stronger cast (more star power, that is) it would have been a four-star attraction on anyone's list.

Marjorie Weaver is a wacky gal who drives John Hubbard nuts by dragging him into a series of murders. You have never seen so many killings in one movie. It is a good, compact whodunit plot, and writer John Larkin deserves a distinct bow for having figured it out and dished it up as pleasantly as he did. And the Weaver gal jumps eight or ten steps up the ladder by her performance here; she's very definitely a bit of all right.

Cobina Wright, Jr., the socialite, is one of the top actresses, but that won't get in your way too much because, fortunately, she doesn't have much acting to do. Hubbard is plenty okay; Truman Bradley, as one of the few sensible detectives ever handed a movie script, is splendid, and Eddie Conrad does a neat comedy bit. Directed mighty neatly, by Ray McCarey, Leo's brother. *20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ The Man Who Lost Himself

Universal has a new (and most amusing) trick. It kids itself and other Hollywood studios without ever mentioning Hollywood. Swell stuff. Not so long ago this studio turned out a highly amusing spoof on the invisible character yarn, and this one is a take-off on the double-identity routine. Brian Aherne is two different men here, who change places—but instead of using the theme as the center of a straight story, the studio kids the pants off it. And, of course, it's rare good fun.

First we meet Aherne as a poor young nobody. Then we meet Aherne as a rich young wastrel who conceives the idea of changing places with his look-alike for a few days. It's a lark. But the rich guy (the real one) is killed accidentally, and the poor guy is stuck with the rich guy's life. Well, he tries to get out of it. He tells his new "family" about himself and yells his head off—but they don't believe him because (this is the clever trick the writers devised) the rich guy was a bit on the nutty side to begin with. "Yes, yes, we know," they tell him pleasantly. "You're not yourself, you're really two other guys!" And he's stuck.

It's all written brightly and with a smart notion that the audience is on to all the situations. Thus, instead of being corny, it becomes laugh material.

Aherne is very good in the lead role, playing it with clever timing and a keen sense of comedy. Kay Francis, as the wife, is smooth; you can't tell half the time whether she's actually fooled by her "husband" or not. And the supporting cast is much better than average, with S. Z. Sakall stealing the comedy and honors as the butler. Henry Stephenson and Marc Lawrence are also very good, and Nils Asther makes his movie return promisingly, though in a very short bit. The direction by Edward Ludwig is very broad and worthy of mention.—*Universal.*

★★★ Footsteps in the Dark

The news in this one is that Errol Flynn is all dressed up in modern clothes. And Errol Flynn in a murder mystery is something to ponder, too. It's one of those farced mysteriosos played for laughs rather than suspense. The only trouble is that there aren't as many laughs as there should be.

Errol is supposed to be an amateur detective who keeps sticking his nose into police business and then writing lurid books about it all. Brenda Marshall is his unsuspecting wife and Lucille Watson his acrimonious mother-in-law. Neither of them knows what he is up to and both are suspicious of him. That, of course, makes for a worse mix-up than would be normal because the gal Flynn plays around with, in order to straighten out a killing, is Lee Patrick, a hard-boiled burlesque queen.

Have we mentioned that Flynn belongs in the very snootiest social set? Well, he does. Add a dash of Alan Hale as the police inspector, Allen Jenkins as Flynn's chauffeur-confidant, and William Frawley as the dumb cop, and you can probably write the rest of the picture yourself.

It's pretty good stuff because the basic story is nicely figured out, but the dialogue could be brighter, and there could have been a lot more imagination

displayed in all of the characterizations. The cast is uniformly good, and in key with exactly what you expect of them. Lee Patrick, perhaps, stands out a bit over average. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. —*Warners.*

★★★ Lady From Cheyenne

Frank Lloyd's name on the masthead of a movie usually means a big extra-special extravaganza. Not so this time. For once Lloyd has manufactured a simple, unobtrusive little picture. To be sure, it has to do—more or less—with history, but it is a small-scale affair. Loretta Young is the star and there is a lot of slam-bang action, so don't let it worry you. You'll probably enjoy it a great deal.

The movie starts off with a warning that it is based on history—as the authors would like to think it happened. It seems that there is no available data explaining the circumstances that led to Wyoming's passing the first American law permitting women to vote. It's true, but how it happened no one knows. So the authors made up this story to explain it. And a merry notion it is, too.

Loretta Young is the gal who is responsible, according to this yarn. She is a mild and naïve schoolmarm from the East who comes out West to teach the three r's. Well, Eddie Arnold is an old meanie who controls the town, lock, stock and barrel, and Preston Foster is a suave lawyer who fronts for Arnold. They try to push Loretta around and she, mostly because she doesn't know any better, gives them a tough battle. She finally goes to the state capital and lobbies through a bill giving femmes the vote. It's the only way she can think of to lick the ornery gents.

The yarn makes for fun as you can imagine, and it's told in neat tongue-in-cheek fashion. The three principals are better than average in their acting, although it takes a couple of reels to get used to Loretta in dowdy old-West clothes; she's been a clothes-horse in too many films and (truth to tell) looks better in modern dress. Also, the writing of Foster's role is a bit on the difficult side. The movie writers seem to be getting the idea that all they have to do to regenerate a heel is to have him say, 'I'm sorry,' and turn over a new leaf. It's not as easy as that.

There is an extra good cast of supporting players, best among 'em being Gladys George, Willie Best and Charles Hinds, who wears a beard for the first time in years and years of movie playing—in case you care. Directed by Frank Lloyd. —*Universal.*

★★★ That Night in Rio

A bit of disappointment here. This picture could have been a smash; actually, it is pretty good, but not as good as expected. It is a lavish musical starring Don Ameche, Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda, and it is all done in magnificent Technicolor, so you're pretty sure to have a good time—if you don't go expecting too much.

Don Ameche has sprouted into two guys this time; he is himself, a pleasant enough actor, and also a South American millionaire playboy. For story purposes he switches with himself in order to handle a big financial deal, and this causes great confusion in the household. That is to say, Alice Faye, who is married to the rich financier, is not told about the substitution when the actor replaces her husband for a couple of days. She thinks she notices a difference in him but is not sure. That, of course, makes for a number of amusing musical

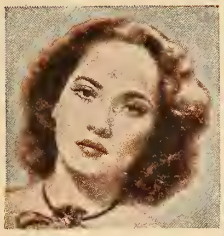
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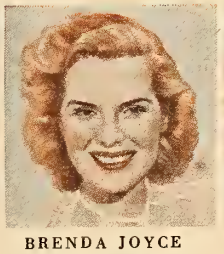
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comedy situations—especially since Miranda is the inamorata of the Don Ameche who is an actor.

If it all sounds a bit familiar, it is because this is a new version of "Folies Bergere," which was a movie starring Chevalier, Merle Oberon and Ann Sothern way back when. It hasn't been rewritten much but it is still fun, though not logical or sensible. Come to think of it, who ever heard of asking a musical comedy to make sense?

Besides the three top names, all of whom are excellent, a strong cast includes Curt Bois, S. Z. Sakall and Eddie Conrad in very funny bits. There are five songs, none of them too hot. But the color is really tops. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★½ Sleepers West

This is the second in the new series of Michael Shayne whodunits, and not too hot, although carrying a certain amount of action and excitement. Trouble, largely is that there are too many characters and too much story.

Lloyd Nolan is plenty okay as Michael Shayne, the cop who is worried because he wants to save an innocent guy from the electric chair. He once convicted the same lad on a different charge and thinks he knows the facts. Before he manages to prove his thesis, there is, of course, a lot of back and forth to-do. It's all played on a train, which should have speeded the pace considerably — but didn't.

Besides Nolan, the cast boasts of Lynn Bari, who is fine as a nosey newsgal. Mary Beth Hughes, again, is merely decorative as the other girl. Louis Jean Heydt and Don Costello are swell in minor parts. Watch this Costello guy. Directed by Eugene Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★½ Melody for Three

The newest Dr. Christian picture is pretty good. There ought to be some way of keeping the Dr. Christian name in the title to help identify the series, although the producers are scared to keep using it because they fear you will think you have already seen it. Maybe. At any rate it is a neat little package of pleasant family entertainment.

Jean Hersholt is master of his characterization of the kindly country doctor by now, of course. This time, in addition to the usual assortment of medical homilies, he manages to reunite Fay Wray and her son with Walter Woolf King, her estranged husband. The quarrel between Fay and her husband is not properly explained, but it probably doesn't matter since all ends well.

Because Fay is cast as a nurse and former music teacher, and since her son, Schuyler Standish, is supposed to be a violin prodigy, and her husband a famous conductor, there is room in the script for a number of interpolated musical numbers, which doesn't hurt at all. Directed by Erle C. Kenton.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★½ Dead Men Tell

The oldest of the series pictures is the one about Charlie Chan, who goes merrily on his way in this newest episode. The pattern of these yarns is pretty thoroughly established, and this one makes no special effort to be different. There is a good deal of mystery, there are a couple of killings, there are a number of amusing situations, and Chan gets himself into a tough spot and squeezes out of it narrowly. It's in the detail and settings that the difference lies, and this one (on these scores) is refreshingly entertaining. It's worth the price of your ducat—which is what you wanted to know, isn't it?

Sidney Toler carries on quite pleasantly as the fattish Chinese detective, and Sen Yung, his number two son, makes the usual assortment of mistakes for comedy and plot complication purposes. The yarn develops on a boat, as a group of people are about to set out for a treasure hunt, having found a mysterious map coming straight from a dead pirate. A few more laughs would have helped. Sheila Ryan and Robert Weldon, both of whom are pleasant to the eye, supply the romance. Directed by Harry Lachman.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★½ Here Comes Happiness

This is an innocuous little comedy which would not rate much mention, if it were not for the fact that the cast is made up almost entirely of youngsters—most of them a lot better than the experienced troupers they will replace some day. Meaning, especially, Mildred Coles, a beautiful young lady with a great deal of histrionic ability.

Mildred is the daughter of Russell Hicks, a self-made copper tycoon. She is about to marry Richard Ainley, a socialite heel, but runs away on the eve of her wedding and tries to battle things out on her own. She meets Edward Norris, an ambitious window cleaner, and love blooms. After the usual number of movie mix-ups she marries the poor boy, with pop's blessing, while Marjorie Gateson (mamma) faints dead away.

Norris is a clean-cut young man for whom there should be room. Richard Ainley, too, seems to have a lot of possibilities. Directed by Noel M. Smith.—*Warners.*

★★ Lone Wolf Takes a Chance

This rather exciting series of whodunits gets a setback this time; the weakest in the set thus far.

You will remember that the Lone Wolf is a diamond thief who has reformed and who now practices his nefarious tricks only in the interest of justice and kindness to his fellow men. Of course he always gets himself into a terrific jam about half way through and doggone near lands in jail. The trouble with this one is that the story elements are too heavy and complicated.

Warren William, of course, is his usual debonair self in the top role and Eric Blore, again, supplies the laughs, with Don Beddoe swell in his cop assignment. June Storey and Henry Wilcoxon handle the romance in so-so manner. Directed by Sidney Salkow.—*Columbia.*

★★ Double Date

Some of us old-timers remember Glenn Tryon as a charming and lovable comedian in the silents. Well, here he is now as a director—and that is about all the good news there is in this particular movie. It's not much of a show, but Tryon's hand is plentifully evident. The timing is A-1 and there are numbers of amusing touches throughout which must have been put there by the director. So expect to see Tryon's name at the head of some worthwhile product soon.

The story is a slapstick affair about a college boy and college girl who try to prevent his father from marrying her aunt. They think marriage is inadvisable for the oldsters, but learn their lesson.

Peggy Moran and Rand Brooks are okay as the youngsters, but Una Merkel and Edmund Lowe grab the honors. Directed by Glenn Tryon.—*Universal.*

PRELUDE TO A HONEYMOON

(*Continued from page 31*)

months before they were married. . . . Alan, according to his wife, is a magnificent chef. . . . Neither of them drinks coffee, but they keep it on hand for guests. . . . Their nicknames for each other are "Pinkie" and "Poonkie." They alternate, each using both names for the other. . . . Ilona owns a Packard, Alan a Ford. There's room for both in their two-car garage.

Massey claims she hopes she'll have a dozen babies. Her grandmother had fourteen boys and two girls!

She began buying her trousseau as soon as she was engaged (which was around Christmas time) and by March it had reached these gigantic proportions.

Shoes: She has about forty pairs. Bought eighteen new ones ranging in price from $5 to $15, the most expensive being evening slippers. They are her sole extravagance. Still clings to some old sport shoes she bought five or six years ago in Europe.

Hats: Doesn't like them and doesn't buy them.

Stockings: She has two dozen new pairs of Nylons.

Evening gowns: Bought eight, ranging in price from $12 to $25.

Handbags: Owns a dozen ranging in price from $6 to $20. Five are new.

Negligées: Two summer ones; three heavier ones.

Furs: Bought an $800 silver fox jacket. Owns a $3,000 mink coat.

Bathing suits: Bought three; $8 apiece.

Suits: Bought three at Nancy's, swankiest shop on Hollywood Boulevard, where she did most of her shopping. Paid $45 apiece. She has three left over from last year, which she bought at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills at $60 apiece.

Street dresses: Bought three, paying from $12 to $14 for each. Owns eight others. Her husband goes shopping with her whenever she'll take him along.



Mr. and Mrs. Alan Curtis leaving the church immediately after their simple afternoon wedding on March 26.

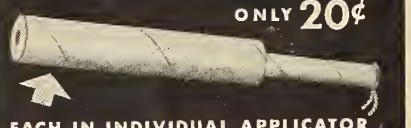


Why I switched to Meds



—by a salesgirl

The latest things always tempt me—especially if they're better than the old. And one modern thing I couldn't do without is *internal* sanitary protection. That's why I was so downright pleased when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Thanks to the "safety center," Meds make protection so sure. And Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators at this grand, low price.



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POWD'R-BASE hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes

Over 15 million sold

AN ACE OF CLUBS

(*Continued from page 51*)

lure of getting something for nothing. Raffled prizes consist of gift orders for John Frederics hats and jewelry and clothing from the village's swankiest shops. Owner Morrison always calls on one of the celebrities present to do the number-pulling. George Raft won a lady's hat last time. Carole Landis picked her own number, purely by coincidence. Mischa Auer, who owns a night club down the street but spends most of his time at Mocambo, gave his dramatic all to choosing a number and came up with a mouse-trap clutching his fingers! Mischa swears it was Morrison's revenge for Mischa's nightly habit of striking a pose in the foyer when he's ready to leave, and bellowing in mournful, measured Russian tones, "Private bus leaving in five minutes for the Scheherazade." You've guessed it. "Scheherazade" is the club Mischa owns.

Charlie, the bartender, knows exactly what the stars will order the minute they walk in the door. He presides over a blonde wood bar and hears "scotch and soda" more often than anything else. Charlie's also noted that actors are second to producers in the matter of tipping, with Mark Hellinger and Gene Towne leading the field in generosity.

It's the birds in the glass cage, though, that rate as the club's top attraction. Twenty little scarlet tanagers and an assortment of wide-winged parrots and cockatoos stare down at the stars from a specially built niche in the south wall. The birds spend most of their time teetering peacefully back and forth on the artificial tree limbs arranged in front of a ripply blue background. But when the rumba band begins to warm up with claves and maraccas, they go wild with excitement. They can't hear the music but they do feel the vibration from the drums.

The Mocambo management can pat itself on the back for this stunt. It's the first night club in history to make a success of giving its customers the bird!

SECRETS OF THE BOUDOIR

(*Continued from page 59*)

table where they belong and that sort of thing.

And now, back to the mirror. My eyes are my best feature so I do whatever I can to emphasize them. In the daytime I use mascara; in the evenings, both mascara and eye shadow. I pluck my eyebrows a bit and always from underneath because I pluck them only to curve them (they'd be string-straight if I didn't), not to thin them. An astonishing gadget which I'm sure most women don't know about is a liner—little pencil-sized things made of soft cotton stuff, gray in color which you can buy in little bunches at the dime stores. You simply rub the liner on the eyebrow pencil, and instead of a sharp black or brown line, your brows look like any natural hair; it does away with that sharp, pencil line.

My nose is the least attractive of my features. For the screen I shadow it like mad in order to, well, curb it. Offscreen I don't do a blessed thing about it; there's nothing I can do. Anyway, my theory is that by emphasizing my best feature I simultaneously play down my worst. Making my eyes worth looking at detracts from my nose.

I use a raspberry red rouge and not just a dab on each cheek—sort of blend it over the whole of my cheeks, right up and into my hairline. And I always apply my face powder (use a rose-beige) with a soft wad of absorbent cotton. It seems to go on more evenly that way.

As far as my hair is concerned, I have one serious session a week—a shampoo and lemon rinse. When making a picture, I dye my hair auburn, but between films let it go back to its natural dark brown. I have four or five light permanents a year, with the heat on for just two minutes to give the hair a twist.

I love perfume and believe every woman should use one scent so that when she wafts by a blind man could say, "There goes Claudette Colbert," or "There goes Jukie O'Grady." The sense of smell is the most acute of all the senses, and the most stirring to the masculine heart!

And speaking of appealing to the male, here again comfort's the thing. I try to make him physically comfortable first; nice, squashy chair, a drink and smoke convenient. I try to make him feel at ease; if I can't, I pass him on to someone else, but quickly.

Back to the boudoir . . . all my nightgowns have appliqué work on them, never lace for I don't like it. My robes are mostly quilted ones, quite tailored, and most of them are in shades of coral. I wear only one kind of bedroom slipper; heelless white ones, lined and edged with rabbit. I don't like high heels, anyway, and never wear them unless I have to. Secret! Women, who walk softly, walk the more surely into a man's heart. There's something devastatingly feminine in the soft whispering foot-fall.

Men notice daintiness before anything else, I believe. I have often heard them say of an exciting looking woman, richly gowned, "but she doesn't look very, er, clean." Make-up should never show very much or look smeared. I always scrub my face with a stiff bristled brush before I put on fresh make-up, to be sure my face is immaculately clean. Little dainty touches help an awful lot. I always have a crisp, monogrammed handkerchief peeking out of a suit pocket, a dress or sweater pocket, even my robe pocket. I never wear artificial flowers, very little jewelry—mostly a lapel clip and a ring.

I'm not the formal type at all. Whenever I cut loose and buy a very formal evening gown, it's completely lost and so am I. I think you must never feel self-conscious in your clothes. Flatter yourself with your best styles and colors, and let who will be exotic. I look best in white evening things, with short sleeves and a square neckline. When I'm not working and my hair is back to natural, I wear a lot of tomato red, a lot of Kelly green and aquamarine. I cannot bear the pastel shades. Never wear fussy shoes with lots of straps and geegaws. Give me a plain tailor-made pump any day.

Every day in every way be as completely relaxed, as much the purring cat as possible, and you'll have all my secrets.

THE WELLS-DEL RIO ROMANCE

(*Continued from page 41*)

shaking hands with "the most beautiful woman in the world" and wondering what they could find to talk about. He assumed she would ask him, as fifty other people had, what his impressions of Hollywood were (after two days).

But she didn't. With no apparent effort, she thought of something else to say, completely removed from prying curiosity. Something about the music that was an obbligato to the hum of conversation. Before he realized what was happening, they were comparing tastes in music and he was discovering, with surprised delight, that she was as intelligent and charming as she was beautiful. And she was discovering, with equal surprise and delight, that he was as animated and refreshing as he was brilliant.

It wasn't a case of love at first encounter. At the most, it was a case of instant congeniality—which both of them found very pleasant. But he didn't think about her seriously until several months later.

When they met, Orson knew that Dolores was married, and he had no reason to suspect that she and her husband weren't congenial. There had been no inkling of the growing coolness between them. Dolores likewise knew that Orson was married, and she had no reason to suspect that he and his wife were not congenial. He had emphatically, even belligerently, denied divorce rumors.

That, ironically enough, was one good reason why they didn't immediately think of each other in terms of love. Another good reason was that both of them were trying to stay married to their respective mates—Orson because of his little girl, Dolores because of her religion.

They met again, soon afterward, at another party and again found themselves at ease with each other conversationally. After a few such casual meetings, they automatically became good friends.

No one said, "Orson and Dolores had better watch out or they'll be falling in love." It didn't occur to anyone that their mental congeniality could ever develop into a physical attraction. Especially after Orson started growing a fantastic beard for a screen role that later failed to materialize.

No man setting out to steal the heart of a glamour girl would ever have committed the psychological error of sabotaging his appearance as Orson did with that beaver. He would have said, "If I have to wear a beard in my next role, it'll be by courtesy of the Westmores."

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At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start, and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse operas!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your chart is as good as lassoed!

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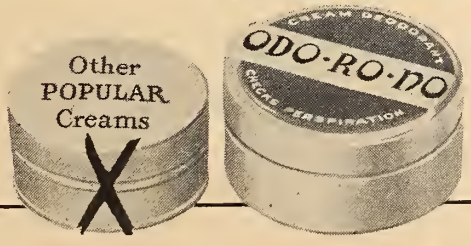


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SPECIAL OFFER: Mail 25¢ COIN and wrapper from Sayman's Soap to Sayman, 2144 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., and we will send you a pair of lovely sheer silk stockings in newest shade of Bali beige. PRINT name, address and stocking size on wrapper from Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap. For each pair you want, send one wrapper and 25¢ COIN.

SAYMAN'S *Vegetable Wonder* **SOAP**

In December 1939, Orson's wife—the former Virginia Nicholson, a Chicago socialite—announced in New York that their marriage would end as soon as she could get a Reno divorce. She got it early in February 1940.

The gossip columnists maintained a sharp watch on Orson but couldn't figure out whom he would marry next. He kept everybody, including himself, guessing. He went out with a varied assortment of beauties. He made it apparent that he wasn't in love with any one girl.

Then, in March 1940, Dolores announced that she and Cedric Gibbons had separated. She said, simply, "After months of unhappiness, both Cedric and I have decided it is best to part. I have no intention of getting a divorce, but when marriage between two people becomes impossible, it is wiser to say goodbye."

HOLLYWOOD was completely bowled over by the news. Why, the Gibbons-Del Rio marriage had looked set for a lifetime! They were the couple who made a sentimental pilgrimage every year to the Santa Barbara Mission, where they were married. It was hard to understand what could have made them part. After nine years together, "incompatibility" didn't seem like the answer. Hollywood started looking around for a better reason.

Suddenly, people remembered that Orson Welles had been divorced only a month before. They also remembered hearing that Orson and Dolores had become "very good friends." They catapulted to the conclusion that Orson was to blame for the break-up of the Gibbons-Del Rio marriage.

The circulation of that suspicion gave a large segment of the public a very unflattering opinion of Orson Welles. Let it be said to his credit that that didn't frighten him. He didn't decide to think of his career and forget Dolores. What he decided was that enough people were going to avoid him without his avoiding a friend. He called up Dolores and asked her to go to a concert.

She might not have gone if people hadn't taken the trouble to tell her that they had to laugh at those ridiculous rumors that Orson Welles meant something to her. She had too much respect for Orson to let him be a target for ridicule by her would-be defenders. She accepted his invitation.

That was when the romance really began.

That evening spent together to spite malicious rumor, they discovered just how completely at ease they were with one another. They stopped taking their mental congeniality for granted, started thinking of it as something exceptional, something to appreciate.

Since that evening, Orson hasn't been interested in dating any other girl, and Dolores hasn't been interested in being dated by any other man. They have been sufficient unto each other.

They didn't decide that it was love after three or four dates—or even after three or four dozen. Both had been too recently disillusioned about love to rush into any new emotional alliance on short acquaintance. Each of them was happy just to have found someone companionable—and willing to let time decide whether or not their companionship could be love.

In May 1940, Orson's former wife married again, but the event received only fleeting notice. No one speculated on the possibility that it was she and not Orson, who had wanted a divorce to be free to marry again.

Meanwhile, he and Dolores were beginning to see each other daily—usually for dinner. Orson, particularly, had a great deal to talk about. He was writing "Citizen Kane." He was excited about it, and he had to communicate his excitement to someone who understood him. Not that that was all they talked about. Far from it. They were beginning to share all their thoughts. And Dolores' thoughts were just as interesting to him as his were to her. He would sit back, fascinated by the miracle that a woman so incredibly beautiful had such a marvelous mind.

Dolores thrived on all of this. She hadn't had so much stimulating conversation in years. Or so much companionship. So many days she had just killed time, waiting for Cedric to come home, hoping he would feel like taking her out—and so many nights he had come home too tired even to talk—until, finally, she couldn't bear it another day.

People who hadn't seen her gay in years suddenly noticed that Dolores was learning how to laugh again. The same people who had once ridiculed Orson began telling her that Orson, with his mad sense of humor, was good for her. One of them asked *him* curiously whether he thought Dolores was more beautiful when she smiled or when she was serious. His answer was: "I think it's nip-and-tuck."

But there still are people who can't believe that Orson and Dolores are a match. Half of them shake their heads and say, "But he's so much younger than she is!" The other half shake their heads and say, "She's so much older than he!"

Somebody, sometime, somewhere, printed that Dolores was twelve years older than Orson—and that figure has stuck in people's minds. Actually, Orson will be 26 in May, and Dolores will be 33 in August. No girl of his own age, and certainly no girl younger, could cope with him. He was a child prodigy, remember. And he's still several jumps ahead, mentally. For companionship, he needs someone with a mature mind, a poised mind, able to discuss life, love, literature or anything else worth discussing—intelligently. And Dolores has that kind of mind.

THEIR mutual interests are unlimited. They enjoy conversing with one another, yet they're the sort, too, who can feel companionable without talking. Which happens when they go fishing, or go on painting-picnics. (Orson, characteristically, paints huge canvases.) They hold hands at concerts, as if to guarantee that the music flows through one as it does the other.

Enjoying the pleasant things of life is important to Dolores—and it's becoming important to Orson, who used to think he wasn't living unless he was in a hectic hurry. He gulped his meals to get back to work sooner. He may still gulp breakfast and lunch, but not dinner. He takes time to eat that slowly, and conversationally, with Dolores.

He thrives on her tolerance. She thrives on his exuberance.

When she parted from Cedric and announced that there would be no divorce, Dolores meant it. She didn't anticipate that she would ever want to marry again. And, particularly, she meant it because of her religion.

Even after she and Orson realized that they were in love, she didn't think she could ever bring herself to sue for divorce. She hesitated weeks before she took the drastic step.

That she did take it, finally, is proof that she and Orson are desperately in love—even though the chronic scoffers scoff, and though they, themselves, refuse to discuss it until Dolores is legally free.

SMOOTHIE!

(Continued from page 49)

let out a deep and business-like growl.

"That mastiff," Tone explained, "is as harmless as a lamb. His name is Bad Boy and he belongs to Burgess."

Eventually Bad Boy departed, and we picked up where we had left off.

What about the life of the free lance?

"The free lance life is strictly for me. I love it. I'm committed to two pictures a year for Universal. But it's an intelligent arrangement. No sappy scripts will be fastened on me. Where we have differences of opinion, Universal and I will talk it over. Beyond that I will do what pictures I please and when.

"Right now I seem to be doing a siege of comedy and enjoying it. Yesterday's dull cinema Casanova has acquired a much-needed sense of humor. It was that way in 'Trail of the Vigilantes' and in 'Nice Girl?' That's how it is in my next, 'She Knew All the Answers,' the 'she' being Joan Bennett who knows a thing or two about romantic comedy herself. I'm a Wall Street broker and she's a smart young operator, sparkling as a pinwheel and mad as a hatter."

None of this sounded like the Franchot Tone we'd read about—the one who was distrustful of interviewers, answered questions with monosyllables, and sped the parting guest so's he could be alone.

"Has your personality changed at all in the last few years?"

"I don't think so. But I have become more aware of whatever personality I possess. One thing I like about this business is that it leaves you no illusions about yourself. Publicity departments, columnists, fan magazine writers—the whole build-up processes—force you to stop and say to yourself: 'Am I really like that?'

"And when you stop to analyze, you generally have a lot better idea of what you are. Of course you are never sure, so you gradually lose any know-it-all attitude you might have had five years ago."

"What about interviewers?" We finally came right out and asked him. "Do you resent them?"

"Only if they want to distort facts. A good many of them want to fit my remarks into a preconceived story idea. My answers in that case don't really matter. Nor do the interviewers seem to care a jot."

AT WHICH point we will have to begin summarizing the results of our long talk with Mr. T.

His philosophy of life is this: "Gather your rosebuds while you may. Only be sure they ARE rosebuds." What he'd like best of all to do in his leisure is to go fishing with his father and brother.

He is very eloquent (and diplomatic) on the topic of "The Type of Woman That Interests Me Most." Says Franchot, after some prodding by the reporter:

"All types of women interest me most. An impromptu and brief reply is really an insult to a subject so intricate, so delicate and so inexhaustible. Beauty, brains, buoyancy; face, form, fancy, feeling, fire; sincerity, sophistication, sensitivity—is there any letter of the alphabet that doesn't furnish a hundred headings?"

What woman he currently believes contains most of these wonderful ingredients you will not learn from us. When we asked him he said: "And what do you think of Shirley Temple?"



What! Hollywood Boulevard paved with VELVET?



Lucetta

Lovely Ellen Drew co-starred with Basil Rathbone in "The Mad Doctor" —a Paramount picture.

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No! Hollywood Boulevard is NOT paved with velvet. But glamorous stars and women all over the country who wear Velvet Step shoes become aware of a "walking on velvet" sensation wherever they go. Special features create low-heeled comfort even in the high-heeled styles. You'll find a new softness, a new ease by wearing Velvet Step shoes. You'll like their smartness, too. Their modest price.



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He had no hobbies he quickly volleyed, anything to change the subject. He owned "ten yards of records," most of them classical. His favorite composers are Mozart and Verdi; Respighi and Shostakovitch; Hoagy Carmichael and Artie Shaw.

He swears he's a woebegone dancer. "I have failed to get the rhythm of every ballroom innovation since 1927, the year I left college. My favorite dancing partners are the ones who agree that the floor is too crowded anyway."

His Number One phobia is the professional celebrity chaser who devotes his time to lying in wait. His main regret is that he never knew hardship or poverty. He adds very humbly: "I suppose there is still time." Flattery is his chief abomination. His favorite people are willing waiters.

For a Blue Book playboy he has an extraordinary nonchalance about clothes. "I'm interested in clothes merely as items of comfort—not display."

He subsided for a moment, sent a neat little smoke ring toward the ceiling. "Anything else?" he asked with an amused smile.

We were about to inquire what he thought of Carole Landis with whom his name has been linked a trifle more forcefully than it has to the names of eighteen other luscious damsels, when the telephone rang.

He was humming "Londonderry Air" when he disappeared into the adjoining room. And thinking, in all probability, of those wonderful ingredients that go into the type of woman who interests him most.

At dinner time we bumped into him at Dave Chasen's. With him was a wonderful dream girl, blonde and svelte.

Her initials are all that we'll relay to you.

They are C. L.

Not like in Carole Lombard, either.

HEART-APPEAL PLUS

(Continued from page 27)

for the Walter Langs now work for Cesar. It's questionable as to which appreciates the other more. William has one complaint. He hates to have his picture taken and dies the death of a dog when photographers ask him to pose with the boss. Cesar has no complaints. He puts himself into William's hands. William plans the meals, markets, cooks, cleans, valets. The only thing he doesn't do is the washing. "I'm having six—or eight—to dinner," says Cesar and comes home to a beautifully laid table, beautifully arranged flowers, a beautifully served meal. When it's dinner for eight, William borrows plates and silver from the neighbors. Cesar's service covers only six. The perfect servant, however, doesn't cure the most of anticipatory jitters. He's always afraid his guests may not have a good time. They always do. After dinner they relax with backgammon, gin rummy or gab. The people with whom Romero spends most of his leisure—seeing them constantly either at his home or theirs—include his family, the Walter Langs, the George Murphys, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, the Ray Millands, Ty and Annabella Power, the Gary Coopers, the Fred MacMurrays, the Alan Curtises.

His wardrobe provides further evidence of conservative tastes. He owns not more than fifteen suits accumulated over the past seven years. Three or four Oxford grays, three browns, three tweeds that get better-looking with age. When the

New Lipstick For Brunettes Gives Your Lips That "NAUGHTY LOOK"



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CAROL ADAMS, *Featured In Republic Pictures' "Sis Hopkins," Uses Tayton's*

TOREADOR RED . . . It's a knockout for brunettes! A new, flaming, red color. You know how wet lips glisten and attract. That unblotted, moist, naughty look. You see it on the movie queens in their love scenes. Glamour. Sex Appeal, Hollywood calls it. And now the House of Tayton's has produced a new special Moisture-Mix lipstick which gives your mouth that moist, wet, glistening, naughty look, though not actually wet at all . . . And it stays on. Created in Hollywood. An instant hit; neither greasy nor dry . . . Try it. See how glamorous and naughty you look. Lips all shimmery—kiss tempting. So exciting. Romance inviting. Get this naughty Toreador Red for Brunettes (or Barbaric Red for blondes), also 8 other colors of TAYTON'S Moisture-Mix lipsticks in 10c and 25c guest sizes at your dime store. If your store is out ask manager to order or send 25c to Tayton's, Hollywood, Cal., stating whether blonde or brunette.

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elbows wear out, he has them patched with leather pads and calls them hunting jackets. Three midnight blue dinner jackets, of which he wears only the newest, keeping the others for rain scenes or walking through brush in pictures. One set of tails, six years old, and he thinks it's high time he bought a new pair. No blue suits. He got fed up with them as a kid when, every time it came to buying a new best suit, it was always blue serge. One loud blue and beige sports jacket which he looks at askance and wears only at a ranch outside Victorville, where he spends occasional days off. He favors striped ties and shirts that are white or tan or white with tan stripes. His dinner shirts are soft-bosomed and collared—he can't bear 'em stiff.

He doesn't care about slipping into something loose. A smoking jacket Bob Taylor gave him five years ago sees the light maybe once in six months. He wears a gold key chain, a gold wristwatch and, on his left pinky, a gold ring presented by Joan Crawford. He sleeps in pajamas, both sections, and for at least eight hours. His favorite drink is gin and tonic.

He's not fussy about food and his breakfast is always the same—orange juice, scrambled eggs and bacon, white buttered toast and coffee. He eats it from a breakfast set with which he was gifted by a former butler who won them via punchboard. He doesn't like skimming the papers, so when he works—which is practically always—the morning paper waits beside his favorite chair, and he goes through it carefully at night with the evening paper. He's an inveterate reader, buys all the latest books and has just finished Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night." He thinks it should be required reading for Americans, to make them realize how damn lucky they are to be Americans.

His house has no tub, because he always showers. If he ever gets a month or two off, he'd like to go down to Cuba. He was a boy on his last visit and wants to take a look at the cousins he's never seen. He smokes two packs of Chesterfields a day. When people say "tsk, tsk," he picks up a stub to prove that he rarely takes more than three or four puffs. He's a crack tennis player, and his likability is nowhere more in evidence than at the club where everyone wants to sit down and talk to Butch—the tag his friends gave him because he's so un-Butchish. He swims but isn't crazy about it, bowls occasionally and loves to ride. He'd like to own Jimmy, the horse he rides in the "Cisco Kid" pictures, but he's not for sale.

His favorite forms of music are swing and opera, but what he enjoys most is his mother singing at the piano—a happy childhood memory carried happily over into his maturity. He gets a kick out of raking his flowerbed, transplanting cuttings and watching them take root—another holdover. His kid ambition was to be a florist. The only job he ever disputes with William is flower-arranging, at which he's good.

He's had no luck with dogs. Of two cocker spaniels, one was killed by a car, the other by distemper. When Tyrone Power's police dog had a litter, he gave Cesar one of the pups, promptly dubbed "Ty" by Cesar in appreciation. For no discoverable reason, the four-legged Ty took a powder and never came back. Cesar, undiscouraged, is looking forward to the boxer Kay Francis promised him.

He drives a Buick convertible sedan, maroon, at a snappy forty to forty-five, which he thinks is plenty when you're not going to a fire. It's the fifth Buick he's owned and he's owned it five months. Six months ago coming home from a party, he fell asleep, crashed into a tree, smashed the car up and escaped unhurt. Now he sleeps only when stationary.

If he's not the playboy he's been painted, neither is he a stick-in-the-mud. But he's missed many a good party because he hates to shave and, given the choice between shaving and not dancing, he frequently picks the latter. He does the rumba and tango supremely well, doesn't care for the conga and loves to watch jitterbugs. He thinks midriff dresses are vulgar, sees nothing pretty in the public display of feminine stomachs and eyes with cold distaste strangers who approach him at night clubs with requests that he dance with their wives.

Like any man, he enjoys going out with girls who are attractive, smartly dressed and good companions, and has been seen most recently with Alice Faye, Katherine Leslie and Priscilla Stillman. Katherine and Priscilla are old friends from New York. Priscilla's husband, whom she's divorcing, is also a friend of Cesar's, which is why he did another of his rare burns when Louella Parsons had them waiting only for the final decree before merging.

He has no special heart interest, would like to marry, but sees no sense in marriage unless you're sure you're deeply in love and want to spend the rest of your life with the girl. From the sidelines he's watched so many of his friends divorced, that it's given him to think.

Definitely, finally and forever, he has no ideal, and thinks a man's as likely as not to fall in love with a woman he'd never have expected to look at twice.

She could be Helen, Sappho and Mrs. Midas combined, and Hollywood would still vote her big winner the day she becomes Mrs. Butch (Sweet Guy) Romero.

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Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, co-stars of the Universal picture "Model Wife."

INFORMATION DESK



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NOTE: *If you'd like a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.*

Delfin Mendes, Lisbon, Portugal. Virginia Grey's first screen role, that of Little Eva in Universal's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was given her by virtue of her spindly legs and yellow hair. Born in Hollywood, her mother was a cutter at the studio and, although Virginia was brought up in a movie atmosphere, her one ambition was to be a nurse. She's actually had a year's training in a hospital, but is under long-term contract and can't continue with it. Five feet five inches in height, she weighs 117 pounds, has golden hair and blue eyes. She's playing in "Blonde Inspiration" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Margaret Kahn, Medford, Mass. Ted North's fate was decided the moment he was born into one of the Middle West's oldest theatrical families in Topeka, Kansas, on October 3rd, 1916. In college, he attempted to branch off into law, but the smell of grease paint was too tempting, and he came back to the family fold and played in the North stock company. Warner Baxter took an interest in him and helped him get a job just six weeks after he first set foot in California. To date he's played in "The Bride Wore Crutches" and "For Beauty's Sake." He's six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. He loves sports, especially basketball and boxing, and always turns to the sports page of a newspaper first—even before the funnies! Thick, juicy steaks smothered in mushrooms are his favorite dish; knocking on wood, his sole superstition; biographies and Esquire his choice reading material. His greatest hope is that he'll be a great actor; his greatest fear, that he won't. You can get hold of him at 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Miss B. J. W., San Diego, Cal. Yes, indeed, Red Skelton's raising Cain in another picture—"Lady Be Good," with Ann Sothern and Eleanor Powell. . . . John Wayne's starring in "A Man Betrayed" and "Lady from New Orleans" at present. In neither does he play opposite Claire Trevor, sorry to say. . . . As far as Helen Parrish and Charley Lang are concerned, they're inseparable at present.

Jane Follett, Savannah, Ga. Dave Niven's with the British army, but makes his headquarters at the Boodles Club, Saint James Street, London, England, where you can reach him.

Jim Randall, Quincy, Fla. Bronco-busting Charlie Starrett's a big bruiser, measuring six feet two inches tall and 180 pounds, with brown hair and eyes. He's the 32-year-old dad of twin boys, Charles and David. His wife's an actress by the name of Mary MacKinnon. . . . Iris Meredith's better known as Iris Shunn to her home-towners in Sioux City, Iowa, where she was born in June, 1915. Her story reads like a fairy tale—she was discovered by a talent scout while cashiering in a theatre! Five feet five inches tall, she weighs a trim 109 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes, is as yet unmarried.

Dorothy Lanage, Pittsburgh, Penn. Lew Ayres found his screen name right in his own Frederick Lewis Ayer. . . . Yes, there's a new Dr. Kildaire picture in the making, but it's as yet unnamed. . . . All scenes in the series are shot on the set, not in a real honest-to-goodness hospital.

Tom O'Neill, San Francisco, Cal. Dick Greene's 26, a native Britisher. He's been in England for several months now. You can get his picture by writing 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., and enclosing 25c in coin or stamps.

F. Lucille Modrak, Plainfield, N. J. That man-about-town, Vic Mature, hails from Louisville, Ky., is six feet two inches tall, weighs 198 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He always tried to write plays when he was a boy, but never gave a thought to acting until he landed in Hollywood a few years ago. Since then he's bowled 'em over in "Housekeeper's Daughter," "One Million B. C.," "Captain Caution" and on the Broadway stage in "Lady in the Dark." You can get stills from his pictures at United Artists, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (10c apiece). Autographed pictures sell for 25c per. . . . Ask Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal., for stills of "Gone With the Wind."

Ellen Jane Emery, Perth Amboy, N. J. Katharine Hepburn was born into a Hartford, Conn., socially prominent family; goes by her real name. Even before she went to Bryn Mawr, she had done a lot of backyard puppetry and amateur stock theatricals near her home. For 10c you can get an autographed photo of her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

Ann Di Francisco, Camden, N. J. The cast of "Hotel for Women" at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., included: Linda Darnell, James Ellison, Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, John Halliday, Alan Dinehart, Lynn Bari, Jean Rogers, June Gale, Joyce Compton, Katharine Aldridge, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Healy, Amanda Duff, Chick Chandler, Gregory Gaye, Herbert Ashley, Ivan

Lebedeff, Charles Wilson, Helen Ericson and Barnett Parker. . . . You can get stills at 10c apiece at the studio. They'll send you a picture of Jean Rogers for 25c in coin or stamps. Her current film is "Dead Men Tell."

Janet, Charleston, S. C. Your idol, Bruce Cabot, is really Jacques de Bujac of Carlsbad, N. M. He was born 37 years ago this April, is six feet one and one-half inches tall, weighs 180 pounds. His latest picture is "The Flame of New Orleans" with Marlene Dietrich and Roland Young.

Bettina Young, Halifax, N. S. Yep, Ruby Keeler was born right in your home town and attended school there until she showed such surprising promise in "drill." Her parents took her to New York and entered her in the Professional Children's School. At 13, she began her stage career in a Broadway show chorus and rapidly sped toward stardom on stage and screen. The person who really takes the honors for discovering and encouraging her is Florenz Ziegfeld, who signed her for "Whoopee" and "Show Girl." We don't know if she has any relatives in Halifax or not. She doesn't spend much time there, 'cause her three homes are located in New York, Scarsdale, N. Y., and Los Angeles, Cal.

M. B. N., Virginia. Since "Kitty Foyle," 30-year-old Dennis Morgan's acted in "Kisses for Breakfast" and "Affectionately Yours." He's married to Lillian Vedder and has a namesake, Stanley, aged 6, and a 3-year-old daughter Kristen. . . . Bandleader Bob Crosby's wed and has a couple kids. His latest pictures are "Rookies on Parade" and "Sis Hopkins." In case you don't know it already, he's Bing's twenty-seven-year-old younger brother.

Miss A. R. Wolf, Johnstown, N. Y. Up until Shepperd Strudwick happened to play Pierrot in the University of North Carolina dramatic club, he had his heart set on being a writer. Taking the part as a favor to a friend, he made such a hit that he decided to take up acting as a career. Upon his graduation he left his hometown of Hillsborough, N. C. and went to New York where he toiled as office boy to Charles Coburn before breaking into the theater as an understudy. Six feet two inches tall, weighing 170 pounds, he's married to Helen Wynn, a fellow-tourer in "Winterset." M-G-M will send you his picture for 10c.

M. Kelly, Little Falls, N. Y. Humph Bogart can be reached at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal., and John Barrymore is at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Burbank, Cal. Photos cost 25c. Metro distributes Ann Rutherford's at a dime apiece.

Lois Bramblett, Middlebury, Vt. Alice Faye was born Alice Leppert in New York City on May 5th, 1915. From the time she was old enough to think, she liked to play "make believe," consequently centered her attentions on the stage. After several Broadway roles, she was called to Hollywood, where she moved her family and settled down permanently. She's five feet five inches tall in high heels, weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. She seldom wears jewelry, likes food (especially steak) and spends her spare time between bowling alleys and a comfortable chair with current novels. She loves dogs, is impulsive and can mimic like a parrot. Right now she's seen around a lot with millionaire Charles Wrightman.

James Rankin, Conshohocken, Pa. Ray Milland would be glad to hear from you. Write to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. With your request for a picture, enclose 25c in coin or stamps. He was born in Neath, Wales, on Jan. 3, 1907.

Miss D. De Rose, New York City. Linda Darnell was christened Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell in Dallas, Texas, shortly after her birth on Oct. 16, 1923. One of six children, there wasn't time for her parents to spoil her. She had worked on the stage and as a model even before finishing high school. Five feet, four inches tall, she weighs 109 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. As far as her favorites are concerned, she has better luck with actors than animals: She gets roles opposite Ty Power, but she's always getting hay fever from her dozens of prize rabbits!

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)	3★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)	C 3★
Arise, My Love (Paramaunt)	4★
Arizona (Columbia)	4★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)	3★
*Blondie Goes Latin (Calumbia)	C 2½★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia)	C 2½★
Baom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Buck Privates (Universal)	2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners)	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Cheers far Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
Came Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramaunt)	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M)	3★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramaunt)	2★
*Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO)	3½★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal)	2★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)	2½★
*Double Date (Universal)	2★
Dulcy (M-G-M)	3★
East af the River (Warners)	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Calumbia)	2½★
Escape (M-G-M)	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
Father's Son (Warners)	C 2★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)	C 2★
Flight Cammand (M-G-M)	3★
Flight from Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners)	3★
Four Mothers (Warners)	3★
Free, Blande and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M)	2½★
Gambling an the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Ghast Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
*Girl, a Guy and a Gob, A (RKO)	3½★
*Girl in the News (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Glamour far Sale (Columbia)	2★
Galden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3★
*Galden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Go West (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Grapes af Wrath, The (20th Century-Fax)	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
*Hard-Boiled Canary, The (Paramaunt)	2½★
Haunted Honeymaon (M-G-M)	3★
*Here Cames Happiness (Warners)	2½★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Calumbia)	2½★
High Sierra (Warners)	3½★
Hit Parade af 1941 (Republic)	2½★
Honeymaan Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners)	3★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Hullabalaa (M-G-M)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
Invisible Waman, The (Universal)	3★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Isle af Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Happened ta One Man (RKO)	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramaunt)	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists)	2½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO)	4★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount)	3½★
*Lady fram Cheyenne, The (Universal)	3★
Lady in Question, The (Calumbia)	3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)	3★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO)	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount)	C 2½★
Little Men (RKO)	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)	C 3★
*Lane Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia)	2★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	3½★
Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
Mad Doctar, The (Paramaunt)	2½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic)	3★
Man Made Monster (Universal)	2★
*Man Wha Last Himself, The (Universal)	3★
Mark of Zorra, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Meet Bostan Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Meet Jahn Doe (Warners)	4★
Meet the Missus (Republic)	2★
*Melody for Three (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO)	2★
Michael Shayne, Detective (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
*Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount)	2½★
Maon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Martal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
Nice Girl? (Universal)	3½★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramaunt)	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fax)	4★
Nobady's Children (Calumbia)	2½★
North West Mounted Palice (Paramount)	C 3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
No, Na, Nanette (RKO)	2½★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	2½★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
*Penalty, The (M-G-M)	3★
Phantam Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Philadelphia Stary, The (M-G-M)	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Calumbia)	2★
Playgirl (RKO)	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Pride of the Bowery (Manogram)	2½★
Queen af the Mab (Paramaunt)	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M)	3★
Ragtime Cawbay Joe (Universal)	2★
Reaching far the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Raad ta Singapore, The (Paramaunt)	2½★
*Raad to Zanzibar (Paramount)	4★
Road Shaw (United Artists)	2½★
Robin Haod af the Pecos (Republic)	2½★
Ramance of the Ria Grande (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Round-Up, The (Paramaunt)	3★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal)	2★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sea Wolf, The (Warners)	3½★
San Francisca Dacks (Universal)	2½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners)	4★
*Scattergaad Baines (RKO)	2½★
Second Chorus (Paramount)	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal)	3★
Six Lessons From Madame La Zanga (Universal)	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M)	2★
Sleepers West (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Slightly Tempted (Universal)	2★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists)	3½★
Son of Monte Crista, The (United Artists)	3★
Sauth af Paga Pago (United Artists)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Strawberry Blande (Warners)	3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and Gad (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
Tall, Dark and Handsame (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount)	2½★
*That Hamilton Waman (United Artists)	3½★
That Night in Ria (20th Century-Fox)	3★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
Thief af Bagdad, The (United Artists)	C 3½★
This Thing Called Love (Columbia)	3½★
Thase Were the Days (Paramaunt)	C 2½★
Three Smart Girls Graw Up (Universal)	C 3★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fax)	3½★
Tobacca Road (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Tapper Returns (United Artists)	3★
Trail af the Vigilantes (Universal)	3★
Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Virginia (Paramount)	3½★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
Western Unian (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Yau'll Find Out (RKO)	3★
Yaung As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
You're The One (Paramaunt)	2½★
Yauth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox)	2★

(*Continued from page 29*)

in the company of Cary Grant. Dave Chasen and sundry other Hollywood restaurant impresarios, by instruction, fend off all lensmen whenever Cary and his lady step into their places for a spot of cakes and ale.

They met on a boat, these two. The boat was bound for Europe. They met and they parted. A year was to pass before they saw each other again.

At the time the two met, the movie magazines were carrying stories which showered premature blessings on "the coming marriage" of dark Cary to blonde Phyllis Brooks. By the time he returned to Hollywood, the Grant-Brooks romance had simmered down to the freezing point. Barbara Hutton, on the other hand, was in the throes of the great disillusionment which had come over her in the wake of the crash of her marriage to Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow. The vibrations were just right. So were the two temperaments.

They met again the following March in New York, whither Cary had repaired for a vacation. As the poets say, they discovered each other. It was a wonderful discovery entailing nights on the town, nights perpetrated with that legendary good taste and quiet that is Cary's long suit.

They parted once more. Back in Hollywood, Cary's then room-mate, one Randolph Scott, noted with a chuckle of delight that once again a blonde lady's photograph was decorating the Grant quarters. Her name, of course, was Barbara Hutton.

Episode three took place last summer. It was very picturesque and spontaneous. Miss Hutton put into San Francisco with her son, Lance, en route for Honolulu. It was a brief visit and has nothing much to do with the story except that she was entertained by the Countess di Frasso with such élan that hardly had she arrived in Hawaii before she turned back and headed for California and the di Frasso hospitality. The delighted hostess, casting about for a nice eligible male escort, bethought herself of Cary Grant. She arranged for him to be on hand for the dinner party celebrating Miss Hutton's arrival in Los Angeles and saw to it that he put in his appearance for follow-up dinners. She noticed that the two were doing fine, and quit playing Cupid.

THE immediate outgrowth of this was that Barbara Hutton leased the Keaton house and decided to stay awhile. From this point on, you might say, love was in full bloom.

Cary's friends took to Barbara almost from the beginning. It took a little time to get by the shy Barbara to the gay and even hilarious Babs, but it was well worth the effort. Ever afterwards, Cary's friends were Barbara's friends, a condition which improves by the day. Closest of their chums are Reginald Gardiner, Ricardo Cortez, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Maschio (she's Constance Moore), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Elsa Maxwell and, of course, the Countess di Frasso.

Babs Hutton is the person that probably charmed Cary Grant. The same painfully shy person to strangers, is a veritable pixie on the proper occasions. Gay, merry, and even waggish, she is a one-woman Mardi Gras. In this mood, she's in love with life and even more in love with dancing.

A typical occasion was last January 18, which happened to be the birthdays of Cary Grant and Connie Moore, a fete celebrated jointly by the parties concerned. Last year Johnny Maschio gave the party. This year Barbara Hutton tossed a . . . well . . . spectacle. There were twenty-four guests for dinner and after that the house was thrown open for dancing.

The first chorus had hardly begun before Babs was on the floor with Cary, gay and light-hearted. For something like one hundred and twenty choruses she kept it up, not with Cary, of course. She danced with any and all comers—conga, shag and rumba, along with the old stand-bys. It was six A. M. before she had gotten enough. At six, as you guessed, the party broke up.

People meeting her for the first time see Barbara Hutton as a frail-looking, retiring and uncommunicative girl. The frailness amounts to a mere 96 pounds. And she wants it that way. Once she weighed something like 140. A three-year diet brought her down to her present lissomeness, which she wouldn't trade for the controlling interest in General Motors. Her retiring disposition comes of an inability to take people in at a glance; born, as she was, with a warm, trusting nature that was too often abused. Her uncom-

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the big bad Wolf says "Goody"

The Wolf met Little Red Riding Hood going to Grandma's with a basket of food and a package of Dentyne (that delicious chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then but he thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself.

"Hello, Grandma!" said R.R.H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How *do* you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?"

"By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne.

"My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

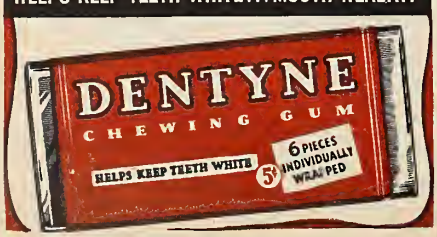
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municative nature is the result of conditioning; too many of her statements have been twisted to the purpose of the hearer. This, then, is Barbara Hutton.

Babs is the down-to-earth person who is always playing tricks on Cary, who takes them in his stride. This is the same Babs who loves to hike with Cary. And she does. Their favorite haunt is the Malibu mountains. A veritable antelope, she covers ground with lightning dispatch.

She's also fond of swimming. The locale, often, is Cary's beach house which is the focal point for Cary's friends. The blonde one swims well, dives better. Cary is just as apt to loll on the sands and toss a medicine ball at one of his pals, preferably one who can catch his hot tosses.

They play tennis together and they're about even. One day she'll trim him badly and the next time, after brushing up like mad for a solid week, he'll take her into camp.

For non-athletic diversion, the favorite pastime is record-making. Barbara pours out her heart in Hawaiian song for the benefit of the recording machine. Jimmy Stewart will do some incidental clowning. Connie Moore will team up with Cary for a duet. After they make a batch, Cary, Barbara and their guests will spend the afternoon running them off and shrieking with glee.

One of Barbara's cutest habits is word collecting. Every now and then she will come running up to Cary or maybe Reggie Gardiner and say: "I've got another word!"

Then with girlish glee, she'll pronounce it carefully, spell it, define it, and for good measure, tell how she came across the word. Naturally, anyone that enthusiastic about words can be counted upon to be a to-the-death foe of wrong pronunciation and bad grammar.

"The accent is on the second syllable, not the third," she's often telling Cary.

"All right, darling, all right," he comes back, mispronouncing it again on purpose.

During Cary's last trip to New York, he put in a call to Barbara.

"What are you doing, Cary?" she inquired, en passant.

"Oh, just laying around," he answered.

"Lying," said Barbara. "You ought to know better."

"Darling," expostulated Cary, "am I getting lessons in grammar at two dollars a minute, or am I calling up to find out how you're feeling?"

They seldom go night-clubbing. Ciro's would be nifty, but there's always a photographer lurking around with a camera that takes a picture in 1/2500th of a second, which is very fast, indeed.

In clothes, both lean toward the British school, which is to say, to the chic without splash. Cary goes for anything from tweeds to subdued plaids. Barbara's street clothes are conservative, although for evening wear she exhibits a glamour that is truly queenly. Her wardrobe, of course, runs into the hundreds of items. What is not from the closed European ateliers of Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Vionnet, and Alix is the handiwork of Bernie Newman of Hollywood, the I. Magnin designer. For daytime wear, she fancies suits, many of them tweeds. Evenings, she loves gold and silver lamé. The number she wore for the Grant-Moore birthday to-do was a masterpiece. It made her look like Snow White in white tulle that "went on for hours," with a row of brilliants across the bust. To boot, there was a rope of rubies and diamonds that gave out a choker-effect, and made her look like a Persian princess. Ordinarily, she is content with a pear-shaped diamond that may or may not be the gift of one Cary Grant.

Her present quarters contains something like twenty rooms, is staffed by a half dozen servants, all of whom love her, thanks to the democratic and considerate treatment she shows them. You couldn't bribe one of them with a Cord automobile.

Cary and Barbara have dinner alternately (more-or-less) at one another's places. They are gay affairs—with friends for the most part. Miss Hutton drinks seldom and little, an occasional glass of champagne representing her entire stint. Cary has no truck with champagne, likes scotch and soda, and drinks with typical English moderation and minimum after effects.

A peerless pixie under the right auspices, she is for all that, a devoted mother. Never was more love lavished on an offspring than is showered upon the tousled, blonde head of Master Lance, aged five. Bright as a 1942 penny, he's the darling not only of his mother but of Cary, himself. The two are always indulging in horseplay. He thinks Cary as an actor is "super-colossal," a word he picked up when Sam Goldwyn and he had a five-minute chat. He calls Cary, "Uncle." Cary has stopped blushing.

This, gentle readers, is the story. If Cary Grant turns around and marries Phyllis Brooks the day this history hits the stands, don't blame us. Cary is just perverse enough to do something like that.



From left to right at a recent Hollywood banquet: Colonel Levinson, Major General Mauborgne—chief officer of the United States Army Signal Corps, Darryl Zanuck (who has been made a Lt. Colonel) and Lt. Levinson.

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BAFFLING BACHELOR

(Continued from page 45)

unpleasant Bolshevik waving a butcher knife.

Well, that sort of thing has its impressions on a growing tot. And maybe that's why Sanders is firmly resolved to enjoy life at this latter day. One thing is certain. That Continental suavity, that absolutely icy poise and polish the fellow has today, stem right from a childhood crammed with passports, visas and foreign hotels. George has visited practically every country in and out of Europe. He can whip from Spanish, into French, into German, into Russian and back to a fairly thick Oxford accent without dropping an aitch. That's the reason he can play Nazis so easily. "I have a flair for accents," yawned George.

He was finally Anglicized, more or less, by exposure to schools in England, Dunhurst, Bedales, Brighton College and the Manchester Technical School where, incidentally, he acquired a mania for inventing gadgets which haunts him to this day.

His first job took him right to the ends of the earth—to Patagonia, of all places, to sell English cigarettes. Business was terrible, of course, and so was salesman Sanders. The toasted, roasted, cream-of-the-crop line didn't bother them a bit.

The tobacco company back in London soon got sick of George's empty order book and issued an ultimatum. "Either get rid of some cigarettes," they cabled, "or we'll do likewise with you." George turned to show business.

He hired a magician, a hootchy dancer and a couple of guitarists, bought a checked vest and started *en tour*. The natives were impressed. He sold a lot of cigarettes that way and, what counted more in the long run, George, doubling in brass, learned how to play the saxophone, the guitar and, when things got tough, to step to the footlights and warble out a song.

The company next ordered him into Chile to make the back country "gasper"-conscious. That's what threw George. They never had enough theatres for his show in the Chile sticks and sometimes not even roads. He got the old inventive bean working and figured out a cigarette blitz by airplane. He designed little parachutes to waft a pack of his brand down from heaven, wrapped in a dodger telling about their tasty, tangy goodness. Then he flew over backwoods Chile bailing them out like parachute troops over Holland. The Chileans smoked George's cigarettes, but they didn't care for his literature. "Eventually," sighed George, "I was fired."

That was about the time of Black Friday and the Wall Street flop that was heard 'round the world. When George dragged back to London there was plenty of nothing to do. Some of the things he was forced to do to keep body and soul on speaking terms were, Mr. Sanders told us, "practically unmentionable."

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"I used to live in a foul boarding house," George reminisced, "with the most treacherous looking bunch of blokes. One used to stalk around the place wrapped in a sheet. He only had one suit. Another was a wrestler, who let his whiskers grow so he could gash up the other fellow. When you opened the door to this heaven the odor almost knocked you down. The landlord charged twenty shillings a week and for breakfast we got an egg on a fish—can you imagine that to greet the morn? Ghastly!"

Once when things got extra tough George put an ad in the agony column of the London Times. "Wanted—home," it said, "by talented young man of good character and education, pleasant disposition, etc., etc." That was his inventive gag mind going again, as it always does in pinches or just for pleasure. George figured there might still be philanthropists in the world. Well, he got a couple of hundred letters from other boarding houses extolling the merits of their bed and board and one from a nice lady who asked him to call. George did, expecting some ancient Christian soul. Instead there was a lovely girl with plenty of this and that to greet him. "I met a lot of nice people through her, too," recalled George.

SANDERS might still be knocking about London if it hadn't been for his uncle who was a musician. "Why don't you try singing?" asked the uncle. "Anybody who can talk can sing, if they just work a little at it." George took his advice for six months more of starvation. Then one night at a party he boomed out "The Road to Mandalay" in his new found baritone, and tickled the ears of a London stage producer who hustled him right into a revue called "Ballyhoo." He doubled in a piano act and was off to the races.

I don't mean it was all fish and chips right away. George kept on missing a meal now and then. But he got in some more revues and then on the stage with Edna Best and Dennis King and Noel Coward. That led to radio and television and pretty soon the British picture boom came and British Dominion signed him up to make movies. He did that for a list of pictures. He'd still be there but, "The studio burned down," snored George quietly. "Had to, by Jove, to get rid of me. They sold my contract in America—down the river, you know. Body belongs to Hollywood, but my soul to God!" George sighed and closed his grey eyes peacefully.

In Hollywood today, if you ask him what his real ambition is he'll say, "Good heavens—financial security, of course!" without handing out any stuff about artistic expression. On the face of things you might call George on the tight side with his money. He lives in a tiny apartment about as big as a dinette in unfashionable Hollywood. He drives a four-year-old Buick which he swears he's going to wear out to get his money's worth. He handles all his own financial affairs and trots to the bank each payday to sock it away personally. He doesn't lay any out across the plush picture colony bars at a dollar a snort. As for clothes, sack jackets and flannels are his speed, and he wears them down to the last thread.

A little while ago a local Hollywood charity guild planned a display of stars' clothing for a benefit. They sent out requests for duds not in use and the Hollywood luminaries put their fanciest rags on display for sweet charity. When George was asked for something for fans to gaze at he sent over some old underwear. There was Dietrich's latest Irene

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creation, Joan Crawford's dazzling furs, Shearer's swank chapeaux and—George Sanders' torn and tattered shorts!

They thanked him—er—just the same, and asked if they should return them or give them away. "Send them back!" yelped George. "There's lots of wear in those pants yet!"

About the only screen relief George has had from cads and bounders in almost five years has been the "Saint" series, although he did a nice sympathetic guy in "Rage in Heaven." He's up to his old tricks again being a Nazi in "Man Hunt" at Twentieth Century-Fox, a thriller diller about a chap who takes a pot shot at Hitler.

George says he'd just as soon keep on being a bad egg if it's all right with the customers. It's so much easier.

"You have to get up so blasted early to make pictures," he explained. "I'm always in a terrible temper. It's a bloody cinch to be nasty. I have to act to be nice. Acting's work."

What George Sanders considers definitely not work, he informed me, is tinkering. "I am simply nuts about making gadgets, gags and Rube Goldberg inventions," he sighed happily. "If I could sit at a desk all day surrounded by a gang of craftsmen sawing, pounding and screwing together my bright ideas, I'd be the happiest man on earth. My ambition in life is to invent some toy or gag that catches on like wildfire all over the land. Any picture I make is out of date in six weeks. But if I could only click with a gadget—then I'd feel practically immortal."

Well, George has been hard at it gadgeting all the time. He's working right now on a new, improved ski. In the past he's patented easy gadgets for this and that—the kind of freak things you read about every now and then—like wienies with zippers and things. "Definitely crackpot," admits George. George took time off, too, not long ago, and built himself a cabin cruiser with his own hands, down in Santa Monica Bay. He almost got to Catalina with it, but not quite. Then he sold it and put the profits in the bank.

Sometimes George, who can still bang a piano, sing and bleat at a saxophone, composes a bit. For instance, he composed the whistle melody that tags all of the "Saint" pictures, and that got him in a pretty hot spot, by the way.

The Los Angeles police put the bite on George recently to appear at a local theatre and give a talk on safe driving.

The minute he showed up on the stage, the crowd began yelling "Hello, 'Saint'—the whistle—the whistle!"

"And there I was," said George, "and I

Solution To Puzzle on Page 10



Beauty News!

Broadway Actresses and Models Reveal Secret of Skin Care



Beautiful Miriam Franklin of Broadway's smash-hit, "Panama Hattie," gives beauty tip!



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can't whistle!" They dub it in at RKO, but the crowd didn't know that. They were pretty disgusted when the big bruiser screwed up his face and hissed weakly like a small girl.

Most of the time, however, George Sanders doesn't stick his neck out like that. He is as cagey as a canary and comfort comes first—above career and even kinfolks. Not long ago George brought his family, now refugees, over from England. He has one sister in Berlin, married to a German. But the rest of his folks—his brother, father and mother—are on the other side of the fence. So George rented a big Beverly Hills mansion with swimming pool, palm trees, patios and hot and cold running Japs. It didn't work. George liked to snooze and his folks were up and about and a lot of other things. He has them in a house in Laguna now, and George moves around, like any other typical bachelor, from hideout to hideout. He doesn't own a stick of furniture; doesn't want an ounce of the worry possessions bring.

Once a while back, George joined up with the Westside Tennis Club, a fashionable movie court club. That didn't last long either. "The business of getting dressed and undressed, showering and all that — too much bother," explained George. "I like tennis, but I certainly won't play until I have everything within ten steps and a bed handy."

How he keeps his giant body in trim remains a mystery considering the Sanders constant state of coma. Maybe it's because food means nothing to him. He's a milk, bread and cheese boy, and he'll gnaw happily at an apple while the rest of the studio is loading up on a six-course lunch. For diversions George said he plays a fair rubber of bridge, lots of ponderous chess with a small circle of friends. He doesn't go too much for reading. One, because it's a lot of effort and, two, because he likes to think his own thoughts instead of cribbing them from somebody else.

As for the ladies—well, he likes them as much as they like George. Yes, indeed. Only you'll never hear much about George Sanders' romances. That makes it especially irritating to the mob of eager females who burn to think of George going to waste. They want to know why someone hasn't hooked him.

Well, I asked George how come, and he arched his eyebrows, like he does, into a perplexed peak and said, "To tell the truth, I've had some narrow escapes. But I guess the reason I'm single is because I like to have my cake and eat it too. I like my freedom. Yessir! Still," mused George Sanders, with a slightly twisted grin, "I'd probably be the easiest bachelor in the world to catch on something like Sadie Hawkins Day. I simply couldn't run very hard. I'm awfully lazy, you know."

So go to it, girls. But don't say that you weren't warned about him. I still say he's strictly unreliable.

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Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

STOP Itching *GET RELIEF This Fast Way* -or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

FOR LOVELY LIPS



IF you want lips that are moist, smooth, sweet and kissable, with the dewy loveliness of a rosebud, try DEWY-SHEEN Lipstick. DEWY-SHEEN comes in exquisite new shades and remains soft and petal-fresh all day. Try DEWY-SHEEN. Only 10 cents at your store or write for it, enclosing 10 cents and name preferred shade. There is no higher quality lipstick at any price.

CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.
450 W. Superior St., Chicago



BRITTLE NAILS

(Continued from page 55)

diet to see if it contains sufficient nail-building essentials—calcium and minerals. Foods that are particularly rich in these and which you need for strong, beautiful nails are milk, citrus fruits, cheese and leafy green vegetables. Find out if you're drinking enough water, too, at least eight glasses a day, because nails react to systemic dryness just as complexions do. Try to protect your nails from small shocks and blows and careless manicuring for an injury to the base may affect the nail-manufacturing process going on in the matrix.

Taking care of your health and correcting your diet can improve the quality of your nails, but once you have grown good ones, what do you do to keep them that way? If you aren't already following a regular routine of nail care, begin today.

Get off to a right start by treating yourself to a thorough, careful manicure, using only oily preparations. Always use an oily polish remover and cuticle softener, then soak your nails in special oily nail lubricants before proceeding with your regular manicure. File and smooth brittle nails with an emery board, holding it at right angles with the nail and filing from the outside toward the center.

UNTIL your nails come back strong and healthy, don't yield to the temptation to shape them in long slender points. These are much more vulnerable to breaking than oval shapes which have strong bases to support them. Let your nails grow out at the corners, too, as this strengthens and gives them added support.

Buff brittle nails before applying polish. This has a two-fold advantage. It stimulates the circulation beneath the nail and promotes its growth, and it also polishes the nail surface, leaving a satiny smooth base to which nail protectors will adhere.

After your manicure, smooth on another coat of nail cream or oil and massage your hands well with a rich lotion or oily cream. Brittle nails and their companions, dry hands, devour as much lubricant as they can get and show their appreciation by looking better with every application.

One weekly manicure—no matter how well done—isn't sufficient to restore brittle nails to pliancy and strength, so here's a day-by-day routine to follow. And it can't be pursued willy-nilly if you want results.

After you've washed your hands and smoothed on an oily lotion or cream, apply a special nail lubricant around the bases, allowing it to remain on long enough to be absorbed.

Go over brittle nails daily with an emery board to remove all rough edges. They're regular dust catchers and split nails always invite more accidents, too.

Every night before you retire, buff each nail at least ten times, then lubricate the tips with a rich cream or oil. As frequently as possible—at least once or twice a week—give them a hot oil treatment, soaking them for five or ten minutes in oil that's comfortably warm.

You'll add to nail flexibility and to the softness of your hands, too, if you will leave the excess oil on over night. Slip your hands into cotton gloves like those Dorothy Lamour is wearing on page 55. These gloves are inexpensive and really great little sheet-savers as well as wonderful oil keeper-oners for your hands.



If you are as faithful to this routine as you are to the regular cleansing and care of your face, it won't be long before your nails begin to take on new life and strength. Don't be discouraged, however, if wonders aren't accomplished overnight—and don't abandon this treatment at the first signs of improvement, either. The care you are giving them now is beautifying your present nail-surfaces, but there is new nail growth to come and that takes four or five months to mature from matrix out to the tip.

You can pursue your everyday activities, of course, but do use discretion. Don't expect your nails to have the strength of mechanical devices that are made to remove thumb tacks from walls, to scratch paint off doors or to open tightly sealed packages. Don't laugh. We've seen pretty intelligent girls try just such stunts with their nails. But don't you do it. Treat your nails with respect and keep them well lubricated, and before you can say onychocryptosis*, your nails will do you proud.

With mesh gloves and short sleeves in the offing, your hands are in for particular scrutiny this summer. But they'll be lovely to look at if you keep them soft and smooth with Chamberlain's Lotion. It's a marvelous summer beautifier for both hands and arms, and a grand protection against dryness, heat and wind when you go motoring. It spreads quickly and easily and leaves your skin satiny smooth, and it isn't at all sticky. Many women like to use Chamberlain's Lotion as a powder base, too. Why don't you try a bottle today? You'll find it in a handy 10-cent size at your local variety store. Also in 25-cent, 50-cent and $1.00 sizes.

*Onychocryptosis—ingrowing nail.

We hope you're not one of the girls who risk infection and ruin the beauty of their nails by forever hacking at their cuticles with scissors. Rough cuticle is unsightly, we'll admit, but it's pretty "old hat" and absolutely unnecessary to cut it. There's an excellent product on the market, called Trimal, that softens this dead tissue so that it can be easily removed without cutting. All you have to do is to saturate a cotton-swathed orange stick with Trimal and work it around the bases of your nails. Then soak your fingers in warm water for a few seconds—and, presto, the dead cuticle can be wiped away without further ado, leaving your nails smooth, well-groomed and healthy.

Here's a new summer thrill for girls who are fastidious about the appearance of their fingertips. Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish, a new improved lacquer, has been introduced in twelve delectable shades besides transparent, all packaged in newly designed hard-to-tip bottles. The colors run the entire gamut of becoming nail-polish tones, ranging from the palest flesh tint to clear red, slightly brown red to deeper shades with undertones of blue. There's a shade to harmonize with every popular summer color and several that will blend beautifully with your own skin tones. They're only 10 cents apiece, so you won't feel extravagant if you buy several to be up-to-the-minute in finger-tip beauty whenever you change your outfit. The polish has a grand lustrous finish and, if properly applied, will last for days.

Cracking, peeling nails are a social error you ought to avoid. If your polish chips off easily, let Mani-Prep do the job



Priscilla Parker
BREATH CORRECTING
Lipstick

will delight you also. It renders a two-way service:

1. It produces maximum lip loveliness because it has all the fine qualities of any good lipstick.
2. It gives additional assurance of daintiness by neutralizing unpleasant breath, also breath odors from cocktails, cigarettes, highly seasoned foods, etc.

Only Priscilla Parker Breath Correcting Lipstick contains special, effective, yet harmless ingredients which neutralize offensive breath odors as you naturally moisten your lips.

DeLuxe styles, 50c and $1.00. Also available in 20c size at your favorite dime store.

Parker Bouldin Co., St. Paul, Minn.



of putting your nails in condition. It's a scientific preparation that checks the cause of peeling and chipping and produces a clear, clean nail surface over which polish may be applied evenly and smoothly. Rub each nail with cotton soaked with Mani-Prep, then wipe dry, and apply your usual nail lacquer. You'll be terribly surprised at how much longer it will last.

Do your hands play a game of hit and miss whenever you begin to apply nail polish? If they do, you'll find the LeSager Finger Rest a source of never-ending joy and comfort, for it holds one hand steady while the other applies the lacquer with sure, deft strokes. And what an improvement there is in the finished job! The finger rest is a neat little gadget made of light-weight metal, with four roomy, long grooves for fingers to repose in comfortably. Its light frame base is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, so you don't have the worry of keeping the finger-steadier steady. You can buy this device for a trifle at your local syndicate store.

If your busy hands are rough and dry with little lines showing up like the divisions in a patchwork quilt, they need a rich softening cream that will supply to your skin the natural oil it lacks. Helen Ayars Hand Cream is a smooth spreading cream that contains lanolin, a particularly good skin softener. It's light in texture and smooths into the hands without leaving an aftermath of stickiness. You'll notice the improvement in your hands after the first two or three applications, and we know you'll like its light, dainty fragrance. You can buy it at your neighborhood variety store.

the loveliest thing in make-up





Irresistible allure! Chiffon Face Powder is sifted through the finest silk to remove tiny particles of shine, to be cake-proof, streak-proof, longer lasting —and to make *you* look lovelier!

Its Chiffon bouquet is exquisitely feminine—truly glamorous!

In seven high fashion shades. 10¢

***Chiffon* Lipstick**
***Chiffon* All-Purpose Cream**
Get all 3 at your five-and-ten!

PRIMROSE HOUSE
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 54*)

gets, and now whenever Clark sits before the lens looking as joyous as the Mona Lisa, the inspired photographer squeezes a little ball suspended from his tripod. The ball emits an insipid "beep, beep," Clark's funny-bone is tickled, and Mr. Bull is rewarded with exactly the shot he wants.

ISN'T HOLLYWOOD WONDERFUL!

Frankly, the workings of studio publicity departments fascinate and bewilder us. We've been racking our brain and scratching our scalp in utter puzzlement, and we can't for the life of us figure out how a major outfit conceived that story about Lucia Carroll's ancestry. When the studio put Lucia under contract, they openly admitted her real surtag was LaCerte. Shortly after, with much fanfare and horn-blowing, they changed the LaCerte to Carroll. And then with astonishing aplomb and glibness, they released the tale that their lovely starlet was the sole-surviving descendant of a great American statesman named Mr. Something-or-other Carroll!

SHORT SHOTS

Indication of the times: A recent New York State English Teachers exam listed twenty questions. The first was on Spencer Tracy, the last on Shakespeare . . . Miss Average Movie Actress tips the scales at 112 pounds . . . Thomas Mitchell, it is reported, is about to become the highest-paid character actor in the glorious history of the cinema. He'll knock off $70,000 for eight weeks of emoting in "The Devil and Daniel Webster" or an



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN [38-52 yrs.old]

HEED THIS ADVICE! Are you cross, cranky and NERVOUS, suffer hot flashes, weakness, dizziness, distress of "irregularities"—caused by this period in a woman's life? THEN LISTEN:

Start *today* and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands of grateful women to calm unstrung nerves and to lessen the annoying and embarrassing distress due to this functional disturbance.

Lydia Pinkham's Compound is WORTH TRYING! Get a bottle *today!*



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Your CHOICE of Lady's or Man's guaranteed 1941 WRIST WATCH given at no extra cost with every ½ carat simulated solitaire diamond ring when ordered and paid for on our purchase privilege plan. Payments $2.00 down, within 20 days after arrival, at your post office. Balance of $2.00 anytime within a year. (Total only $4.00.) Ring has scintillating imported stone set in rhodium silver finish. Adjustable band. Send NO money with order. Extra surprise free gift enclosed for promptness. Rush name, address, ring size. It comes by return mail.



R. Kendall Jewelers, Dept. MM641, Topeka, Kansas

A WHALE OF A LOT OF FUN FOR ONLY 10c

CROSSWORD PUZZLES

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

average of $1,500 daily . . . Whatever happened to Alan Mowbray's original screen story tastefully titled "Boiled Beef and Gardenias?" . . . Her romance with Milton Berle having subsided, Mary Beth Hughes is scoring touchdowns with her old love, ex-football star Tex Harris . . . On the "Senate Page Boys" set, Virginia Bruce, refusing to call Herbert Marshall "dear" because she hates the word, called him "darling" instead. . . . By the way, stork rumors are hovering over Virginia's head. Maureen O'Sullivan's, too . . . Bob Crosby is chucking his band and will concentrate on fillums . . . Hattie McDaniel, well-remembered "Mammy" of "GWTW," is the town's newest bride. It's her third venture . . . Funny-man Rufe Davis, who owns the apartment building he lives in, has always banned families with babies. Rufe is preparing to move out soon. His wife is expecting her first child . . . Lewis Stone's daughter will make him a grandfather any minute . . . Before leaving for the army, Jimmy Stewart sold the plane which has been his pride and joy . . . Jack Haley says: "I can tell Spring is here. I woke up this morning and found a Blue Jay on my toe!"

MISS INGRID BERGMAN

Spencer Tracy isn't the gush and goo type, but just mention Ingrid Bergman, and Spence does everything but break into handsprings. He thinks Ingrid is so far out in front, she'll become the greatest celluloid star the world will ever see. About "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," their current co-starrer, Spence says: "When you see Bergman on the screen, you won't even know Jekyll and Hyde are in the picture!" To prove he's not kidding, Spence has asked Ingrid to do a Broadway play with him in the fall. However, now that her husband is here in Hollywood, it isn't likely that Ingrid will voluntarily take off for New York and the rigors of the stage. The best indication of her sentiments is contained in a little story they're telling of her recent meeting with David Selznick. As they shook hands, Selznick noticed that Ingrid's were rough and red. "Have you been doing housework again?" he scolded. Ingrid grinned. "Yes," she admitted. "Before I go to the studio in the morning, I cook breakfast for Peter and the baby, and then I wash up. And when I come home, I get their dinner and wash up again. You see, that's my real job. Acting is just my sideline."

MARTYRS FOR THEIR ART

In a recent article revealing the tricks of his trade, Makeup Man Perc Westmore dished up some unusual facts about his world-famous "patients." Here are a few: Cary Grant must cover his manly blue-black whiskers with double dark makeup to keep them from photographing like a new-born beard . . . George Brent missed out on a great costume role, because the long wig required for the part made his handsome features look like Hedy Lamarr's . . . Two well-known he-men never step before the camera without their high heels. Extra inches added inside and outside the shoe, plus trousers cut long in the back to cover the high heel, make it possible for the shortest shortie to hold his head high—above his leading lady's . . . Charlie Chaplin's ebony topknot is that way for picture purposes only. It's blondish-grey in real life . . . George Raft pales whenever he finds a stray hair in his military brush, though actually he's as far from baldness as he ever was . . . Whenever an actor is in danger of developing a "Pretty Boy" reputation, as was Richard Greene, he

Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

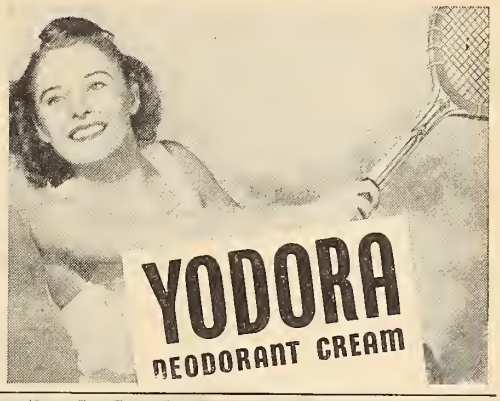
(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. *In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.*
2. *Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!*
3. *Examining nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!*

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no sickly smell on dresses. Actually soothing. 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



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Blue Waltz



NEW! Mother's Day gift box with romantic BLUE WALTZ PERFUME—10¢

The fresh flower-like fragrance of BLUE WALTZ PERFUME is dedicated to romance . . . to spirits that are ever gay and young, and ready for adventure. Try a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on your hair, your throat, your wrists and see! For this is a perfume exquisitely blended from a mixture of the world's loveliest blossoms.



BLUE WALTZ PERFUME 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores





New FOOT RELIEF!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

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Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.



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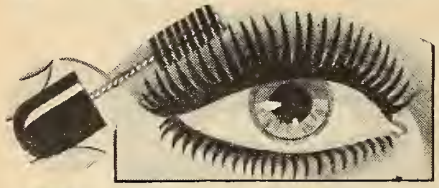
OURSELVES thinks the road to happiness and success is a pleasant road. Its goal is the most important in the world, for what is more important than contentment? Yet the road to contentment need not be dull, difficult, or unpleasant.

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- An unusually generous amount, de luxe quality.
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10c If your 5 & 10c store has not yet received "Modern Eyes," send a dime and 2c stamp for mailing.

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 932M Jefferson, Iowa



GOOD NEWS (Continued)

is urgently instructed to kill the talk by growing a moustache (known in movie slanguage as a "Ronnie Colman"). Incidentally, Westmore explained, and we also hasten to add, that Movietown men earn their living by featuring their good looks. Their make-up tricks and quirks are just part of the business and very seldom, says Perc, do they spring from personal vanity.

DO YOU CALL THAT GLAMOUR?

The most unexpected sight of the month was Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich hunched over lunch in the Warner Bros. commissary the other afternoon. The pair was deep in conversation when we walked into the room and were still talking like mad when we got up to leave. Curious to know what common interest was absorbing the two, we sidled past their table on our way to the door. And we're sorry we did, because our news-hungry nose got a mean jolt. Both Gary and Marlene were gabbing a mile a minute about "my Maria." And only then did we realize that mama Dietrich and papa Cooper were discussing nothing more unusual than their respective children—both of whom happen to have the same name. "Does my daughter go out with boys?" we could hear Marlene exclaiming as we closed the door behind us. "Certainly not! And she won't for two more years! In Europe, we don't let girls of sixteen have dates!"

HALLOWED GROUND

We doff our lid to Universal Studios for the maddest scheme of the month. The other day a corps of stars and lesser employees marched en masse to a newly-erected building on the lot. Upon arriving at their destination, they cheered and shouted wildly. Then suddenly a reverent hush fell over the crowd. Miss Marlene Dietrich had stepped to the fore. With a pair of shiny scissors clutched in her hand, Miss Dietrich walked confidently up to the building. Deftly she snipped the red ribbon strung across its doorway—and Universal had officially dedicated its new "powder room" for men!

GINGER AND SPICE

Hollywood citizens got the shock of their lives when they picked up their newspapers the other morning. Right smack in the middle of the movie advertising section was a photograph of Ginger Rogers surrounded by such hair-raising expressions as: Ginger Rogers In Her Greatest Sex Sensation, Her First Night Of Love, Daring Sex Facts Revealed, See What Can Never Be Told, The Truth About Sex Frankly And Fearlessly Told, and so on! A second glance revealed the whole thing to be nothing more than a reissue of Ginger's film "Primrose Path," which happened to be appearing on the same bill with a film called "Married Love" and a "dynamic sex authority" called Mrs. Jardine McCree. We're happy to say that the ad did not appear a second day. Deemed so unethical and so brutally unfair to Ginger, it was yanked from the paper immediately, and the picture exhibitor's contract cancelled in a flash.

MATRON IN KINDERGARTEN

Charlie Chaplin is the only man in town who can sympathize with French actor Marcel Dalio. Dalio, who is forty-ish and a star in his native land, is the husband of Madeleine Lebeau, willowy Paramount importation now appearing in "Hold Back the Dawn." Madeleine is only 17 and, under California law, still of school age. So whenever Dalio comes down to the set to see her, he has the unique experience of watching his wife rush from a dramatic scene with Charles Boyer to an off-stage schoolroom where, with a half-dozen other kids, she buries her nose in history and geography books. Chaplin, of course, was in the same position when he was wed to Lita Grey. The only thing that makes the Lebeau case a bit more unusual is this—Madeleine has been Mrs. Dalio for two years!

OFF THE COB

Gags of the month from Hollywood's funny-bone specialists:—Bob Hope (upon being told that Shirley Temple was contracted by M-G-M): "Poor kid, she was working so hard at 20th Century-Fox, she began to get bags under her savings account" . . . Jack Benny: "So Mary says I'm a liar. Well, many true words have been spoken by false teeth!" . . . Hugh Herbert: "Sure I feel fine. I'm as happy as the girl who dreamed she went to Hollywood and lived in a house with seven Gables." . . . Gracie Allen: "Everyone thinks my nephews are twins. They're alike in so many disrespects." . . . Mischa Auer (discussing Deanna Durbin's marriage): "What do I think of weddings? A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers!"

MUSICAL COMEDY

You all know her name. She's a top musical star at a top studio. Her golden songs have made her beloved wherever pictures are shown. The magic of her melody has won her fame and fortune. What few people have known, however, is that ever since she came to Hollywood her entire career has been in the hands of one man—the studio's musical sound editor. It's been this unsung hero who has bent his ear over his playback machine and listened carefully as the songstress made a dozen or more recordings of each of her numbers. And it has been he who took the best phrases from each, patiently patched them together and made it possible for the world to hear perfect renditions of every tune she warbled. Without him she would have been mediocre. With him she was a great artist. Now, alas, the gay deception is ended. The star is in tears. The studio is frantic. The reason? Last week the draft board came and got the soundman—making it the first time in history a voice has been put in khaki!

BIOGRAPHY OF A CHAMPION

Some day, in the not too distant future, one of the biggest stars in Hollywood is going to be a little girl called Kathryn Grayson. When that day dawns the entire movie-going public will be chattering about the lovely lass who just a few months ago was known as plain Zelma Hedrick. As preparation for that time, Modern Screen has gathered its readers some useful conversational fodder. So—here goes: (a) Kathryn is a Southerner. Her home town is Winston-Salem where she was born 19 years ago. (b) Her father is a building contractor. (c) There are four more young Hedricks—three boys and a girl, all of whom are picture-minded. (d) Metro signed Kathryn a year and a half ago. They paid her salary regularly and kept her busy with dental appointments and music lessons. (e) She's a brilliant lyric soprano, taking daily lessons in grand opera, light opera, harmony and scales. (f) She studies dancing in her spare time. (g) Every morning she hops out of bed at 6 A. M. and goes down to the studio where she is soundly pounded by



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

a sturdy masseuse. (h) She says she'll never see a picture if she's in it. She still hasn't seen "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary" in which she débuted. (i) She's bright and beautiful and even without the music lessons, the dancing lessons, the dental appointments and the masseuse, would still be a sensational find.

BLACKOUT

George Brent is a happier man today than he's been since he first came to Hollywood. Not only because his romance with A. Sheridan is going along as smoothly as Annie's skin, but because, for the first time in his celluloid career, George has been permitted to be himself. It seems George's hair began to grey when he was just a kid of fifteen. Movie producers, showing a surprising ignorance of womenkind, felt his silver locks wouldn't go over with the matinée trade and doomed him to a lifetime of casting the dye. George suffered through ten years of black-up jobs, but, at long last, in "The Great Lie" he blossoms out as the real Brent. He says he feels like a man released from bondage—and we say he looks so oomphie, probably everyone from Mick Rooney up will try following his silvery trail.

DUTCH TREAT

When Joan Crawford pleads for something, it's got to be good. And plead is exactly what Joan did when she got it into her noggin that she wanted Philip Dorn in her latest drah-ma "A Woman's Face." The front office gave Joan a snappy turndown on her request, because they had other plans for the Dutch delight. But that should give you some idea of how Dorn stacks up in this town. The glamour gals think he's a simply terrific performer. And his accent! Wow! Funny thing about that accent. Dorn was so eager to lose it when he came to America, he saw 203 movies in 7 weeks, just to perfect his English diction! Though he is himself a great star in Holland, Dorn says the three foremost favorites of his countrymen are Bette Davis, Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

It happened at a British War Relief party. Master of Ceremonies Herbert Marshall was auctioning off a woolen sweater which formerly belonged to the King of England. "I bid six," came a voice from the side of the room. "I raise it to seven," shrilled an individual sitting down in front. Gene Lockhart jumped to his feet. "And I say eight," he boomed. Mrs. Lockhart tugged at her husband's coat-tails. "Gene," she whispered. "He means hundreds, not dollars!" "Oh!" said the horrified Mr. Lockhart, sinking back into his seat. "Nine," called the man down in front, and the auction went on as before.

BONING UP ON BURNS

Being out of pictures doesn't mean being out of the picture where Bob Burns is concerned. The Palooka with the Bazooka plans to return to the screen in serious roles before long. Meanwhile, here are a few lines to keep fans up on their Burns-isms: (1) Bob keeps an incubator full of chicks in his bathroom. That's the warmest place in the house for them. (2) He and his wife pedal a bicycle 9 miles into the mountains every single day, then turn around and pedal right back again. (3) He never swims in his beautiful pool, but uses it as a proving ground for all his wacky water inventions.

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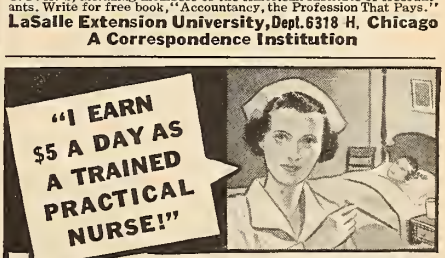


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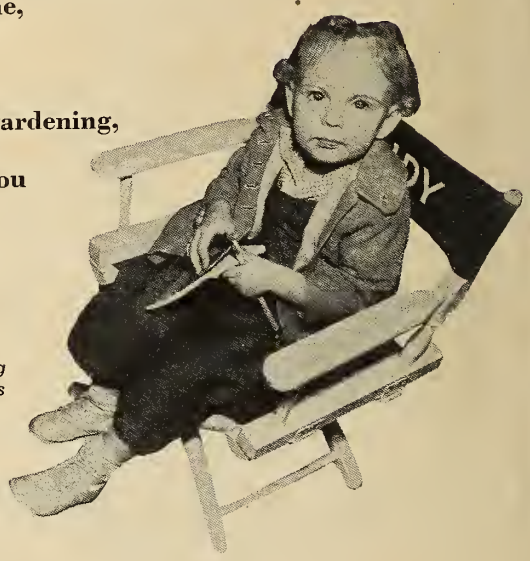
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happy birthday

Lucky you if you've a May birthday! According to the stars, it's *the* month to be born in if you want to have any fun. You get a kick out of everything—a bar of jive à la Shaw, a painting by Rembrandt, a rip-roaring Western.

There's a wide streak of Scotch in you; you hoard everything . . . twine, paper, months-old magazines. You also have quite a wide streak of Winchell. Simply crave gossip—it's your one and only vice. You're always in love, though not necessarily with the same person. However, once you've found The One, it's likely to be a till-death-do-us-part proposition.

You adore singing, talking, eating, gardening, reading—everything! You're such a jolly one, you really don't need anyone's good wishes—but, somehow or other, you get them anyway.



Baby Sandy, appearing in Universal Pictures

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"My favorite cigarette? Camel! The smoke itself is so much milder —more flavorful!"

Mrs. John Hylan Heminway
NEW YORK



For her Camel portrait, Mrs. Heminway wears a dinner dress by a famous American designer . . . a softly draped crêpe of Sahara beige and red, belted in leather.

"Like most women, I love beautiful clothes," says Mrs. Heminway. "But my every-day interests are in the house . . . having a few friends in for dinner, planning the meals, doing the marketing."

In her spare time, Mrs. Heminway does welfare work . . . enjoys fox-hunting . . . reads a great deal. "Wherever I am, I usually have a package of Camels handy. Camel is the grandest-tasting cigarette...and so much milder! I'm glad to know that with Camels I get less nicotine in the smoke."

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

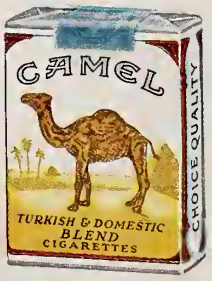
THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND

28% *LESS NICOTINE*

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● If you like to smoke, it's the *smoke* you like. So light up a slower-burning Camel for smoke that's milder, smoke that's cooler and more flavorful, smoke that contains *less nicotine.* (As stated above.) The *smoke's* the thing—and the slower-burning cigarette is *Camel.*

Buy your Camels by the carton. More convenient. More thrifty, too!



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

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Scoop! DAVE ROSE TALKS ABOUT JUDY GARLAND



Step OUT in Cool Fragrance

LILACS AND ROSES TALC *and* COLOGNE *make your skin enticing from Head to Toe*

The hottest day won't steal your charm if you give yourself this lovely, new, cooling treatment. Dash Lilacs and Roses Cologne on your whole body...then powder all over with the exquisite Talc. You feel simply *delicious!* So heavenly cool—and with a fragrance that lifts your senses to the stars! Dress in your prettiest and step out proudly. Expect adventure...for Lilacs and Roses is the fragrance of ecstasy. It excites a man's heart...awakens desire—a burning desire to crush cool, sweet, seductive you in his arms. Get Lilacs and Roses Talc and Cologne at your 10c store.

A thrill for you glamour girls! Now you can get divine Lilacs and Roses Cologne to match your favorite Talc.



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10¢ EACH



Even if you never lead a Beauty Parade . . .

YOU CAN WIN..If your Smile is Right!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are firm and healthy. Help to keep your gums firmer with daily Ipana and Massage.

YOU CAN HAVE dates and dances—admiration and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. Even the plainest girl has an appealing charm if she keeps her smile at its sparkling best.

Make your smile the real, attractive YOU. But remember, bright teeth and sparkling smiles depend largely upon healthy gums. So help keep your gums firm and your smile more attractive with the aid of Ipana and massage.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may say your gums are only lazy—that they need the work denied them by today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is specially designed to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth.

That special invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Make your smile your most important beauty asset with the help of Ipana and massage. Get a tube of Ipana today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUN 14 1941

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Folks, take a friendly tip. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your proboscis clean. Billy the Kid is dustin' into town!



His real name? William Bonney. He's quick on the draw. Shoots with his left hand. Can hit a wart on a lizard. Asks questions later. He's Wanted for Murder!

★ ★ ★ ★

Garbed in black—to match "Hassie", his horse—Billy the Kid will lift you out of your seats with his ways and means. He's a one-man prosecutor and a one-man court. He's a menace. And handsome as Bob Taylor.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's "Billy the Kid" is a "Western" true enough. But you gotta use those words "saga" and "epic". Real galloping tintypes and buckets of blood.

★ ★ ★ ★

Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peachbloom of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

★ ★ ★ ★

You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northerns" with their relentless man-getters, your "Southerns" with their crinoline coyness—

★ ★ ★ ★

But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

★ ★ ★ ★

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a really great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's another big hit from



Leo The Kid

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

MODERN SCREEN

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PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

CONRAD W. WIENK, Art Editor

Cover Girl: Paulette Goddard, appearing in "Hold Back The Dawn," a Paramount Picture.

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ROBERT TAYLOR as BILLY THE KID *(IN TECHNICOLOR)*

with **BRIAN DONLEVY** • Ian Hunter • Mary Howard • Gene Lockhart • Lon Chaney, Jr.

Screen Play by Gene Fowler • Directed by David Miller • Produced by Irving Asher • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Information desk

POST THOSE BRAIN TEASERS TO US. WE HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS ON THE TIPS OF OUR TONGUES!



NOTE: *If you'd like a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.*

Verdale M. Carter, Dayton, Ohio. Leader of the rootin' tootin' Sons of Pioneers is 33-year-old bachelor Bob Nolan who's six feet two inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, hails from New Brunswick, N. J. All the rest of the gang are married. Six foot, 180 pound Hugh Farr from Llano, Texas, was born Dec. 6, 1914; his 31-year-old brother Carl is just six feet tall; Pat Brady, born on Dec. 31, 1914, in Toledo, Ohio, is five feet eleven inches, 165 pounds; Lloyd "Hillbilly" Perryman who's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, was born in Wild Cherry, Ark. 24 years ago. Their latest is "Outlaws of the Panhandle." . . . In "Li'l Abner" Granville Owen as Li'l Abner gets pursued by Martha O'Driscoll (Daisy Mae). Mona Ray plays Mammy Yokum, spouse of Johnnie Morris (Pappy Yokum). Cousin Delightful is Billie Seward.

Jayne Quigley, Cincinnati, Ohio. Yes, Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio played together in a 1933 version of "Flying Down to Rio." That was their one and only co-starring movie. . . . Jane Wyatt was the heroine of "Lost Horizon." . . . Lila Lee was leading lady in "The Night of June 13th" way back in 1932.

Jean Hyner, Detroit, Michigan. Husky six-foot-two-inch Charles Lang's first ambition was to be a professional baseball player. The nearest he ever got to it was a try-out with the Brooklyn Eagles; but he's still an avid fan. Born in New York City on February 15, 1915, he did just about everything possible before turning to the stage—was a Wall Street runner, reception clerk, truck driver, insurance salesman, chemist's assistant and lecturer at the World's Fair. While making his Broadway début in "Pastoral," he was discovered by a talent scout and called to Hollywood. He's having the time of his life on the Coast, drives a Ford coupé, goes out for all sports ('specially hunting) and reads everything he can get his hands on. Is most frequently seen with Helen Parrish.

Tala Beverly, Pittsburgh, Pa. Nope, Anna Neagle of "Irene" and "No, No, Nanette" fame is not Ross Alexander's widow. Mrs. Alexander is Anne Nagel, who's going to remarry soon, incidentally.

A. G. A. L., the Kid, Richmond, Ontario. You can write to Bette Davis at Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal., to find out whether she had an accident near your home. . . . No, Olivia de Havilland didn't play the violin in "My Love Came Back." That was all done by trick photography.

Helen Bancom, Farragut, Iowa. Sure 'nuf we have everything you want to know about Range Busters. John King will be 32 in July, comes from Cincinnati, Ohio, can be reached at Monogram Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. His buddy, Ray Corrigan, will be glad to hear from you at Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, Cal. He's six feet two inches tall, weighs 199 pounds, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., on Valentine's Day in 1907. Max Terhune's at the same address, is six feet tall, tips the scales at 204 pounds. He was born in Franklin, Ind., in 1891.

Clarice Kirk, Provo, Utah. Your friend, Betty Grable, has thrilled theatregoers in: "What Price Innocence," "The Nitwits," "Old Man Rhythm," "Collegiate," "Follow the Fleet," "Don't Turn 'Em Loose," "Pigskin Parade," "This Way Please," "Thrill of a Lifetime," "College Swing," "Give Me a Sailor," "Campus Confessions," "The Day the Bookies Wept," "Million Dollar Legs," "Down Argentine Way," "Tin Pan Alley" and "Miami."

A. Gonzalez, Tampa, Fla. Here are those vital statistics for you: George Raft, 36 years old, five feet ten inches tall; Jimmy Cagney, 37, five feet eight and a half inches; Judy Garland, 18, five feet five inches; Ida Lupino, 27, five feet six inches; Linda Darnell, 17, five feet five inches; Dorothy Lamour, 26, five feet five inches; Madeleine Carroll, 33, five feet four inches; Jane Withers, 15, five feet three and a half inches.

Jane Inglehart, Boston, Mass. Address your letter to Freddie Bartholomew at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Yes, Stirling Hayden writes to his fans. Direct your envelope to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood. Jeff Lynn is notorious for his prompt friendly answers to fan mail . . . Madeleine Carroll gets her letters at Paramount Studios.

Harry Marshall, Providence, R. I. Connie Bennett was born on Oct. 22, 1905, is five feet four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. Her latest picture was "Escape to Glory" for Columbia, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Incidentally, she wed Gilbert Roland on April 22nd of this year.

Opal Schwawbrow, New York, N. Y. Marion Claire played Bobby Breen's mom in "Make a Wish," in 1937.

Wanda Atkin, Portland, Ore. Just send in your 25c to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., for a picture of Shepperd Strudwick.

GREAT NEWS!

"MILLION DOLLAR BABY"

will be shown *immediately!*



Hollywood fell head over heels for this wonderful story of a girl who falls into a million dollars!
(You should read those preview raves!)
It's so good, and so gay, and so lovable that theatres wouldn't wait a single moment to play it for you! Watch for it and don't dare miss it!

It stars, in their very best roles ever . . .

PRISCILLA LANE
JEFFREY LYNN
RONALD REAGAN
MAY ROBSON · LEE PATRICK
Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by Casey Robinsan, Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald • Fram a Stary by Leanard Spigelgass
A NEW WARNER BROS. HIT

movie reviews

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

CITIZEN KANE . . . . . ★★★★

This is the most talked-about film of recent years. You may agree with the raves that it has been getting prior to release, or you may disagree. In either case, it is a film which will arouse your violent interest.

To this reviewer's mind, "Citizen Kane" is powerful drama and an engrossing human document. In two hours it tells, with infinite detail, the life of a man, from the age of 25 to the age of 80. But it is not episodic, and it is not jerky. And it is not overlong. It seems just about right, and it flows smoothly. That is what makes it an important movie—the way it is done.

The acting of Orson Welles in the difficult leading role is unbelievably good; it is not an actor you are seeing on the screen, but a living, breathing, full-bodied human being. Welles' direction is not far behind; it is masterful and in full control. It seems incredible that this could possibly have been Welles' first movie directing job, because his hand is so sure and deft. And his third task, as writer of the script, is equally impressive, although here he had the cooperation of an experienced screen writer, Herman Mankiewicz.

Another very important item—perhaps the most important—is the technical excellence of the film. As a matter of fact, it seemed as though there was too much attention to the technical end. Bernard Hermann's musical background and Gregg Toland's photography are exceptionally good—but do not blend into the whole the way the writing, acting and directing do.

There are quite a number of astonishingly keen characterizations by the little-known players in the company. Especially outstanding are Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore and Everett Sloane.—*RKO-Radio.*



Most of the supporting players in Orson Welles' one-man show, "Citizen Kane," are actors and actresses totally unknown to the screen. With him above are Joseph Cotten and Erskine Fanford.

PENNY SERENADE . . . . . ★★★½

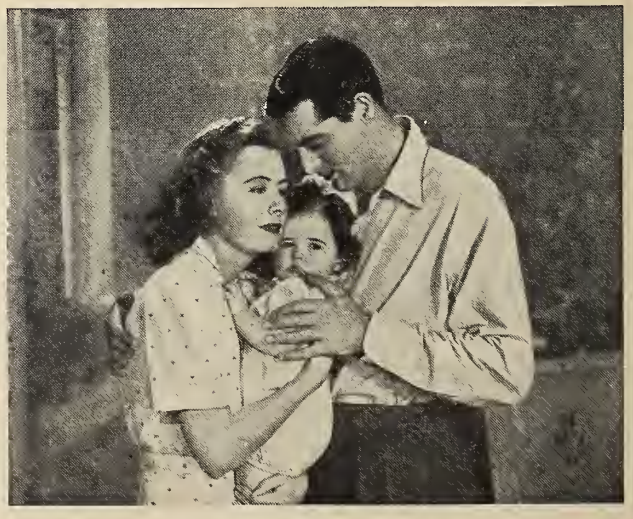
Get ready for a surprise when you see this picture. Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in "Penny Serenade" sounds very much like what it isn't. Because it is, actually, a simple, dramatic affair with heart-tug. In fact those of you gals who enjoy a good cry once in a while had better take your hankies along. The men may sneer at the "mush," but they'll enjoy it, nevertheless.

It is a new variation for Cary Grant, especially; not even for a moment is he his usual sophisticated, debonair self. The change should be good for him because it gives him a chance at some real and honest emotional acting. Irene, of course, is always in full control of herself, a seasoned trouper in the sentimental school.

It is a simple story, dealing with the domestic life of a young couple who adopt a baby. It tells of the fundamental concerns of rearing the child, and the homespun theme is handled with delicacy and rare good humor. The film has astonishingly keen understanding and moves with a fine marriage of mood and timing. You believe it all, every second of the way, and become part and parcel of the lovable family.

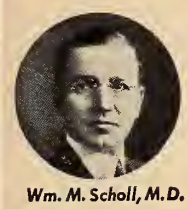
Aside from the two stars, there is an excellently selected and intelligently directed supporting cast, headed by Edgar Buchanan, Beulah Bondi and Ann Doran. Ann is a nine-year-old youngster who here joins the parade of the talented younger generation in Hollywood with a good deal of hope and promise for the future.

There are a few sentimental scenes that are overdone, but director George Stevens keeps things moving smoothly most of the time.—*Columbia.* (*Continued on page 10*)



In "Penny Serenade," Cary Grant drops his sleek sophistication and turns homebody. He and Irene Dunne play foster parents to one-year-old Baby Biffle, who has an identical twin!

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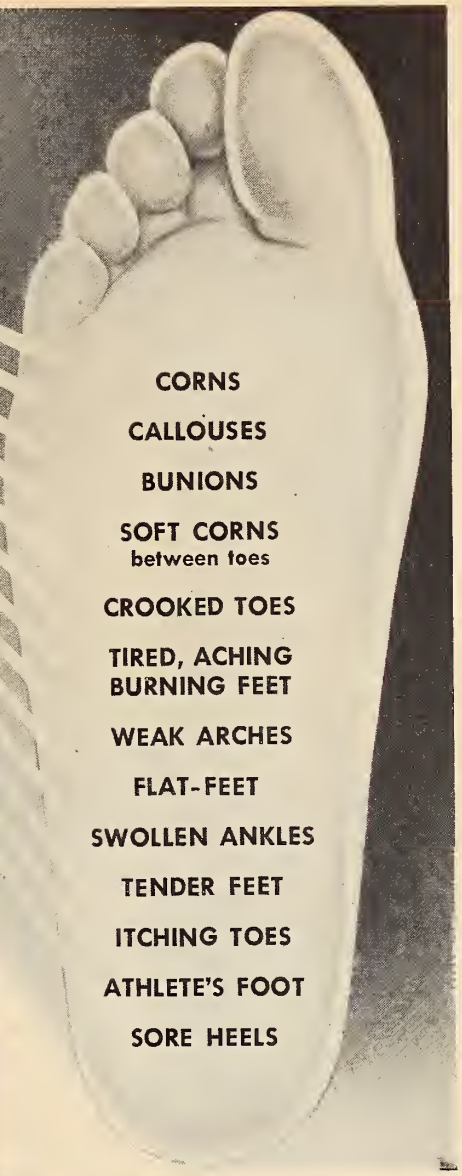


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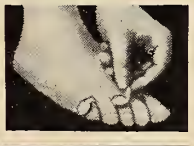
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F 6



MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

★★★½ The Great American Broadcast

There are various ways of looking at these things, of course. Some people believe that every new movie which comes along ought to have a new story. Darryl Zanuck, on the other hand, believes that once he uses a good story and it turns out successfully, why should he bother thinking up a new one? And if this movie is any criterion—our reply is, why indeed? Go right on dishing it out, Mr. Z; change the characters a little here and there, give us new tunes, change the background. And we'll be right there cheering.

By which time you must have gathered that "The Great American Broadcast" is on the okay side. It's light, frothy and full of fun. Jack Oakie and Johnny Payne are the two lads who are life-long buddies this time (same set-up as "Tin Pan Alley"), and Johnny takes Alice Faye (same girl as in "T.P.A.") away from Jack. But the radio business (it was music business in "T.P.A.") booms up and up (yeah!) and the movie characters with it. For purposes of plot variation, Cesar Romero horns in and tries to take Alice away from both Jack and John, but he hasn't a chance.

The radio business, of course, is an exciting hunk of recent history, and this picture makes the most of it—whether any of it is true historically or not. There's a grand piece of editing which permits the inclusion of newsreel footage of the original Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo, and it's so well done that you may think it was staged for this picture.

There are a half dozen okay songs, most of them with the same remember-when flavor which has proved so successful in films of this type. Alice does most of the singing; Johnny, surprisingly enough, does a good deal of it with her, and Jack clowns through several amusing lyrics. All three are in top form. Romero is a bit too heavy in his assignment, which isn't entirely his fault; the role is none too well thought out or written.

As usual in these pictures there are a number of highly entertaining vaudeville specialties, the best among them being, again, the Nicholas Brothers. This young colored duo has caught on astonishingly; they always get (deservedly) a big hand. The Four Ink Spots are plenty good, and the Three Wiere Brothers are amusing. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★½ Ziegfeld Girl

Girls, girls, girls. You wouldn't think that just girls are enough for a movie—but then these are not *just* girls, they are the most delectable, the most luscious, the most eye-filling, the most—oh, dear.

It is difficult to find the correct descriptive adjectives for this movie, largely because it is so different from anything that has gone before. It is a lavish spectacle, full of big numbers, beautiful clothes, exquisite girls and lilting tunes. Also, there is a story that fits all this mass of material. As a matter of literal truth, there are, actually, three stories, but they all blend pretty well.

What the movie attempts to do is tell you what it means to be a member of a Ziegfeld show. For this purpose, there are many lovelies to look at, and the camera focuses with especial interest on three of them—Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Hedy Lamarr. Lana used to be an elevator operator in Brooklyn and was in love with Jimmy Stewart, a truck driver, until she got a chance to be "glorified" in the Follies. Then Ian Hunter, a stage door Johnny, helps to turn her head; and all of her life, as well as that of everyone in her circle, falls to pieces tragically.

Judy Garland's yarn is a happy, though emotional, one. She is the daughter of an ex-vaudevillian who gets her break and employs it wisely. While Hedy is the devoted and straightforward wife of Philip Dorn, a penniless violinist. Hedy, unlike Lana, never permits her love and loyalty to falter despite the attempts of Tony Martin to crash her affections.

Lana Turner is better at her role than she has ever been; it is an incredibly true performance. Jimmy Stewart's part was evidently fashioned directly for him; it is a typical Stewart role. Ian Hunter is first-rate, as usual. Judy Garland scores solidly in a role which, too, was written for her and fits her like a glove. Charlie Winninger couldn't be better as Judy's father. Hedy Lamarr has less to do dramatically than the others but more than justifies her presence in the picture by just parading some magnificent costumes on that chassis of hers. Philip Dorn has authority in his brief role. Tony Martin hasn't much acting to do, which is just as well, but sings a couple of songs very neatly.

And in case you don't think that's enough top talent, there are some A-1 performances in supporting roles by more name players such as Jackie Cooper, Fay Holden, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Kelly, Eve Arden and Mae Busch. And none of them are lost in the shuffle; they all get something to do in the seemingly unceasing parade.

The score is good, the best song being "You Stepped Out Of A Dream," which will probably be a hit. This reporter never did care for Busby Berkeley's ginger-bread specialty numbers, but if you like them, they are there; and if you don't, they won't bother you too much. And certainly there is a bow due to Adrian for imaginative and colorful costuming. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. —*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★½ Kiss the Boys Goodbye

A better title for this honey of a movie would have been "Revenge in Hollywood." It may not be fair to hold up the review of the picture in order to gossip; but the two are really related, so listen to this one. "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" was originally a Broadway play kidding the pants off the movie industry. It seemed surprising when Paramount bought the rights to turn it into a movie. However, this is what the studio did: it changed the locale to Broadway and turned the same story into a satire on show business, rather than on movie business.

Well, now to get on with the criticism. Mary Martin is the star and runs away with the picture, easily. Yes, sure, Don Ameche gets top billing, but this is Mary's picture, nevertheless. There's a darb of a cast in support, by the way, including Oscar Levant, Virginia Dale and Barbara Jo Allen.

The story, in case you've forgotten, has to do with a talent hunt for a "typical Southern actress." Now we all know that Hollywood goes on such talent hunts

(*Continued on page 12*)



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quite regularly, and Broadway producers never do—and the more credit to Hollywood, it seems to us. But here the movies are making believe that a Broadway director named Don Ameche is touring the countryside hunting a songstress. But he doesn't really want to find one. He really wants to give the part to the gal he loves, Barbara Jo Allen, an established Broadway personality. Mary Martin scotches his plans. She's a Broadway showgirl who can't get a job on Broadway (remember that crack about prophets in their own backyards?), so she goes south, makes believe she's an amateur and snares both Ameche and the job.

It's fun. Somewhat strained at times, but fun. And Mary Martin really makes the role stand out. Ameche is only so-so in the male lead. It's hard to believe him as just a plain old-fashioned leading man who gets the girl. Oscar Levant, the sourpuss with the glib tongue on the Information Please radio program, wangles a lot of good, easy-going laugh lines, and Virginia Dale continues to climb nicely. With the right roles, this gal can develop into star material. Or have we already said so? Barbara Jo Allen, who is Vera Vague in radio, is badly miscast as the other woman; it's too heavy a role for her, and she's too good-looking a gal to take it.

There are half a dozen light and amusing songs, but none of them are especially outstanding. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—*Paramount.*

★★★½ The Great Lie

The women folk ought to like this picture very much. It is strictly a dame's picture, as we he-men say, loudly beating our hairy chests and sneaking a quick peek when no one is watching us. Bette Davis is in her element in the top role, a well-conceived, thoroughly worked-out character portrayal. And Mary Astor matches her performance every inch of the way in an amazingly adult part.

What this film really amounts to, come to think of it, is a triumph of acting and directing over material. The basic premise is old-fashioned, mushy and highly improbable. Theatrical, perhaps, is the word for it. But it is all done so well that you can't help being intrigued.

George Brent has a few fleeting moments as the illegally wed husband of Mary Astor, a concert pianist. That washes out, and he marries Bette Davis. Then he goes off to the jungle and is lost for a year or so, while Mary gives birth to his child. The two women make a bargain. Bette agrees to secretly assume motherhood of the child. Brent comes back and accepts this—but now Mary breaks down. She wants the child and she wants George. She decides to try for both. You'll have to see the picture to find out what the finish is; it is not sloppy, and it is essentially an honest answer to a dishonest basic situation.

It is hard to conceive of any two women in the world playing this picture except Davis and Astor. They are a perfect match. It is impossible to say which is better or which grabs the major honors, and it is to Bette's eternal credit that she permitted herself to be cast this way in a picture, sharing the limelight inevitably with a lesser known personality. Henceforth, Mary Astor is indeed a star.

Hattie McDaniel, Lucille Watson, Grant Mitchell and Jerome Cowan head the above-average supporting cast. Lots of credit is due to Tony Gaudio's imaginative camera work. Director Alfred Goulding guides the picture throughout with admirable finesse and exact pace. Credit due the writer, Lenore Coffee, for her brilliant dialogue.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★½ Flame of New Orleans

For many years now we have been hearing terrific things about a French director named Rene Clair. This is the first movie made by Clair in the United States. That fact, plus Marlene Dietrich in the starring role, makes it tremendously important. And the good news is that the picture is distinctly on the credit side of the ledger—a grand piece of romantic entertainment for the girls; replete with amusing satirical commentary to make the men chuckle.

Marlene has never been as beautiful nor worn such gorgeous gowns. The story is eminently well suited to her, and Rene Clair, with his astonishingly keen handling of camera effects, has added new stature to her career as a dramatic actress. No matter what you thought of Marlene in the past you'll have to admit she's breath-taking here.

A New Orleans setting of about 100 years ago makes it possible for Clair to establish the same kind of atmospheric background he would have had if his story were laid in his native France. Marlene, it seems, has just arrived in New Orleans and has an unsavory past. She goes on the make for Roland Young, a very rich banker, and doggone near lands him. Stopping the wedding midceremony is the arrival of true love by way of sailor Bruce Cabot. All he has to do is look at Marlene, and all her play acting is over and done with.

It is interesting to note that this kind of romantic persiflage manages to get over without making anyone unhappy. If you are the sort of person who wants to believe that kind of story, there it is. If not, you will find that the film might just as well be a satire of the very kind of story it seems to be.

There are some delicious humorous incidents, some of which will have you chuckling for days afterwards. At times the picture moves slowly, but there's not one spot that really will bother you.

Besides Marlene the cast includes a new and surprising performance by Bruce Cabot. He's been a sort of heavy in the past but now emerges as an exciting male romantic lead. He reminds you a bit of Gable and more of the elder Fairbanks in his prime. Roland Young is topnotch, of course, and there is a very strong cast of support players including Laura Hope Crews, Melville Cooper, Frank Jenks, Andy Devine and Mischa Auer. And we mustn't forget an outstanding bit of acting by Theresa Harris, a colored gal with loads of oomph.

Rudy Mate's camera work rates special mention.—*Universal.*

★★★ Men of Boys Town

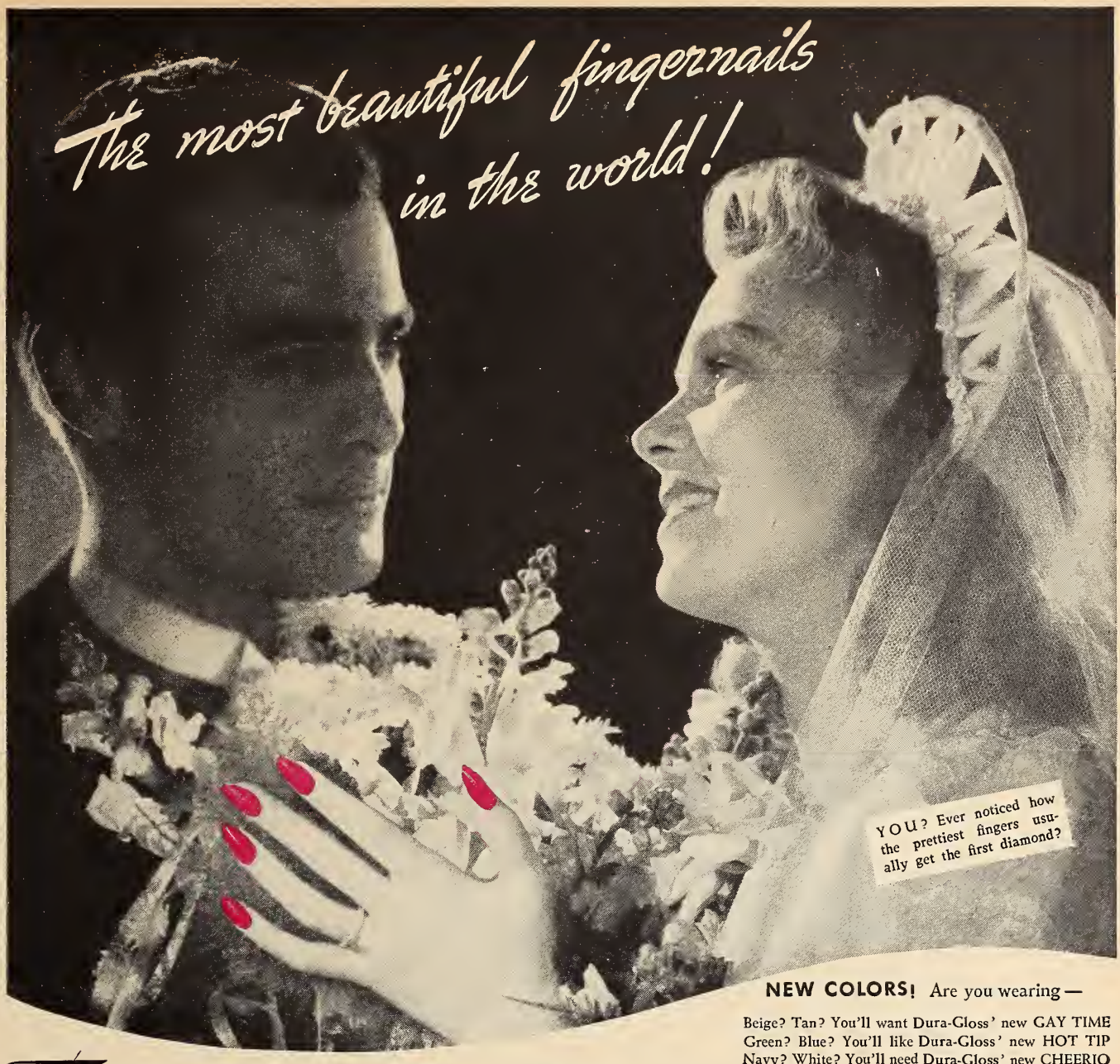
No picture in a very long time has made such an open bid for sentimental reactions nor such an unabashed demand for weeps as "Men of Boys Town." Not any part of it is basically real, but nevertheless, the picture is sock entertainment. You'll cry your head off, and maybe you'll be annoyed with yourself for so doing.

It is a sequel, of course, to "Boys Town" and has the same extra-strong stellar combo up in front, Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy. Plus the same director, Norman Taurog, who has no peer in the movie business when it comes to handling kids or stories about them.

The story is entirely too pat and easy. There are many coincidences, particularly notable being the one that sends

(*Continued on page 14*)

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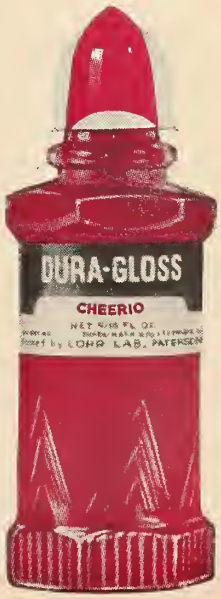
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Mickey to the same reformatory where Larry Nunn had been an inmate. All of the writing seems to have been done with the idea of moving the audience emotionally, but it is saved from descending to bathos by the discerning directing and acting.

Aside from Tracy and Rooney, both of whom are A-1, as usual, there are a number of outstanding performances. Larry Nunn is very good indeed as the young, embittered crippled kid. Darryl Hickman will astonish you as the seven-year-old desperado. Bobs Watson, as Pee Wee, repeats from the first "Boys Town." Lee Cobb, Mary Nash and Henry O'Neill are best among the grown-up characters, and there is a girl named Anne Revere who must be watched. She plays a small, dramatic bit astonishingly well.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Pot O' Gold

This picture is probably more important because James Roosevelt produced it than for any other reason. It is the first production made by the President's son, and it's okay as first productions go. Jimmy (as all of us Hollywoodies are now very carefully calling him) shows here that he has a good showmanship nose and a feel for entertainment; he should click in the movie business, after he gets going.

"Pot O' Gold" is a lively, tuneful film-musical with Jimmy Stewart and Paulette Goddard heading a better-than-average cast. The story is one of those hashed-together affairs showing very little originality or depth, but it offers plenty of opportunity for the troupers involved.

Stewart is typed again in a fat role as the ingratiating, pleasant youngster who likes to play a harmonica and loaf through life. His uncle, Charles Winninger, is a tight-fisted, rough, tough old rascal who is constantly battling anybody and everybody. This is the best break Winninger has had in a long time. He gets away from his usual pigeonhole and he's swell. Winninger is carrying on a feud with Mary Gordon, a boarding-house keeper, and her boarders—the boys in Horace Heidt's band—help her side of the battle by playing all night long and keeping Winninger in the next house from sleep. Paulette is the daughter of the boarding-house keeper who battles with Jimmy until they both realize that they're in love. Then they invent the "Pot O' Gold" radio formula which solves everybody's problems. Or does it?

The film moves along pleasantly, and all the actors will please you. Also there's a lot of good music of the jazz school. That Heidt lad knows how to dish out easy, smooth rhythm. The songs are better than average, best of the sextet being "When Johnny Toots His Horn" and "Broadway Caballero."

In support roles, Frank Melton, Jed Prouty and Dick Hogan stand out. Give a hand to George Marshall for intelligent assemblage of a strange melange of cinematic fruit.—*Roosevelt-United Artists.*

★★★ That Uncertain Feeling

If you don't expect too much, this picture should prove a pleasant evening's diversion. Ernst Lubitsch has directed the frothy affair with that well-known light touch of his. None of it is weighty or important, but all of it is pleasant, and the Merle Oberon-Melvyn Douglas combination is one that will excite considerable interest.

You've seen so many variations of the sophisticated marriage problem theme that it's hard to believe there's anything new to be said about it. The big innovation in this picture is that it's played in a sophisticated "class" pitch, as opposed to the broad farce or zany methods seen so much recently.

Merle Oberon and Burgess Meredith are in a psychoanalyst's office as the picture opens. She's unhappy and the doc suggests that, perhaps, her husband doesn't satisfy her "artistic and emotional needs." She's glad to agree, and her fellow-patient, Burgess, is more than glad. He is an arty musician who wants her to leave her husband, Melvyn Douglas, and accept him (Meredith) as a substitute. They go right to Melvyn, and divorce proceedings are started pronto. How Merle gets straightened out to the point of giving both her doctor and Meredith the gate is the theme of the film.

It's all handled slightly tongue in cheek. Merle proves to be surprisingly adept at this type of off-the-cuff light comedy, while Melvyn has, of course, played the same abused husband role several times in the past. Burgess is the surprise (if it's really a surprise) by almost walking away with the picture. It's probably the best part he's had in pictures (unless you reach way back to "Winterset"), and he handles it surely and with conviction.

Topnotch support is given the main players by Alan Mowbray, Olive Blakeney, Eve Arden, Sig Rumann and Harry Davenport. Werner Heymann's background musical score is exceptionally good, helping a great deal in the establishment of mood and tempo. In the final analysis, though, it is the Lubitsch touch that wins you.—*United Artists.*

★★★ Sis Hopkins

This is a musical comedy that you shouldn't miss. It is right up there, leading the parade from the standpoint of solid entertainment, even though it is not pretentious. It is Judy Canova's finest movie job, and if anybody tells you that Canova is not a topnotch star, tell 'em to go smoke a herring.

Now don't bother us about story. There isn't any. It's just a lot of good comedy, good music, good acting and good fun.

Judy acts and sings in practically every sequence of the picture, which is okay by us. But it isn't all her own film. There is healthy support from Bob Crosby and his band; Jerry Colonna, mustachio and all, is wonderful; and there's swell trouping by Charles Butterworth, Susan Hayward and Katherine Alexander.

Best of the songs, perhaps, is "It Ain't Hay," though several others are mighty tuneful. Directed by Joseph Santley.—*Republic.*

★★★ Model Wife

Dependable, amusing entertainment here, in a well-knit little picture that can hold its own against almost any competition. The comedy is right down the alley for the great mass of customers, and the trouping of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell will surprise you—pleasantly.

Joan is at her best, turning in a spirited comedy performance as a girl who works as a model, but is still a good wife. Dick doesn't see any reason for her to hold on to the job—especially since she is soon to become a mother. That sets the stage for a lot of very funny marital bickering of which the writers took full advantage. Dick, by the way, is improving tremendously; he is better in every picture.

There is exceptionally good support from Charlie Ruggles, Lucille Watson, Lee Bowman, John Qualen, Billy Gilbert and Ruth Donnelly.

What makes the picture stand out, in

retrospect, is probably Leigh Jason's direction. It is of the new school which pays great attention to minor characters and attempts to make all the people in the movie real human beings—rather than hunks of a plot.—*Universal.*

★★★ Reluctant Dragon

One thing you must say about this Walt Disney guy—there's nothing he won't try. After "Mickey Mouse," "Snow White" and "Fantasia," he tries a new tangent again—this time uniting animated movies with regulation screen acting. And it's a good marriage, too, as it happens. The picture is just a fraction or so too long, and some of it is old stuff to jaded wiseguys like this reviewer—but it's still interesting, educational and good fun.

Here's the way Walt does it. He gets Robert Benchley to make believe he has an idea. Now to all of us good friends of Benchley, that is funny right from the very start. Benchley makes believe he has an idea, and he comes to Disney to sell it. He wanders all over the lot and finds out how cartoons are made. All of you who have been wondering how it's done for years will love this. Oh, yes, Benchley doesn't get time to sell his idea.

That's not much story, but it doesn't matter, because there is so much to see and learn. And it is all done in the good taste and with the grand sense of humor you'd expect from a combination like Walt and Bob.

There are other human actors in the picture. Frances Gifford, cast as one of Disney's artists, is very lovely to look at, and Buddy Pepper is funny as an officious office boy. There are two hunks of animated movie brought in logically by way of explaining the business, and these seem not so good as they might be, although the Baby Weems cartoon is funny as all getout. Directed by Alfred Werker.—*Disney-RKO.*

★★★ Sunny

The temptation is to give this picture a higher rating, largely because you want it to be better than it is. There is so much in it that is very, very good and, oh shucks, why couldn't it all have been in the same category? Anna Neagle is lovely to look at, John Carroll is better than you thought he could be, Ray Bolger will emerge from this showing as a bona fide star, and the musical score of this old-time musical comedy is still a delight to listen to.

The trouble? The comedy. There isn't enough of it, and what there is, isn't funny enough. A little more time, energy and ingenuity in this department would have made the film absolutely top-notch. But don't let this keep you away; you will still want to see it.

The story is one of those frothy little musical comedy affairs. Anna Neagle is the circus performer and John Carroll is the rich guy who falls for her. His family tries to break things up, but love triumphs. Anna sings with Carroll and dances with Bolger. Which is okay both ways. John has a warm, agreeable voice and is entirely pleasant in romantic business. Bolger is one of the greatest dancers ever and very amusing to boot. There's room for him in this business.

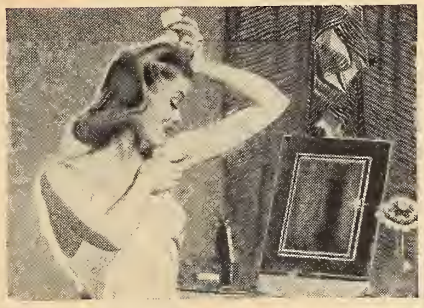
An amusing light comedy dance routine is provided by the Hartmanns which, however, tends to overdo the dancing end of the show. The settings, especially in the early part of the movie, where a New Orleans Mardi Gras is reproduced, are exquisite. Directed by the British director Herbert Wilcox —*RKO-Radio.*

(*Continued on page 94*)



MUM is quick, safe, sure!

SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!



DAY-LONG DAINTINESS starts with a touch of Mum under each arm, for bath freshness vanishes quickly unless you prevent the formation of future odor. Mum is sure, dependable . . . preferred by millions of women.



SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS have this red letter rule..."Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!



DINNER DATE TONIGHT? Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!



HELP ROMANCE ALONG! Romance . . . how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it *without stopping perspiration.*

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor . . . that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even *after* you're dressed!

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Patriotic party ★ ★ ★

HERE ARE MARY HOWARD'S REFRESHMENT SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FESTIVE FOURTH!



Mary, whom you will see in "Billy the Kid," plans safe and sane Independence Day celebration!



Pinwheels, torpedoes, firecrackers, Roman candles, yes even flags and stars, are represented here in finest *edible* form!

BY MARJORIE DEEN

When you go to M-G-M's "Billy the Kid," you'll see something new and extra-fine in Technicolor, we are told. Well, it's too bad our pictures here can't be done in Technicolor, too, for only in that way could we do justice to Mary Howard's lovely coloring, with her fair skin and clear blue eyes set off by shiny dark locks; to the red, white and blue of her hostess pajamas with their star-studded blouse; and to the charming table setting and the delectable refreshments she plans on serving at her Fourth of July party.

The patriotic theme will prevail in foods as well as decorations, Mary assures us. And with her informal party plans and fine food ideas to inspire us we worked out a complete menu—something special in the line of sandwiches, a cheese "pie" to go with your salad, a help-yourself type of beverage, and that perennial favorite, homemade chocolate ice cream. Here's one menu, certainly, that you will want to remember and to follow when that gloriously long week end of the Fourth comes around to tempt you to give a party for *your* friends, too.

PINWHEELS

Remove crusts from a loaf of unsliced bread. Cut loaf, lengthwise, into ⅜ inch slices. Spread each slice with softened butter and olive spread (6-ounce jar). Roll crosswise as for jelly roll, wrap in waxed paper and store in refrigerator. Cut into ¼ inch slices just before serving.

TORPEDOES

Drain very large, ripe olives. Wrap each in a 5-inch square of waxed paper, twisting ends tightly. Wrap again in slightly larger squares of red cellophane, also twisting ends.

FIRECRACKERS

Remove cocktail sausages from jars. Stick a toothpick in the end of each and tie together, in bundles of three, with red, white and blue ribbon. Or stick toothpicks in both ends and arrange together in triangles. (See illustration.) Place on dish surrounding a bowl of highly seasoned mayonnaise.

STARS

Pickle Stars

Cut sliced bread into stars with cookie cutter. Spread with mixture of equal parts mayonnaise and finely-chopped sweet pickle, seasoned with prepared mustard. Cut rounds out of slices of tomato (well drained) and place one of these circles in center of each star. Season well with either onion or celery salt.

Strawberry Stars

1 tumbler pineapple cream cheese
a pinch of salt
24 slices of bread (⅜-inch thick)
creamed butter
1 jar strawberry preserves
¼ cup chopped Brazil nuts

Combine cheese and salt. Cut sliced bread with cookie cutter into stars. Spread with softened butter, then with cheese mixture. Place one preserved strawberry in center of each star, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Cover with waxed paper and store in refrigerator until time to serve. Yield: 24 star sandwiches.

FLAGS

6-ounce jar Maraschino cherries
¼ pound cream cheese
a dash of salt
12 slices white bread
creamed butter, whole cloves

Drain cherries, mince fine, drain again. Reserve one quarter of the cheese. Blend remaining cheese with salt and cherries. Remove crusts from bread slices. Butter 9 slices of the bread and spread thickly with cherry mixture. Pile 3 slices together and top with a fourth slice of buttered bread, butter side down. Wrap each of these "stacks" separately in waxed paper. Store in refrigerator several hours. With a very sharp knife cut

each lengthwise into 4 even slices. Carefully place sandwiches, cut side down, on a tray covered with waxed paper. Cream remaining cheese until fluffy and spread it over the upper left hand corner to form a rectangle. Stud this cream cheese with cloves to represent stars. (See illustration.) Cover tray with waxed paper and slightly dampened towel and store in cool place until time to serve.

ROMAN CANDLES

4-ounce jar devilled ham
2 tablespoons salad dressing
18 slices white bread
creamed butter
4 sweet pickles

Combine devilled ham and salad dressing. Remove crusts from bread, place one slice of bread at a time on slightly dampened cloth and spread with butter, then with ham mixture. Roll lengthwise as for jelly roll, fasten each with toothpick, wrap tightly in waxed paper then in slightly dampened cloth. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving tie each "candle" with red, white and blue ribbon and stick in one end of each a thin strip of sweet pickle to represent the "fuse."

PINEAPPLE PEPSICOOLER

1 cup canned, unsweetened pineapple juice
1 cup cranberry juice cocktail
5 bottles Pepsi-Cola
1 jar maraschino cherries (with stems)

Combine pineapple and cranberry juice. Freeze into cubes in tray of refrigerator.* When time to serve, fasten cherries together in two by tying stems with narrow red, white and blue ribbon and hang one of these pairs over the rim of each tall beverage glass. Drop 2 fruit ice cubes in each glass, place on tray with bottles of Pepsi-Cola.

** An added, attractive feature is to drop a cherry (without stem) into each ice cube section, before freezing.*

PATRIOTIC "PIE"

For this you will need two 8-inch pie plates. Line one of them with blue crêpe paper, cut considerably larger than the plate so that it extends a couple of inches beyond the edge all around. Flute edge with fingers to form a ruffle. Soften 1 envelope plain unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water, dissolve in ¼ cup boiling water. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon scraped onion. Combine 1 (3 oz.) package cream cheese, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 cup sour cream; put through a sieve and add gelatin mixture. Blend together thoroughly. Pour into second pie pan. Chill until set. When time to serve, place the cheese filled pie plate on the paper lined one. In the center of cheese place a red star cut out of pimento, with stripes of pimento radiating out from the center. Cut at the table into pie-shaped wedges and serve with a mixed green salad.

"ALL TIME FAVORITE" CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

1½ tablespoons cocoa
4 tablespoons water
¾ cup confectioners' sugar
2 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup heavy cream

Mix cocoa with water to a smooth paste. Heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Remove from heat, add ½ cup of the confectioners' sugar. Cool. Stir in well beaten yolks, add vanilla. Beat whites, add half of remaining sugar, beat until thick. Beat cream until it starts to thicken, add remaining 2 tablespoons sugar, beat until stiff. Blend beaten whites and cream, fold in chilled chocolate mixture. Freeze in trays of refrigerator with control at coldest point.



ABSENCE...

Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat . . .



-makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

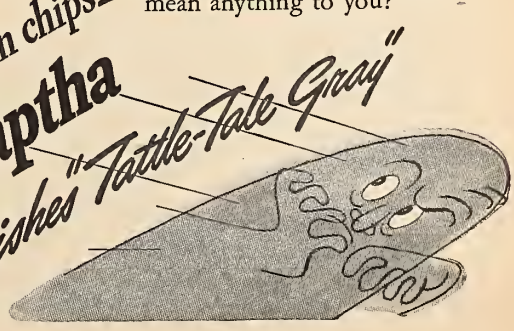
There's something about a clean shirt—I mean *really* clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and darned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I *feel* like it.)

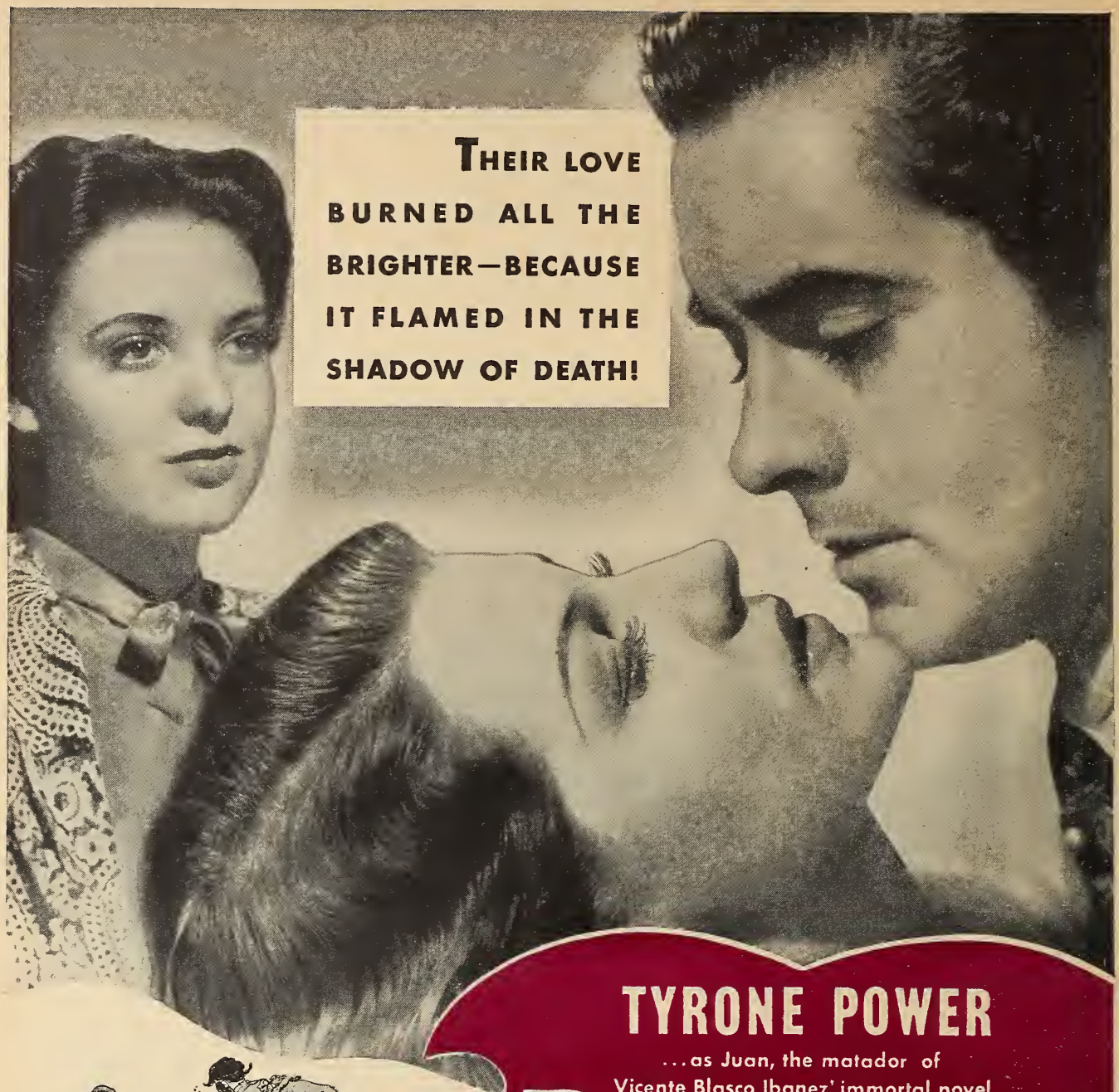
Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts. She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





TYRONE POWER

...as Juan, the matador of
Vicente Blasco Ibanez' immortal novel...

BLOOD *and* SAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!



with

LINDA DARNELL • RITA HAYWORTH

Nazimova • Anthony Quinn • J. Carrol Naish • John Carradine • Lynn Bari • Laird Cregar • Vicente Gomez

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • *Directed by* ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Associate Producer Robert T. Kane • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



greer garson . . .

Greer Garson, star of M-G-M's "Blossoms in the Dust," was stage-struck as far back as she can remember. At 7, she stuck up her nose at the dreary business of collecting cups for the best recitations in her native County Down, Ireland; unsuccessfully tried to join a group of visiting country-fair actors. Her parents would have none of it, packed her off to London and Grenoble Universities to learn school-teaching. Not until she fell ill and had no will to recover did they give in (on doctor's orders). After months of pavement-pacing in London, she nabbed a big role, wowed misguided theatre-goers who took her for a new American actress. Her one matrimonial venture in 1933 flopped, and she brought suit for divorce only five days after a one-month honeymoon. She spends hours teaching her French poodle to lie down and roll over.



john payne . . .

Though John Payne's $5,000-a-year wardrobe is one of Hollywood's most impeccable, time was when matching patches was an unaccustomed luxury. In the two years following his graduation from college, he eked along in New York as poolroom operator, night club bouncer, scene painter, chauffeur, waiter, prizefighter, cook and pulp fiction writer. Summer stock led to Broadway and thence to Hollywood, where his emoting plus musical ability (one-time dance band leader and scholarship winner to music school) quick-changed him into the glamour lad you'll see skiing in 20th Century-Fox's "Sun Valley Serenade." Parents of a baby girl, he and Anne Shirley celebrate their fourth anniversary in August. Only time his nose gets out of a book is when he rides in the park or diddles around with model planes.

linda darnell . . .

Most movie-struck high-schoolers consider their lives well-spent if they catch a glimpse of their No. 1 Dream Man. Thrice blest is Dallas (Tex.) High School's Linda Darnell, who not only sees but gets a weekly $750 check for daily romancing with Ty Power in 20th Century-Fox's "Blood and Sand." In her new servantless home, completely equipped with pig sty, 3-cow dairy barn and chicken-coop for pet rooster "Weedy," she's called "Tweedles" by her mom and sister, who live with her. Keeps three turtles happy in the tub, eats gobs of salads and highly spiced Mexican dishes, entertains Mickey Rooney and writes to his arch-rival, Mexican Jaime Yorbe. She's famed among movie folk for her portraits and her ka-choos at the sight of a feather pillow, night club smoke and bunnies. (The latter are her favorite pets, too!)

FRANK POWOLNY



victor mature . . .

Latest Hollywood swain to set women's hearts to beating is 6' 2½", 204-pound bachelor Victor Mature, who is 26" across the shoulders, has a fashionable 33" waistline and dark curly hair. Ever since his birth in Louisville, Ky., on Jan. 28, 1916, he's loathed exercise, was so lazy in school he was tossed out three times, finally quit at 15. Jerked sodas until he came to Hollywood in 1933. Nowadays he keeps in trim with occasional swims, tennis games, haunting night clubs till 5 every A.M. Despite all rumors, he's jolly, well-liked by his fellow men, admits he's never been in love, knows nothing about rumba-ing, dislikes dancing in general. Average number of hair-combings per evening: 8. Typical lunch: lamb chops, Pepsi-Cola, chocolate ice cream. Future: $1,750-per-week contract with Hal Roach.





priscilla lane . . .

Her heaven-sent aplomb saved Priscilla Lane's skin more than once. Right off the bat, at the age of 9, she fell flat on her face at a dance recital, picked herself up, unblinkingly explained it was premeditated! During her New York stage début with Fred Waring, she forgot to remove her gum, stopped the show when she couldn't get her mouth open to sing, saved the day with her bright ad-libbing. A thorough-going homebody, she prefers a book, fudge and her own hand-rolled cigarettes to night-clubbing. Keeps a pack of cats, owns about 200 nighties, doesn't give two hoots about fame and fortune. Picks Wednesdays and No. 7 for luck. Exercises by skinning the cat in her backyard—a hangover from tomboy days. Her sole complaint on the Warner Brothers set of "Million Dollar Baby" is that leading man Jeffrey Lynn absolutely forbids onion sandwich lunches!



errol flynn . . .

Errol Flynn made his first American movie appearance as a corpse in "The Case of the Curious Bride." In his new picture, "Dive Bomber" (Warner Bros.), he's very much the man of action! His record is one of Hollywood's liveliest; Olympic boxer in 1928, pearl fisher, gold prospector, roving yachtsman, first-hand witness of Spanish Revolution and author of book about it called "Beam Ends." He's vehemently against mountain-climbing, Hollywood parties (rarely shows up, wears old togs when he does come), alarm clocks. He's sentimental about a thin, gold chain given him by a dying missionary. Believes it brings him luck. On the domestic front, he cooks, milks a cow, quakes at dentist appointments, raises Rhodesian lion dogs and is wed to Lili Damita, who's expecting a miniature swashbuckler!

BLONDE BOMBER

...(America's newest glamour girl, VERONICA LAKE) raids the hearts of four flying aces...

Paramount Producer
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.
and Paramount Director
MITCHELL LEISEN
who created "Arise, My Love," set this daring story of tangled loves against the roaring background of America's great flying legion to give you the biggest and the best of all air pictures.



"I WANTED WINGS"

starring

RAY MILLAND · WILLIAM HOLDEN · WAYNE MORRIS · BRIAN DONLEVY

with CONSTANCE MOORE · VERONICA LAKE · HARRY DAVENPORT

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Dave Rose talks about Judy



Her evening dresses are all red, green or white. She loves brown for the daytime, and her own four-room apartment in her Beverly Hills home is decorated in brown.



Neither Judy nor Dave ever took a music lesson. Both have tremendous record collections—everything from Bach to Bing. There's a spinet piano in her cedar-paneled dressing-room.



Dave Rose, who is Tony Martin's musical arranger, calls Judy "Big Ten" now that she's one of the ten leading box-office stars. He used to call her Jude and Baby.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW EVER GIVEN BY

Probably the most misunderstood romance in Hollywood is that of Judy Garland and Dave Rose. Misunderstood largely because people don't know what they're talking about and, under such circumstances, talk through their hats.

I'm not casting slings at people. I'm one of them myself. Until I made inquiries about and met Dave Rose, I accepted through inertia—or at any rate, didn't reject—the picture drawn by uninformed gossip. A very young girl and a man disproportionately older, more sophisticated—into the bargain, divorced. Judy Garland, the star, and who was Dave Rose anyway? Shrugs, lifted brows, the cynic's interpretation—he's not the first guy to cash in on a girl's publicity. Most of us shrink from tangling with a cynic, lest we be charged with the shameful sin of naiveté.

We also have a way of blinding ourselves to the fact that time marches on for our pet movie kids. Judy's the engaging colt in socks and flat heels who lopes after Mickey Rooney. Judy's the symbol of childhood dancing with a scarecrow in the Never Never Land of "The Wizard of Oz." If you'll count the months and the years, Judy is neither. As Mr. Rose points out with weary reasonableness, "How long can you *be* in 'The Wizard of Oz?'" Mr. Rose is a little sick of "The Wizard of Oz."

Judy may have looked thirteen two or three years ago. She may look sixteen now. But the girl's nineteen this month. In any language nineteen is marriageable, and a nineteen-year-old who hasn't fallen in love should have her complexes examined. Dave Rose is in his early thirties. There's no such formidable disparity in

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Betty Rhodes, "First Lady of Television," and Judy watch Dave play with his train. He was born in England (is a U.S. citizen) and says trains are a common hobby over there.

THE MAN JUDY LOVES!

their ages. They're not married yet, nor formally engaged, but if they were, it would still be no May and December union. If Judy weren't a movie star, the chances are that not a voice would be raised nor a finger lifted. Because they're of Hollywood where a broken toenail is news, alarms and excursions become the order of the day.

So Dave Rose had been divorced. We Americans who troop so readily to the divorce courts are equally ready with easy condemnation. Rose and Martha Raye made a mistake and had the good sense to rectify it. One out of five in our broad land does the same. That doesn't make Mr. Rose a hard-boiled egg any more than it does Clark Gable or Margaret Sullavan or your next-door neighbor. Hard-boiled is what the gentleman's anything but. In a business where temper and temperament are taken for granted, he's endeared himself through unfailing kindliness. Under trying circumstances, he's never been known to fly off the handle. Unassuming, soft-spoken, he keeps not only himself but his men good-humored.

I watched him direct a rehearsal for "Adventures in Rhythm." He sat on a high stool, one tawny forelock falling over his bronzed forehead, his boyish-looking face quietly intent.

"Davy," protested one of the trumpets, "the woodwinds have an E-flat there and I have a D."

"That's the new harmony," Davy explained.

The trumpet frowned. "What'll they think up next?"

"They'll think up a C-major chord," said the boss dryly, "and astonish the world." Which certainly left everybody happy. (*Cont'd on page 86*)



Judy not only wears her first Adrian-designed wardrobe in "Ziegfeld Girl," but a coiffure created by Hedy Lamarr.

PRIVATE JAMES STEWART, U. S. A.

BY JOHN FRANCHEY



No truth to that rumor that Jimmy gets $1,000 weekly from Metro. On Olivia's 2 visits to camp, he's treated her to nickel Pepsies!

FROM STAR TO ROOKIE: A PEEK AT THE "PRIVATE" LIFE OF AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED DRAFTEE!

On the afternoon of March 8, somewhere in the neighborhood of two o'clock, a tall, lean man with a sheepish grin anxiously poked his way toward a pair of white scales, mounted them and watched the indicator lurch forward and waver back and forth. All of a sudden the look of anxiety departed. He was all grin.

"Well, I did it, Doc," he announced triumphantly.

The medicine man peered through his glasses.

"Hmmmmm," he said, "so you did." He turned to an orderly who jotted down the data on a big white card. "Weight 158 pounds and one-half," the doctor relayed. "Subject qualified for service."

And James Maitland Stewart, whose profession on that big white card was listed as actor, had become Private J. M. Stewart, U. S. A.

The first thing he did was to ring up Burgess Meredith on the set of "Tom, Dick and Harry."

"I've done it, Buzz," he shouted with the air of a man who has just vindicated himself. "I'm in the army at last." He didn't wait for the inevitable question. "Weighed in at 158½."

Last fall when President Roosevelt reached down in a huge drum and pulled out number 158 which set in motion the first peace-time conscription in the country's history, Jimmy was making love to Hedy Lamarr on the set of "Come Live With Me." When a Metro hired hand arrived and broke the news, Jimmy took it all very nonchalantly. Especially all the ribbing that was suddenly directed at him by everyone on the set. He made no statement. He did not feel that there was any occasion for a statement.

A month or so later he received the questionnaire which is sent those immediately in line for induction into the army. He made it out, claimed no grounds for deferment and waited to be called up for examination. In a few days, the call came. Jimmy showed up, was duly gone over by the medical board and turned down as being underweight. He tipped the scales, six-feet-three Jimmy, at a mere 148. The minimum requirement was 157 and not an ounce less. The inevitable happened: Jimmy was put in class 1-B subject to re-examination at the discretion of the local board at "some future date."

The deferment of Jimmy Stewart had an unhappy aftermath. Guilty of nothing more than being a willy-nilly thin man, he suddenly became the object of sneers and leering remarks. Curious coincidence, certain columnists observed, that $1500-a-week Jimmy had received a deferment when shipping clerks and Fuller brush salesmen, cops and firemen, cab drivers and street cleaners, who filled out their questionnaires on the same day, had already been inducted. Could there be any connection between the deferment and two pictures Jimmy had on the fire, "Pot O' Gold" and "Ziegfeld Girl?" Did the studio have Jimmy deferred on the grounds that he was part of a cog in the wheel of a vital industry? Would the deferment be permanent?

Jimmy Stewart heard the rumblings and said nothing. He did his job at the studio and kept his silence. But all this time he was doing plenty!

The first action Jimmy took on being rejected was to



Son of a World War I AEF-er, Jimmy's had a yen to fly ever since he was 14. He's loaning his plane to Olivia de Havilland for the duration; is keeping his convertible roadster for occasional furloughs.



Jimmy's favorite sport during recreation period is volley ball. It's a cinch for him to win 'cause he's so tall. His legs are 5" too long for his dungarees!

go into conference with Donald Loomis, the body-conditioner at Metro.

"I've got to get built up and toughened up—quick," he told Loomis.

Mr. Loomis prescribed two items, diet and exercise.

Concerning matters of diet, Malcolm, the Stewart colored house-boy extraordinary, received his instructions.

"From now on dinners in this house are going to feature pork chops, sweet potatoes, plenty of bread and butter and bananas and cream for dessert," Jimmy informed his man Friday. "Breakfasts will be correspondingly nourishing."

Malcolm, who is studying to be an "assistant surgeon" and consequently knows all about the body processes, looked on aghast.

"What about salads and fruit juices?" he wanted to know.

"They're out. Especially grapefruit juice. Fats and starches, that's the ticket."

For thirteen weeks the program ran its course. Morning, noon and night Jimmy would pack the calories away. Evenings he would go through a gruelling two-hour regimen prescribed by Mr. Loomis. The sight of bean-pole Jimmy wrestling with the rugged Loomis gentleman and nonchalantly hoisting weights of 150 pounds over his head had Malcolm worried for fair.

"Aren't you overdoing it a bit?" Malcolm used to say after the body-builder had gone home. "One should make haste slowly, it is written somewhere in Greek literature."

Jimmy would only laugh, drive over to Chasen's to meet the boys and gobble a strawberry sundae with whipped cream.

At the end of the thirteen weeks Jimmy made a sensational move. Without a word to anybody he paid a visit to his local draft board headquarters and asked to be re-examined. The thing to remember is that no one sent for him. No one on his local board of West Los Angeles had the faintest dream that in less than four months Jimmy Stewart, who had been called "Skinny" back in Pennsylvania, would be anywhere near the minimum weight requirement. Yet here he was on the afternoon of March 8 demanding that he be reconsidered.

He was and he made the weight. Jimmy was a soldier!

A week later Burgess Meredith tossed a "shower" for his "room-mate." All the boys in the Stewart-Meredith gang dropped by, Franchot Tone, Bill Grady (the Metro talent chief), Henry Fonda, Pat DeCicco, etc. They had a rousing time, quaffing Jimmy's health, speech-making and the rest. It wasn't one of these all-night affairs, because Stewart had to get his sleep.

At the crack of dawn a sleepy-eyed Burgess Meredith and a sober-looking Bill Grady piled into the car with Jimmy and were driven to the induction station by Malcolm. No one did much talking except Malcolm, who quoted Latin proverbs, including one that goes:

"It is just and fitting to die for one's country."

"What kind of talk is that, Malcolm, on an occasion like this?" Meredith demanded.

The induction business was (*Continued on page 91*)

CAMERA SHY . . . . . BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

The pint-sized girl with the big eyes sank down on the London street curb and shook with sobs. She'd lost her purse and she'd missed her bus and—what was a darned sight worse—she just knew she'd blown the biggest chance of her young life higher than the Tower of London.

Miss Ida Ray was only fifteen. Already she'd had two years as an extra in London studios, two years of begging producers for breaks. Inside her the fires of ambition had burned fiercely. But now they were black ashes of despair. By the greatest good luck, at last a Hollywood director had seen her in an agent's office and offered a screen test. She'd just taken the test, and—

"Oh, I was awful, horrible, miserable, terrible!" Miss Ida Ray moaned to herself. "I'm through forever! I'll never get another chance! I might as well run down to the river and drown myself!"

Fortunately, Allan Dwan, the Hollywood fellow, came along about then, said "Here, here—what's this?" and trotted her off for a cup of tea to cheat the Thames of a fair white floating body. Ten days later he gave her the part in "Her First Affair," which started Ida Ray off to the races. He did it because he thought her test unusually good and knew she'd captivate audiences.

That was all some eight or nine years ago, and since then Miss Ida Ray has reverted to her legitimate name of Ida Lupino. She has also gained some renown as a dramatic actress in Hollywood comparable to Bette Davis. She's acquired a home, a husband, a bit of a fortune and currently many more starring plums than she can possibly handle.

But in one way Miss Ida hasn't changed a bit. She's still ready to dive into any convenient creek and end it all practically every time she does anything which everyone else thinks is simply wonderful. She still weeps in misery and wallows in despair before, during and after every picture she makes. She has a futility fixation that's a darb and an inferiority complex built for a troupe of midgets.

Right now, for instance, when any normal star would be heaving a happy sigh and rolling over easy, so to speak, to relax after making one of those darned near impossible comebacks in Hollywood, Ida Lupino is losing pounds and having nervous indigestion and the hots and colds. She's miserable—even though all her pictures are solid hits and movie producers are elbowing each other in line to get her for big league stuff like "Ladies in Retirement," "The Corn Is (*Continued on page 88*)



While working with John Garfield in "Gentle People," Ida smoked one and a quarter packs of cigarettes a day, cluttered her room with five alarm clocks to wake her up.



She and her spouse Louis Hayward, 33, were engaged for three years. They've been married since 1938. She nick-names him the Old Boy, gets called Poppet in return!

TORTURED BY A DOZEN DOUBTS AND DILEMMAS, THAT LUPINO LADY'S GOT A FIRST-CLASS CASE OF

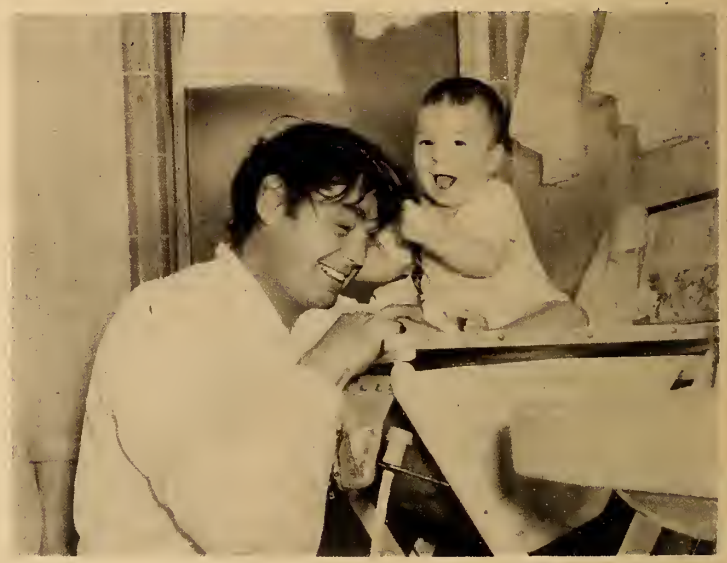


26-year-old Lupino isn't satisfied with her looks, thinks she's much too pixie-like. Off-screen she scurries around her house in bare feet, scrubs her nails at least 30 times a day. She's won prizes for her painting, had her "Aladdin's Suite" played over a nation-wide hookup.

HEEBY-JEEBIES! FUNNY PART OF IT IS—THE MORE SHE GROANS, THE LOUDER THE CRITICS RAVE!

THAT'S MY DADDY

Time was when eligible bachelors were the only matinée idols, marriages were hushed up and babies were taboo. No more! A quick check-up shows that approximately 75% of Hollywood males are currently wed, and of these 68% are fathers!



Tarzan, Jr. (his real name is John Scott Weissmuller), is a chip off the old block. At 10 months he can actually swim! Small wonder a couple of studios are dickering for his services.



Joan Naomi Benny is 7 and a slave driver. Insists that her adopted papa, Jack, give her and Oscar the Ape "one good long ride" every day. Mary Livingstone calls Joanie "Doll Face."



Two of Pat O'Brien's three adopted children—Sean, 3, and Mavourneen (which means "sweetheart" in Gaelic), 6. For years Pat has had a standing order at The Cradle for boy twins.



John Hubbard swears his daughter, Lois Maryan, sings—at five months! Could be, for her mamma, Lois, Sr., has a grand opera-ish voice, and her dad's something of a bathtub baritone.



Roy Rogers' 1-year-old has one toot in the movies if there's anything in a name. She's Cheryl Darlene of Texas. Was adopted last year and partially christened after her mother, Arlene.



Norman Scott Powell is 6. Has been Dick's legally adopted son since January, 1938, when George Barnes (Joan's first husband and a good pal of Dick's) relinquished all claim to him.



Andy Devine's sons, Dennis, 2, and Tad, 6, copy their dad's voice and hair-do. Tad (short for Timothy Andrew Devine) has a crush on his dad's best friend's wife—Carole Lombard.



Tim Holt is Hollywood's youngest father. (He's 22, his wife is 20.) Claims son Lance, who is going on 2, is a prodigy. He can walk, talk and ride horseback. This is his first grown-up haircut.



Fred Astaire's 5-year-old son Fred, Jr., is Hollywood's least photographed child. He can't dance, but knows lots of jokes picked up from his crony Ronnie Burns—George and Gracie's son

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



Brent adores trans-Atlantic telephoning Once called Greta Garbo in Sweden, and equently phones his cousins in Ireland.

LOVE this thing called

THAT HECTIC AND LIGHT-HEARTED BRENT-SHERIDAN ROMANCE!

"I've tried to lead a good life," Ann Sheridan told herself. "Why—*why*—do things like this happen to me?"

George Brent, the cause of it all, seated Ann and took his place beside her. He wasn't any too pleased with the seating arrangements either.

Unfortunately, each knew what the other thought of him. "A stuffed shirt who's never learned to relax and have fun." A dozen people on the Warner lot, where George and Ann work, had told him this was what she said about him. And, from the same sources, she'd been advised of his sentiments: "A dumb girl who hasn't brains enough to know you're bound to get hurt when you're friendly with everybody—and it serves you right!"

Down the center of the long table at which they sat there was a colorful swath of fruit and flowers. Great logs burned in a fireplace imported from an Italian palace. And the hands of the gold sunburst clock imbedded in the wall began their next to the last round before midnight would strike. Midnight—when horns would blow and voices rise to greet 1940 and another year.

George, looking at Ann obliquely, discovered, to his surprise, that her mouth was as gentle as it was bright and that her eyes, discovering him discovering her, were gaily mocking.

He grinned and offered his hand. "Hello, Texas," he said.

Her grip was lean and firm. "Hello yourself, Brent," she answered, laughing. That was their armistice.

Midnight found them dancing. Ann, in a white gown simple enough to be sophisticated, constantly grew more beautiful. Possibly it was nothing more than the confetti in her hair.

She wasn't too surprised the next day when George telephoned.

"Let's have dinner at Harry's Steak House one night next week," he suggested. "Tuesday, say, if neither of us works late. I'll check with you Monday."

"Swell!" Ann said. And she meant it. Most men who invited her to dinner suggested Ciro's or Victor Hugo's. And more than once, because she'd said point-blank that she'd rather have a double hamburger at a local Drive-In, if they didn't mind, she'd been accused of having a terrific social inferiority complex.

Monday morning George wandered over to the stage where Ann was working. She could only wave. She was waiting to do a retake. Thereupon George made elaborate motions of eating, and she nodded agreement.

As soon as the luncheon recess was called Ann hurried over to the Green Room. To her surprise, George wasn't there. She sat down with Don Turner, his pal, and waited. And waited. Finally she ordered lunch.

"Nice going," she said to Turner. "Brent stands me up on our first date."

That same evening her telephone was ringing insistently as she was about to open the front door.



"Brenty" and "Red" have gone around together since Jan. 1940. Agree on everything but food: he likes one meal a day, she likes four. Her hobby is collecting perfume (she has 200 kinds), his are sailing and playing the piano.

"It's Brent again, no doubt," said Gwen Woodford, Ann's friend and companion. "He's only called three times in the last hour—and every time I've assured him you'd call back the minute you got in . . ."

It was George. "Ann," he said "I wasn't asking you to lunch. I was confirming our dinner date for tomorrow. I'm terribly sorry."

"Always the optimist," Ann said, laughing, "I figured you were buying me lunch too!"

If George had needed anything more to endear Ann to him this would have been it.

"Can you imagine," he went around asking his friends, "the act practically every other girl in this town would have put on under those circumstances? Can you imagine?"

The Hollywood cynics were cynical. "It's another romance dreamed up by the press department," they said, "and George and Annie aren't even cooperating too well. Nobody ever sees them out together."

All of which was fine with George and Ann who went right on having fun their way.

In the Valley they found a little stand where the chili was marvelous, and they went back again and again. George took her to a little English cottage back of a box hedge down Santa Monica way where, to quote him, "They serve crumpets that *are* crumpets." On Thursday nights when the servants were out they often cooked dinner themselves. And once, after driving almost a hundred miles to a poultry farm to select a turkey broiler, they let it burn to a crisp while they danced and (*Continued on page 76*)



The 85-ft. "South Wind" costs George over $1,000 a month for upkeep. Ann thinks it's "swell," but wants to paint it chartreuse.

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

CANDIDLY YOURS

MOTH-EATEN SUITS AND HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHIOS RAN RAMPANT AT MILTON BERLE'S 1900 BATHING PARTY!



Cobina Wright's suit was positively immodest compared to the 40-year-old togs of Bob Sterling, Geo. Montgomery and Sheila Ryan! Outing was held at Beverly Hills Hotel pool.



Comedian Billy Gilbert's still up to his old vaudeville tricks. His 125-pound wife (Ella McKenzie) was original fat girl in Our Gang Comedies, tipped the scales at 270!



Bonita and Jackie may take the plunge—but literally—before long. They're too young to wed without parental consent, but it's said both families are thinking it over.



Gigantic Laird Cregar and diminutive Sybil Hawkins were party's fair-haired children. Laird, who's 6'4" tall, lost forty of his 340 pounds during a recent case of measles!



The party—in honor of Mack Sennett, the father of slapstick comedy—featured pie-throwing by Gilbert and Berle, plus dozens of beauty contests, acrobatics and magic.



Burgess Meredith gets a load of starlet Frances Neal. Invitations specified old-fashioned bathing suits, and the men were required to hide behind handlebar moustaches!



Tom Brown, in a striped lifeguard suit with built-in muscles, monopolized Glenn Ford's love, Patti McCarty. She used to be Lamour's $25-a-week secretary, is now in the movies!



Buster Keaton, who hasn't gone to a party in years, was the life of this one. Hit a home run in the ball game and had both Marie Wilson and Judy Garland "My hero"-ing him!

CLOWN PRINCES OF COMEDY





Costello fattens Abbott up on corn. His appetite's been boundless ever since his first job in a candy store.

THE SAGA OF ABBOTT AND COSTELLO—TWO NOBODIES FROM NOWHERE WHO LIVED FOR LAUGHS AND ARE NOW ABLE TO LIVE BY LAUGHS!

They were joined for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, on a slightly hysterical night ten years ago in a shabby Brooklyn burlesque house.

Bud Abbott, the tall, thin partner, was the box-office cashier of the burlesque house. He called himself, with dignity, the "treasurer." Lou Costello, the short fat partner, was a lowdown loud comedian on the strip-tease stage.

And while I don't know how it happened with other great combines like Gilbert and Sullivan or Beaumont and Fletcher or Gallagher and Sheen, I do know how it happened with Mr. Abbott and Mr. Costello.

It was time for the curtain to go up on the act. The leading lady had just discarded her modesty. And now it was time for the comedy.

Lou Costello was waiting for his straight man, his other half, his joke feeder. Then at the last moment, word came through that the straight man was ill with a mild case of leprosy or hydrophobia. The boys don't remember today which it was. But here was the curtain going up, and here was Lou Costello without a partner. Then the inspiration was born. He remembered playing rummy—six card knock rummy—with the dour theatre cashier, that guy, Bud Abbott. They'd always fought. Always tiffed. Good-naturedly, of course, but everyone thought it was funny.

Lou Costello sent an S.O.S.—Save Our Show—to Bud Abbott. And, in answer, Bud Abbott left his box office forever, went on the stage with Costello and, without a line rehearsed, rolled the audience in the aisles and draped them over the seats.

And so, after the show the manager came up to the two of them, and he said, in the words of the Good Book:

"Mr. Abbott. Mr. Costello. What God hath joined together, let no man tear asunder . . . I now pronounce you clown and straight man!"

And they have been a team ever since!

Of course, after ten minutes with them it's difficult to understand how they ever remained a team. Because there isn't a minute when the all-clear siren can possibly sound. They are always arguing, word-baiting, scrapping. Maybe, underneath it all, that's their secret. Their funny disagreements. You see, for them, like for married couples, argument is perhaps the splice of life. Rub two pieces of flint together and you get fire. But rub two comedians together and you get—laughs.

While on the set of their latest epic, something history-making labeled "In The Navy," wherein chubby Lou Costello, playing the chef's assistant, accidentally dopes the warship's captain and is forced to take over the boat himself and steer it zigzag through crucial manuevers—well, while on the set of that half million dollar opus, I asked chubby Lou Costello about his partnership with Bud Abbott.

"What do you think of Abbott?" I inquired.

"Bud Abbott?" flared Costello. "Listen, that guy's so tight that every time he takes a nickel out of his pocket the buffalo is blinded by the light. In fact, he makes the nickel go so far, that same buffalo gets sore feet! Abbott wouldn't even give a beggar a bite if he owned Sandwich Islands! His favorite household pet is the moth because it eats nothing but holes! I feel Abbott is one guy who proves all cheap skates aren't hockey players!"

In another corner of the crowded set was Bud Abbott. I asked him about his partner.

"Lou Costello? That roly-poly fat boy? Why, he's such an out-and-out liar he doesn't even believe himself! I admit he's a tough guy. In fact he's so tough even his meals are afraid to disagree with him. But I'm tougher, see. I eat sardines without removing the cans! And I'm smarter than that little runt. He's really a dummy. He used to think the American quarter in Paris was the first seven rows at the Folies Bergere! He went to college. Sure. But all he got out of it was himself!"

However, what Abbott and Costello spout against each other is jest for fun. Tongue-in-the-cheek. Because certainly there is method in their being mad. It's their forte. Their stock in trade. It made them sensational on the Broadway stage, on the radio, and it made them rich and



They celebrated their tenth anniversary as partners with their wives and a big birthday cake. Costello's first role was doubling for Dolores Del Rio in a can-can skirt.



Abbott (left) prefers Monopoly to poker! Thus far in his ten-year game with Costello he's run up a debt that's conservatively estimated in the neighborhood of $3,000.

famous in Universal's screwy picture, "Buck Privates."

Fundamentally their arguments are purely professional. When they did their first picture, "Moonlight In The Tropics," with Nancy Kelly and Allan Jones, they were able to reel off nine pages of dialogue—which ordinarily takes three or four days to shoot—in 2 minutes 24 seconds. They simply got up before the camera and began disagreeing.

"We don't like the studio to write too much for us," Lou Costello explained. "We can't get the feel of printed routines. We just have them tell us an idea, and we get in front of the camera, begin wrangling about it and cook up the words as we go along."

"Yup, that's the way we do it," Bud Abbott added. "The whole trick of our teamwork, ever since we started in burlesque, is to burn each other up. It makes people laugh. And so, to keep in practice we fight in real life, too. For example, currently our biggest argument is over our new homes. I think I have a better home than Costello. He thinks he has a better one than I have. He belittles mine. I belittle his. I say to him, 'Lou, you've got a nice little place, you must bring it down sometime, and I'll put it in my icebox!' Then he snaps, 'Yeah? Well, when you have two or three days off, come around, and I'll show you my kitchen!' So I answer, 'Listen, you jerk, I got a well on my property. Four days ago a man fell in that well, and yesterday when I was passing by I heard the splash!' And so on. We argue like that over rummy. It keeps us on our toes!"

I learned, though, that in important matters like comedy routines or billing or getting along together as friends, they never disagree.

Behind the success of these clown princes of comedy, behind their sensationally funny friction gags, runs the story of two chaps who found a way to make a sense of humor pay.

William "Bud" Abbott was born under the big top. And that's not dreamed up biography. His father was a cracker-jack Ringling Circus publicist. His mother was an attractive carnival bareback rider. When he grew up, he became a sign painter and a cashier in (*Continued on page 79*)



With Gayle Mallott in "In the Navy" Bud and Lou do a sequel to "Buck Privates." Costello's wanted to don a uniform for 20 years; nowadays is too fat to look glamorous!

BY HUGH ROBERTS

ON THE SET WITH

"TOM, DICK and HARRY"



Drawings from which "fantasy" sets for RKO's "Tom, Dick and Harry" were designed.

THREE-TIMING GINGER ROGERS AND HER "APPLE-POLISHING" SUITORS RAISE THE ROOF



Top dancers Ginger and George josh in her satin-padded dressing-room. They dance at least an hour a day to the tune of her portable radio. Favorite piece is "Java Jive."



In the old days, Ginger used to knit between scenes—now clowns with Buzz or gorges on ice cream. Always keeps cast and crew supplied with it while her films are in production.

An ancient wheeze tells us that Samuel Goldwyn once called a writer on the carpet because the writer had named his principal character Bill. "Change it!" Goldwyn roared. "It's not original! Every Tom, Dick and Harry is named Bill!"

Mr. Goldwyn was wrong. Over at RKO, Tom, Dick and Harry are not named Bill. They are named George Murphy, Alan Marshal and Burgess Meredith, respectively. And they're all vying for Ginger Rogers' love in a frisky film which, even Goldwyn will admit, cops the cake for originality.

"Tom, Dick and Harry" is the story of a little telephone operator tagged Janie who finds herself engaged to three men at the same time—Tom, a peppy, pushy automobile salesman, Dick, a stunning Mr. Moneybags, and Harry an amiable loafer whose idea of success consists of fishing by day and smooching by night. Janie would like to marry all three but realizes that would be impractical. So, before making her final decision, she stretches out in bed and imagines what life would be like with each.

That's where the originality comes in. For Janie's imaginings are not those of an ordinary girl. They are those of writer Paul Jarrico who got $20,000 of the $800,000 the picture will cost, just for doping them out. Jarrico takes his heroine into three lands of make-believe —one for each husband. And Janie's flights into fantasy are not to be dusted off lightly. They're too amazing, too Hollywoodish.

As Mrs. Tom, Janie sees herself the perfect middle-class wife. She wears dresses to match her kitchen curtains. She bakes biscuits so light they float in air. She cultivates the right people by watering them with a sprinkling can. And she makes a good impression on her husband's boss by pressing her thumb into his bald pate! Eventually, the go-getting Tom becomes President of the United States, and Janie is aghast as three little boys, looking exactly like Murph, shout "Bravo, Pop!" from high-chairs. (To achieve this last effect, a chair, ten feet high was wheeled on the set, and Murphy, dressed in a long, white baby dress and bonnet, crawled into it. The entire scene will be reduced for the screen, and what the audience will see will be a lustily cooing George at the adorable age of one!)

As Dick's wife, Ginger muses, she will be quite the grand lady. She will spout double-talk French and wear orchids in bed. Her floors will be ermine-covered and her gowns so dazzling, onlookers will don dark-tinted glasses to avoid being blinded by her brilliance! And again she will be the mother of three boys. Only this time they will be nattily garbed in polo clothes—and dead ringers for Alan Marshal!

Janie's day dream of marriage to happy-go-lucky Harry is somewhat less lush but still very charming. She visualizes dwelling in a tumbledown shack, chatting with a talking fish, owning a wardrobe of well-cut rags and driving about in the 1921 Chevrolet Director Garson Kanin sentimentally works into all his pictures. Janie thinks being a lazy man's wife might be fun until her three sons (perfect carbons of Meredith) reveal that, taking after their pop, they'd rather fish than go to school. And when Harry won't even bother to accept the $10,000 he wins on the Pile O'Dough radio program, Janie passes out cold!

Ginger's romantic woes take her through 90 scenes of reverie and realism before her hand is at last bestowed. Her costume changes number 45, which is more than any actress has had since the birth of pictures. Ginger doesn't mind 45 changes, but she does object to the number of fittings they involve. So, for the first time in cinema history, a costume stand-in has been put on a studio payroll. She's Geraldine Grey, trig, dark-eyed model chosen from 55 girls tested for the job. Geraldine's measurements exactly duplicate Ginger's, and all Ginger's costumes, from the honest-to-goodness flour sacks in which she altar-treks with Harry, to the pearl-caked gown (*Continued on page 97*)

ON THE SET OF "TOM, DICK AND HARRY"—RKO'S ROLLICKING NEW ROMANTIC COMEDY



George doesn't dance in this film, and Ginger's one brief two-step is with chronic dance-sitter-outer Meredith.



Trick photography will bring Murph to the screen in this rig looking aged 1. He portrays his three infant sons!



Alan Marshal (he's "Dick") plies Ginger with flowers. Her 3 cinema swains bring her daily gifts—usually toys.

WHO IS THIS *Great Lover?*

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



First thing Gabin did when he hit Hollywood was to pick up turtle neck sweaters, roguish caps and a brakeless racing bike!

HE'S JEAN GABIN, WHO'S BROUGHT A

If Hollywood's male charm contingent appears a trifle nervous these days, we can assure you it is not because of overwork or income tax or indigestion. The reason? A stocky, rugged, blue-eyed son of the soil, a 36-year-old Frenchman who looks like an apache, plays an accordion, has made sizzling cinema love to Simone Simon, Annabella, Michele Morgan, and whose name is—

Jean Gabin!

He has finally arrived in Hollywood, preceded by his legend of amours—the wicked old continent's leading contender for that important title—Great Lover.

Already, Jean Gabin has specifically challenged Charles Boyer's reputation!

Six years ago, a French company planned to make a picture called "Pepe Le Moko." They wanted Boyer to return to France and play the lead. Boyer read the script and refused. "The hero is too rough and too cruel," he said. In his stead Jean Gabin was hired to play the hero. The resulting film was so hot, that American theatres were forced to shelve it until they installed asbestos curtains and special fire extinguishers.

Then, Walter Wanger in Hollywood decided to make an American version of this same movie. He named it "Algiers," and he cabled France and asked Jean Gabin to come on over and do the American version. This time it was Gabin who refused. He said, "I have already done the role, and America is too far away." So Wanger talked to Boyer about the part, and Boyer consented, providing the hero was tamed down a trifle.

The result? Well, in the local version Boyer was really good, and he packed plenty of oomph. His love-making with Hedy Lamarr was the talk of the nation. But—today, at long last—Jean Gabin's French edition of the same story has been released. And the answer is in the box-office. In Hollywood's Esquire Theatre alone, women have been lined up for two blocks attempting to get inside to view Gabin and to swoon in ecstasy.

The decision? How do Jean Gabin, the challenger,



In 4-starred "Pepe Le Moko" Jean Gabin (pronounced Jon Gah-ban) plays opposite French siren Mireille Valin.



Was in love with Simone Simon for a while. His "Grand Illusion" was called the world's finest film in 1938.

NEW BRAND OF OOMPH TO HOLLYWOOD!

and Charles Boyer, the champ, playing the same romantic role, compare as great lovers?

One New York critic, after seeing both films, gave her answer. She wrote: "Gabin is a man of action compared to Boyer."

After ten years as France's greatest star, working at a salary which would be equal to $6,000 a week in America, Gabin last year forgot about his career and joined the navy when the All Out War began. He served as an ordinary sailor on a mine sweeper—one of the most dangerous jobs in the service—and when France was defeated, Gabin was demobilized. In the face of hell on the ocean his hair had turned from ash blond to silver gray. He went to the new French home he had built and planned to rest. He was in it only two weeks when the Nazis came and demanded that he act in their propaganda pictures. He refused. So the Nazis burned his home to the ground. He promptly accepted a contract from Twentieth Century-Fox, left Paris—and reached Lisbon with no money, one shirt, a promise to join his country's forces again in the event of renewed war, and a vow to make American film fans love him as much as those of his own country did.

Jean Gabin reached Hollywood a complete foreigner. He could speak only four words in English—"Get the hell out"—taught him by hard-boiled Manhattan reporters. In an effort to groom him for his first American flicker, "Moon Tide," in which he would portray a rakish Swedish fisherman and make love to one of Hollywood's glamour girls, Zanuck decided his import must learn English.

Gabin was immediately entrenched in a wooden cottage behind the Beverly Hills Hotel to spend three months learning to speak English—not Oxford style, but rough and ready American lingo. Upon learning to speak the local tongue, Zanuck asked Gabin to spend three more months learning to think in English, a thing Hedy Lamarr originally failed to do and which caused her endless grief.

When he arrived, Gabin objected to the nearness of the hotel to his bungalow. (*Continued on page 73*)



20th Century-Fox studio teacher, Dr. S. R. Mitchneck, spends hours teaching Gabin man-in-the-street English.



Spencer Tracy was one of Gabin's first welcomers. They knew each other in Paris; each thinks the other's tops.

WE ASKED THE

First thing Gerard, left, asked to see in Hollywood was Jack Benny's Maxwell. Richard wanted to meet Mickey Rooney.





Quiz Kids Joan Bishop, Gerard Darrow, Claude Brenner, Jack Lucal, Cynthia Cline and Richard Williams were challenged by Information Please. Kids accepted, but I. P. later backed down.



Gerard is 8, immune to wiles of Virginia Bruce's Susan Ann. Vitally interested in birds. Is a member of the N. Y. Academy of Science.

QUIZ KIDS...

DOES YOUR MOVIE KNOWLEDGE MATCH THE QUIZ KIDS'? ONLY THREE OF THESE QUESTIONS STUMPED THEM!

1. If Blondie, Tarzan and the Lone Ranger came to life in the funny papers, what movie stars would you meet?

2. Which of these renowned stage stars have appeared in motion pictures? (a) Lunt and Fontanne, (b) Helen Hayes, (c) Ina Claire, (d) Katharine Cornell, (e) Tallulah Bankhead.

3. What actors portrayed the following scientists on the screen? Name 3 out of 4. (a) Ehrlich, (b) Pasteur, (c) Reed, (d) Edison.

4. Identify the following: (a) Lucille Langhanke, (b) Archibald Leach, (c) Virginia Catherine McMath, (d) Fred Bickel.

5. To which parts of the zoo would you go to find the following Hollywood animals? (a) Carmichael, (b) Leo, (c) Cheetah.

6. What famous producer is said to be responsible for the quotation, "Include me out?"

7. What three youngsters once wrote a book about Hollywood?

8. A few years ago three movie stars were: (a) an elevator operator, (b) a waitress in an ice cream parlor, (c) a school teacher.

9. Who played the following? (a) Lord Nelson, (b) Jesse James, (c) Marie Antoinette, (d) Disraeli.

10. What famous couple, a member of royalty and a commoner, was offered a million dollars to appear in pictures?

11. What movie was named after a heroine who never appeared on the screen?

12. Name two pictures with the word "life" in the title.

13. With whom do you associate the following phrases? (a) I want to be alone, (b) I'm a baa-aad boy! (c) Woo-woo!

14. Name three famous pairs of brothers or sisters in Hollywood.

15. Do you know which Hollywood stars wrote the following books? (a) "Lorenzo in Hollywood," (b) "Why Not Try God?" (c) "Beam Ends."

16. What two actors each have four sons?

17. Name the actor who has never spoken a word on the screen.

18. What is a (a) horse opera, (b) a quickie?

19. Name the movie star who gets the most fan mail today.

20. How did Walt Disney conceive Mickey Mouse?

(*Correct answers on page 73*)



History student Jack, 14, likes Carmen Miranda. Joan, 14, specializes in musical information. Is a pianist with "a perfect pitch."



Cynthia's 15, a musician, figure skater and baseball fan. Claude, 12, is from South America. Wants to be an aeronautical engineer.

BY SYLVIA KAHN

"I'M NO MALE GARBO"

SOME PEOPLE ENJOY TALKING ABOUT THEMSELVES AND OTHERS DO SO PAINFULLY. RONNIE COLMAN IS OF THE SECOND CLASS

"He ought to be here in approximately a minute," the studio representative said with authority, glancing at his wrist. "Ronald Colman is always on time. You can practically set your watch by him."

We fingered our notebook nervously, looked to our three pencils. Over in the northwest corner of the "My Life With Caroline" set, Charles Winninger was cutting up, totally unmindful of the fact that the man Hollywood knows as "the male Garbo" was about to give one of his rare interviews.

At exactly two o'clock a gentleman in brown tweed coat, gray trousers and an Ascot tie came into view. The studio man got up. It was Mr. Colman all right.

The interviewer's young sister had made him promise to bring back a picture of the man in close-up.

"If I'm going to have a prince charming, I want to know what he's really like," she had proclaimed in the manner of an ultimatum. Which explains how come the reporter was eying the gentleman those first few moments as if he were inspecting a ten-dollar bill during a counterfeit-money epidemic.

Well, Mary, Mr. Colman looks just the same as he has for the last twenty years, ever since he became the nation's Feminine Sleep Disturber Number One in "The White Sister."

His eyes are big, brown and luminous. They seem to have the same faraway glance as that of a man peering into Never Never Land. They look this way even when he smiles one of his two smiles; the half-sad, half-amused one and the half-arch, half-cynical model. He speaks in a low, crisp voice that stays on an even keel. Forty words or so is his absolute tops for continuous speech. Then you have to prod him again. He hates dull people and is so afraid of being a bore that he's economical with his speech.

His face is brown, and his general appearance lithe and rugged. He has a good head of hair. His moustache is kept carefully clipped. His teeth are a dental ode to beauty.

After settling down, Mr. Colman lit a cigarette.

"I notice you're wearing your 'how-to-meet-a-legend' look," he smiled. "And I'm just in the mood to explode a legend, especially if I'm the subject of it.

"Wherever did they get this silly tag-line about 'the man in the iron mask?'" he asked, casting an accusing glance at this reporter. "My life is an open book—a very dull one, I might add. Where shall we begin?"

There is no point in trying to make you believe that from this point on the reporter and Ronald Colman put aside all formalities, retired to a pub and spent the rest of the afternoon and night discussing the gentleman's personal history. What we did do, actually, was to spend a good hour playing a game called questions and answers, results of which are set down for you forthwith:

He is an actor "partly by choice and partly by circumstance." Swamped by the backwash of the post-war slump of World War Number 1, he cast around for some sort of "suitable" employment and was stymied. Grasping at a straw, he chose the stage as a possible lead into movies, his secret ambition.

After nearly starving in New York, he was ultimately given a part in "La Tendresse" with Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. A role in the stage play "East is West" brought him to Hollywood where every studio passed him up on the spot. It took a couple of pictures made in Italy—"Romola" and "The White Sister"—to turn him into a national cinema hero almost overnight, whereupon Hollywood clamored for him.

His first American picture was something called "Tarnish" with May McAvoy. He thinks he was "quite mediocre" in it.

He likes Hollywood very much, loves pictures even more. He resents the "male Garbo" reference, because he swears it's untrue. As he explains:

"I'll pose for the photographers, see any intelligent

Colman's just planked down $15,000 for the rights to Alice Duer Miller's "White Cliffs of Dover," in which he'll star. Proceeds will go to British War Relief.



By James Carson

writer and cooperate generally, provided that it has a direct bearing on my work. My private life I regard as my own."

He vehemently disclaims being a hermit.

"I used to be one of the most active bachelors in Hollywood, parties and all that sort of thing."

"What happened?" the reporter wanted to know.

"I got married, and I changed my technique somewhat."

He still gets around a good deal, but without display. Now and then he'll go to the fights. Occasionally he'll visit Ciro's or the Brown Derby with his wife, Benita Hume, who loves to dance as much as he does. He detests the tango. She likes the rumba. He's tried it, but says it's too much for him.

The Colmans are sociable, not social, people. Because he's English, he naturally has a few British friends like Clive Brook, Ralph Forbes and Herbert Marshall. But his American friends are even more numerous and include William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Warner Baxter, Tim McCoy and Jack Benny, his next-door neighbor. They play tennis, singly and together, take long bike rides and have frequent dinners with long sieges of conversation afterward.

He thinks one picture a year is the ideal way to prevent the public from getting tired of his face. If he does what he thinks is a bad picture, he'll hurry up and get another one going so as to recover what he thinks is lost ground. Actually every Colman picture has made a bag of money.

He has lived in his present rather modest home for five years. There are less than ten rooms, millionaire though Mr. Colman is. He hates ostentation and walks about in odd jackets and slacks. He can't stand this business of wearing sun glasses to hide one's identity.

"What identity?" He'd like to know.

He's hepped up about fishing. Once he caught a 27-pound marlin and has never forgotten it. Nor will he let his friends forget it. The dead fish gets a funeral oration every time a fisherman shows up at the Colmans' house.

It's not been publicized too much, but Mr. Colman is chairman of the board of the United Producing Corp. which is backing "My Life With Caroline." He's trying to demonstrate one of his favorite theories: you don't need to have fabulous sets in order to make a good picture.

You'd expect him to be a pipe smoker and to have been born with that moustache of his. Actually neither is true. He confesses that the moustache was dreamed up by the same Henry King who picked him for "The White Sister." He had been given a test which didn't quite jell. King in a fit of inspiration drew a moustache on Colman's lip. It gave him something—that distinguished look, plus. It went with his eyes. Another test was made, and Colman was hired.

He'll tell you wistfully that maybe he ought to have followed his first ambition and become a writer. The only thing that prevented him, so he told us waggishly, is "a lack of any particular talent for that career."



He and Benita Hume have been wed for 3 years. When they met, she was engaged to another man, and he was bitterly disillusioned over his first unsuccessful marriage!

He loves to eat. French and Italian cooking are his favorites. He has little truck with calory-counting, and his weight hasn't varied five pounds in the last twenty years.

Humor, especially the clever gag or even broad burlesque, is right down his alley. So are bicycling and tennis, which he plays in Ascot tie and high-ankled shoes. In books, give him Shakespeare; in sports (as a spectator), football; in dogs, wire-haired terriers. Shopping trips with his wife, golf, jewelry, hats and Tommy Dorsey records all leave him cold.

It will bowl you over, but he's proudest of himself as a comedian. Wait until you see him in "My Life With Caroline." He's an understanding husband married to an amorous and roving wife, with a yen for slick Latins.

How Ronnie goes about baffling her periodic backsliding and winning her back is something that will affect you like a cool breeze in mid-July. Mr. Colman is really delightful.

Interviews he tolerates as a part of his job.

He doesn't carry a cane. He isn't a bridge addict. In his youth he used to develop crushes on great ladies of the stage. He'd write them letters but never post them. All of which makes it easy for him to understand fans. He only wishes that they would try harder to understand him.

Remember the child in "Little Women" who comes out with:

"I have an infirmity. I'm shy."

She was speaking for Ronald Colman.

CLOSE-UP OF



Paulette, who will be thirty on June 3, cannot stand perfume or the color blue. She loves kids and is always championing Chaplin's more devilish son, Sydney.

UNDERSTAND HER OR NOT—YOU JUST CAN'T IGNORE HER. SHE'S THE MOST DARING, MOST EXCITING WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD!

Paulette Goddard has beauty, grace and talent. So have other girls who get nowhere. Nature has endowed her with rarer qualities—an eagerly questing brain, tireless vitality, a joyous zest for life. These she'll still have when (and if) she's eighty. They give her personality its vivid and arresting color.

She has an independent mind and the courage of her convictions. Persuaded that a course is right for her, she takes it with an attitude of complete detachment from what "they say." By the same token, she believes in letting others live. She has more of that large tolerance with which men are generally credited, than of feminine malice. For Paulette, people are divided into two groups—those who stimulate and those who bore her. Wherever she finds them, she cultivates the former. Her acquaintance ranges from the Max Eastmans to Mrs. Harrison Williams.

She and Chaplin have drawn their own design for living. Whatever rumors you may hear to the contrary,



The Chaplins have reached this understanding: they may date anyone they want, but neither will consider these dates grounds for divorce.

PAULETTE

BY JEANNE KARR

they're not divorced or divorcing. When Charlie's on the coast, they live under the same roof. They enjoy each other's society. Either is free to date whom he or she pleases. Charlie doesn't care for night life or dancing. Paulette does. She'd rather tango than eat. Dancing both relaxes and exhilarates her. She doesn't concentrate on any one partner. This week she may go out with Jock Whitney, next week with Alfred Vanderbilt, Gene Markey or Tim Durant. She feels so strongly that dancing should be a part of every child's background that she arranged for a group of orphans in whom she's interested to be given ballet lessons. "But that sounds so unnecessary," a friend protested. "I *want* them to have something unnecessary," said Paulette.

She likes barbaric colors—red, yellow, purple—and guesses it's the gypsy in her. They go well with her olive skin, dark hair and eyes that change with the changing light from blue to green to gray. For the evening she prefers gold or white with bright accessories. To set off their striking color, her clothes are always simple in line.

Franker than most glamour gals, she blithely declares that costume jewelry doesn't interest her except in design. She likes real gold so heavy that it looks like costume jewelry. A pet necklace and bracelet, for example, are fashioned in a thick flexible double rope of red and yellow gold. If she has a favorite stone, it's the diamond, though left to choose between stones and gold, she'll take the latter.

She has definite ideas about conventions in fashion, the most definite being that she doesn't believe in them and can't see why women should meekly turn themselves into figures of fun at fashion's behest. Her single rule is, if it suits you, wear it. She for one can't stand stylish hats. She hates fussing with them till they're tilted at the one inevitable angle where they look right. Besides, she never wears hats, crazy or otherwise. She buys them to match her costumes on the theory that some day she may have to put one on. Meantime they dangle, blobs of color, from her hand. She used to wear slacks, but, concluding after due observation that skirts were more becoming, she gave them up. The moment she gets home from the studio, shoes and stockings come off so that she can walk barefooted. She finds it relaxing.

She lives at the beach in a white house and spends as much time as possible in the sun on the principle that sunlight's a cure for most ills and depressions, mental and physical. When she's not working, she goes without make-up two days a week to give her skin a rest, using only lipstick and a light oil. Incidentally, she's discovered another make-up (*Continued on page 75*)



Most publicized Goddard romance was the one with Anatole Litvak. Now Paulette (who was once married briefly to a lumberjack) is being seen around with Gene Markey.



Paulette has the world's loveliest figure according to 6 artists. Keeps it that way motor-biking, but is grounded while "Hold Back the Dawn" (with Boyer) is in production.



Bob has a fabulous memory, but says there are two things he'd love to forget—that he's an ex-boy soprano and that his real name is Lester.



Hope gets $3,000 a week for his radio show with Cobina, Brenda and Jerry Colonna. Has never had mike fright in his life. Says he wards it off with a quick prayer just before he goes on the air.

FROM *Gags* TO RICHES



In 1938 was voted one of the 10 best male singers in the country. Has 2 ambitions: to beat Bing Crosby at golf and to play one dramatic role.



Next to heckling Dottie Lamour, Hope's favorite fun is entertaining at benefits. He's appeared at over 1,000. Gets a huge kick out of doing it.



Bob and Dolores Reade have been married six years. Have two adopted kids—Linda, 2, and Tony, 1. Plan to adopt at least three more.



Bob's devoid of conceit. Has never asked to have a picture sitting killed. Currently gets more fan mail than Clark Gable or Tyrone Power.

BOB HOPE'S SUCCESS HAS BEEN DEPENDENT UPON HIS ONE DEFORMITY—AN OVER-DEVELOPED FUNNYBONE!

BY IRVING WALLACE

Examine yourself carefully. Stick out your tongue. Say "ahh." Inhale. Exhale. Feel your pulse. Flex your right knee. All right. Now compare the results of your symptom-hunt to the following expert and official diagnosis:

"Quick convulsive breathing with violent sounds and facial expressions indicative of mirth."

If that's exactly how you're suffering, don't worry. There are thousands upon thousands of slap-happy patients just like you. Because the preceding symptoms, to be found in Dr. Vizetelly's Handy Standard Dictionary, are of a very common and catching malady known as —*laughter.*

And while there have been rare cases of persons who've caught this malady from being mildly tickled by a feather or playfully massaged in the ribs, the most ordinary cases have caught their *laughter* from the original germ-spreader—Bob Hope.

Lots of persons, of all types and sorts, have caught *laughter* from Bob Hope. His wife has. His six brothers. His eleven gag writers. And his forty million fans. The malady has been contagious, spreading rapidly from coast to coast. People, en masse, have caught it mostly in crowded theatres and near blaring radios. In fact, according to NBC and Paramount Studios, there have even been some bad cases of the disease. There have been those who've convulsively "rolled in the aisles." Others, more dangerously attacked, have had their "sides split." And the worst cases have "died laughing." The germ has become a major and national epidemic.

Fortunately, after intensive research for MODERN SCREEN, we have diagnosed the nature of the epidemic and are here to report that it is not "serious." In fact, to the contrary, it is very, very funny.

We have spent an endless amount of time with Bob Hope, have analyzed his every twitch. We should be happy to insist that he is Hollywood's super-zany, a screwball, a daffy-dilly, a clown prince and sixteen-cylinder jester. But that would not be true.

Rather than something super-super, Bob Hope's style is easily identified. He is your punning brother-in-law. He is your good-natured boyfriend. He is the wise-cracking clerk at the corner grocery store. You recognize him immediately (*Continued on page 70*)



inventory of an ingénue



Ann keeps all her jewelry in stocking boxes. Most valuable piece is a real pearl ring.



Buys her furs with the overtime money paid by M-G-M. She's now saving for a lynx jacket.

NO SKELETONS IN ANN RUTHERFORD'S CLOSETS—JUST A CAREER GIRL'S WARDROBE, HOLLYWOOD STYLE!

JEWELRY: 10 bracelet and necklace sets, 12 lapel gadgets, 2 lapel watches, 4 pairs of earrings, 7 compacts. She carries her compacts in their little flannel jackets even when she goes out. **PERFUMES:** Several bottles each of Chanel, Schiaparelli, Lentheric, Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubenstein, Coty, Yardley and Matchabelli. **HATS:** Owns 24. Makes them over when they've been photographed too many times. **FURS:** 1 mink coat (full length), 1 silver fox jacket, 1 pair silver foxes, 1 Russian ermine coat (full length). **LINGERIE:** 10 nightgowns, 1 pair pajamas (she wears these when she goes down to the boat Chuck Isaacs left her when he joined the army), 4 bed jackets (she usually breakfasts in bed), 5 robes, 2 negligees, 10 slips (all ruffled), 1 pinch-waist corset.



Keeps dabbing on cologne all day when she's at home. Uses perfume only in the evening.



Has boxes for her favorite hats; the others are on shelves. Makes most of her own headgear and can duplicate $65 originals for $2.50.



Scatters Schiaparelli's scented face cloth tablets and gardenia corsages among her lingerie.



Makes her own hair ribbons, mostly from velvet or flowered taffeta. Hugest bows are for pompadour hair-do. They're ten inches wide.

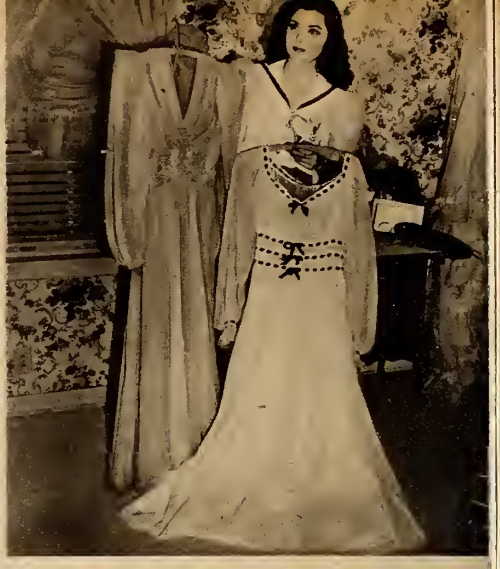
HAIR RIBBONS: About 35. **CLOTHES:** 5 suits (3 dressy, 2 sports), few street dresses (those she has are basic ones which can be given different appearances with various accessories), 13 evening gowns, 5 slack suits, 4 pairs of slacks, 23 blouses, 14 bathing suits, 8 sweaters, 3 terry cloth beach jackets, 6 wool jackets (worn over slacks). **HOSE:** 2 dozen pairs. She must wear her own for pictures. When her stockings rip, she waits until she has four or five damaged pairs, then takes them to the dime store, where runs are fixed for 10 or 15 cents, depending on their length. She has snags repaired for 5 cents. **SHOES:** 19 pairs sports shoes, 18 pairs dress, 7 pairs evening slippers—to say nothing of several pairs of skating shoes, riding boots and galoshes. **PURSES:** She has 13 of them.

inventory of an ingénue

CONTINUED . . .



Couldn't resist buying this little pinch-waist corset, but has never worn it. Is saving it for a tight-in-the-middle evening gown.



She insists she has no glamour, but you ought to see her in these. They're her two pet formals, both chiffon.



Has bathing suits in every color but yellow, which she hates. Cannot stand midriff swim suits or evening gowns.



Keeps her slacks on a men's trouser rack. Wears sports things at home, but changes into something more elegant before dinner.



Owns nothing initialed but 2 hankies. This one has an "R." Ordered the other marked "Ann"; got "N" by mistake.



She wears her own 5½A's in pictures. Brushes them the minute she takes them off, and keeps tissue paper in their toes. Like her hats and purses, they usually last about 3 years.



Knits like a fury every spare second—even at the movies. Makes all her sweaters and sports blouses. Her hobby is designing clothes. Favorite designer is Nettie Rosenstein.

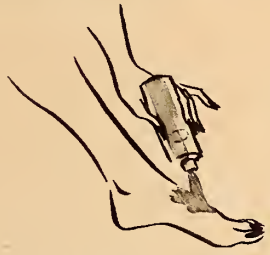
step lovely



Jean Parker's graceful, vivacious feet show their dancing training.



Polish to match your fingernails should top each pedicure.



Foot powder eases friction and protects against moisture.



Special waterproof pads soften corns, relieve pressure.



Balm for tender, tired feet should be massaged in vigorously.



Soak feet in hot and cold water daily to keep them young.

Go in for beauty feet first, for healthy, well-cared-for feet are essential to grace, poise and a happy expression

BY CAROL CARTER

Did you ever stand on a street corner and try to guess people's ages by the way they walk? You can learn a lot that way. Young girls, for example, walk by with a light, airy, springy step, keeping their heads high and their shoulders straight. Middle-aged women, nine times out of ten, either bounce, mince or lope as they walk. What a giveaway! Elderly people often step with uncertainty. And there you have three ages of women.

But could you discover the ages of cinema stars so easily? Not much! Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Janet Gaynor, Madeleine Carroll or Marlene Dietrich have every bit as much spring and grace in their footsteps as have Jean Parker, Olivia de Havilland, Brenda Joyce or Susan Hayward. And even the out-and-out old-timers in Hollywood have an airy rhythm that many a younger woman might copy with profit. You never noticed anything mincing, loping or wobbly about the footsteps of Spring Byington or Gladys George, did you?

Those girls and women realize that many a strained face, tart disposition, frazzled nerve and obscure physical illness can be directly traced to tired, neglected or overworked feet. So they have adopted simple little home routines to keep their feet young, strong and happy.

Most people were born with perfectly normal, healthy feet, but somewhere (*Continued on page 83*)

Design for Daintiness

IT'S FUN TO BE WELL-GROOMED

When you are just about to collapse after a long day's work and settle down for a restful evening at home, did your phone ever ring and the light of your life announce nonchalantly from the other end of the wire that he had just fallen heir to two tickets in the third row and reservations at your favorite restaurant afterwards—and would you please be ready to start in forty-five minutes? Oh, chills and thrills! How *can* you do it—but you know very well you wouldn't refuse for a million—isn't this the date you've been waiting to have for weeks? What to do! Where to begin! You now have just about forty minutes to change into the gorgeous creature that he thinks you are.

Off with your clothes and into your negligée! On the way to your bath or shower, catch up those stray straight locks in bob pins or curlers, so that they'll be working for you while you're washing your cares and troubles down the drain. There are grand little curling gadgets that can be whisked into place in a minute, and no girl should be without them, either for regular use or special occasions like this.

Also, on your way to the tub, lay out a set of fresh, cool, clean lingerie, your most becoming dress and all the accessories to go with it. And don't forget to set out your Sunday-best set of purse-sized beauty gadgets to nestle daintily in your prettiest evening bag. This is also the best time to remove all old or soiled nail polish with a bit of cotton and an oily remover and to set out the polish which best harmonizes with the dress you plan to wear.



Maria Montez, delightful Universal starlet



Lotions soothe, smooth and protect against summer sun, wind and water and keep skin lovely.

WHEN YOU FOLLOW THIS PLAN

Now slather onto your face, neck and arms a thick coat of cleansing cream. If your things are all in their proper drawers and boxes, so that you can find them in a jiffy, all this can be done in about five minutes.

To keep your lingerie always fresh and dainty requires but a few minutes each evening, and there are such grand, safe, mild soaps to use on them these days that it is actually fun and a great satisfaction to do your own under-pretties just to see how lovely they can look. So, if you've kept all of your clothes fresh, clean and in good condition, as you should have, you'll have no last-minute nerve frazzles over them just when you most want to look and feel your best.

Now for a good, luxurious, stimulating tub or shower bath. If everything is in apple-pie order, and you have enough time, treat yourself to a restful, relaxing tub with bath salts, cologne and your very favorite cake of clean-scented, free-lathering soap. If you prefer the pepping-up tingle of a brisk, rapid shower, that is all right, too. Whichever one you take, be sure to use a new, easy-to-get-hold-of cake of soap, a bottle of light, fresh-scented cologne, an after-bath rub and a generous sprinkling of cooling talcum or dusting powder.

Of course, you'll use a clean, thick turkish towel for drying. Remember that the towel rub-down not only dries, but stimulates and relaxes you, so it is an important part of your beauty ritual. Right here is the time to apply a good, effective deodorant, cream, powder or liquid, underarms, on your back (*Continued on page 81*)



Deodorant and a fresh-scented talcum or dusting powder should follow every bath the year 'round.



Creams of all kinds should be used lavishly this time of year if skin is not to suffer.



A refreshing foot powder is a beauty treatment whose soothing effects reflect in feet and face.

By Carol Carter

GROOMED FOR GLAMOUR . . .

BY KATHRYN GRAYSON *as told to Gladys Hall*

All work and very little play made cute Kathryn Grayson a star!

"You want me to tell girls just what a major studio does to and for a girl when it is grooming her for stardom, isn't that it?" Hazel-eyed, dark-haired, nineteen-year-old Kathryn Grayson, wearing a powder blue sweater suit and just the right amount of make-up, took a deep breath and said, "Well, here we go!

"I get up at seven in the morning, which is none too early considering how much there is to do. I have eight lessons every day! First my dancing lessons, ballroom and ballet, alternately—for a half-hour period. Then I have my voice exercises with Mrs. Minna Letha White. My body is alive from the dancing, and the vocal exercises make my voice alive. After that there are dramatic lessons with Mrs. Lillian Burns. Then to Mr. Gelman for piano lessons and after that opera scores with Mr. Rosenstein. Then I have two lunch hours, and I'm always simply starving. Afterwards I'm off to Earl Brent for light opera coaching. Then to Mr. Zador for counterpoint, theory and harmony. Back to Mrs. White again for repertoire, arias and concert pieces. Then home to a huge dinner and bed—until seven the next morning, when it begins all over again.

"But let me tell you what they did to me before I even saw a camera. I had a space between my two middle front teeth, so they sent me to a dentist. He fixed that. I was a bulgy little brat two years ago, but that was fixed up too—not by diet, need I add. They don't believe in girls dieting. I don't take any special exercises, either. Wouldn't have the time or patience. I just walk a lot, play some golf and get pounded by a masseuse. I am now down to the approved measurements for my height—bust, 35½ inches, and hips, 33. I wear a size 6 glove and a 4½ or 5 shoe.

"They didn't make me do anything about my hair. When you think of a studio trying to "glamourize" a girl, you probably think they try to doll them up. Not any more! The whole trend now is toward naturalness.

"They left my clothes alone, too. I love clothes in spells, and I go for variety. I adore hats. Sometimes I fall for a really dizzy one, and then the kids (my sister and brothers) will say, 'Oh, glamour girl!' and I'll never wear it again. It's not that I do or don't want to be a glamour girl. It's just that I couldn't. I'm not the breed. I usually wear plain navy dresses with white collars and cuffs. I wear lots of sweaters, too, because they're so practical.

"The studio didn't suggest that I live any differently, either. We still live in our same house, daddy and mother, my unmarried brother Michael and my sister Francie, who is sixteen,—just as we did before I came to M-G-M. I have no car. Daddy drives me to the studio and picks me up again in the evening when I'm through.

"Our home life is probably the only one of its kind in Hollywood! Radios going, dogs barking, birds singing, babies raising Cain (my oldest brother has three little girls). If any girl could go temperamental or glamourous at my house she'd be entitled to it! If I ever started anything like that, they'd give me the 'Ha, look at the Duchess!' routine until I ate humble pie on my bended knee!

"To get back to grooming. I use soap and water and some good creams. I usually wear low-heeled shoes, because they keep my whole body comfortable. Sometimes I go around the house and garden bare-footed. I take a warm bath with jasmine bath salts every night, and during the day I use carnation and jasmine toilet water—a splash of one and a splash of the other. The combination gives you a nice, fresh, spicy smell. If I'm especially tired at night, I put pads soaked in warm water and witch hazel on my eyes. The studio doesn't advise me to do any of these things. I do them because I want to.

"I'd like to say something to girls who want to be screen stars. If it's excitement and hey-hey you're after, you'd better stay right in high school. Being groomed by a Hollywood studio isn't what you imagine at all. It's just like being in a school with a very stiff curriculum. I have my eight lessons a day, eat lunch with one of my teachers and go home. Why, I didn't even meet a single movie star the whole first year I was here. No one paid any attention to me.

"After I'd been here a year, I did meet Nelson Eddy at a small party at Mrs. Ida Koverman's house. He was interested in my voice and suggested that I visit him and Jeanette MacDonald on the set. I did, and Mr. Eddy was swell to me. He pointed out how perfectly Miss MacDonald knows camera angles and how wonderfully she places her voice. Now, Mr. Eddy and I sing duets occasionally for our own amusement.

"The funny thing about my case is that I didn't really want to be a movie star. It just happened! I was born in North Carolina and was raised in St. Louis. We came here because Daddy had a real estate deal pending. It never occurred to any of us that I might land in the movies! I'd taken a few intermittent vocal lessons but had never found the right teacher. I'd always wanted to be an opera singer, and I still want to be one more than anything else in the world. (*Continued on page 95*)



Kathryn's real name is Zelma Hedrick. (Kathryn's her middle name, Grayson's her mother's maiden name.) She's 5'3", but would love to be tall. Is begging the studio to dye her hair blonde.

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

PARACHUTE TROOPERS INVADE HOLLYWOOD! STIRLING HAYDEN REFUSED DATE! SWEATER SET BANNED BY HAYS OFFICE!

DIDJA KNOW

That Veronica Lake was a beauty contest entrant in Miami three years ago—and got an awful shellacking . . . That Jerry Colonna's newly-adopted son will be called "Robert" after Bob Hope . . . That Earl Carroll offered to cover Marlene Dietrich's palm with $10,000 for every week she personal-appearanced at his café, and she turned him down cold . . . That Barbara Hutton's jeweled trinkets are insured for $3,600,000 . . . That Charlie McCarthy owns more sweaters than Lana Turner . . . That Virginia Bruce will pass up magic lantern labors for at least a year after the birth of her baby . . . That Mary Martin's heir will début in November . . . That Brian Aherne studied ballet dancing as a kid . . . That Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer are the only Metro stars who do not furnish their own shoes and hose for pictures . . . That Jeanette MacDonald will glimmer in Technicolor for "Smilin' Through" . . . That Rudy Vallee is having his curly locks dekinked . . . That Alfred Hitchcock's pet name for Joan Fontaine is "Dopey" . . . That John Garfield calls himself the "Jean Gabin of Brooklyn?"

MOTHERHOOD FOR DEANNA?

It happened at Deanna Durbin's wedding. A group of guests huddled in a corner for a buzzing session. Glancing toward the beaming bride and groom, one of the guests shook his head slowly. "I give her a year," he whispered. "I'm not so sure about that," said another. "I'd say two years myself." There it goes, we thought. Drawing up the divorce papers already. Just like Hollywood. In a few moments we were eating our words. For in a precedent-shattering gesture, the group was speculating not on how long Deanna would remain Mrs. Paul, but on how long it would be before she had a baby Paul! And do you know what the consensus of opinion was? That Deanna will become a mother in a year! Deanna and Vaughn love children, and their intimates believe that unless someone can advance a good reason why they shouldn't, the Pauls will be three in '42.

MEET JOHN DOE-BOY

Jimmy Stewart isn't sticking his neck out. It's just been revealed that when Uncle Sam's draft board tapped Jimmy on the shoulder, Jimmy promptly shed his movie star trappings and became one of the boys. Fearful of being tagged a Hollywood "swell," he tucked his expensive luggage into a dim dark corner of his Movietown manse and shuffled off to camp with the cheapest, plainest set of bags money could buy. Actually, Jimmy didn't give a darn whether shirts and undies were encased in genuine cowhide or cardboard. But what did upset him was the matter of a certain pair of solid silver military brushes of which he's long been proud. When he packed to leave, Jimmy looked at them longingly, decided they weren't appropriate for an army tent—and for the next twelve months, the Stewart tresses will be patted into place with an unimpressive pair of recently-acquired wooden hair caressers!

CLOSED CORPORATION

That wonder boy of the cinema, that tonload of talent, "Magnificent Mischa" Auer, has discovered a new outlet for his genius. Dissatisfied with merely acting, Mischa has formed his own producing company—the president, vice-president, vice-vice-president, director and cameraman of which are all . . . Mischa Auer. Mischa films his epics with an 8 millimeter movie camera and releases them in his own living room. "Miracle Productions, I call them," boasts Mischa. "And my slogan? Just this—'If It's a Picture, It's a Miracle!' "

DOUBLE FEATURES

Funny, the things that will block a romance. Frances Farmer, back in Hollywood for "World Premiere," met Stirling Hayden on the Paramount lot. It was a case of instant attraction, and the shy Hayden stuttered out an invitation for a date. "Sorry," said Frances ruefully, "I'd love to accept but if I do, everyone will say it's because you look like my ex-husband, Leif Erikson. They'll swear I'm carrying a torch!" So be it, we say. But that doesn't explain why the "disinterested" Frances pays daily visits to Leif, now working in the hilarious comedy, "Nothing But the Truth," at Paramount. The reason may be due to the fact that her former spouse reminds her of Hayden!



Willis Hunt and Martha O'Driscoll added a dash of Horse and Buggy romance to Barbara Jo Allen's party. They're the real McCoy; will wed when he gets his divorce from Carole Landis.



Most everyone at the old-fashioned ice cream party wore their Sunday go-to-meetin' finery. Exception was Annabella, who watched ex-soda jerker Ty Power display his technique!

COVERING UP FOR KATHRYN

Too bad. Too bad. M-G-M is turning thumbs down on "cheesecake" art for Kathryn Grayson. Though Kathryn is just a youngster, and an extremely shapely one at that, the studio has ordained that absolutely no publicity pictures are to be shot of her in a bathing suit or shorts! M-G-M has had too many bitter lessons with art of this type. Giggle-getting snaps, taken of Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford in their pre-great days and showing those ladies clad in nothing more confining than a veil and a few beads, are constantly cropping up to haunt them. Metro expects Kathryn to become the biggest star in Hollywood. When that day dawns, they don't want any tintypes that are not the strictest models of dignity and propriety putting in an appearance. Oh, well. It's our loss!

LEADEN LADY

Hot news around the hot spots is the full-blown feud rumored to have sprung up between Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot. The trouble, it is said, dates back to the time Marlene and Cabot were parading their talents on "The Flame of New Orleans" set. One scene called for Bruce to literally sweep Marlene off her feet and carry her across the room. As the cameras stood ready to turn and Marlene stood ready to be swept, Cabot balked. He fixed his eyes on the Dietrich countenance. "I can't carry her," he said, according to reports. "She's too heavy. Will you get me a double instead?" We are told the astonished Marlene flounced away in a huff. She weighs little more than 100 pounds, and Bruce is almost a 200-pounder. He could have lifted her as easily as he could a cup of tea! Marlene is still bearing a grudge, and at this writing the only things being lifted are the Dietrich and Cabot noses as they pass in the Ciro's night.

JACK THE COMPLEX-KILLER

Rib-ticklingest sight of the month was Jack Benny ankling into the Brown Derby the other dinner hour. Jack got as far as the pastry case when a mob of waiters tore to his side, nearly knocking him off his pins. It seems each was trying to lure the Benny appetite to his own table! And do you know why the tray-toters were all so eager to serve Jack? Because he's the most generous tipper in Hollywood! And do you know why he's the most generous tipper in Hollywood? Because indirectly his script writers have made him that way! This is how it works. Before his writers turned him into the boastful tightwad every radio fan and moviegoer knows, Jack was just a normal, healthy guy like you and me. But when he began playing America's Number One Skinflint, he developed an inferiority complex about the character! So because he's always subconsciously trying to prove to the world and himself he's not a cheapskate, he's been converted into the most liberal spender this liberal spending town has ever known! In fact if Mrs. B. didn't stand guard, it's a sure bet the Bennys would be receiving their mail at the county poorhouse!

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

Speaking of Jack, do you know he's the first comedian in history to employ a stand-in gagman? His regular writers, Bill Morrow and Eddie Beloin, earn $2,500 weekly (actually!) between them. But even at that price, Jack doesn't expect them to work miracles. He realizes they may hit a mental dry spell occasionally and leave him high and dry without a radio script. To guard against such an emergency, he pays another gagster $500 a week just to sit in on the Morrow and Beloin conferences and give the boys a hand if they run into a vacuum! When Morrow and Beloin are in top form, the stand-in doesn't open his mouth. But he collects his check anyway. It's worth that much to Jack to know he's there!

TRUE TO FORM

A charming era in Hollywood history is ended. The omnipotent Hays office has issued another of its tongue-clucking edicts, and with one fell swoop the town's beloved Sweater Set has been swept away. No longer may Lana Turner, Betty Grable and Carole Landis be screened in provocative, form-fitting slipovers. For in a decisive memo to producers, censor man Joe Breen, who's paid to be Hollywood's conscience, dictated as follows: "In recent months we have noticed a marked tendency to inject into motion pictures shots of low-cut dresses which expose women's breasts, as well as 'sweater shots'—shots in which the breasts of women are clearly outlined and emphasized. All such shots are in direct violation of the Production Code, which states clearly that the more intimate parts of the human body must be fully covered at all times, and that they should not be clearly and unmistakably outlined by the garment. . . . In the future any shots in which women's breasts are partially or wholly exposed or any 'sweater shot' in which the breasts are clearly defined will be rejected. . . ." Observed one disgruntled Sweater Set-er: "It would be a bigger favor to the world if they covered up some famous faces."

GRAND DIS-ILLUSION

It was just like telling a child there ain't no Santa Claus. Vic (Adonis) Mature, the most manly man on either side of the Rockies, was recently summoned by a New York draft board. The morning Vic reported for his physical exam, hundreds of women held their breath, awaiting the word that was certain to take their idol from them. At last it came. A sympathetic doctor patted Vic on the arm and broke the news: "Go back to Broadway," he said. "We can't use you. Not with flat feet!"

SHORT SHOTS

Bette Davis's "ex," Harmon Nelson, has gone into khaki . . . It's Virginia Field and Vic Mature in New York . . . Howard Hughes hopes to star old love Katie Hepburn in his next fillum . . . Big problem on the Metro lot is what to do with Andy Hardy. The studio doesn't know whether to send him to work or to college . . . Add ranch owners: Greta Garbo recently purchased 28,000 acres worth of cattle country near Las Vegas . . . An Arkansas theatre manager bills James Cagney as "Jamesie" on his marquee. His wife makes him do it because it's her pet name for Cagney . . . Artie Shaw is put-



Frances Neal and her Beau Brummel, Rand Brooks, nibbled a cone with hostess Barbara Jo (left). She's known as Vera Vague on NBC, plays Beth Holly in radio show "One Man's Family."



Guests had a hilarious time playing kid games like Spin the Bottle and Musical Chairs. Mary Brian peeked while Pinning the Tail on the Donkey; was caught by Jack Benny's announcer Don Wilson!

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

ting aside his music to devote his entire energies to a new world peace plan . . . Gene Tierney will lay 20 slaps on Randy Scott's face as "Belle Starr" . . . In music critic Deems Taylor's opinion, Reginald Gardiner knows more about music than anyone in Hollywood . . . Funny folk, the French. Danielle Darrieux's husband, Henri Decoin, will continue as her business manager when their divorce becomes final . . . Virginia Weidler made her flicker bow in the German version of a Wally Beery picture. She was only five at the time, and Mama and Papa Weidler, as well as five other little Weidlers, were in the picture . . . It may be wedding bells, after all these years, for Nick Grinde and Marie Wilson. They were spotted home-hunting . . . Hollywood is asking: why were there tears in Alice Faye's eyes when she won her final divorce decree from Tony Martin?

LEVANT-ISM

Mary Martin made a quick trip to New York after completing "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." While in the Big Town, she ran into Oscar Levant, who's also in the picture. "Oscar," she enthused, "I saw 'The Boys' before I left! You were great! Why, you came out really likable!" "My God," groaned Oscar. "I'm ruined." And he immediately went out and insulted four people.

AUTO-SUGGESTIONS

Ladies, don't bounce one off your husband's noggin because he wants to blow your fur coat money on extra-fancy automobile equipment. Your Movietown males are just as gadget crazy. For example: Errol Flynn keeps a dog house in the rear of his car for the comfort of his pet Schnauzer, Arno . . . An exquisite medallion of his daughter Maria is set in Gary Cooper's dashboard . . . William Orr's snowy-white coupé is upholstered in an eye-stopping Scottish plaid . . . a St. Christopher medal protects George Raft when he travels. It's part of his gearshift knob . . . The Clark Gables always toss a pair of sleeping bags in the back of their station wagon when they embark on a trip. If they're stuck for a night's lodging, they roll themselves into the bags, draw the strings up to their noses and go snugly off to the land of movie star's dreams.

LOVER'S LAMENT

Love-struck men, who boast their girl friends are so beautiful they ought to be in pictures, ought to be glad they're not. That's the opinion of 20-year-old, football-playing Bob Waterfield, the U. C. L. A. Junior who last Christmas slipped an engagement ring on Jane Russell's third finger left hand. Bob's been dating Janie for five years, and it's his regret that she said "yes" to a Howard Hughes contract at the same time she said "yes" to a life-long contract with him. It's the publicity and the demands on her time that Bob resents. "Just look at this," moaned he when confronted with a magazine story about Janie entitled "The Return of the American Bosom." "Why couldn't it have happened to somebody else's girl!"

SOUND AND FURY

Don Ameche was reminiscing about his old-time radio-acting days. "Boy, I'll never forget one night when I was doing a show in Chicago. There was a daffy sound effects man on duty, and he kept missing his cues. At one point, I announced I was going to shoot my leading lady on the spot. Then I paused. I waited for the gun report. None came. So I decided to try again. 'You faithless wench,' I shouted. 'I'll kill you right now!' Still no gun. I was frantic. In desperation, I switched the line. I said 'Shooting's too good for you. I'll stab you instead!' My leading lady caught on. She screamed horribly. Then she gasped in agony and let go with a death gurgle. It was a tight spot, but we got out of it—almost. As I opened my mouth to speak my next line—the gun went off!"



Rita Quigley and Bozo the Clown (hired specially) yum-yummed as hostess Jane Withers cut first slice of her birthday (15th) cake. Party, complete with orchestra and ice cream, was thrown in Beverly Hills Hotel's Palm Room.

IN A GILDED CAGE

To at least one Hollywood celebrity, the picture business is a prison, and the sound stage a cell. George Brent, after 12 years of movie work, is like a man who has been interned against his will and prays for the day of deliverance. 150 films have been on George's schedule since the day he signed his first contract. "And I don't even remember the names of five," he'll tell you. Well, George's sentence is nearly over. His current picture pact runs till a year from December. With that out of the way, he'll be free to go as far from Hollywood as he pleases. What we can't understand, though, is how a guy can be so down on a business that gave him a prize package like Texas Annie Sheridan!

THE SCENERY CHANGES

That Greta Garbo is the sly one! Greta still takes her daily setting-up exercises with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, but she's not permitting that little routine to block her romance with Erich Maria Remarque. Ever the domestic soul, Greta is now busily engaged in altering many of the touches in writer Remarque's home (pictures, rugs, and so on) to suit her own taste. A particularly interesting sidelight on the great Garbo's flair for interior decoration is this—all the touches she is altering are those originally installed by Marlene Dietrich!

MATRIMONY AND THE BENNETTS

When Connie Bennett sped to Yuma to become the bride of the Mexican-born Gilbert Roland, she accomplished two things: (a) she took unto herself a man she has long known and admired, and (b) she added another notch to the steadily zooming Bennett family marital score. Including the latest ceremony, the four Bennetts, Connie, Joan, Barbara and their father, Richard, have exactly 10 marriages and 7 divorces among them! Connie, you know, was formerly wed to the Marquis de la Falaise, millionaire Phil Plant and Chicagoan Chester Moorhead. Joan, before becoming Mrs. Walter Wanger, shed Gene Markey and John Fox. And father Richard, with two wives to his credit, lost them both in the divorce court. Barbara, the only Bennett to marry just once, recently sued for her freedom from singer Morton Downey, and by the time you read this, the Bennett divorce record may be upped once again!

PUCK UNDER PUNISHMENT

Burgess Meredith was feeling mighty chipper as he sauntered onto the "Tom, Dick and Harry" set the other A.M. "Hiya, kids!" he greeted the assembled cast and crew. "How're my little playmates this fine cheery morning?" Dead silence. "Didn't ya hear me?" queried Buzz. "I wanna know how you're feeling!" More silence. Buzz began to fidget. "I don't get it fellers," he said. "What's the gag?" Director Garson Kanin stepped forward and slipped a note into his hand. And then Buzz understood. He had

reported late, and as punishment for holding up the company his "little playmates" were giving him the silent treatment! And they weren't half-hearted about it, either. For the entire day Ginger Rogers, George Murphy, Kanin and others on the set referred to Burgess, when they had to, as "that fourth character," "that other party," and so on. But not a single word was addressed directly to him. Only once was the silence nearly broken. That was when Buzz stuck his head into Ginger's dressing-room and, grinning puckishly, chirped: "I don't suppose you're interested, but Jimmy Stewart's coming home for the week-end!" Ginger was dying for details, but clamping her lips together, she looked straight through him—and quietly shut the door in his face.

THE GREAT MAN VOTES

John Barrymore is back again with another of those inevitable "ten best" lists—this time with the funniest we've ever encountered. Asked to name the ten greatest profiles in history, he nominated, besides himself, the following: (1) Cyrano de Bergerac. (2) Jumbo, the circus elephant. (3) Gargantua, 1941's most famous bridegroom (unless Barrymore remarries). (4) W. C. Fields. (5) Mussolini. (6) Maxie Rosenbloom. (7) Any Ubangi woman. (8) Cobina of the Brenda and Cobina team and (9) W. C. Fields. Says John: "You'll note that I include my good friend W. C. Fields twice. That is because I believe both sides of his very distinguished nose are worthy of mention!"



Gloria Jean grooms June Carlson's glued-on beard. (It was yanked off at least 4 times during 5½-hour afternoon party.) June copped first prize for most original girl's costume in her circus freak's half-man, half-woman outfit!

MAN BAIT

The U. S. Army has invaded Hollywood! When RKO announced they were placing the newly-wedded Nancy Kelly and Edmond O'Brien in "Parachute Battalion," a story of parachute troopers in training at Ft. Benning, Georgia, the army immediately dispatched a parachute expert to the studio to supervise important scenes. The reason? Today, the American army has only 423 trained parachute jumpers. It needs 2,000 but can't draft the difference, because the service is too perilous. The army's only hope is volunteers. Thus, by aiding RKO to publicize the battalion, the army hopes to attract enough men to fill their quota! We don't know why the army makes things so tough for itself, however. They could probably do much better by simply rounding up a few of those shapely Georgia peaches, putting them in bathing suits and on posters and plastering them over the country à la Hollywood publicity technique. We'll bet a thousand to one Fort Benning would soon be hanging out its S.R.O. sign!

REGINALD THE WRETCHED

Hedy Lamarr and John Howard are worried about their good friend Reginald Gardiner. For the past few weeks Reggie's been going around with a wild look in his eye, murmuring something strange and unintelligible about "chipmunks." Realizing a happy, healthy lad like Reggie never concentrates on four-legged creatures exclusively, we cornered the poor fellow and requested some explanation for his apparent lapse of reason. This is Reggie's story: "Hedy, John and I went to the movies one evening. When we left the theatre, a mob of autograph hounds ganged up on us. I figured they were only interested in Hedy and John so, with typical modesty, I retired to a corner to wait for them to finish. I was getting a little envious, I admit, when I noticed two little old ladies giving me the eye. Like magic, confidence ebbed back into my veins. I flashed them a full-face, double-row-of-teeth smile and urged them to come nearer. They did, obviously flustered at being so close to a celebrity. Then one of them spoke. 'Would it be revealing any secrets,' she whispered, 'if you told us how you draw those cunning little chipmunks, Mr. Disney?'" There it is, Hedy and John. Do you blame your little pal?

BUBBLE TROUBLE

If you want to see a peaceful, quiet man grow wild-eyed, just mention "bubble-bath" to Bill Holden. Bill discovered a jar of the stuff sitting on Brenda Marshall's dressing-table the other evening. Intrigued by the directions on the label, he borrowed a supply for his own use, smuggling it out when Brenda's back was turned. At home he decided to try it immediately. "And what a horrible experience that was!" he told us blushingly. "The stuff foamed up so fast it nearly drowned me! And that's not all! I finally rescued myself, but gosh, did I smell! Like a burlesque cutie on a dime-store spree! Personally, I'm willing to forget the whole darned thing. But not Brenda! She thinks it's funny to call me Daisy!"

YANKEE DOODLER

Ever meet a doodle expert? Probably not. There aren't many around. That's why we were so delighted to discover Miss Dorothy Hoffman holding court at Earl Carroll's restaurant. Miss Hoffman is Hollywood's pet doodle-decipherer. She makes a career of analyzing the wriggles and curlicues left on Mr. Carroll's tablecloths by the town's top-notchers, and some of her reports are fascinating. Here are a few: (a) Clark Gable has intense energy, extreme enthusiasms, and lapses into periods of dark moodiness. He dislikes routine and detail—and has to fight an almost ungovernable trait of jealousy! (b) Dorothy Lamour is strong-willed and wants her own way. She tries, rather unsuccessfully, to keep her heart from running away with her head. She makes an interesting companion because she doesn't know the meaning of the word boredom. (c) Judy Garland is extremely feminine. She loves people and makes strong attachments. She is sensitive, idealistic and a hero-worshipper. (d) Mickey Rooney is going through a formative period—trying to find himself and make adjustments. (e) Jimmy Stewart is high-strung but constantly on guard about expressing his emotions. He detests being handled or influenced and is a bit suspicious of people who show him a great deal of attention. By disposition and temperament he is a cross between a dignified Englishman and a tempestuous Latin!

LOVE MATCH

With the firecracker season approaching, why doesn't someone pull the stunt of the year and set a match to George Raft and Betty Grable? That team is loaded with more combustibles than an RAF raider! And don't think the great American public isn't aware of it! George long ago discovered that the quantity of his fan mail is affected by the intensity of his romances. When he dated Norma Shearer, public reaction to his personal life reached an all time high. Since the start of the Grable bonfire, his letters have nearly doubled.

BARNYARD FOLLY

Jimmy Cagney is the despair of Warner Bros. He hates publicity, believes everything that can be said of him has been said and every picture of him that can be shot has been shot. For years the Warners have coaxed and wept, but Jimmy resolutely has resisted every effort to break down his anti-exploitation attitude. So—imagine the delight of the studio's publicity head when, picking up his phone the other morning, he heard Jimmy's lungs shouting an invitation to come to the Cagney home immediately! "I've got the greatest story of the year for you!" said the lungs. "Hurry! And bring a photographer, too!" The publicity head didn't wait for more. Diving for the door, he grabbed a cameraman en route and ripped over to Jimmy's house. "What is it?" he gasped when he got there. Jimmy winked significantly. "Come with me," he said. Leading the expedition through the house and into his backyard, he marched up to a big red-roofed chicken coop surrounded by a dozen of its clucking tenants. "Look inside," Jimmy commanded. "See that hen,"

(*Continued on page 96*)

Your Weekend Wardrobe

BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS



What could be nicer than a fitted white terry robe? $3.95, Mabley Carew, Cincinnati. Striped terry sandals, 99c. Wise.



Be a perfect spectator in bright red slacks with gaily printed blouse from Loomtogs. $7.95, Plymouth Shops, N. Y.



Sail in navy slacks and jacket with embroidered emblem. $10.95, Filene, Boston. White and red moccasin play shoes, $1.99, Wise.



Take along a four-piece play suit, including jacket and shorts, in blue and brown plaid gingham. $7.95. Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles.



Play golf in chambray with free swing sleeves. $6.95. Franklin Simon & Co. Tan leather loafer shoes from Wise, $2.99

The Water's Fine!

Jane Russell, lovely star of the Howard Hughes production, "The Outlaw," poses in two equally flattering swim suits that are not afraid of the water







EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY . . . HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give YOUR *skin* HER *Glamour Care*

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your *skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!*



Lovely clean!

Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with *more* Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Extra special now*—the *1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft *feel*—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're *glamorous* as a *dream girl!*



Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask



SHE'S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her *soft, luminous, exquisite skin.*

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual *every* day.

CLIP *this Beauty Coupon*

for your Pond's Ritual Kit

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVG, Clinton, Conn.

I'm keen to start Geraldine Spreckels' glamour care. Please send right off Pond's especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream for the glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U.S. only)

Aladdin SAYS Genie's a Genius . . .



You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.

One day at lunch . . . presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp."

"I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all soft food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic."

"That's fine!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth . . . And don't overlook its handy, flat, flavortite package—so easy to share.

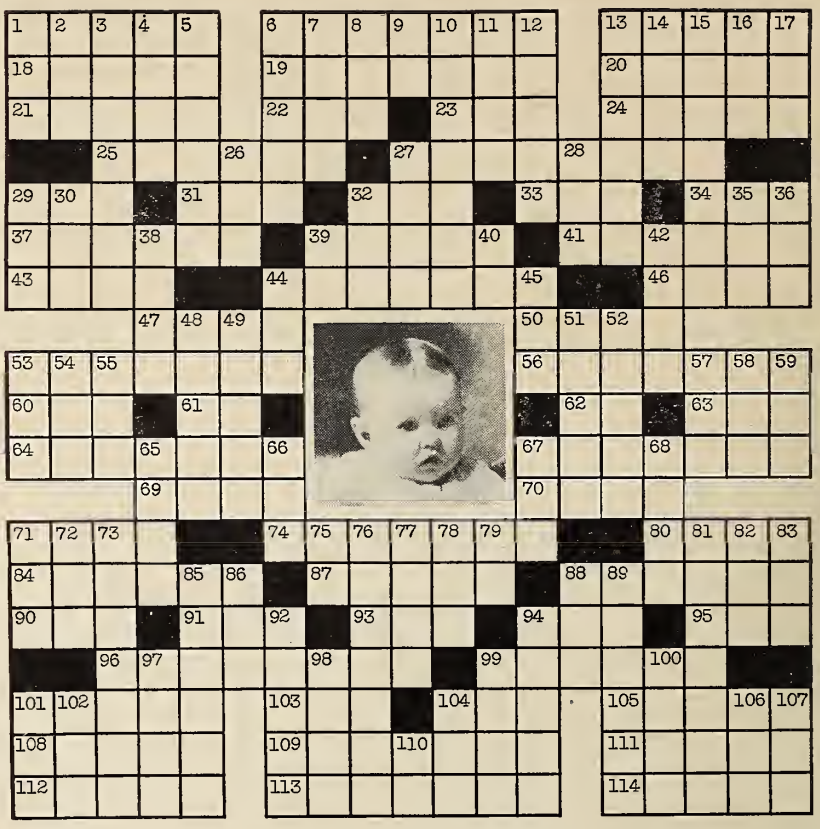


6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 95

ACROSS

1. Bull fighter in "Blood and Sand"
6. Femme in "Sis Hopkins"
13. ----- Ouspenskaya
18. Singer in "Great American Broadcast"
19. Dancer in "Lady Be Good"
20. Star of "Her First Romance"
21. John Garfield's benefactor
22. Joan - - - lie
23. Happy
24. Cubes
25. Girl in "Scattergood Baines"
27. Other man in "That Uncertain Feeling"
29. Femme in "A Man Betrayed"
31. - - - Grey
32. Dolores - - - Rio
33. A film's period of operation
34. Inquire
37. Detain
39. Studio's gift to successful players
41. She's in "The Saint" series
43. Cozy nook
44. Who is the actress pictured?
46. Male lead in "Bitter Sweet"
47. M-G-M gown designer
50. Chinese star in "Ellery Queen's Penthouse Mystery"
53. Dancer in "Second Chorus"
56. Girl in "Philadelphia Story"
60. Tough boy in "Pride of the Bowery"
61. Measure of area
62. "Sergeant York": init.
63. Johnson's comic partner
64. Opposite 76 down
67. Mailman in "Nice Girl?"
69. Miss Birell
70. Name for Geraldine's homeland
71. Gumbo
74. "Ellery Queen, Master Detective"
80. Home state of 44 across
84. Mrs. Vaughn Paul
87. Femme in "I Wanted Wings"
88. With Joan in "A Woman's Face"
90. Heroine of "Trial of Mary Dugan"
91. Not in
93. Fabulous bird
94. Deanna's real name: Edna - - -
95. "So - - - s Our Night"
96. First name of 44 across
99. Comedian: Syd - - - - - -
101. Scrub
103. Priscilla Lane's nickname
104. The Big - - -
105. She was in "Women in War"
108. Danielle Darrieux's hubby
109. Insnares
111. George - - - - - s
112. Icelandic poems
113. Written law
114. Woodland god

DOWN

1. Fruit pulp
2. R - - - nd Young
3. Star of "Golden Hoofs"
4. Light tan
5. Rules
6. Girl in "Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga"
7. Malt beverages
8. Affirmative answer
9. - - rren William
10. Wife of "The Great McGinty"
11. Leo's introduction
12. Studio hairdresser's equipment
13. Holy city of Arabia
14. Mine entrance
15. Hero in "The Round-Up"
16. Suffix denoting a "follower"
17. Exclamations of pleasure
26. Headgear
27. Repair
28. Dress, as leather
29. Actor in "Washington Melodrama"
30. Before
32. Male lead in "Kiss The Boys Goodbye"
35. Owner of famed Chinese Theatre
36. Small reef
38. Girl's name
39. Two: prefix
40. Carmen Miranda's homeland: abbr.
42. Girl in "Curtain Call"
44. Rich man in "Buck Privates"
45. Steer wild, as a vessel
48. Lariat
49. Brenda's hubby in "Footsteps In the Dark"
51. Silent era vamp
52. More delicate
53. Lofty mountain
54. Weight of India
55. Part of the foot
57. - - - Chaney, Jr.
58. Guido's high note
59. George B - - - t
65. Co-starred with Hardy
66. Seize
67. Turkish governor
68. - - - - Hamilton
71. Queer
72. New Zealand parrot
73. Jeff in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"
75. Printer's measure
76. "Lady From Cheyenne"
77. Taylor's first short: "Buried - - - -"
78. Movie light
79. Personnal pronoun
81. Overthrow
82. Miss Cahoon
83. "Dr. Jekyll - - - Mr. Hyde"
85. Playboy in "Back In the Saddle"
86. Month: abbr.
88. Girl's name
89. Lamprey fishers
92. Binds
94. Parsonage
97. Gentle breeze
98. Rave
99. Birthmonth of 44 across: abbr.
100. Genus of olive
101. That lady
102. Sir - - - ric Hardwicke
104. Greek letter
106. Climbing plant
107. Always: poet.
110. "Billy The Kid": init.

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FROM GAGS TO RICHES

(*Continued from page 51*)

on screen or radio—though it's your first meeting—and because he is familiar, you become attached to him at once. Then, too, his methods are frank. If he tells a good joke, he laughs himself. If he tells a corny one, well, he groans with you. That's Bob Hope.

His familiar profile, which resembles a warped hockey stick, supports a brain which has a gag in each cell. Everything serious that sifts through his active jumping-bean mind comes out humorous.

He can't even write a straight ordinary letter. While on his last personal appearance tour where he broke Sally Rand's box-office record in Chicago ("And I didn't use fans, either," he says), he tried to write a serious letter to his bosom pal, Bing Crosby. Here is what Hope wrote:

"Dear Bing: At present I'm not only doing six vaudeville performances a day, a couple of benefits every night, a radio preview and regular weekly broadcast—but I also have to get up early every day to rehearse for a nervous breakdown!

THIS train is now going through a tunnel. Must stop writing a moment as I want to use this opportunity to pay my troupe their salaries. I've paid them off in the dark so much lately, they're thinking of asking the Treasury Department to put glow worms instead of eagles on all new money!

"As I write this, Professor Colonna is looking over my shoulder, but you can hardly blame him. This upper berth is so small he and I are sleeping piggy-back!

"Incidentally, the act has been doing swell. Dottie Lamour visited me opening day in Chicago and guested a couple of performances. That night Dottie and I got into a little argument, so I said to her, 'Go! I never want to see your face again—but the rest of you can stay!' A lot of her Chicago fans voted that they would rather not see her in tropical pictures anymore—but outside of her sarong they thought she would be swell!

"I'm really glad, Bing, that I made this personal appearance tour. It gave me a chance to meet my public. Besides, Paramount wanted me to get out of town until my last picture blew over. And my toothpaste sponsors thought a personal appearance tour would be a great thing for me. I went for it and what happened? They not only have me on the stage for six appearances a day, but they have my teeth on display in the lobby!

"Pardon me, the train is pulling into Boston now, and I want to open my golf bag and wake up Skinny Ennis. Keep your stomach in, Bing! Goodnight!"

Which gives you an idea.

Anyway, a lot of people who've been infected by Hope have been anxious to know more about him. But our main trouble is that we can't decide what is plain fact and what is pure funny.

There are a lot of kill-joys, the kind of folks who steal from blind men and scare little children, who say Bob Hope wouldn't be a first-rate comedian without his six brothers and eleven gag-writers. Well, while it's true his half dozen brothers—count 'em—Ivar, James, Fred, Jack, Sidney and George—help him a good deal, and while it's equally true his eleven gagmen furnish him with most of his basic gags—it's not true that he wouldn't be funny without them.

Witness the fact that Bob Hope in real life during impromptu speeches and on the set, reels off a brand of humor that has listeners guffaw-drunk. Witness also that two of his brothers, Jack and George, admit quite frankly that while you can concoct and buy jokes by the hundreds, you can only find one Bob to point them up and socko! deliver 'em.

His gagmen submit 400 jokes a week. Of these Bob weeds out the scream of the crop, dresses them up and uses about 120 in his 22 minutes of radio time. Also, in his movies at Paramount like "Caught In The Draft," Hope, after reading the script, sits down with his gagsters and figures out the funniest draft jests possible and then just talks them into the script. It's a very disconcerting way of working for Paramount—but it gets results.

His brothers explain that Bob himself has invented at least five new humor formulas. For example, when Dot Lamour says to him, "Honey, you get under my skin," Hope will flip back with, "No, Dottie, you get under mine—it stretches!" This type of humor has never been used before, not even by Joseph Miller.

The Paramount jester is a genius at upholstering creaking gags and sifting the corn out of them. For example, once in Chicago he said, "I've got a brother who's darn tough. He once slapped Al Capone in the face!" To which a listener replied, "Gee, is he that tough? I'd like to meet your brother." And Hope replied, "Oh, I can't dig him up just for that!" The city of Chicago—and Capone's henchmen—protested the gag. So Hope dropped it. But recently he made it up-to-the-minute by injecting Joe Louis' name instead of Capone's. Simple?

When it comes to opinions on humor, Bob Hope possesses definite ideas. He thinks most amateur story-tellers—the life-of-the-party variety—spoil their efforts by not having the endings of their jokes clearly in mind. "When a comic forgets the tag of his joke, that's grounds for justifiable homicide," says Hope.

HE feels the radio has helped make the public sophisticated. "They won't eat corn any more," is the way he puts it. "Jokes have to be smart." Hope thinks Bing Crosby, his golf companion, has the best sense of humor in movieland. But he feels W. C. Fields is the best professional comedian in the business. "The old rogue kills me," admits Hope.

Our hero is probably the best liked man in Hollywood. Producers, critics and creditors adore him equally. He gets along with his fellow comics, which is a novelty. Once I was in his dressing-room listening to a rehearsal record of his scheduled broadcast, when Jack Benny wandered in. Jack sat down to listen to it, then suddenly Bob Hope walked in. "Shut off that victrola!" he shouted at me. "And get that pirate Benny out of here before he steals my gags!" Benny, who pays $2,500 a week for gags himself, feigned injury and insult, got up and started walking out in a huff. In an instant Hope made a flying tackle, brought Benny down to the floor. "Where are you going?" inquired Hope. "Aren't my jokes funny enough for you?"

However, at present Bob Hope feuds with only one jokester in the business. That's Milton Berle over at Twentieth Century-Fox. Hope jestingly claims that Berle steals his gags. "In fact," says Hope, "Berle once laughed so hard at one of

(*Continued on page 72*)



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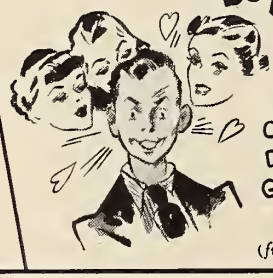
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IS MY MOTTO WHEN WHEEDLING SOME NEW CLOTHES FROM HUBBY. BUT I ALWAYS KEEP A BOX OF SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX HANDY TO REPAIR MAKE-UP AFTER HE SAYS YES.

(from a letter by M. F., Portland, Ore.)



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I SHOWED THE WHITE COLLAR GALS HERE HOW TO MAKE CUFFS OF KLEENEX TO SAVE DRESSES FROM OFFICE GRIME. REWARD: FOUR KISSES... SO FAR!

(from a letter by A. B., Shreveport, La.)

A Bird in the Hand...

IS WORTH TWO ON THE PLATE, WHEN IT COMES TO EATING FRIED CHICKEN! AND SINCE WE'VE "DISCOVERED" KLEENEX THERE ARE NO MORE GREASY FINGERS TO SPOIL THE FUN!

(from a letter by S. B., St. George, N. Y.)



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KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Continued from page 70)

my shows, he dropped his pencil!"

Bob Hope's private life interests are many. His first, he met and married seven years ago. Hope was appearing in the musical comedy, "Roberta," on Broadway. In a nearby night club a model named Dolores Reade was the singing star of the floor show.

One evening our comedian met Miss Reade, complimented her on her vocals. She inquired politely, "What do you do?" And Hope answered, "Oh, me, I'm just a chorus boy in 'Roberta.' I also carry spears." Miss Reade went to see "Roberta" and saw that Bob Hope carried, not spears, but the entire show. His antics were hilarious. In fact she was still laughing when he proposed to her—laughing so hard that she was unable to refuse. Nowadays, every summer the couple mix business with pleasure by taking a honeymoon combined with a vaudeville tour. Hope jokes. His wife sings.

Another of Hope's personal interests is politics. He doesn't mix in it actively. He just tells what he thinks in humorous form, like revising the old wheeze and stating, "Say, I hear Mussolini went down in a submarine to review his fleet." He also appears on benefits for any worthy cause at any time, in any place, and many of these causes involve war relief. He recently received an Academy Award for his unselfish services to charity. He also likes to kibitz on the subject of local and national politics. When Los Angeles elected a new district attorney, Hope quipped, "This new district attorney was the man who was going to clean up Los Angeles—but Santa Anita beat him to it!" Then he added, "My Democratic friends won so much dough on the election, they're now Republicans!"

His third interest revolves about athletics. His game of golf, at which Crosby always trounces him, is already legend. However, what few people know is that, at one time in his life, he wanted to be a prize-fighter. Honestly! He thought there was big money in it. He was sixteen years old at the time and, since he was fast on his feet, felt no opponent could touch him. His parents were against the idea. So Bob Hope changed his name to Packy East and became a pug. He entered the Ohio State Novice Boxing Championships. He fought for one day, and according to the record books, he (1) won his first fight because the other fighter dropped from exhaustion trying to catch him, (2) drew a bye, (3) met the champion in the semi-finals, and (4) when he woke up in the dressing-room, announced he'd been through the world's first blackout.

"That," recalls Bob Hope, "was the life and death of Packy East."

He was also interested in becoming a baseball star. A short time ago, when Connie Mack, pilot of the Philadelphia Athletics, was in town, he asked Bob if he'd every played baseball.

"Sure," said Hope. "I used to be with the Eagle Rock Beavers."

"Really? What position did you play?"

"Well," explained Hope, "I used to sit on the bench in the dugout a good deal. But this particular season we had pretty tough luck during the big game. Everyone on our nine was being forced out with injuries. Someone was hit by a ball. Another fellow was hurt sliding. And so on. Finally after every substitute had been sent in, and every pinch-hitter, the manager at last turned to me on the bench and said, 'Hope—get up—we're sending in the bench!'"

He told me, also, that he was interested in horse racing. He planned to buy a horse and name it Yehudi so people could shout, "Where's Yehudi?" He almost lost his enthusiasm over the turf last year when he was betting on Crosby's colts. "Once I put a lot of money on a Crosby horse. Well, that horse really ran a fast race, that is, if you care for things like 'Gone With the Wind.' After the race my wife turned to me and said, 'Are you ready to go home yet, Bob?' And I said, 'Yah, roll out the barrel!'"

Bob Hope's other activities and sports, mostly of the indoor variety, consist of consuming endless amounts of herring and garlic, drinking a quart of milk a day, reading Variety in his huge bed which was imported from New York, sleeping six hours at a stretch, playing an excellent game of rotation pool, taking horrible 16 mm-outdoor movies, kidding Dot Lamour till she's half crazy.

His biography, of course, contains the usual ups and downs. He was born in London. Has a grandfather in Surrey today who is 97 years old and rides a bicycle daily. Hope obtained his first job in Cleveland at the Chandler Motor Car Company. Instead of selling cars, he tried out old gags on new customers—was soon being used by the firm as an after-dinner speaker instead of a salesman—and was fired when he used the president's dictophones to practice his monologues.

In his day Bob Hope was hungry. "People used to comment about the ripple on my stomach," he remembers, "not knowing it was my spine."

Today Bob Hope is ranked a shade behind Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen on the radio. However, experts admit that if his program played on Sundays—the best audience day—he would be number one. On the screen no streamlined comedian surpasses him. And on the stage he is absolutely tops.

And that, fans, is the result of our investigation on America's major epidemic—the carrier of the giggle-germ which has affected everyone with *laughter*.

So, no matter what sorrows beset this battered world, you needn't fear that men will forget to laugh—because there'll always be hope as long as there's Hope!

WE ASKED THE QUIZ KIDS . . .

(Answers to Movie Quiz on page 45)

1. Penny Singleton, Johnny Weissmuller, Bob Livingstone
   (The Kids got two out of the three correct. Gerard thought the Lone Ranger might be Tom Mix)
2. All except Katharine Cornell
3. (a) Edward G. Robinson, (b) Paul Muni, (c) Lewis Stone, (d) Spencer Tracy
4. (a) Mary Astor, (b) Cary Grant, (c) Ginger Rogers, (d) Fredric March
5. (a) bear cages, (b) lion house, (c) monkey house
6. Samuel Goldwyn
7. The Abbes—John, Patience and Richard
8. (a) Dorothy Lamour, (b) Ellen Drew, (c) Madeleine Carroll
   (They missed on this one; the only one they knew was Dorothy Lamour)
9. (a) Laurence Olivier, (b) Tyrone Power, (c) Norma Shearer, (d) George Arliss
10. Duke and Duchess of Windsor
11. "Rebecca"
12. "Life With Henry" and "What a Life"
13. (a) Greta Garbo, (b) Lou Costello, (c) Hugh Herbert
14. John and Lionel Barrymore; Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine; Priscilla and Rosemary Lane
15. (a) Edward Arnold, (b) Mary Pickford, (c) Errol Flynn
    (The Kids didn't get any)
16. Bing Crosby and Don Ameche
17. Harpo Marx
18. (a) A Western picture, (b) grade C picture made on a small budget by an independent producer in a very short time
19. Gene Autry leads with approximately 2,000 letters a week
20. On the train coming to Hollywood, Disney, in need of a fresh comedy cartoon character, remembered Mickey, the pet mouse who had shared his room when he was broke

WHO IS THIS GREAT LOVER?

(Continued from page 43)

There were too many people around. He would be unable to stroll about in his swimming trunks.

He learned Marlene Dietrich lived two cottages away from him. Three hours later he was out dining with Marlene, whom he had met once briefly in Paris. No slow worker, that Gabin.

In filmtown, the French idol was welcomed like a continental conqueror—not alone for his fame and reputation as a cinema lover, but for his renown as a superb actor.

Everyone wanted to wish him well. First there was a cable from his best friend—Maurice Chevalier, now singing for charity in unoccupied France—wishing him health and success. Then Edward G. Robinson, who speaks fluent French and who had known Gabin abroad, came to visit and to take him to dinner. Next, Norma Shearer invited him to the Mocambo. He enjoyed Miss Shearer's company but candidly objects to night clubs. He says, "I do not see how people can have pleasure drinking merely for the sake of drinking."

Finally, one evening he ran into Spencer Tracy, whom he had known slightly in Europe. When they met, they em-



You — and the moon and the music

YOU...in a *dream* of a dress...floating over the polished floor, with the entire stag line at your heels!

It was wonderful . . . *all* of it. So now you rush upstairs to wake up Sis and give her your confidential report . . . share your triumph.

After all, it's her triumph, too. She's taught you a lot of things . . . put you wise to some glamour hints that made all the difference.

Doesn't she get the credit for suggesting that camellia for your hair—and then producing nail polish that exactly matched?

Wasn't it Sis who taught you how to make your eyes look bigger with a touch of eyebrow pencil in the corners?

Remember that time you had the little personal talk about Kotex Sanitary Napkins?

She pointed out that your secret is safe with Kotex, because those flat, pressed ends can't make telltale outlines, even under the most clinging dress. The wonderful, carefree confidence it gave you to learn about the "Safety Shield" in each Kotex was worth a fortune in itself.

Incidentally—it might be a *very* sound idea to take her advice about trying the three sizes of Kotex: Junior—Regular—Super. Certainly, you're the *only* one who can tell which size is exactly right for you.

All in all, you're a pretty lucky girl to have a sister like that . . . she's on your side. Let her know you appreciate her . . . and her help.



If you and Sis want to brush up on your facts together . . . send for the free booklet *"As One Girl To Another."* It gives you lots of good, useful tips.

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braced heartily and spent the evening in conversation.

"But how did you converse?" we asked Gabin. "You don't speak English. Tracy doesn't speak French."

"Friendship needs no language," replied Gabin softly.

The following day he received a case of champagne from Tracy.

While on the subject, we reminded the invading Great Lover that here in America fans who had seen his foreign-made films called him the Spencer Tracy of France.

Gabin smiled at this. "It is a compliment. . . . But it will amuse you to know that in my native France my people have long called Spencer Tracy the Jean Gabin of America!"

The most frequent question asked by American damsels revolves about his repute as a Casanova. Women have heard the single line spoken about him as Pepe by a French character actor. "When he dies, 3,000 widows will mourn for him." Women have never doubted this but have wondered why members of their sex have raved so about Gabin.

The answer may lie somewhere in his life or in his personality.

GABIN was born in Paris on May 17, 1904. He was named Jean Moncorge. His father was a top-notch stage comedian, and when he wanted Jean to become a comedian, too, the youngster ran away from home. He came back eventually and went to school for a while, but was thrown out because he was a poor student. Then Gabin became a cement mixer; later a prize-fighter. Finally blood began to tell, and he turned to acting. He started as a song and dance man, and to this day can whirl off a mean soft shoe routine. Then he did an unusual thing. Worked in motion pictures by day and in stage plays by night. The youngest of seven children in his family, he soon became the family supporter and the movie idol of the Old World.

When he was twenty-seven, he married. Her name was Doryanne. She was a gorgeous Parisian music hall songstress. They remained man and wife for eight solid years—but last year, for reasons undisclosed, they were divorced. Few persons know about this chapter in Gabin's life. Not that he ever kept it a secret. It's just that no one ever bothered to ask him.

In Paris he was always seen with a different woman. For a while this big-shouldered brooding blond went everywhere with Michele Morgan, now at RKO. Then he was seen with cute Simone Simon. In fact, it is said his dates often caused feuds. There are those who claim he had a good-natured feud with Jean Renoir, the French director now also working at Twentieth. In Paris some years ago, Renoir, while directing Simone Simon, wanted to date her—but Gabin beat him to it. There are those who hope the friendly rivalry is carried over among Hollywood's glamour gals. It would make good copy.

Gabin's most terrifying experience came just before he left his country. Owner of two cars in Europe, a Buick and a Chrysler, he was piloting the latter through the countryside for a relaxing drive, when suddenly out of the clouds a German stuka dive-bomber emerged and began zooming down toward him. "I slammed my car to a stop," Gabin recalled, "jumped out very fast, ran into the meadow and threw myself on my belly." The Nazi plane machine-gunned the car, and then planted a bomb on it, exploding the machine to bits and almost burying Gabin alive.

Today this headstrong foreigner, who once starved for two years rather than make a story he didn't like, faces one worry in Hollywood. He put it this way, "I wonder if the Will Hays office will permit me to act my usual rugged, virile roles. I don't want to be a pretty, polite young man!"

When we interviewed Gabin, we inquired about his own cinema tastes. He always was a great fan, seeing every American picture that came to Paris. He said he liked above all others Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and Gary Cooper. It is interesting to note that all his choices are hair-on-the-chest gentlemen. He remarked that his two favorite actresses were Bette Davis and Margaret Sullavan. "I hope some day I am cast opposite one of them," he said.

He told us he enjoyed wearing turtle-neck sweaters. In Paris they were his trademark, just as Chaplin's baggy suit and cane and big shoes have been his particular trademark. "But here I seldom wear my turtle-neck sweaters," he confessed sadly. "I am afraid people will think I have gone Hollywood!"

Addicted to sleeping naked, to going on long hunting and fishing trips, to climbing mountains like the Alpine crags and peaks, he will do nothing important on Wednesday of any week. "Wednesday is my unlucky day," he explained.

Gabin has long been known as an epicure. A hearty but choosey eater, he has what the French uniquely call—"a discriminating fork." At home Gabin avoided night clubs but visited restaurants for choice dishes. One popular Paris restaurant named a steak after him. This steak, served very rare but seared on both sides, was labeled—"Steak au bleu Jean Gabin." He found his first meals in Hollywood a trial. He went to a café and almost fainted with dismay when they served him coffee instead of wine with his fish!

At present Gabin's desires are twofold. To obtain peace and rest. And to make excellent motion pictures. He wishes to avoid romance—for the time being. He made this one confession, "American women, they are beautiful. But I do not wish a Lady Eve to tempt me yet!"

He told us he had absolutely no further desire to travel. He had seen much and now he wanted to settle down.

"Hollywood is a fine place in which to settle down," the great Gabin admitted. "But, between us—" and then wistfully —"In my France, I was so happy. Some day maybe the world will change. And my France will breathe. And I, Jean Gabin, will return to my fields and hills and men and women. That will be—how do you say?—ah, the happy ending!"

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start, and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse op'ries!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below, and your chart is as good as lassoed!

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CLOSE-UP OF PAULETTE

(Continued from page 49)

trick which is yours for the taking. At night she mascaras only her upper lashes and draws a white instead of a black pencil line along the lower lid. She says it makes the eyes look larger.

She's active outdoors, walks on the beach, swims, golfs and plays tennis. She loves sports for their own sake and as the ideal outlet for her energy. At tennis she's as good as her partners. How good that is may be judged by the fact that she plays regularly with Jinx Falkenberg and her mother. Doubling with Mrs. Falkenberg at a recent tournament, she walked off with the prize—a set of silver bread and butter dishes. She's also won some cups. Jinx Falkenberg and Mrs. David Selznick are her closest friends.

Her house is a tasteful combination of simplicity and color. She feels what amounts to a phobia about gadgets, whatnots and dust-catchers. The purely ornamental irritates her. It's got to be combined with the practical or out it goes. She loathes clutter and never collects anything. Her instinct, indeed, is to get rid of all but the necessaries—"only," she says with her impish grin, "they've got to be nice, rich necessaries." The dresser and table-tops in her white and yellow bedroom are bare of geegaws, the "nice, rich necessaries" laid away in drawers. She has a fancy for slipper flower-holders. There's something about the combination of natural floral beauty with the artificial elegance of a well-turned heel which tickles her.

THE household is run by Juanita and Gene, who have been with her six years—an eternity in Hollywood and a tribute to Paulette as employer. According to her, the secret of a successful establishment lies in choosing the right people to work for you.

She used to plan the meals and order the food. Now that she's engrossed in her work at the studio, she turns even that branch over to them unless she has a special guest. For herself, she's easily pleased. Her taste in foods is catholic. She laughs when people shudder over the revelation that she learned to enjoy snails in France and eels in Japan. She looks back on her trip to the Orient as on a rich treasure and would like to live for a long while in Singapore, but not now. No matter how many descriptions you hear and read of the place, the reality, she says, is fifty thousand times stranger and more exciting.

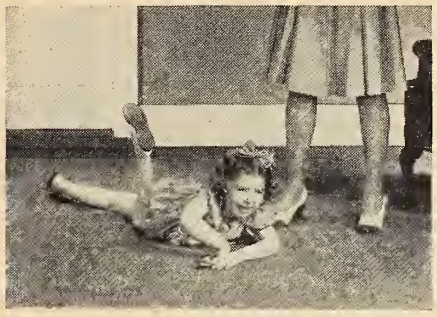
Juanita cooks, Gene major-domos and doubles in brass. Sometimes he drives her to and from the studio, more often she drives herself. She owns a black Rolls-Royce and a station wagon, and gets a bigger kick out of the station wagon than the Rolls. Jennie, her personal maid, used to go to the studio with her. What with hairdressers, make-up men and wardrobe girls provided by the bosses, Jennie found she had nothing to do but make coffee for the crew. So Paulette orders the coffee from the commissary and lets Jennie stay home.

She likes to entertain a group of twenty or so at tennis and tea, but when she gives dinner parties, her guests number no more than eight. After dinner they may see a picture, play games—one-minute speeches, for instance—or just talk. Or Paulette may take her guests to Venice to ride the roller-coasters. On such occasions she's simply a sports-spectator, because she can't see the point of suffering for no good reason at all."

"I'm *not* a bad girl! You're a bad *mommy!*"



1. "You're a bad mommy!" I could hardly believe my ears! Was this *my* little girl talking to *me!* Why, I tried so hard to be a good and wise mother. But here was my little Mary looking at me as if she hated me!



2. It all started when Mary needed a laxative. She hates it, and this time she simply refused to take it. I tried to force it down her and she sputtered it all over the carpet. So I slapped her and said she was a bad girl. Then came the tantrum!



3. Well, I'd seen those laxative tantrums before, but this time it upset me more than ever. I was moping on the porch when I saw the school nurse passing by. So I called to her and asked her advice. (She knows *so* much about children.)



4. "*All* mothers should think more about the laxative they give their children," the nurse said. "Forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can shock her delicate nervous system. And it's so unnecessary. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria?"



5. "Mary will love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. And you can be sure it's thorough—but always mild and safe. It's made especially for children and there isn't a single harsh drug in it. I'm positive it will solve your problem."



6. Well, I got a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria and made the big test. Mary took a spoonful and loved it! She hugged me and said I was the best mommy in the world! *Fletcher's Castoria has solved Mary's laxative problem ever since!*

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

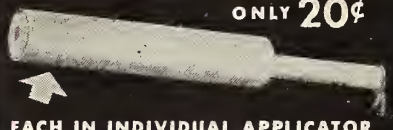
The SAFE laxative for children

Why I switched to **Meds**



—by a dancer

Like lots of girls who are plenty active, I'm keen about *internal* sanitary protection and I'm always on the lookout for any improvements. So the minute I heard Modess had brought out Meds —a new and improved tampon—I got some quick. And am I glad! Meds give me *wonderful* protection for they're the *only* tampons with the "Safety Center." As for comfort, I hardly know I'm wearing Meds. And imagine! Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!



EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

SITROUX

Triple-Tested

CLEANSING TISSUES



SOFTER Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

Violence in any form terrifies her. She turns tense with fear at the sight or sound of fire-engines, which seem to her insane. She used to love newsreels. Now with doom and destruction rampant, you couldn't drag her through the doors of a newsreel theatre. Nothing else scares her —except radio appearances. Her first with Bob Hope was a blackout. She wasn't there. They told her she was, but she knows better. Bob had to nudge her to wait for laughs. All she remembers are the nudges.

The Chaplin boys dote on her, and she returns the compliment. They arrive for the holidays, and their idea of a pleasant day is one spent with Paulette at no matter what. Whether she runs them ragged or they her remains a toss-up, but there are no complaints from either side and never a dull moment. Charlie, fourteen, is sensitive, thoughtful, a passionate music-lover. Thirteen-year-old Sidney's a roisterer and scamp with a gift for mimicry which he uses impartially on such notables as Louella Parsons, President Roosevelt and his father.

While under exclusive contract to the Chaplin studios, Paulette found more time and energy on her hands than were consumed by social, domestic and professional chores. Enrolling at UCLA, she attended classes for two and a half years in psychology, English literature, history, rhetoric—not to acquire a synthetic culture but to satisfy an inquiring mind. For the rest, she's self-educated and has done a better job than many professional teachers do. When H. G. Wells was in Hollywood, he spent as much time as he could with Paulette. Mr. Wells isn't one to waste himself on lamebrains.

She keeps several books going at a time to suit varying moods, prefers travel and biography to fiction, and doesn't mind lending her books, though when lending them, she makes it a point to say with a certain wistfulness: "I love this book." If the hint isn't taken and the book fails to come back, she remains philosophical and just replaces it.

Unlike Chaplin, she's not satisfied to make a picture every five years, and when her contract with him ran out, she signed with Paramount, binding herself at the same time to do one picture a year for Charlie when, as and if he needed her. She's been working steadily for a year now and asks nothing better than to go on working. Her driving ambition is to be a good actress, so she's hurling herself at the job with characteristic intensity. Among her screen colleagues, she feels the greatest admiration for Vivien Leigh, but if she has an idol, it's Miss Fontanne of the stage. "She sums it all up," says Paulette.

She knits between scenes to relax her nerves, which need relaxation. Determined to reach the top, she's aware that a pretty face and a radiant personality won't suffice to get her there. As the woman of Boyer's past in "Hold Back the Dawn," she's copped a part with dramatic meat on its bones and is making the most of it. Her scenes aren't the kind through which she can walk and emerge with a smile. She comes out exhausted.

Woman of the world though she is, she can act like a child. A cocoon in her portable dressing-room gave birth one day to a brown and yellow butterfly. Paulette was enchanted. She ordered sugared water and a daily bowl of fresh gardenias for the visitor. She succeeded in coaxing it to light on her hand and wrist—a very pretty sight. When the company moved to another set, she left instructions for the butterfly's care and comfort. But one morning the butterfly was gone. She's not sure whether it appealed most to her aesthetic, dramatic or maternal instinct.

There was also the star system. Anything that can be put off, she's inclined to put off—either because she's tired or simply in self-compensation. To cajole her into being a good girl, the assistant director on "Hold Back the Dawn" reached back to his school days—and hers. She got a blue star when she came in early. She got a red star when she kept a date without postponing it three times. At the end of the week, a given number of red and blue stars earned her a gold star. Paulette took it big. She sweated for her rewards. She dragged visitors in to show them her star-spangled dressing-room.

Director of the picture, Mitch Leisen, not given to overstatement, says that when "Hold Back the Dawn" is released, Paulette will be hailed as a goldstar actress.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE

(*Continued from page 35*)

listened to the new records George had brought over.

Then unexpectedly, George sailed for Honolulu.

"A fine romance," said the Town Criers. But George's few close friends took the opposite view. "He's going away to find out if 'Red's' as all-important to him as he thinks now," they said.

They knew what they were talking about apparently. For when George returned he moved into his house at Toluca Lake, just around the corner from Ann. And they were together constantly.

Newspapers and magazines, deciding this was a bona fide romance, sent reporters to see them.

"We have fun together," they told their interviewers. "We have lots of laughs." All of which undoubtedly was the truth but not the whole truth. For neither Ann nor George, alike in many ways, are the kind to talk about anything that's really important to them.

Early on the morning of February twenty-first, Ann's birthday, her phone rang. To her surprise it was George. She hadn't expected to see him or hear from him until dinner-time. Faced with a heavy day's shooting at the studio, he had given her her present—a gold lipstick with an amethyst clasp to complement a compact he had given her at Christmas—the night before as her clock had struck twelve and her birthday, technically, had begun.

"Be a pal," he said, "and see if I left my pipe over there. It may have slipped under the cushion of that big chair by the fireplace. I may have left it on the table in the hall . . . Or it's just possible I dropped it in the closet as I was getting into my pocket."

"Okay," Ann said, "I'll call you back the minute I finish my Grand Tour."

She looked everywhere he had specified, and everywhere she looked she found another present. They weren't all from George. He had arranged for her friends to contribute their gifts to this treasure hunt, too.

At last, flushed and breathless and near tears, she sank into a chair.

"He knew I was beginning to get rest-

less because I haven't been working," she said softly to Gwen. (Her birthday came during the time she was suspended from the studio.) "He knew on a sentimental day like this I'd be likely to take everything harder. Not to mention the rainy season outdoing itself."

As if her words were a cue, Gwen went to the closet for an umbrella. "I've been asked to guide you to the garage, too," she said.

The rain lashed about them. They had difficulty with the garage doors but finally got them open. And Ann beheld a special body Cadillac tied with enormous red satin bows.

"Just a little extra present," Ann said, trying to be funny so she wouldn't cry.

That Cadillac stopped the most cynical cynics. Which, among other things, was probably what George intended. For although he's long been rated one of the most charming gentlemen in the film colony, he's never been one to make headlines by courting girls with star sapphires the size of duck's eggs or anything of the kind.

There's a café in Hollywood where it's always twilight. "Don, the Beachcomber's," it's called. The most desirable table stands in a little bamboo hut situated and lighted so those who occupy it see all and know all but remain practically invisible. They call it "Brent's Hut" now, for he and Ann dine there frequently.

ONE night not long ago, Ann and George were having supper in the hut. All day George had been working on his sloop "South Wind." And Ann, inspired by a new interest in the sea and ships, wore dark blue slacks and a blouse that, sailor fashion, had white braid and stars on a square collar.

"I figure," said George, talking about the Fourth of July Honolulu race which he's entered, "that I'll have a fine chance with 'South Wind.'"

"Don't be crazy," Ann told him, laughing. "I can swim faster than you can make it in that boat."

"Red," he said, "be serious for a minute . . . What are you going to do while I'm away. After all the Fourth is a holiday."

"Don't you worry about me," she said. "I'll be scared I suppose—but there'll be lots to see . . ."

"Do you feel all right?" he asked, puzzled.

"I'll be scared, but there'll be lots to see if I take the Clipper," she explained. Suddenly she was shy—strange business for Sheridan. "You see, I thought maybe if I can get away, I'd fly over . . . be at the pier to hold back all those pretty brown girls when you come in the winner!"

"You're something!" George said softly. "You really are!"

They've come a long way, the Dublin adventurer who played his reckless part in the Irish Rebellion and the girl from the Texas range who thought she was going to be a school-teacher. And it hasn't been an easy way, for the most part, for either of them. But now that it's brought them together there's no doubting it was all worth while.

INFORMATION DESK
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....





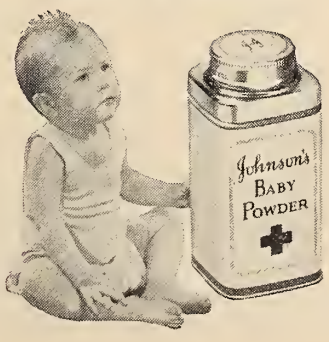
"Here's where I find out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Just think—they're splashing around in a bath *all* the time!"



"But of course they *do* miss the best part—rubdowns with soft, satiny-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"



"What, Mommy? Not for goldfish?... Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness *I'm* not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes and prickles. How about one now, Mommy—while we're on the subject?"



"Hot days can be happy days for babies who get sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so downy-cool and soothing for prickly heat—grownups are crazy about it, too! Johnson's doesn't cost much, either."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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LOVELY LASHES IN 60 SECONDS



Make your eyes whisper—

"ROMANCE"



Here's haw to make your eyes flash with appeal.

1. Curl yaur eye lashes upward with KURLASH—clever eye lash curler.
2. Requires no heat or practice.
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IMPORTANT: Get acquainted with KURLENE, the oily base cream that makes lashes appear darker, more luxuriant! Used with KURLASH, KURLENE makes your lash-curl last longer, too 50c



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Send 10c in coin or stamps to Jane Heath, Dept. 7E, Kurlash Co., Inc., Rochester N. Y. for trial tube of Kurlene. Receive *free* chart analysis of your eyes.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)	3★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)	C 3★
Arizona (Columbia)	4★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)	3★
*Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia)	C 2½★
Buck Privates (Universal)	C 2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners)	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO)	4★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M)	3★
*Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO)	3½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal)	2★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)	2½★
*Double Date (Universal)	2★
Dulcy (M-G-M)	3★
East of the River (Warners)	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)	2½★
Escape (M-G-M)	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)	C 2★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal)	3½★
Flight Command (M-G-M)	3★
Flight from Destiny (Warners)	2½★
*Footlight Fever (RKO)	2★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners)	3★
Four Mothers (Warners)	3★
*Free and Easy (M-G-M)	2★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M)	2½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO)	3★
*Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia)	2★
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Go West (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners)	3½★
*Great Mr. Nobody (Warners)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Hard-Boiled Canary, The (Paramount)	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M)	3★
*Here Comes Happiness (Warners)	2½★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
High Sierra (Warners)	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners)	3★
*Horror Island (Universal)	2★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Happened to One Man (RKO)	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount)	3½★
*Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount)	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists)	C 2½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO)	4★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount)	3½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal)	3★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia)	3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)	2★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO)	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount)	C 2½★
Little Men (RKO)	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)	C 3★
*Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia)	2★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount)	2½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic)	3★
Man Made Monster (Universal)	2★
*Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal)	3★

Picture	General Rating
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Meet John Doe (Warners)	4★
Meet the Missus (Republic)	2★
*Melody for Three (RKO)	2½★
Men of Boys Town (M-G-M)	C 3★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO)	2★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attorney (Republic)	2½★
*Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Model Wife (Universal)	3★
*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Nice Girl? (Universal)	3½★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount)	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Nobody's Children (Columbia)	2½★
No, No, Nanette (RKO)	2½★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	2½★
*Penalty, The (M-G-M)	3★
*Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M)	4★
Playgirl (RKO)	2★
Pot O' Gold (United Artists)	3★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
*Power Dive (Paramount)	2½★
Pride of the Bowery (Monogram)	C 2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M)	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	C 2★
Reaching for the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
*Reluctant Dragon (RKO)	3★
*Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Road to Zanzibar (Paramount)	C 4★
Road Show (United Artists)	2½★
Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic)	C 2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Round-Up, The (Paramount)	3★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal)	C 2★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sea Wolf, The (Warners)	3½★
San Francisco Docks (Universal)	2½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners)	4★
Scattergood Baines (RKO)	2½★
Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Second Chorus (Paramount)	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal)	3★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M)	2★
Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Slightly Tempted (Universal)	2★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists)	3½★
Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists)	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Strawberry Blonde (Warners)	3½★
*Sunny (RKO)	3★
Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount)	C 2½★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
That Hamilton Woman (United Artists)	3½★
That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	3★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists)	C 3½★
This Thing Called Love (Columbia)	3½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Topper Returns (United Artists)	3★
Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal)	3★
Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Virginia (Paramount)	3½★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO)	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
You're The One (Paramount)	2½★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★

CLOWN PRINCES OF COMEDY

(Continued from page 39)

the circus. Later he graduated to burlesque. He listened to corny gags from the stage, watched beautiful girls in a state of undress and took in money at the box office. It was on a job like this that he met Lou Costello, became Costello's foil and turned into a comedian.

As for Louis Cristello, who is now Lou Costello, he was born a natural laugh-winner. As a youngster in school he shot paper wads drenched in ink at little freckled girls. You know the type. As a youngster, still, he once saw a one-reeler called "The Skating Rink," which starred Charlie Chaplin. He saw it again and again and learned that much humor springs from being in trouble and getting out of it. At the age of fourteen he pulled his first gag. His brother had an orchestra. Lou handled the baggage. Once he sent the instrument cases to the next scheduled stop—but without the instruments. It was very funny, but not to his brother. Costello was fired. He told the gag to a theatre manager, and the manager laughed so hard he put Costello on a stage to tell it to audiences.

TOGETHER the duo went up the hard way. Their first break was a big one. It lifted them from the cheap one night stands to the bright lights. For information on that first break, I sought out John Grant, their middle-aged gagman.

"We had all been actors together. I produced and wrote the sketches Abbott and Costello did for vaudeville. Then I left them for a spell. I was in Toronto. Had a swell job. One night the phone rang. It was Abbott and Costello calling from New York. They had a chance to appear on the renowned Kate Smith hour. They wanted me to come to New York immediately and write their gags. I didn't believe them at first. It was hard to realize they'd gotten their big chance. But when I learned it was true, I gave up my job and decided to gamble with the boys. In fact my wife even went to a numerologist, who described me, described Abbott and Costello and predicted the combination of the three of us would be very successful. Well, I did the script and they went on the Kate Smith hour. They went over big and continued on the show. Finally they were spotted by the Schubert brothers . . ."

The Schubert brothers and their partner, Harry Kaufman, top-notch musical comedy producers, wanted Abbott and Costello to inject a dose of mirth in a new musical called "The Streets of Paris." This, incidentally, was the show that spun unknown Carmen Miranda into fame.

Abbott and Costello were doing well on radio, and they were afraid to switch to Broadway, afraid the musical might be a flop. So the two of them schemed and planned and determined to ease out of signing with the Schuberts by presenting an endless series of demands.

They kept their appointment with Harry Kaufman and were handed a contract. They said they couldn't sign. Abbott demanded a $1,000 raise. It was promptly okayed. He demanded equal billing with the popular Bobby Clark. It was immediately granted. He insisted on an unheard-of non-optional clause. It was agreed upon. Nothing seemed to work. Finally Abbott gave his pudgy partner the cue. As prearranged Costello was to jump up and relate that they owned property in Hollywood and had



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to go West and attend to it. Costello jumped to his feet. He said, "One minute, Mr. Kaufman. I haven't had a chance to say a word, and I have an important demand." He hesitated a moment and then burst out, "Yes, darnit, we'll sign on one condition—that we get front row tickets for 'Hellzapoppin' tonight!" He thought that was impossible. But the demand was fulfilled, and Abbott and Costello opened on Broadway and were tremendous!

The next stop was Hollywood.

The first picture was just so-so. But they weren't discouraged. Bud Abbott confessed, "Listen, the first time I saw us on the screen, you know what I did? I laughed like hell! Yes sir! I watched a routine we'd been doing for a decade and I laughed, I thought we were so funny. You see, we'd always been playing in the routine, but this was the first chance I'd ever had to see it!"

Early this year the boys were thrown into another movie. And here, folks, is where Horatio Alger takes over. It was to cost only $250,000, which is about half of what any decent motion picture must cost. It possessed no names and no big-shots. It was a throw-away along with Bank Night and sets of dishes. It was called "Buck Privates," and in it Abbott and Costello were to characterize a couple of misfit draftees.

The gags were corny. The type of thing where the top-sergeant barks at Private Costello, "Throw out your chest!"—and Costello answers, "I refuse. I'm not through with it yet!"

Without publicity, without ballyhoo, it became one of those Hollywood miracles that make articles like this possible. It swept the nation. In some big cities it was held over for five weeks. In others it made more than "Gone With The Wind." Universal ran out of prints. And the net profit at last reports was better than one million dollars!

Abbott and Costello were—presto!—immortal! They were signed for the navy epic. They were given a big budget, a bigger cast, and Deanna Durbin's crack cameraman, Joe Valentine. They were, to indulge in understatement, on top!

MANY astute persons and expensive experts have tried to figure out the reasons for the sudden meteoric climb of Abbott and Costello. Well, pudgy Lou Costello has an explanation for it.

"Bud and I always read the funny papers, but we kept it a secret because we didn't want adults to think us morons. Soon we learned that Mutt and Jeff and other comic strips dealing with teams were popular beyond imagination. So we wondered why the two of us couldn't just become animated comic strips ourselves. Abbott could be the straight man, the wise guy, while I could be the butt of most of his jokes, turning the tables on him often enough to keep the customers amused.

"Now of course we know that we do low and corny comedy, but apparently that's exactly what the public wants today, judging from the millions who follow the funny papers day by day. We figure one hundred million Americans can't be wrong, so as long as we keep up the wise guy and sap combination, we keep going ahead."

However, today in midst of the universal hoorah, Abbott and Costello have managed to hold onto their heads.

"We're saving our money," they told me in chorus. "We have something now that hits the public fancy. We may last two years, three or even longer at our present high peak. But the reaction is certain to come one of these days, and when it does, brother, we'll be ready for it with plenty of cash on hand."

Rotund, 200-pound Lou Costello, a black-haired dynamo, is happily married and the father of two cute girls, Pat, four years old, and Carol, two and a half. Incidentally, it might be worth telling how he met his wife. About ten years ago while he and Bud Abbott were playing in Washington, D. C., the two of them ran into two attractive girls backstage. The girls were members of the troupe, and they were arguing bitterly. "They argued just the way Bud and I did," recalled Costello, "so we decided that we had a lot in common with them and immediately invited them across the street for a conciliatory hamburger with onions. I married one. Abbott the other. Believe it or not, they've never fought since!"

COSTELLO, always a half hour early for work, leaves the studio as soon as possible to toil in his backyard where he is constructing a huge toy home filled with gadgets for his two girls. His greatest outside interests are prize-fighting and baseball. He's a New York Yankee rooter and a great pal of Joe DiMaggio. They say when DiMaggio is in a hitting slump, Costello gets the blues and actually begins losing weight!

The one extra thing I wanted to know about Costello was how he ever invented his favorite expression—"I'm a ba-a-ad boy!" It began, I learned, when Lou Costello was a kid attending Public School No. 11 in Paterson, New Jersey. One afternoon he misbehaved in school, and his teacher, Mrs. Whitehead, ordered him to write, "I'm a bad boy!" on the blackboard 500 times and recite it aloud each time he wrote it. He never got over that. He has used the expression ever since. Today it's even embroidered on his bedroom rug!

The quieter and slicker member of the duo, Bud Abbott, is forty-one years old and is five feet eleven inches tall. His favorite comedian is Lou Costello. His second choice is somebody named W. C. Fields. He doesn't care especially for music, reads only magazines that might give him ideas for humor routines, and loves boats (having just purchased a twenty-five-foot de luxe model cabin cruiser).

Abbott's great passion concerns Hoyle. He enjoys, more than any other diversion, a game of cards. On the set he plays draw poker at five dollars a game—the other day he won forty dollars from Dick Powell—or will play rummy for matches.

To keep himself and his wife company Abbott has three fox terriers. To amuse guests he buys hundreds of goofy machines and mechanical gags. He is considered by John Grant to be the greatest straight man in the business. Despite that, he is no prima donna and is always ready to go out of his way to help a friend.

And there, friends, you have the daffy duo.

With the release of their new navy film and with the completion of their third movie which revolves about a haunted tavern, it would seem Bud Abbott and Lou Costello have everything. They have their own dressing rooms. They have a spot on the Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen radio show. They have just been made honorary Colonels by Governor Heil of Wisconsin. Yes, the world is theirs. Every ambition fulfilled, except one.

"It's nothing much," sighed Lou Costello. "It's just that neither of us will ever be satisfied with our artistry until we've played in just one picture with a sweet tomato like that Greta Garbo!"

DESIGN FOR DAINTINESS

(Continued from page 57)

and wherever skin touches skin. One of these should be used every day of the year—winter, summer, spring or fall—and they're especially important when you're going out on extra-special dates. If you are the least bit doubtful of your complete daintiness, always use an anti-perspirant on these warm summer days and evenings. You can't be too particular about these big-little points of good grooming.

Don't forget your depilatory, either. A girl can't look lovely with superfluous hair on upper lip, underarms or on her legs. Keep one of the new, safe, easy-to-use depilatories always handy so that you'll at all times look clean and freshly feminine.

By this time, your drooping spirits should be completely revived and you undoubtedly feel as sweet and clean as clover. All this probably consumed fifteen to twenty minutes, but it was time well spent and you're now ready for the second half of your ritual. If your face skin is dry, apply a bit of rich lubricating cream before you apply new polish to your nails. But it's a complete waste of time to try to do anything else while polish is drying. You'll only complicate matters. So the best thing is to steal the next five minutes to lie down with feet and hips elevated above the level of your head and just utterly and completely relax. This will reward you richly in relaxed nerves and facial muscles, sparkling eyes and also an alert mind. The rush of blood from feet to head in this position does important things to clear both your mind and rest your body.

About ten minutes remain, but that's time enough for the finishing touches. Sit down comfortably in front of a well-lighted mirror; do a facial once-over with a bit of cotton soaked in skin freshener; pat dry and then apply your favorite foundation—cream, stick or liquid form.

One of those excellent, skin-matching make-up foundations will be perfect. Spread it smoothly over face, neck, arms and all skin that shows above the dress you're going to wear. In fact, be sure that your foundation make-up extends below the neckline all around so that you don't look as if you have two kinds of skin, instead of one lovely continuous skin line. Rouge for evening can be brighter and more dashing than that used for daytime wear. A generous quantity, if carefully blended around the edges, will make you look radiantly alive and vital. Powder lightly over rouge to give it that soft, glowing-from-underneath appearance so charmingly natural looking.

Lipstick should match your rouge, and both should of course harmonize with your nail polish. Evening is the time for soft, full lips, too, so round out straight, too narrow curves with a bit of artistry.

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3. Write name and address lightly, in ink, on back of photo and give your height, color of hair and eyes, and complexion.

4. Send 50c in coin to cover complete cost of restyling, enlarging to portrait size photograph, facial analysis, individual make-up directions, handling and return postage.

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Eye shadow, to be most exciting, should repeat and accent the color of your eyes by evening. Shaded off carefully toward the brow and toward either corner, shadow gives interest and mystery to the most ordinary eyes.

Brow pencil, applied in slightly jagged, feathered lines, to form soft curves from inside corners to cheerfully, slightly upturned outer ends is the best effect for evening. Matching mascara brushed up and outward in two or three coats, then brushed again when definitely dry, will add depth and brilliance to any eyes.

Last of all, comb your hair in the softest, most becoming lines you know, being careful to keep it natural looking and as young and shining as possible. Spray a little brilliantine on the ends of the hair or use a bit of dry shampoo, if that's what it needs, then comb it up and out to give it line and body.

You've just time enough to slip into the few pieces that constitute a summer evening's wardrobe and then spray your ears, chin, neck, arms and dress with the most luscious, tantalizing perfume you've ever been able to find in a month of perfume shopping. Hankie, handbag and wrap should not be spared a fragrant spraying also. Then, on with the last sure touch—a gay flower, a bit of bright jewelry—and off you go for the kind of an evening that dreams are made of.

Before we close, let's summarize the details that made this forty-minute pick-up a complete success.

Your humble but so important soap, your toilet water, your curlers, depilatory, deodorant, anti-perspirant and your make-up, to say nothing of brilliantine, dry shampoo and perfume were all in good working order and placed where you could find them quickly. Your lingerie—the few pieces you needed—were clean and fresh and dainty. You had ensembled your wardrobe, not expensively, but with completeness in your well-organized mind. And when the opportunity came, you were ready. Isn't that the story of successes in any language, whether it's grooming for special occasions or grooming for everyday daintiness and feminine loveliness? You've got to have a design for daintiness, and here you have it in outline. Whether for evening or daytime, the essential ritual remains unchanged. There's no key to glamour more certain than the infallible appeal of constant good grooming.

Do you have an unexpected date? You'll look fresh as a daisy for it if you treat yourself to an active lather facial with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's how you do it. First, pat Lux's luxuriant lather on your skin. Then rinse with warm water and a dash of cool. After you dry your face, it will feel much cooler and softer and will look far more radiant and refreshed.

Try to find time, too, for a lathery beauty bath with the same soap. It will not only renew your pep, but will insure daintiness and freshness from top to toe. Buy a cake of Lux Toilet Soap now at your local syndicate store.

Some of your best allies in making-up are Kleenex Tissues. These handy cleansing tissues are absorbent and soft. They're just what you need for removing old or excess cosmetics, and for blending new make-up. Being very inexpensive, they're intended to be thrown away after use, so it's no longer necessary to clutter your dressing-table with a greasy, stained cloth for cosmetic removal. Buy a box today. They're compactly packaged for neatness.

How's your summer complexion? Is it a popular sun tone? If not, you can follow the lead of other clever lovelies and achieve an outdoor look with one of Max Factor's three shades of tan Pan-Cake Make-Up. Or you can combine two or more to get just the shade you desire. Tan-Rose, one of the newest tones, is a flattering sun-tan with a slight rose glow.

Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Cake Make-Up goes on easily and lasts for hours without repowdering. It not only gives your face a natural velvety finish, but it helps conceal minor complexion faults. Why not pep up your make-up?



Ann Sothern and Joseph Gould, president of the Screen Publicists Guild, at the Guild's Art Exhibit in New York. Hollywood stylists proclaim Ann the best suited of all the film stars to the pompadour bonnet!

STEP LOVELY

(*Continued from page 55*)

along the way they gradually got into trouble. A foot, you see, is a remarkable piece of mechanism, small and compact enough to be beautiful—when properly taken care of—yet strong enough to support your entire weight whether at ease or in motion. There are, in one foot, twenty-six bones which form an arch to allow for spring and resilience. This arch acts as a lever to raise your weight off the ground and is held in place by a combination of muscles and tendons.

You can imagine the marvelous elasticity and strength that feet must have to enable you to walk gracefully—to say nothing of running, jumping, skating and dancing! Gifts of nature so lavish and complicated certainly deserve more than just casual care. And since a healthy foot is also a beautiful foot, you get double value for every minute you spend on caring for yours.

A first step to foot beauty is a thorough, daily bath. Air and water are very important to skin all over your body, and after hours of close confinement in shoes and stockings, feet need plenty of both. Use a good, sudsy soap and soak your feet for at least five minutes. If they are unusually tired or perspire too freely, alternate hot and cold water several times. This not only refreshes and stimulates but also strengthens. Foot salts dissolved in the water will help relieve a burning or blistered condition which often accompanies excessive perspiration. Dry your feet with a turkish towel and dust on soothing foot powder.

Massage is also excellent to relieve overworked feet and give them a new lease on life. Three or four minutes of brisk, deep rubbing on soles and sides is wonderful for relaxing tired nerves and muscles. Massaging well under the arches, over the toes, back over the arches and across the toes again is another foot relaxer.

Corns, callouses, bunions, ingrown nails



Bette and Arthur Farnsworth at the Littleton, N. H. celebration of her birthday and première of "The Great Lie."



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and such defects mar the comfort as well as the beauty of feet. Corns are caused by friction and pressure from ill-fitting shoes. A corn has no roots but is a conical mass of hard, dead skin, many layers deep. A mildly medicated corn plaster, applied immediately after your bath, will relieve pressure and at the same time soften and loosen the corn so that it may be removed safely with a clean, blunt instrument. Never cut a corn—you're courting a very serious infection if you do. After removing a corn, sterilize the spot with a bit of alcohol.

Soft corns between the toes are caused by excessive moisture and shoes that are too narrow. Keep your feet as clean and dry as possible. Sprinkle a good foot powder between your toes, too, after every washing and before putting on stockings. Never use a liquid or ointment on soft corns. And be sure to wear shoes that won't crowd your toes.

Callouses are caused by the wrong distribution of weight on your feet. The mild ones may be peeled off following the use of a medicated pad, but deep, tough ones often need to be treated by a reliable chiropodist.

Blisters should be kept immaculately clean and protected from friction. A double layer of gauze applied with adhesive or an especially made sterile pad should be used. Collodion is also safe. You know, don't you, that you should never put adhesive tape directly over any open cut, blister or abrasion? Unless these have air they cannot heal and may become even seriously infected. Special care is necessary for even the slightest skin break on feet because of perspiration mixing with shoe and hosiery dyes.

Ingrown toe nails can also be extremely painful. They are caused by badly shaped shoe toes and by nails cut the wrong shape. Toe nails should be cut straight across and left long enough to protect against shoe pressure.

If you ever pick up a case of athlete's foot—as you easily can at swimming pools, gymnasiums, etc.—keep your feet as dry as possible and use one of the healing lotions or powders made to relieve this highly infectious condition. Check athlete's foot just as soon as possible because it has an insidious way of spreading. It is not only painful and disfiguring, but extremely persistent.

Did you ever give yourself a pedicure? No? Then your feet have a real treat in store, for nothing makes them feel so luxuriously pampered as a good pedicure.

Begin by soaking feet in alternating hot and cold water, using a special foot soap or foot salts. After a few minutes of this, hold your feet right up under a strong stream of running water as cold as you can stand and allow the full force of it to flow against the soles, sides, tops and arches. This will stimulate and refresh as it strengthens your feet. Dry thoroughly, especially between the toes with a clean turkish towel.

Now, rotate your ankles, wriggle your toes vigorously and massage your feet with a soothing cream or foot balm. Stroke firmly, deeply and briskly right down the length of the sole, over and under the toes and arches and around the sides, too.

Cut or file your toenails straight across. Treat the cuticle as you would on your fingers, pushing it back gently with an orange stick dipped in oil. Avoid cutting toe cuticle unless absolutely necessary. Then, don't cut too close.

In summer when feet are exposed on beaches and in sandals for both day and evening, it is especially important to keep toenails neatly polished in a shade to match your current manicure. Nail white under the tips makes a nice finish. You no doubt know the trick of holding toes apart with wads of cotton to keep them from touching while polish is drying. Finish off with a good, special foot powder, and you'll feel like a new woman.

How much do you exercise your feet? We're not talking about standing or even walking in tight, high-heeled shoes. Foot exercises should be taken with shoes and stockings off, so that toes and shackled muscles can stretch, and air can get to those too-sheltered tootsies of yours. Try walking around on tiptoes a few minutes every night and morning. This will give both grace and strength to feet and arches. In your bare feet, rise up on your toes, then drop down slowly.

Wriggling your toes and rotating your ankles strengthens and also reduces the legs. Place an old book or thick telephone directory on the floor, put your bare toes on the edge, your heels on the floor and practice rising on your toes until you're tired. This will strengthen both leg and foot muscles. Pick up a marble between your bare toes and, holding it there, walk across the floor. This makes for foot grace and flexibility.

And how do you walk? Do you swing your legs rhythmically from the hips, coming down briefly on the balls of your feet before touching the ground with your heels? That's the way all graceful people do it. Keep your feet parallel, toes straight ahead and strive for smooth, flowing motions. Take a lesson from your pet pussy cat—watch him walk if you'd really learn grace with a capital "G." He's a past master at it. Your favorite movie stars can teach you how to walk, too. One of their first Hollywood lessons was learning how to use their feet gracefully. Watch especially the dancers—Betty Grable, Ginger Rogers, June Preisser, Eleanor Powell and all the rest. Skaters are another lot of rhythmic walkers. In fact you could name any well-known movie star, and her walking would be well worth watching.

If you'll practice all the little attentions that spell the difference between neglected and well-cared-for feet, you'll step lovely right into the kind of beauty that shows in your face and carriage as well as in your precious tootsies.

Will your legs do you proud in your shorts or bathing suit this summer, or when you go hoseless? They may be as shapely as Betty Grable's but they'll never win such admiration unless you keep them as well-groomed as your hands or your face. Don't let an unattractive growth of hair detract from their appearance, especially when it's so easy to use Imra, an odorless cream depilatory that spreads easily and removes hair quickly and painlessly. It leaves your legs as hair-free and soft as a baby's skin. The process takes only from 6 to 12 minutes—a very little time to spend now and then for good grooming.

When you shed those hose, don't let those shapely legs go about lily white in contrast to sun-tanned arms and face—or with minor blemishes standing out in glaring relief.

You can pour yourself a flattering pair of stockings with Miner's Liquid Make-Up and give your legs the same healthy color and smooth texture as your face. It comes in five flattering shades—ranging from delicate tones to Hawaiian, a deep sun-tan. It's as easy to apply as slipping on hose and stays on for hours. Glamourize your legs by trying Miner's Liquid Make-Up today.

Girls who inspire romantic murmurings are those whose complexions stay velvety smooth—even on sticky summer evenings.

If your powder doesn't stay put, try Pond's new beauty step—a vanishing cream mask. After your face has been thoroughly cleansed and refreshed, dip generously into Pond's Vanishing Cream and coat your face and throat thoroughly. Leave it on a minute. When you remove the cream with cleansing tissue, your skin will feel silky soft with a finish that is a perfect base for make-up. Try it and see how well your rouge blends and how much longer your face powder clings.

If gray, drab hair makes you look older than you are, let Canute Water lend a hand to help you. It's a pure, safe, colorless liquid that recolors locks similar to their natural shade. All you have to do is to wet your hair with Canute Water and allow it to dry. A few applications —all the same day, if you like—recolors hair completely. Afterwards you can curl your hair or get a permanent. There's no interference. Neither will salt water, sunshine or shampooing disturb the color. If you don't like faded locks, brighten them up.

If you want to look as if you'd stepped from a bandbox, you must step from surroundings that are bandbox-clean. Remember, good grooming begins at home, and beauty rituals can only be performed with complete satisfaction in dainty surroundings.

To insure perfect grooming, use Lysol regularly to disinfect your washbowl, bathtub, bathroom or dressing room, and be sure to keep your room and belongings scrupulously clean and orderly at all times.

Do the balls of your feet pain you, and spoil your good times? If so, you'll welcome Dr. Scholl's new Lu-Pads, little slip-on foot cushions designed to act as shock absorbers for this sensitive area. They're made of strong, light, flesh-tinted fabric and slip on easily. What's more, they don't show even when you wear pumps. Don't let your foot discomfort reflect itself in your face. Buy Lu-Pads and ease your feet and your expression.



While their $25,000 dream house is a-building, newlyweds Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are living in an elegant Beverly Hills apartment.



PALE WHITE damsels fade out of the picture today!

Fatal charmers this summer wear rosy-beige powders

The most flattering powder style you've ever tried!

A glad huzzah for Pond's vivacious rosy-beige powder shades! You'll never know how dangerously, electrically glamorous you can look till you try them. One minute you're the same old you, with the same weekday face. The next minute—with a couple of swoops of your powder puff—you're a changed woman! Radiant with sweetly subdued rosy color. Disarmingly younger —enchantingly *human!* Try Pond's rosy-beige star dust—and bedazzle every male you meet!

Pond's 3 lovely rosy-beiges

Rose Cream
frou-frou rosy-beige—
IT SWEETENS

Rose Brunette
vibrant rosy-beige—
IT BRIGHTENS

Dusk Rose
sun-struck rosy-beige—
IT GLOWS



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Please send me—lickety-split—free samples of Pond's 3 exciting rosy-beige powder shades—the same shades that smart society beauties like Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and Miss Geraldine Spreckels wear. I want to see what they do for my looks!

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New Powder For Brunettes

Gives You That Alluring Look



Dine, Dance Ride —Yes Kiss IT STAYS ON

Florence Rice
Featured in Republic Pictures' "Mr. District Attorney." Uses Tayton's

A new ravishing shade of face powder for brunettes, called **EGYPTIAN** has just been produced by the famous Hollywood House of TAYTON'S, which gives brunettes the most alluring, kiss tempting make-up you have ever seen. Hollywood calls it glamour—Sex appeal. This new shade is a knockout for brunettes! Gives your skin a soft, smooth, inviting warmth with a heart quickening under-tone glow that daringly excites romance. Movie queens use it! Thousands praise it! TAYTON'S special silk-sifting process makes it so exquisitely fine it goes on like the down on a flower petal, without that powdery, flaky look. And a wonderful new improvement makes it cling many hours. Dine, Dance, Ride—yes Kiss, and it stays on. Formerly in dollar sizes only, now in 10c and 25c guest sizes at your dime store. Get this glamorous new TAYTON'S EGYPTIAN shade for brunettes (or ROSE RACHEL for blondes) today. Also 5 other new shades. If your store is out ask the manager to order, or send 25c to TAYTON'S, Hollywood, California, stating whether Brunette or Blonde.

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Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

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DON'T ENVY long, tapering, smart nails — have them! Simply cover short, broken, brittle nails with NU-NAILS. NU-NAILS can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. *So natural they cannot be detected.* They even have half-moons. Helps check nail-biting habit. Protects fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten-cent stores.

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NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails

DAVE ROSE TALKS ABOUT JUDY

(Continued from page 27)

Who is Dave Rose anyway? Asking that, you label yourself an ignoramus in the field of radio and swing. Ask Thomas S. Lee and Willet H. Brown, president and vice-president respectively of the Mutual Don Lee network. They'll tell you that every time they heard an outstanding arrangement of a song sung by Jeanette MacDonald or Don Ameche or Dorothy Lamour, they were told with monotonous regularity that said arrangement had been made by a young man named David Daniel Rose. They decided that he shouldn't be left lying around loose and snagged him as musical director for their broadcasting system. He started with "Adventures in Rhythm," the Betty Jane Rhodes program. Characteristically unpretentious is his explanation of what happened.

IT was a lucky accident. I was to come in with twenty-two pieces and was cut at the last minute to seventeen. Not knowing what to drop, I took a chance and dropped most of the brass. I knew I couldn't compete with all the fine orchestras on the air already, so the only thing left was to accent the strings which gave the band a different style. I had no theories worked out, because I'd never planned to be an orchestra leader. Do I like it?" He grinned. "I like it because the reaction's been good."

To "Adventures in Rhythm" was added "California Melodies," the Maxine Gray show, and Joan Blondell's "I Want a Divorce." Then Tony Martin was signed for the Woodbury Soap program on NBC, a rival network. For obvious reasons, networks are not too anxious to use people under contract to their competitors. Yet NBC had no choice but to hire Dave Rose, since Tony would hear of no one else. "First," said Tony, "because his arrangements are terrific. Second, because only one bandleader in five can direct a singer as well as an orchestra, and he's that one."

His radio success is built on a groundwork of solid musicianship which he thinks it's childish to talk about. "I try to keep my standards," he says, "without getting too highbrow." His friends will tell you he's written three symphonies. "I'd rather not call them symphonies," says Rose. "They're tone poems." They were all premièred by the Chicago Symphony under the baton of Roy Shield, director of NBC in Chicago. Rose has been asked to conduct one of them at the Hollywood Bowl during Music Week in June, with an orchestra of two hundred and fifty. "It'll probably never be that many," he tells you.

All of which goes to answer the question, who is Dave Rose? It's a name as highly regarded in his field as is Judy's in hers. (Have patience, kiddies. He really did talk about Judy.)

As for the publicity angle, that is indeed baloney. He's one of the few bandleaders in town who laughs at the notion of a personal press agent and doesn't take even legitimate publicity seriously, thereby causing the efficient department which looks after such things at Don Lee no little concern. He evades them when he can. Nailed down, he'll argue: "What's the use of publicity unless you deliver? If I do all right with my music, I'll get the kind of publicity we both want." Once you've got a line on the man, you realize that the notion of edging into Judy's limelight would be so distasteful to him that you're ashamed of having brought the matter up.

I for one apologize. And I wish anyone else with a lingering doubt could have seen Mr. Rose on the day he finally, reluctantly, agreed for the first time to talk to the press about Judy. He'd given a promise which weighed on him. But what weighed still more oppressively was the ordeal in store. He appeared trembling at the door of the aforementioned publicity department. "I'm scared as hell. How can I duck this?" he pleaded.

They applied soothing syrup. They told him he couldn't go with one of the most popular girls in the movies and avoid publicity. They advised him to face the barrage, he'd live through it. They were convincing, but Dave was in no mood for logic. He went to his rehearsal. He watched the clock. He hoped against hope that the press would be late, that the press might even have a little accident, nothing really serious, just enough to keep it from getting there by four-thirty, when the rehearsal would be over and Davy could run.

Instead of an accident the press had a premonition, arrived at four, planted itself between Dave and the exit and watched wild suspense flicker into resignation. I'll say this for him. Once trapped, he surrendered with courtesy and grace. He didn't like it. He was uneasy. He escaped as soon as he could. In the interval, though, he told a simple straight-forward story.

He met Judy a number of years ago when he was asked to make some arrangements for her records. She really was a child then, and their association was purely professional. But even then he was amazed by her natural grasp and appreciation of music. "She's never had any formal instruction, you know, but she seems to get by instinct what most of us have to dig for. She still bowls me over by the comments she makes. And I'd say the same if I had no personal interest in Judy."

AFTER his separation from Martha Raye they saw more of each other. A common enthusiasm for music drew them together first. Judy thirsted after knowledge. She loved to hear Dave play Rachmaninoff and Delius, still her favorite composers. Just when they fell in love is their own business. "I finally realized," says Dave, "that she was a grown-up girl with an understanding that was older than her years. Things—well, they just went along smoothly."

I asked about some of the qualities that attracted him in Judy. He answered that one promptly. "The fact that it doesn't take a night club to make her happy. Or expensive clothes. She's got 'em, of course, but she'd just as soon run around in three-dollar dresses, and for my money she looks just as well in them. I have a hard time thinking of things to give her. The girl can have anything she wants, and she seems to

No SCREEN ALMANAC this month because of lack of space—but it'll be back again in the August MODERN SCREEN

get the biggest kick out of some funny little gadget she can laugh at. To Judy, everything's fun. We play tennis, we swim, we bowl—you know how you fool away an afternoon. I've taught her to shoot. We take targets and guns and go out a little way in the valley. She's a lefty, you know. But she's very, very good. As good as me?" He smiled, and there was a note in his voice which every girl would like to hear in the voice of the man she loves. "No, no, she mustn't be as good as me."

The half acre backyard behind his house in the San Fernando valley is largely given over to a miniature railroad track. "Every kid wants to be an engineer," he apologizes, "and I never got over it."

At that, his train isn't so miniature. It's scaled one and a half inches to the foot, the locomotive weighs seven hundred pounds and the five freight cars, big enough to sit in, will carry ten or fifteen passengers. It's the apple of his eye, and if nothing else did, Judy's adoption of his apple would have warmed him to her.

"She doesn't think it's nonsense, as a lot of them would. She figures it's what I happen to like for a hobby, so it's okay with her. She thinks it's wonderful I can have an out. That's what I mean by understanding. We spend whole afternoons with the fool thing. She doesn't love it as much as I do, but she loves it. She'll come out and play fireman, pull on a pair of gloves, watch the steam gauge, pour the coal in. I'm the boss, she follows orders. Gets coal all over her arms and grease on her face, looks cute as a monkey. She has a hobby, too, by the way, only I'm not in on it. Spends her spare time painting, but she won't show me the stuff."

Cars are another enthusiasm of Dave's. Partly to gratify it and partly to squelch Judy, he bought an English car with a right-hand drive.

"She's an awful heckler. When you drive with Judy, it's look out, not so fast, not so slow, there's a truck coming, get over to your right. Well, this car's so low she can't see over the windshield, so I drive in peace. She's happiest, though, when she's driving. Do I heckle her?" Again that reminiscent grin. "Only in fun. I start on her the way she does on me, so she can hear what it sounds like."

Their favorite eating place is a Russian restaurant, known as *Bublichki*, whose specialty, Chicken à la Kiev, Dave describes with a certain reverence. "Breast of chicken, rolled up to look like a chicken leg and browned to taste like a dream. When we're very hungry and want to be good to ourselves, that's where we go and that's what we eat."

WHEN Judy's not working, they go out a couple of times a week. A late dinner after one of Dave's broadcasts, then a drive or a night club as the mood takes them. Unless it's a special occasion, they wear sports clothes. Neither likes to fuss. They don't patronize the bars. Judy doesn't drink, "and I can get along without it," says Dave. He's one of those who can't face work except on deadline, so he's often up all night on an arrangement that has to be in rehearsal at nine. "No sleep is bad enough. Liquor on top of it is worse."

They both enjoy dancing, though, according to Dave. "I do a very plain dance." Judy rumbas beautifully. He avoids the rumba. If it's unavoidable, he struggles along somehow. But he's very grateful when he can turn her over to somebody else who likes to rumba.

His good taste is further evidenced by the fact that, expert though he is, he keeps his hands meticulously off Judy's singing. "She got along fine without me. Why should I butt in?" Only when asked in his professional capacity to work with her, does he do so, then makes it his business not to tamper with her style. Otherwise they don't discuss either her work or his. "Except," he qualifies, "that I sometimes consult her about business affairs. When all these jobs started piling up on me, I got a little confused. I'd always admired the way Judy and her mother handled her career, so I turn to them both for advice. And take it!"

In a situation which has its trying aspects, Rose has acted with dignity, going his quiet way, keeping his mouth shut. If his face turns grim now and then under the sting of chatter, it doesn't stay that way. In the final analysis, only he and Judy count, and they'll make their own decision.

She's promised Metro not to marry for a year. Dave must have been a party to that promise. She's too much in love to have given a pledge he didn't subscribe to. What he said to me bears this out. "We're very close. We have no marriage plans. I'm not forcing issues."

It's not so much her marriage to Rose that the studio opposes as her marriage at all. But they gave her a grown-up part in "Little Nellie Kelly." They glamorized her in "The Ziegfeld Girl." Maybe they're preparing to meet the inevitable.

Both Judy and Dave have birthdays in June. He gave her a ruby cocktail ring. She gave him a pair of special cufflinks. ME and YOU were engraved on either side of one. The other was engraved with a bar of music and US. You can read Judy's heart in the cufflinks. After meeting Dave Rose, you really don't care how soon the ME and YOU merge into US.

DOUBLE FEATURE DRINK WITH THE MOVIE STARS...



Robert Preston and Ellen Drew, Paramount players starring in "Night of January 16th," a Paramount production.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

And Pepsi-Cola is the double feature favorite all over America, too. Millions prefer this BIGGER drink with the BETTER taste. What's more, you get 12 full ounces . . . tangy and flavorful. Down a Pepsi-Cola today . . . and enjoy those extra sips . . . for a nickel.

CAMERA SHY

(*Continued from page 30*)

Green" and so forth. She's in agony because she just knows she's lousing up everything she does—which is to say Lupino is really building up for an Academy Award!

I saw her at Warner's just the other day right after a long dramatic take in "Gentle People" that was a honey. She went through it with Tom Mitchell time and again, her eyes sparking, her little body giving it the electric works until Anatole Litvak was satisfied. But was Ida? Heavens, no! "No emotion—no strength—no feeling—nothing!" She groaned and gazed around the set with an end-it-all look.

Of course Lupino had just recovered from a session with a gang of streptococci, and when they get through with you, you aren't usually looking at the world through rose-colored glasses. But even when she's in the pink, Ida just can't keep her sunny side up when it comes to self-appraisal.

I could start on "The Sea Wolf" which is Ida's last picture, but if you even mention it, Ida rolls her eyes and says, "Oh, *that!* Well—I just can't bring myself to mention that. The less said the better. I was *horrible*, of course! I don't know how I ever did anything so bad. It will probably end my career!" And so on and on. And she means it. The last thing she has done is always strictly garbage, no matter if the rest of the world calls it wonderful. So—take "They Drive By Night."

Ida lost ten pounds on that one—and one look at her featherweight frame tells you she could never afford them. She was perfectly healthy all through the picture. She simply stewed them off. Raoul Walsh, who directed it, found himself forced to hand out fight talks like a college coach to keep Lupino in there pitching and not sobbing in black despair after every take. When it was finally over he sighed, "I've never seen an actress with so much ability who needed so much encouragement!"

IN the middle of the film Ida faced a scene in which she was to go insane. It was the most crucial scene in the show for her. Naturally then, it was also her biggest mental hurdle.

She came to Raoul Walsh one day haggard and dry-eyed and said, "Well, I just can't do it!" This was a couple of weeks before the scene was due. But Ida had been tossing and turning and tearing her hair about it ever since she first looked at the script. "I simply can't read a script calmly like any other actress," Ida confesses. "I have to act it out. By the time I'm through I'm all worn out, mixed up and scared to death!"

Anyway, Walsh poured on his persuasive powers, got Ida relatively calm and promised they'd shoot it at night when nobody was around. Just a cameraman, an electrician and himself. Which is what they did, but Ida was a wreck when it was over.

Even when "They Drive By Night" was safely on film, any mention of the picture (an instant hit) made her heart flop down to her French heels. She didn't dare attend the preview. She never saw it until weeks after it had been released when she and hubby Louis Hayward sneaked guiltily into a second run house. She worried because people said she'd reminded them of Bette Davis, whom, by the way, Lupino has never even met.

What could possibly cause all this negative neurosis in a star so definitely in the groove? No one can say for sure. As one of her best friends sighs, "How can you explain Ida when she's twenty different people at the same time?"

She was born during a London air raid in 1918, and that might have had something to do with it. Furthermore, Ida is the tag end of a line of gypsies, minstrels and Italo-English entertainers who have been hard at it without one interruption for some 425 years and can prove it. Temperament's in her veins. Show people are a separate breed anyway. The real McCoys are always volatile, impulsive, psychic, tense as springs, wild, brilliant and maybe a little bit screwy by lay standards. Ida Lupino is the real McCoy.

When she was less than seven years old, she was already kicking up her heels and running away from school, and at thirteen Ida was tearing around the British theatrical world biting her nails with the urge to get going. She changed her name and then changed it back again. She worried and fretted. She denied her famous family's help and then sought it. When she had a chance finally to come to Hollywood, she wailed that it was the worst possible thing for her—but over she came to make "Alice in Wonderland," a super-special version of the Lewis Carroll classic Paramount had up its sleeve.

They wanted just about the sweetest, freshest young miss in Merrie England for the title part. Ida had been playing little cockney chippies and sidewalk floosies (as she still does today) until Hell wouldn't have it. The one virginal vacation she had was a sequence where she faked sweetness and light to frame a rich old man. The rest of the film she was a pretty awful little tramp. Anyway, the sweet part is what studio scouts caught, and Hollywood had found its dream girl.

When Ida stepped off the Chief, the shock was pretty profound all around. Her hair was bleached and her naughty eyes mascaraed. She was decked out in the gladdest rags she'd been able to find, and her hips were weaving like an underfed Mae West's. That's what Ida thought they were looking for—sex. She never did "Alice in Wonderland," needless to state. And pretty soon she knew she wasn't exactly wanted.

Oddly enough, though, Ida didn't worry about that a bit. "I don't know why not," she muses. "I'd been tearing myself apart in England. But from the moment I arrived in Hollywood I relaxed. The place was beautiful, life was easy. I didn't bother about what I did on the screen or how I did it. I just took it easy and got as smug as a pussy cat. And was that fatal!"

I don't know whether or not the average girl would look back at six years under contract and a couple dozen pictures as a complete waste of time, but Ida Lupino thinks she remained in a state of career coma. "I didn't worry a bit!" she explained. Life begins with Lupino two jumps from a nervous breakdown.

She flirted with that, of course, in "The Light That Failed," from which picture Ida personally dates her worth-while days in Hollywood, although she's never suffered so much before in her life. Before the divine misery set in, she went through fourteen months of the mortal kind.

That is, both idleness and the dread infantile paralysis ganged up on her. Her contract finally blew up at Paramount by spontaneous combustion, after which Lupino finally decided there'd be some changes made. She let her hair go natural, dieted (as if she needed it!), took off a few pounds of make-up to boot and decided to be aggressive about things.

"I suddenly realized," said Lupino, "that I definitely was not one of those people things just come to. There are lots of people in life, you know," she confided, "who have magnetism. They attract people, fortune, events. Not me. I'm cold. People shy away from me. So do events. I have to get things the hard way."

IDA set about being a go-getter. And the first thing she got was—the air. Nobody, apparently, wanted the new Lupino. The next thing she acquired was paralysis. Between them they lasted a year and a half. It was profitable enough personally, because Ida lay on her spine, her brain racing like mad, and became (1) a composer, (2) a short story writer, (3) a painter.

She also became a little eccentric about herself, and it took a couple of guys notoriously on the wacky side to get Ida back in the groove. One was Orson Welles. Ida got on one of his radio broadcasts, and after she'd lived through his rantings and ravings she was a new woman. "This," breathed Ida, "is a man of destiny!" It turned out that another gentleman, Wild Bill Wellman, was really Ida's m.o.d. Wild Bill was entrusted with making Kipling's "The Light That Failed" at Ida's old alma mater, Paramount. She'd always craved to play Bessie, the beautiful bawd. So Ida just stomped, wild eyed, into Bill's studio sanctum one day and announced:

"Mr. Wellman, I want to play Bessie in your picture!"

"Oh—you do, do you?"

"Yes—and I'm going to. Nobody else in this town can do it!"

"Well—I'll be damned! But, you know, as you stand there with your eyes popping and your nostrils flaring, you look like the dame, at that. Okay, you've got it. But you'd better be good!"

Ida was. Although she flirted with a nervous collapse through every foot of film.

Fortunately Ida, in her off-career life, is just as irresponsible, carefree and flighty as she is concentrated and conscientious about studio affairs. She's married, of course, to Louis Hayward, a case where opposites definitely didn't attract, as this Louis is cut right out of the same crazy quilt as Ida. They're very happy in a hectic sort of way.

Louis met Ida in London when she was hardly out of pigtails and started calling her a fresh little brat right away. Their courtship around Hollywood could make one of those screwball tit-for-tat movies Cary Grant is always playing in. Their married life stays just as wacky.

They dwell atop Mandeville Canyon in a house called "The Hams' Hideout," which they bought one day on the way to a dinner party. They were a half hour late at the party and excused themselves by saying, "Sorry to be late, but we saw a house we liked on the way

and bought it!" After the purchase, they found it didn't have a lot of important things, no dining room, for instance. So they've been tacking on ever since—a good excuse, by the way, for Ida to keep away from Hollywood crowds and commotion.

Premières are out, and people who ask her to parties are never sure that she'll show up or, if she does, whether she'll be a little mouse sitting in a corner or the life of the party. As for Hollywood night life, it hasn't had a look-in since Lupino became a dramatic actress. She used to drop in at a popular café every now and then, but now when she's making a picture, she's a limp wreck each night and in the hay by eight. Or else she's going over all her acting agonies with Louis. They're the mercuric type of couple who lug home all studio worries and argue them out to each other. They love these confabs dearly and keep them up for hours.

One night not long ago a very "important" Hollywood soirée loomed up—something like a command performance. So Ida and Louis dusted off their dinner clothes and arrived grimly, because Ida "freezes" at fancy social circuses. They couldn't find the front door this night, though, and tramping around through the bushes peeked in a window and saw all the people. "D-do we go in?" asked Louis. "No-no," squeaked Ida. "Let's go get a hamburger instead." They were creeping stealthily away when a hand grabbed them. It was a watchman who thought they were suspicious characters. When they explained, he ushered them to the door very politely—and they had to go in!

When luck's running with Ida, though, she's at home with her pups, absurdly titled Edward-Who-Is-Not-to-Pick-the-Flowers and The Duchess. The Hams' Hideout by now is just that, always jammed with Ida's friends, all of whom are given keys to the place so she'll never know who's there when she gets home. Some of the people they see a lot are Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband, Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel, Richard Haydn (who is "Professor Carp" of the Charlie McCarthy program), and of course, Ida's sister, Rita, who's dancing in a Hollywood night club now, and her mother, Connie Emerald. Ida's dad, the comedian Stanley Lupino, incidentally, is an air raid warden in London now and has some medals to prove what a good one he is.

THE Hams, when they get together, turn on a recording machine in the rumpus room, replay the records they make and kibitz on each other's faults. That's the nearest Ida's pangs of professional self-criticism get to disturbing her home life. The rest of the time she's off the beam, fluttering here and there arranging flowers, inspecting some antique "bargain," pecking out new tunes on the piano (she's had an album of her waltzes recorded) or in bed devouring a good book. When she's happy and relaxed, too, Ida is a pretty vague person.

Several Hollywood hostesses have been piqued because Ida has simply forgotten invitations of all sorts. One radio script sent up several months ago for her approval has never been found. Important telegrams arrive—and vanish. Mail means absolutely nothing to Lupino when she's relaxed. Neither do clothes; she buys most of her home rags in boys' departments. She's likely to say "yes" to everything without giving it a thought. The other day she made fifteen appointments for one day and messed them all up. She'll even forget to eat when she's got the load off her mind.

But all of that is fairly rare these busy days and never, never in the course of one of Ida's camera cramps. "The minute I get started on any picture I get the goons and the jiggers," advised Ida, looking hollow-eyed and pursued. "You'll never believe it, but I'm actually afraid of that lens. When it gets anywhere near me, I tie up like a wet knot."

Ida said the only moment of peace she had while making a movie was lunch on the set. She doesn't dare go in the Green Room, Warners' studio restaurant, for lunch. It's too much of a strain knowing people will be looking at her. "You have to put on an act," said Ida. "And I'm not up to it." Playing a succession of hysterical hussies hasn't helped Ida any either. "I've been going crazy so much on sets," murmured Lupino, "that I wonder how I keep sane off them.

"Sometimes," said Ida, "I don't think I'll be able to keep it up through another picture. I wonder if it's worth it. If things weren't so upset and unsettled and the future so much in doubt, I believe I'd settle down, have a family and never do more than one picture a year.

"And maybe," she continued, looking dismally depressed, "that's all I'll get a chance to do after this part. Now this next scene—I'll *never* be able to do it right! I've tried all morning and I'm horrible, miserable, terrible! It will certainly ruin my career—what are you laughing at anyway?"

I couldn't explain, but Ida started laughing then herself. "You know," she said, "Jimmy Cagney once said something I liked. 'The time to start worrying,' he said, 'is when you *stop* worrying.'

"I guess," grinned Ida Lupino, "I'll never have to worry about that!"



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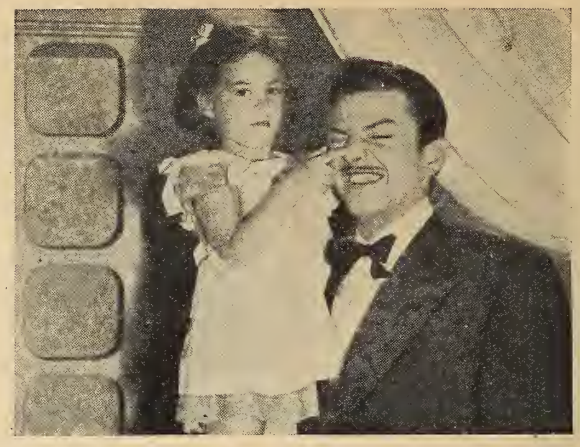
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THAT'S MY POP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33



When John Carroll and Steffi Duna were divorced in 1939, John gained custody of their daughter. She's Juliana, 3, named for her pop—whose real name is Julian Lafaye. They've a standing dinner date nightly.



Phil Regan was secretly married at 17—is still of draft age, but has four "minor" exemptions. These are Joan Ann, 12, and Marilyn, 10. Joe and Phil, Jr. (aged 16 and 14, respectively), have both had screen tests at M-G-M



Alan Marshal's positive his one-year-old Christopher is a potential Michael Angelo. His favorite toy is a lump of clay! Socialite Mrs. Marshal knows he'll be a genius if he takes after his dad, who's a Phi Beta Kappa.



Etiquette lessons are for the benefit of Barbara, 5, who screams when she sees papa Bob Young making cinema love. Carol Ann, 8, is more blasé. Knows his heart belongs to his childhood sweetheart—her mom!

PRIVATE JAMES STEWART, U.S.A.

(*Continued from page 29*)

short and sweet. When Jimmy came out, he found the entrance thronged by women. With Meredith and Grady running interference, he made his way to a special electric trolley that was to take him and 18 other draftees to Fort MacArthur.

As they waited for the street car to take off, the three stood and chatted. Meredith was knocking himself out trying to think up a few jokes. Every now and then Bill Grady would manage to get in a word or two of advice: "The guy to make friends with right off the bat," he kept saying, "is the top sergeant. You only get to see a general through a spy glass. But this top sergeant. . . ."

At 7:39 the street car pulled out. For a while Meredith and Grady just stood there waving their handkerchiefs. After that Meredith said:

"Let's go get us a cup of coffee."

"Yes," Malcolm said, "coffee is the ideal stimulant. There are no after effects."

The arrival of Private Stewart at Camp MacArthur was celebrated by photographers and newsreelmen. Uncle Sam's army took it all pretty casually. When the picture-taking was over, Jimmy was handed a knife, a stool and a bushel of potatoes.

"I guess you want these things peeled," Jimmy said grinning. And peeled they were.

That afternoon Jimmy got his gun. It was the regulation army rifle issued to every soldier. With half the regiment looking on, he turned the weapon over and over in his hands and examined it like a small boy with a Christmas toy.

"This is great, fellows. I've never even held one of these things before. The only kind of gun I'm familiar with is the prop gun that makes a lot of noise on a movie set."

Private Jimmy Stewart made friends with the top sergeant all right. He wrote Malcolm a letter and told him all about it. He wrote home and told all about camp life, of the guys who kidded him, the guys who didn't, of marching and sore feet, of eating and an improved appetite. Of everything he wrote with Stewart humor. Such as:

"I am living in a tent. I'm up to my hips in mud. Come to think of it I am pretty tall, so maybe it isn't quite up to my hips. Peace, it's wonderful. Very wonderful."

JIMMY didn't linger at Fort MacArthur. He hadn't drawn his first pay before the order came through from Washington transferring him to the air corps. The announcement, of course, appeared in the papers.

Two days later Jimmy departed from Fort MacArthur. Such a delirious farewell was never occasioned by the leave-taking of a major general as was made over our James. A mob of women were on hand to wish him "bon voyage." They shrieked, and they wailed. They cooed, and they pleaded. It took 24 military police to shoo them away long enough for Jimmy to pile into a train and take off. It wasn't a de luxe train. There wasn't a Pullman on it. Private Stewart was sharing a seat in the day coach!

Moffett Field is where Jimmy belonged, and Moffett Field was happy to have him. With something like 325 hours of flying time to his credit, Jimmy is one of the smoothest pilots in the movie colony. In the yellow-striped little two-seater of his he has made jaunts all over the country. An expert on maps, he knows the terrain of California like the proverbial book.

Could have been that a qualified citizen like Jimmy would be promptly commissioned a second lieutenant in the air corps and given a bomber to play with. But no. Jimmy happens to be 32, and the age limit for a flying cadet is 27. Which is how come Jimmy wrote back to Malcolm a week or so after he had arrived at Moffett:

"The nearest I have come to an airplane is to carry a parachute from one plane to another."

Whether Jimmy will ever be zooming around in a pursuit plane or practicing a little with-malice-toward-none dive-bombing is debatable. There are miles of red tape to be cut, and that takes time. But if anyone will see that it gets cut, it's our Jimmy. Don't go selling his stock short. Scratch that shy, baffled look of his, and you'll find the face of a man who very definitely knows what time it is—right to the second.

Regarding Jimmy's status quo with the feminine population, Milton Berle has said the last word on the subject. Asked by a chum over at Ciro's how come he was going home so early he replied: "I'm knitting a sweater for Jimmy Stewart,"

YOU CAN'T BE GOOD *in Hollywood*

(And Make Good, Too)

FACTS are more fascinating than fiction, and SCREEN GUIDE, the large-size *picture* magazine of motion pictures and their strictly-human stars, *gives you facts—pure facts!* For example, read in July Screen Guide how stars who stir up trouble usually make good—while the goody-goodies don't. These facts are fun!



Other Scoops in July Screen Guide:

Ginger Rogers: Strange situations in her amazing private life.

Errol Flynn: Challenged by real-life sea-captain Stirling Hayden, of "Virginia," for No. 1 spot among screen adventurers!

Lana Turner: The "Sweater Girl" is better without her sweater!

Deanna Durbin: First photo scoop of Deanna as a married woman!

Carole Landis: An intimate visit with Movies' most exciting female.

Hedda Hopper: Hollywood Cafe Society, reported by an "insider."

Irene Dunne: Her complete new wardrobe, described by Yolanda.

COLOR PORTRAITS: *Lana Turner, Errol Flynn, Cobina Wright.*
ALSO *pages of gossip, beauty hints, movie reviews, fashions.*

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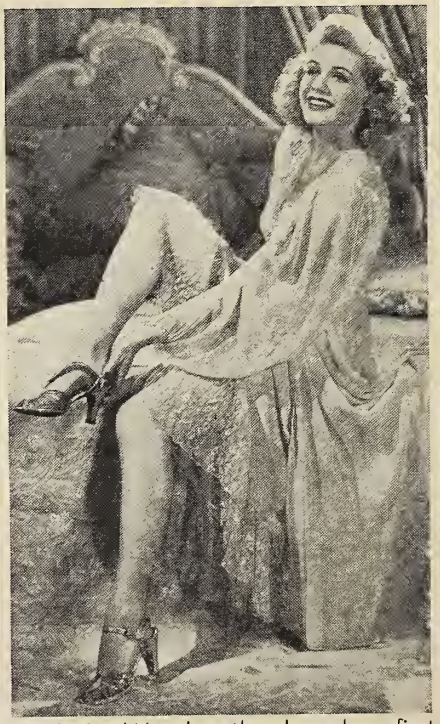
and I'm two days behind schedule now."

Milton Berle may or may not be knitting a sweater, but everyone else's sister, auntie and grandmother is furiously at work turning out items for Jimmy's comfort. One enterprising miss made him a parachute. It is a death-trap in all probability, because parachute-making is a science and not a handicraft. But it is a thing of beauty and a toy forever. It's made of red, white and blue and would affright even the hardiest enemy as it glided toward the ground.

Socks, sweaters, shorts, cowboy boots, sombreros, fancy belts—these are only part of the gifts showered on Private Stewart. One kindly Southern gentleman who fought with the celebrated Confederate General, J. E. B. Stuart, sent him his sword. Another well-wisher sent him a bulletproof vest. And as for the 'teen age girls of our land, Jimmy's buddies out at Moffett wish them long life, excellent husbands and healthy broods. Why? Well, these starry-eyed things are making the most delicious fudge ever to top off a man's dinner. And they're sending it on to Jimmy—with love.

At this writing, Jimmy's unit at the Camp hasn't thrown its monthly dance, but camp hostesses, who normally have trouble rounding up enough dancing partners for the soldiers, are already besieged with applications. They telephone and they wire, waitresses from San Francisco cafeterias and freshman cuties from U. C. L. A. several hundred miles away. So far Jimmy has not revealed whether or not he'll attend the first dance jamboree. Judging by his burning desire to melt into his company and be "just one of the boys," you would bet your boots that he'd come. Still, his aversion to publicity may have a lot to do with his decision. The odds are three-to-two that he'll make the first dance, three-to-one that he'll make the second. His buddies, with whom he's popular no end, will practically drag him to the second, if he skips the first.

Private Stewart of the U. S. A. may not be making pictures, but that doesn't mean he has severed his connections



Marjorie Woodworth plays her first starring role as film glamour girl in Hal Roach's "Broadway Limited."

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with Hollywood for a year. Far from it.

Easter week-end he had his first furlough and took the earliest plane back to his chaste little white house in town. Malcolm answered the ring and virtually lost his legendary composure. He woke up Burgess Meredith, who rounded up the gang for a long talk.

In the afternoon Jimmy paid a visit to the Leland Haywards. Margaret Sullavan, whom he has known since his Princeton days, had just had a baby, and Jimmy was anxious to have a look. He told them funny anecdotes about tent life and played with the Hayward-Sullavan moppets, Brooke and Bridget, who even put on a style show for him.

At home there was dinner and then a short "business session" with Burgess Meredith. First there was the matter of the house. Meredith would take it over for a year with one proviso: should Jimmy's folks ever come to town, they were to have free access. The second item had to do with Malcolm. With Jimmy gone, he made an announcement: he was going to "become very serious and devote his full time to further medical study."

So much for the "business session," during which not a single lease was signed, nor a single memo made. That's the type of business men both of them are.

On the romance front there was little or no activity that week-end. Certainly Jimmy didn't make the boites and bistros with any lady. And he made few telephone calls. Fact is that Jimmy at this writing is as foot-loose and fancy-free as he has ever been in his life.

It is true that a night or two before he took off for his brief stay he called up Ruth Hussey whom he had discovered while making "The Philadelphia Story." They had one date, and that's about all. The columnists tried to fan it up into a tender passion, but even with all the coaxing there has been no conflagration whatsoever.

They're proud of him at the studio—especially Louis B. Mayer, who thinks he's setting a fine example for the youth of our land. But they all miss him very much, too.

As one little prop boy put it—

"We'll all feel gay when Jimmy comes marching home." Which just about makes it unanimous.



Fay Emerson looks at the world through Harlequin sun glasses in Warner Bros. new picture, "The Nurse's Secret."

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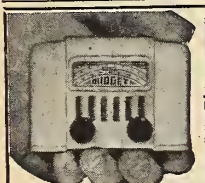


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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

★★★ The Wagons Roll at Night

Step right this way, ladies and gents; get yourself a load of a fast-moving, nerve-tingling, romantic movie.

The formula is an old one, but the story has some new wrinkles. Humphrey Bogart continues to climb by a swell acting job. He's the head of a carnival who picks up a smalltown grocery clerk, Eddie Albert, and transforms him into a fearless and intrepid lion tamer. Incidentally, this is so well done that it doesn't at all seem incredible. Sylvia Sidney, who makes her movie comeback as a fortune teller, has lost none of her acting skill or appeal and is welcome to hang around a while.

The plot has to do with Bogart trying to keep Albert away from his (Humphrey's) kid sister, Joan Leslie, a pure, fresh, young thing. Humphrey doesn't want her to get tainted with carnival life in any way.

Beside the crack performances of Bogart, Albert and Miss Sidney, there is good solid acting by Sig Rumann, Cliff Clark and Charlie Foy.

Director Ray Enright has enlivened the proceedings with a steady pace throughout, and the scenes inside the lion's cage, which Eddie Albert actually played (he refused to use a double), are standout thrills.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ The Cowboy and the Blonde

This movie is by no means the most startling or exciting film ever made. It is, however, a simple, well-directed, well-conceived, well-acted little picture which will give every ticket purchaser his money's worth. And the profit is heightened even more for Twentieth Century-Fox, in that the picture introduces and establishes a new and exciting movie personality. In these days with male talent so much in demand, George Montgomery should be a front-rank star within a year.

The picture is a mild lampoon of Hollywood. Montgomery is a cowboy who gets a chance as a movie actor. He tangles with Mary Beth Hughes, who is both a temperamental movie star and the girl friend of the movie producer. They fall in love, of course, but not until there are a number of amusing situations.

Montgomery is natural and in full control of himself all the way through. There are many people who believe Miss Hughes is a fine actress. This reporter does not happen to share such an opinion, but he enthusiastically agrees that she's any man's eyeful. The supporting cast is better than usual, topped by Alan Mowbray, John Miljan (who does not work anywhere near enough these days), Fuzzy Knight and Richard Lane. Directed by Ray McCarey.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★½ Man-Made Monster

Here is a horror yarn guaranteed to give you goose pimples. It follows all the rules of good horror pictures faithfully, and the result is a very neat and consistent piece of spine-tingling fun.

Lon Chaney, Jr., who seems to be following in his pop's footsteps more and more, has built up immunity against electricity by doing electrical tricks in a circus side show. He falls into the hands of Lionel Atwill, a typical movie "mad doctor," who turns him into a killer. The new twist is this: Chaney knocks off people, gets sent to the electric chair, where he takes to the electricity like a six course dinner. It's the old Frankenstein formula, of course; eventually, after spreading terror through the whole countryside, Chaney knocks off the mad doctor.

George Waggner's direction creates and sustains a consistently eerie mood throughout, and the performances of Chaney, Atwill, Anne Nagel, Frank Albertson and Sam Hinds are topnotch. —*Universal.*

★★½ Ride On Vaquero

Have you been seeing any of the Cisco Kid pictures? If not, you've been missing a treat. If you have—then you'll be especially pleased to know that this is the best of the lot. It is romantic adventure par excellence. The leading role, of course, was made to order for Cesar Romero, and the blonde and lovely Mary Beth Hughes is a sufficiently competent lady in support.

The cast is packed with above-average character folks which is probably what makes the picture stand out. Romero, as usual, wears his heart on his sleeve. He is about to solve a certain complicated criminal situation when he sees Mary Beth, an entertainer, and falls head over heels in love with her. That complicates his life and nearly causes him to lose sight of his job—but all ends well.

There's an interesting thought here. Romero as Cisco Kid is one of the few movie cowboys who can afford to go romantic. Most of them, you know, are not permitted to even kiss the gals, because they have to avoid "sissy stuff" from the standpoint of kids in the audience. But Romero has been branded a sap for dames before, and it's part of the make-up of this character.

Chris-Pin Martin, Lynne Roberts, Edwin Maxwell, Don Costello and Arthur Hohl are best in support. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★½ Great Mr. Nobody

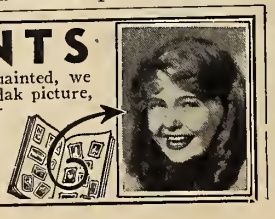
Here is a pleasant, healthy little movie, not especially original and not at all exciting, but if you happen to wander into a theatre and find it on the screen, you'll rather enjoy it.

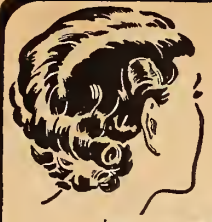
Eddie Albert is perfectly cast in the familiar average man type of role, appropriately named Smith. He is a clerk in the advertising department of a newspaper, moping along, thinking up ideas for his boss to take the bows on. He can't be bothered with material things largely because he's always dreaming of becoming a big hero some day. The writers could have made it a good deal more sparkling with very little trouble, but it's fun nevertheless.

Joan Leslie continues to be talked about in glowing terms by the movie publicity men and continues to bewilder critics by seemingly having nothing at all to justify any such praise. Alan Hale and Dickie Moore are best in support. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—*Warner Bros.*

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CROSSWORD PUZZLES

★★½ Repent at Leisure

You've bumped into this story a half hundred different times, but perhaps you won't mind sitting through it again, especially since the dialogue is bright and the acting is pleasant. Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie and comedian George Barbier head the cast of extremely competent players.

This picture tells about a rich heiress ready to marry a fortune hunter. The night of the marriage she runs away. Aboard a bus on her getaway, she meets a sales clerk, falls in love with him and marries him because he really loves her and, not realizing who she is, can't possibly be after her money.

It's terribly familiar but, nevertheless, a pleasant hour's entertainment. Jerry Cady's sprightly script is largely responsible plus the pleasant pacing of director Frank Woodruff and the really excellent trouping by the three leading players—*RKO-Radio.*

★★½ Power Dive

Intended simply for excitement, this picture fulfills its promise. It's a snappy, down-to-earth movie replete with thrills, and the cast headed by Richard Arlen and Jean Parker is very okay.

The yarn is built around the airplane testing game. Arlen is the No. 1 tester, and Don Castle is his younger brother with ambitions along the same lines. Jean Parker is the daughter of an inventor, whose machine is tested by Castle after Arlen nixes it.

The supporting cast is better than average. Louis Jean Heydt, Roger Pryor, Billy Lee and Helen Mack all handle their roles effectively, while Cliff Edwards has the laugh department all to himself. Directed, and very smoothly, by James Hogan.—*Paramount.*

GROOMED FOR GLAMOUR

(*Continued from page 58*)

"Well, when we arrived, I heard about Mrs. White and started to study voice with her. It was the grapevine system that got me into the studio. A pupil of Mrs. White's knew Mr. Louis Leighton, the M-G-M producer. The pupil told Mr. Leighton about me, and Mr. Leighton told Mr. Sam Katz. When Mr. Katz asked me to come over to see him, I didn't want to go at all—thought it was just silly. He called me again, and I went thinking I'd just see Mr. Katz. When I got there, there was a whole roomful of people waiting to hear me sing! I was too dumb to be frightened, and I sang the Tarantula, an aria and a

Solution to Puzzle on Page 68

P	O	W	E	R		H	A	Y	W	A	R	D		M	A	R	I	A
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Brown . . . blue . . . grey eyes . . . whatever their color, they will be lovelier if they are bright and clear.

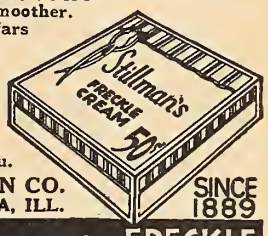
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All Bob Pins Are NOT Alike
TRY DeLONG'S

popular song, which was one of my favorites.

"They wanted to sign me right away. I didn't want to sign at first, but eventually I did, of course. Know what decided me? Well first of all, the studio promised they wouldn't ask me to do a thing for a whole year, not even make a test. Then they said they would give me everything the best conservatory of music could give me, the best teachers to be had anywhere—and for free—and in addition, I would get a small salary! That's what really decided me. After all, I'm a practical girl, and what could I lose?

"The studio's lived up to its promises beautifully. I couldn't have had finer teachers anywhere, and I didn't have to make a test for a year. When the time came, they took a scene or two from Deanna Durbin's picture, 'It's a Date.' I made a bargain with Mr. Katz before I did it. If it was bad, they were to release me; if it was good I was to stay.

"When I saw the test, I went right up to them and I said, 'Well, I win!' 'What are you talking about?' they said. 'Well,' I told them, 'it isn't any good.' They said, 'Everybody likes it but you. Trouble with you is you need a good spanking.'

"So there I was. After all they'd done for me, I couldn't just walk out. So I kept on with my lessons, and then I was told I was cast in 'Andy Hardy's Private Secretary,' my very first picture. The first day on the set Mickey took me behind the scenes and showed me the ropes. He told me what they meant when they said 'Hit the baby!' That means turn on the small lights. He explained that 'Hit the mark' means to stand on the tape that shows when you're within camera range. He did everything he possibly could to help me, and this is no publicity line, either.

"It seems to me that movie-making is a sort of game, and the best man wins. The Academy Award is the goal for this game, and I want to make the Academy Award! To be an actress like Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes is the goal for the stage, and I want to make that goal. Opera is the goal for a singer, and I want to make that goal, too. That goal most of all!

"In the meantime the studio is a good, wholesome atmosphere for a girl to be in. Cross my heart and hope to die, if that isn't the truth. I've been treated with nothing but respect since I arrived. The boys on the lot treat me just the way my brothers do. 'Hey, Stinky,' John Carroll will yell at me, 'your slip's showing!' or 'Stick your stomach in and keep those shoulders straight!' Dan Dailey will holler, or 'When you grow up I'll take you out some night' from John Shelton. That sort of thing goes on for hours.

"I don't go out on dates, and that's just fine with the studio. I don't believe in being a stick-in-the-mud, but I do advise girls against dates when they're working hard at a career. I go to the opera occasionally, and once in a while I go to parties my Aunt gives. I'm the sort of girl who calls a boy up and says, 'Look, are you doing anything tonight? Want to go to a party?' If he can go, fine. If he can't, I go with my brother or alone. If you start going out with one boy, you have to go out with others, and I simply don't have time for that. What's more, when I do have a romance, I want it to be in the moonlight, not in the newspapers.

"Well, I guess that's all. Maybe they have groomed me for glamour, but if they have, they've been awfully clever about it and extremely kind. And I am very, very grateful as any girl with a fairy godmother should be!"

If You Suffer Distress From

FEMALE WEAKNESS

which makes you TIRED, NERVOUS



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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 63*)

he asked? "Maisie, I mean! Well, she has laid an egg every day for the last seven days! And would you believe it—each day the egg gets smaller! Isn't that terrific!" And would you believe it—Jimmy still thinks the publicity man fainted from the heat!

THIS LITTLE CHICKIE STAYED HOME

Incidentally, there's nothing phony about Cagney's love of the barnyard. A few days after Maisie was so impressively introduced to the public, Jimmy scooped up his wife and their three-year-old adopted son and set out for Martha's Vineyard where the Cagneys have their farm. There, as often as Cagney can arrange it, young Jimmy, Jr. will enjoy the Huckleberry Finn childhood his city-bred pappy missed. "It'll be great for the kid," Jimmy stated before he left. "He's been with us in Hollywood for three months. That's enough for one dose. The change will do us all good. Now, if we could only take Maisie. . . ."

DISA AND DATA

Greta Garbo has never taken those Swedish molars to a dentist . . . "My Wonderful One" is Vaughn Paul's favorite song—and his favorite name for Deanna Durbin . . . Twinkle-toed Ann Miller has an eye on the future. Her new West Hollywood home will be equipped with a bombproof shelter . . . Olivia de Havilland has added 17 badly needed pounds since her operation . . . Frances Raeburn and Michael Powell, both Metro contractees, are the brother and sister of Kathryn Grayson . . . "South American" Carmen Miranda was born in Portugal . . . Tyrone Power recently treated his colored Man Friday to a roundtrip ticket to Detroit, plus two tickets to the Louis-Simon fight . . . Superstitious Director Fritz Lang always carries the wishbone cut from his last year's New Year's turkey in his tobacco pouch . . . Ann Sheridan's hips return to work in "Navy Blues." She'll do a snappy hula in the picture . . . Joan Crawford is so nervous when she faces a radio mike, prop men nail a chair to the floor and let her clutch it for support . . . George Montgomery owns a "little" 3,800 acre ranch in Montana . . . 7-year-old Carolyn Lee will derive her lollypop money from a contract guaranteeing her $1,250 weekly for at least 24 weeks a year . . . Marlene Dietrich plays the musical saw!

DILEMMA DE LUXE

Mickey Rooney is sitting on a griddle. And it's going to get hotter and hotter unless someone discovers a way to pull him off. Mickey's distress, strangely enough, is due to complications arising from his hectic love life. As we go to press, dancer Dolly Thon, his long-time lady love, is confiding to friends she'll become Mrs. Rooney in September—and Mick is telling intimates that's the month he goes to the altar with Linda Darnell! In our opinion, it will take the wisdom of a Solomon to yank him out of his predicament. But there are those who think everything will turn out okay. Linda is said to be peeved with Mickey for announcing marriage plans she knows nothing of. If that is true, the Darnell-Rooney combination may break up, leaving the way clear for the dancing Dolly.

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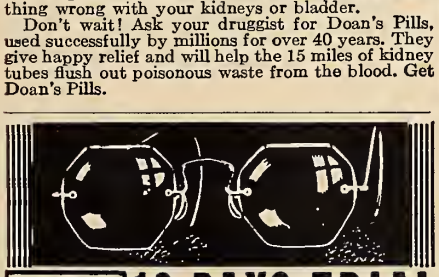
BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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GOOD NEWS (CONTINUED)

IT'S THE TRUTH

It happened just recently. Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan were exploring a Beverly Hills home with an eye to buying same. Janie marched out of the bedroom with disappointment stamped in her big brown eyes. "It's awful," she moaned. "Only two tiny windows and a dinky closet with a door that sticks!" Ronnie patted his worried wife on her bright blond head. "Let's take in a movie," he suggested. "It'll relax us. We've been looking for a house for months. I guess we're doomed to spend out lives in apartments." Fifteen minutes later the Reagans were holding hands in a neighborhood theatre. Suddenly Janie choked on her candy bar and Ronnie swallowed his gum. For there on the screen in a film titled "This Thing Called Love," Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas were prancing around a house that was the exact answer to the Reagans' dream! The rest of this tale writes itself. The following morning, Jane and Ronnie scrambled over to Columbia Studios. They cornered the man who designed the house, talked him out of his blueprints—and are now gleefully constructing a home that's "just like in the movies!"

BETTE THE PACE-SETTER

Girls who are tired of beauty articles telling them how they can look "ethereal" like Hedy Lamarr, "oomphie" like Ann Sheridan, and "cuddly" like Sonja Henie, may find it refreshing to know how they can look "interesting" like Bette Davis. Bette has two pet stunts which any gal with the ordinary implements of war paint can imitate. First there's her hair-do. Bette's wearing bangs these days. Originally they were literal hangovers from the time she played Queen Elizabeth and had to shave a few inches off her forehead. But Bette liked 'em so well, she's keeping them. Secondly there's that distinctive Davis lipline. Bette gets it by rouging her under lip instead of her upper lip. She then presses both lips together, and an unbroken arc of color is planted from one corner of her mouth to the other. Simple, isn't it? But watch out on that lip trick. Advance reports indicate it takes a mighty special face to get away with such a complete reversal of technique.

ON THE SET

(*Continued from page 41*)

she wears to marry Dick, are initially draped on Geraldine's torso and then transferred to the shapely body of the star.

To keep his cast pepped up about the proceedings, Director Kanin has issued orders that no one may know until the final day of shooting who wins the gal. Kanin figures in this way he'll get more realistic performances from his stars—and some good publicity for his picture, besides. The nerve-wracking uncertainty induced by this dictum has led to considerable apple-polishing on the set. Ginger's three suitors believe that by winning her off-screen favor they may influence the ending of the film. Fanciest apple-polisher is Meredith. His daily gifts to Ginger range from a 10c bracelet and a 50c watch, to a ratty-looking set of furs costing $14 and a vintage '22 flivver that was no bargain at $20.

But gifts or no gifts, we don't think Meredith has a chance. Or Murphy, either. Our chips are riding on the rich man. Ginger's no sap.

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Want a really delightful surprise? Just get yourself a bar of Sayman's Vegetable Wonder soap and use it . . . for your bath, shampoo and toilet. See the rich, creamy lather it gives . . . feel it quickly whisk away dirt, grease and grime . . . revel in that soft, smooth, clean feeling! Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap lathers at a touch in hard water, soft water, hot, cold, mineral or alkali water . . . even in salt water. Get a bar and try it. You'll say it's WONDERFUL. At drug, grocery, department and variety stores.

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The next best thing to finding the fountain of youth, we hear, is to get yourself born in June. You June-ites never relinquish your childlike faith in people or your enthusiasm for all the pleasures of an 8-year-old—from Fourth of July fireworks to the season's first snowstorm. Music and laughter are your two consuming passions. Give you Stokowski and Jack Benny and you're happy. Throw in a steak smothered with onions (you also *adore* food) and you're in ecstasy. You're subject to intellectual binges during which you read vociferously, haunt the museums and take dozens of lecture courses. Normally speaking the funnies and the sports section are your dish. You have more friends than Dale Carnegie, more talents than Orson Welles and more fun than anybody. Happy birthday, paragon!

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WALTER ABEL—June 6 • MADGE BELLAMY—June 30 • RALPH BELLAMY—June 17 • WILLIAM BOYD—June 5 • CLIVE BROOK—June 1 • JANE BRYAN—June 11 • ROBERT CUMMINGS—June 9 • OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND—June 1 • KATHERINE DE MILLE—June 29 • NELSON EDDY—June 29 • LOUISE FAZENDA—June 17 • ERROL FLYNN—June 20 • DICK FORAN—June 8 • JUDY GARLAND—June 10 • PAULETTE GODDARD—June 3 • IAN HUNTER—June 13 • DOROTHEA KENT—June 7 • PRISCILLA LANE—June 12 • STAN LAUREL—June 16 • IVAN LEBEDEFF—June 18 • CAROLYN LEE—June 5 • PETER LORRE—June 26 • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN—June 12 • JEANETTE MacDONALD—June 18 • MARION MARTIN—June 7 • FRANK MORGAN—June 1 • GAIL PATRICK—June 20 • BOB PRESTON—June 8 • BASIL RATHBONE—June 13 • ROSALIND RUSSELL—June 4 • JOHNNY WEISSMULLER—June 2

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MODERN SCREEN



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PERIODICAL DIVISION

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST TALKED ABOUT MARRIAGE *Alice Faye—Phil Harris*

WHY WOMEN FALL FOR GEORGE RAFT





This *light ale* is now first choice of millions who once drank beer

AFTER draining his first glass of Ballantine's Ale, a beer drinker's a changed man. Ale "too heavy" a drink for him? Not any more! In Ballantine's, he's found a *light* ale.

And will he ever again be satisfied with anything less than the superb Ballantine *flavor*—resulting from the finest of ale yeasts? It's not likely!

Nor will you—once you've sampled *your* first bottle of Ballantine's. Look for the famous 3-RING trademark standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR—and call for Ballantine's Ale . . . today. Costs no more than the better beers. Sold coast to coast.

BALLANTINE'S ALE

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale

A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress—

but the Same Old Question of a Date!



No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!

NO ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, *however fresh it leaves you,* can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the *risk of underarm odor to come.* Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and *never know it.*

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

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SPEED—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

SAFETY—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

DEPENDABILITY—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!







MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

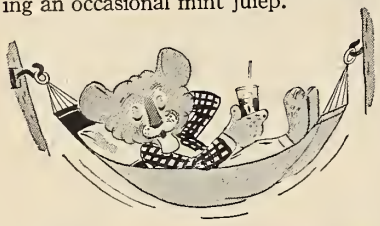
JUL 18 1941

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.



Director Fleming

★ ★ ★ ★

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you *are* at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

★ ★ ★ ★

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.



Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't have to eat them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

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MODERN SCREEN

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PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor
SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter
CONRAD W. WIENK, Art Editor

Cover Girl: Lana Turner, appearing in M-G-M's "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"

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THE STAR-BRIGHT SONG-STUDDED HIT THAT'S MAKING KISSTORY
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
★ DON AMECHE
AND
★ MARY MARTIN
IN
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
(But they always come back for more)
★ WITH OSCAR LEVANT
★ CONNIE BOSWELL
★ AND ROCHESTER
—And wait till you hear Connie and those 20 Singing Secretaries sing "Sand in My Shoes"
"That's how I got my start"—sings Mary
"Ah sure wishes Mistah Benny could see me now"
It's musical, it's comical, it's romantic, it's everything to make you kiss the blues goodbye.
It's 1941's biggest musical hit . . . from the Broadway stage show that had audiences howling for two solid seasons!
HEAR THESE HITS!
"SAND IN MY SHOES"
"I'LL NEVER LET A DAY PASS BY"
"FIND YOURSELF A MELODY"
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
"THAT'S HOW I GOT MY START"
Raymond Walburn • Virginia Dale • Barbara Allen • Elizabeth Patterson
Jerome Cowan • Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Dwight Taylor • Based on a Play by Clare Boothe
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER-WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



ON THE SET WITH

"PUDDIN' HEAD"

THAT SCREEN SLICKEROO FRANCIS LEDERER GOES CORNY WITH HAYSEED JUDY CANOVA!

Getting lean, suave, Czecho-Slovak Francis Lederer as leading man for "Puddin' Head" doesn't mean that Romance has crept into Judy Canova's screen life. Like Gene Autry, Republic's rubber-mouthed chanteuse can bestow only sisterly cheek-pecks—no real kisses. In her third triumph as a corn-fed hillbilly belle, Judy's kept too busy to think about love, anyway. In one scene, she slugs eight rounds with dance-comic Eddie Foy, Jr. And that in spite of a siege of flu that stymied shooting for three days.

To play the phony Count who tries to scare Judy and her Pop (Slim Summerville) into selling their inherited Manhattan plot of land to a radio station



Judy's contract, like Gene Autry's, says that she can't ever be cinematically mean or ill-tempered. What's more, she must always be wholesome and live by the Golden Rule!



Judy's most popular fan was the Iowan who sent a gallon of ice cream per week! Here are Raymond Walburn and Slim Summerville (he's practically retired—makes an occasional movie) licking it up.



Lederer's stand-in Victor Sabuni had to don 6" blocks to turn himself into a 6-footer. He and Francis, founder of the "World Peace Federation," talked nothing but foreign affairs on the set.



On the romantic side were Mary Beth Hughes and fast-ridin' Don "Red" Barry. Title of pic, "Puddin' Head," was taken from Judy's half-collie, half-terrier pup.

next door, Lederer turned down two offers of more sophisticated roles. And adjusting his Continental dignity to the yokel caprices of the Leaping Lena model Ford you'll see, took some of the starch out of the "Count's" stiff shirt. For that matter, a blistering turn at hoeing potatoes is bad medicine for any Count's ego. But to the real Lederer, it evoked nostalgic memories of the days when he slaved his way through a Prague drama school with a hoe!

Companion and stand-in to the glamorous Czech was Victor Sabuni, who once did the same job for him at Paramount, now acts as correspondent for South American newspapers through his own Sabuni International Syndicate. During most of the picture, poor Sabuni worked under lights on twenty-four hour shifts. By day for Lederer. At night for the Syndicate.

Added comic competition for Judy is furnished by Raymond Walburn and Chick Chandler, both of whom landed roles through flukes. Walburn's call came after producer Albert Cohen, idly fingering a cigarette pack, spotted De Witt Clinton's portrait on the Federal tax sticker, ordered: "Get me a comedian who looks like that!" Chandler was a last-minute substitution for Buster Keaton, whose comeback was nipped by sudden illness.

Chief "Puddin' Head" brow-furrower for director Joe Santley, ex-vaudeville big-timer, was coaxing four cows, three pigs and five goats—all heat balky—through a revolving door. It took three apoplectic hours. Other headache: Catapulting Eddie Foy into a mackerel barrel—he's allergic to 'em! More soothing to the Santley soul was getting a San Marino oil man's gorgeous 5-acre estate as background for swank party scenes. Negotiator was the Assistance League of California, a group of society matrons who ask philanthropic big-wigs, not for money, but for the loan of their private grounds to movie companies. Rental proceeds are turned over to charity.

Add note: There's one word in this $500,000 Republic vehicle the British censors will "tsk tsk" out of the script—"punk." Don't get us wrong! It's something a truck-driver says—not a comment about the film!



Classical music-lover Lederer learned about "corn" from Judy. She's called "Jenny Lind of the Ozarks" by Republic. Can warble grand opera as well as hillbilly ditties!

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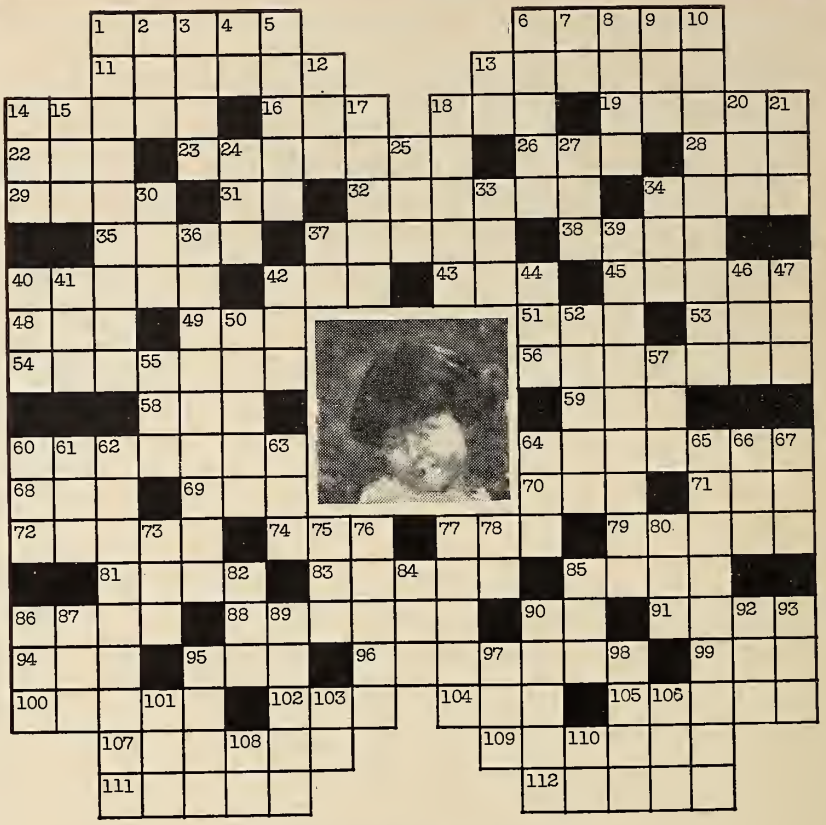
IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 71

ACROSS

1. Girl's name
6. Star of "They Met In Bombay"
11. Mr. Maitland in "Men Of Boys Town"
13. Deanna's successor
14. Meanie in "Sis Hopkins"
16. Actor in "Tight Shoes"
18. Speak
19. Designer Travis B - - - - -
22. Mickey's place in "Big Ten"
23. Opposite Lana in "Ziegfeld Girl"
26. Male lead in "That Night In Rio"
28. To incite
29. Splashes gently
31. Forward
32. Al Jolson's ex
34. Bette's Nemesis in "The Letter"
35. He was "Caught In The Draft"
37. Mrs. Bing Crosby
38. Genus of maple
40. Blonde ingénue
42. Lady in "A Man Betrayed"
43. Clear
45. Singer in "Great American Broadcast"
48. He's in "Too Many Blondes"
49. Mineral spring
51. Young man in "Thieves Fall Out"
53. Warners new singer
54. Opposite "Lady From Cheyenne"
56. Star of "Flame Of New Orleans"
58. Cut
59. Our star's real name: - - - Green
60. "The - - - - - - - Wagon"
64. Femme in "Pot O' Gold"
68. Talented actress in "Out Of The Fog"
69. Extinct government code
70. - - - ted Artists
71. Disfigure
72. Triangular surface
74. Director Roy - - - Ruth
77. English cathedral city
79. Names of things
81. Wm. Holden's wife in "I Wanted Wings"
83. Top cowboy star
85. Slippery fish
86 & 88. Our star pictured above
90. Pen name of an Irish poet
91. Married to Lucille Ball
94. Villain: P - - -er Hall
95. Three-toed sloths
96. Mr. Menjou
99. Small rug
100. "The Man Who Lost Himself"
102. "Ar - - - ts And Models"
104. Rim
105. Femme in "Earthbound"
107. Lovely star of "Affectionately Yours"
109. Husband of 86 across
111. More modern
112. Smallest in degree

DOWN

1. Jane's mother in "Her First Beau"
2. "Lady From Louisiana"
3. Japanese coins
4. 101: Rom. num.
5. She's in "Reaching for the Sun"
6. Newspaper gal in "Beyond The Law"
7. Behold!
8. "Man Of - - - -"
9. - - - Tin Tin
10. She "came back" in "Philadelphia Story"
12. Star of "People vs. Dr. Kildare"
13. Jane Withers' home-state: abbr.
14. Producer Wurtzel
15. Peggy's aunt in "Double Date"
17. Comic in "Great American Broadcast"
18. Mug
20. Grease
21. Born
24. Dance Zorina does
25. Actor - - - Ingram
27. C - - - Witherspoon
30. Drunkard
33. Femme in "The Nurse's Secret"
34. Solidify
36. Deanna's producer
37. Olivia - - Havilland
39. Ty's pal in "Blood And Sand"
40. Lofty mountain
41. Correlative of "neither"
42. Principal in "Washington Melodrama"
44. - - - Brown
46. Container for film
47. Compass point
50. Star of "Yank In The R. A. F."
52. Screen star Novarro
55. Personal pronoun
57. Preceded
60. Spanish hero
61. Poem
62. Military offensive work
63. What Reagan is to Maureen Elizabeth
64. "Scattergood Baines"
65. What motion pictures furnish
66. Sped
67. What Kildare and Christian are: abbr.
73. Light brown
75. Auditory organ
76. Nazi in "They Dare Not Love"
77. Dashing Irish hero
78. "Affectionate - - Yours"
80. Aged
82. Finial ornament
84. - - - North
85. Edward Everett Horton: init.
86. Work
87. Blunder
89. Meanie in "The Great Lie"
90. Frighten
92. Unhappy
93. "- - A Date"
95. Again
97. Cover
98. Socialite in films
101. Raymond Massey's most famous role
103. "S - - gapore Woman"
106. Dawn goddess
108. Concerning
110. Pronoun



Those whizzes ot sophisticated slapstick—Myrno Loy ond Bill Powell—shore honors with Florence Bates in Metro's "Love Crazy." Flo, when not movie-mother-in-lowing, is o proctising lowyer.

MOVIE REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

A Woman's Face ★★★½

Joan Crawford is not only on the upbeat again, she's there. This is her best job in a very long time, and a swell movie; it has suspense, action, melodrama—and it has Crawford. A Crawford full of fire, vitality, realism and power.

"A Woman's Face" is a psychological melodrama built on a mystery suspense formula with romantic overtones. It has to do with the change that takes place in a scarred and bitter femme when plastic surgery turns her into a beautiful woman. It took some courage for Joan to play the part of a horribly disfigured person, even though she eventually becomes beautiful.

She is cast as the head of a gang of blackmailers, and she falls in love with Conrad Veidt—a nasty guy with a solid front. To captivate him, she gets Melvyn Douglas, a plastic surgeon, to change her face. Then she gets a job as a govèrness, with the idea of killing a little boy (Dickie Nichols) so that Veidt can inherit a big bankroll. But the physical alterations of her face have also, it seems, brought about spiritual regeneration. She can't quite go through with it. This leads to a thrilling chase and shooting finale that cannot be revealed here, since the movie depends a great deal on the suspense elements involved.

It's beautifully written by Elliott Paul and Donald Ogden Stewart, who rate distinct bows for their labors. And George Cukor's intelligent and all-understanding direction also is on a high plane. Added to which, of course, is first-rate trouping by a big cast of experts which includes, Joan, Douglas, Veidt, Osa Massen and Albert Basserman.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Love Crazy ★★★½

This is the screwiest assignment Bill Powell or Myrna Loy ever had. You'll laugh your head off, then go back and laugh some more.

Myrna and Bill are about to celebrate their fourth anniversary as the movie starts. Then a series of things happen (and I'll be doggoned if I'll tell you what they are) to make Myrna jealous as all get-out, with the result that they wind up in the divorce court. Naturally, Bill has too much good sense to permit Myrna to get a divorce—so he simulates insanity and lands in a nut house. Now he has to break loose and convince the missus that she still loves him, in spite of the fact that the cops are after him. From there on, the story gets a little involved and complicated. Suffice it to say that all ends well, and that there isn't a dull moment throughout.

A lot of the story developments are ancient, and the corn is plentiful in practically every gag sequence, but all of it is handled in a refreshingly new and funny manner. When Bill Powell, for instance, shaves off his mustache, disguises himself as his own sister and talks in a falsetto!

The acting? Oh, yes, the acting. Bill and Myrna, of course, are tops. Gail Patrick will surprise you with her impersonations of a modern vamp. Jack Carson has a role perfectly suited to him, as the other man. Florence Bates was born to be a caricature mother-in-law; excuse us, Florence, but you *are* excellent.

Give a big hand to the director, Jack Conway, for such pace and timing as is a rarity these days.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* (*Continued on page* 10)

M-G-M's mystery love story, "A Womon's Face," marks Crowford's return to the screen ofter on 8 mos. obsence. She ond Melvyn Douglas co-stor for the first time since "The Gorgeous Hussy."



Intimate Glimpses of a BIG PICTURE

SHE'S sleek... she's slinky... she's BINNIE BARNES—one of the most GLAMOROUS



STARS of the SCREEN—coming TO you in a RIOTOUS love-and-FUN drama—"ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS!" BESIDES offering SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT AND FASCINATING in SCREEN stories, this REPUBLIC summer sensation BOASTS one of the finest casts of THE season. There's ravishing BINNIE BARNES, of course, and DASHING GILBERT ROLAND to SET the romantic pace...and lovely LITTLE singing MARY LEE (you DISCOVERED her in the Gene Autry HITS) heading a long list of funsters INCLUDING BILLY GILBERT. Young LOVE has its innings too. EDWARD NORRIS and JANE FRAZEE make THE most refreshing pair of screen SWEETHEARTS in many a year... AND you'll remember this picture BECAUSE it introduces lovely MARILYN HARE, daughter of RADIO'S famed Ernie (HAPPINESS Boys) HARE,



TO the screen. Sophisticated COMEDY—romance—grand SONGS—and an all-star CAST combine to make "ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS" the happiest picture YOU'LL see all summer. It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 9*)

★★★½ Major Barbara

There probably is no man in the world today who can irritate you as much (and make you like it) as this George Bernard Shaw lad. How can you get mad at a guy who delivers? His newest movie, "Major Barbara," is another "Pygmalion."

Mind you, this is not a picture for general consumption. It is what we wise guys call a class film; it's for the cultured trade. But even if you hate it, you'll have to admit it's an A-1 job.

Shaw wrote the play in 1905, and he has managed to move it to the present with ease and with logic. The story has to do with the state of soul and the conflicting viewpoints of a millionaire munitions maker, his daughter (who is also a Salvation Army major), her suitor (who is a young Greek scholar on the side) and a Cockney laborer whom Barbara takes in hand and remolds. "Pygmalion" in reverse; the girl makes the man over.

Wendy Hiller, whom you remember from "Pygmalion," brings poise and surety to her portrayal; Robert Morley is perfect as the father, giving Shaw a chance to throw in terrific gobs of his own viewpoints, and Rex Harrison is topnotch as the suitor-scholar. But it is Robert Newton, as the Cockney, whom you will remember for a very long time. Directed by Pascal.—*United Artists.*

★★★½ Million Dollar Baby

It's rollicking. It's gay. It's slaphappy, brimful of fun and has some of the spiciest lines heard on the screen in a long time.

May Robson acts the part of a very wealthy American who has lived abroad for many years; she just heard that her father gypped his partner out of a fortune, so she wants to square things, finds the wronged man's granddaughter and gives her a million bucks. Well, suppose you were a bargain basement salesgirl, and somebody came along and handed you a million? Priscilla Lane, who is the gal in the case, finds out it's not as good as it sounds; in fact it's a pain in the neck after a while. She loses her boy friend because Ronald Reagan is one of those gents who wants to live on his own, not on the girl friend's, bankroll; she is besieged by salesmen, tax collectors, charity specialists; she is—. Oh, well, go see the picture!

Acting? You know all about Robson; she's as good as ever here, with more footage. And Priscy Lane is absolutely elegant. Jeff Lynn is as sleek and well-groomed and likeable as ever (but he really ought to get mussed up just a bit once in a while), but the real acting surprise comes from Reagan. The kid has finally done it!

Lee Patrick, Helen Westley and George Barbier do nice supporting bits. Curtis Bernhardt's done a gold-medal direction job.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★½ Blood and Sand

"Blood and Sand" was the best film made by Rudolph Valentino, who was a much finer actor than you can possibly believe. Whether or not the new version with Tyrone Power in Rudolph's shoes is better or worse is hard to say, but it is a thrilling, breath-taking movie extravaganza.

It is possible that "Blood and Sand" (the 1941 version) will go down in the record books as the most beautiful film of all times. You have never seen such color, such composition, such costumes. By comparison, the writing and acting seem secondary. Yes, director Rouben Mamoulian has stolen the show!

"Blood and Sand" is an earthy story, a study of primal lusts and ambitions. The early part of the picture is best from a writing and acting standpoint. It shows clearly how a little boy, harnessed by a blinding passion to defend his father's name, alone, in the dark of night, studies bull fighting. With the boy's growth to Tyrone Power manhood, warmth seems to leave the story, however, and the brilliance of the costuming and scenics take over. Tyrone's love for childhood sweetheart Linda Darnell, whom he has known since childhood; his attraction to Rita Hayworth and his growing fear of the arena lead the yarn slowly to its shocking finale.

Little Rex Downing, as the boy, gives the role a lot more fire than Tyrone does when he takes over, but this is due largely to the fact that Tyrone has a much tougher task.

Nazimova does a sincere bit as Tyrone's mother; Linda Darnell is decorative as the other girl; John Carradine doesn't know how to do a bad acting job, and this is one of his best; J. Carroll Naish, Laird Cregar and Anthony Quinn are fine in small bits.

Never has Rita Hayworth been as good. Her gowns are daring and exciting. And her performance is the best of her strangely up-and-down career. If this job doesn't set her definitely as one of the top stars of today, there ain't no justice! Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★½ Shepherd of the Hills

There is no simple way to classify this film. It has many fine qualities, it has many faults, it has magnificent scenery and color photography—and it has the very finest possible acting. The fact remains that there will be some of you who won't care for the story.

Harold Bell Wright's famous old-time novel is portrayed faithfully. But the story's dated, and nothing's been done about it.

The plot takes place in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Life is beautiful and rough and wild down there; so wild that moonshining is considered a normal occupation, and killin' and feudin' its natural attributes. In this background a story of regeneration and retribution is painted, with Betty Field, John Wayne and Harry Carey handling the big acting loads.

This reporter happens to believe that in this movie Betty once more delivers a new-type interpretation. When you consider the versatility displayed by a youngster who can play the leads in such varied films as "Mice and Men," "Seventeen" and "Shepherd," you begin to realize why she has gone this far this fast.

John Wayne gives Betty a close race for top honors as the mountain boy who is in love with her but can't marry her because he's got a feud to settle. Harry Carey is unbelievably good as the mystery man, the title character.

Highest honors also to Beulah Bondi as

(*Continued on page 89*)

Anne Shirley in "The DEVIL and DANIEL WEBSTER"
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



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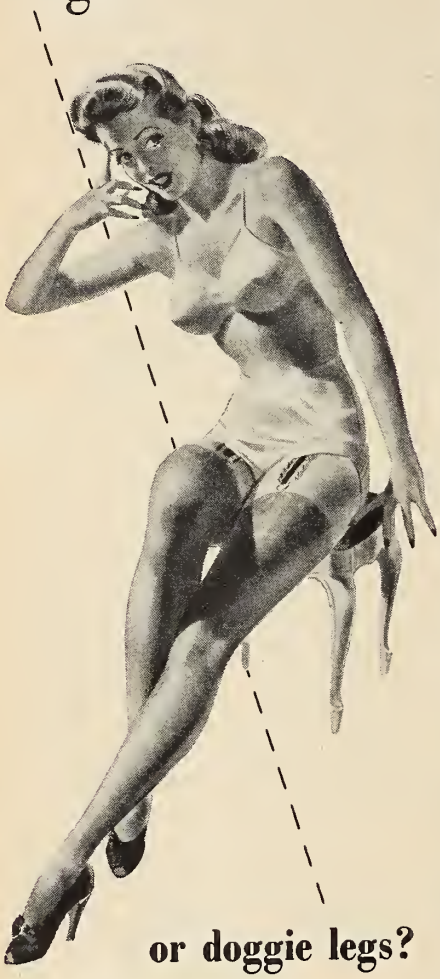
NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

did he mean . . . doggy legs



or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine . . . or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms . . . leave it for a few minutes . . . then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stuhhle to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get neet today

SCREEN ALMANAC

Continued from June issue

HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN ASKING FOR—

LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL-KNOWN FACES!



Jack Holt

Born John Charles Holt, May 31, 1888, Winchester, Va. Adventurous son of a minister. Early in life sought his fortune as a sand hog, fur trapper, freight packer, cow puncher, stunt rider, member of an Alaskan expedition. Wound up in movies in 1915 and practically relived his experiences on the screen. Centered his interests around polo. Stopped playing recently. Sits on the sidelines and watches son Tim carry on. Despises lap dogs and double features. Never misses a Rose Bowl game or latest in spine-tingling detective yarns!



Tim Holt

Born John Charles Holt, Jr., Feb. 5, 1920, Beverly Hills, Cal. Veritably weaned on polo and motion pictures. Made his début on screen at age of ten with papa Jack Holt. Head of his class at Culver. Loves out of doors, excels at badminton and swimming, raises cocker spaniels and owns a string of polo ponies. A candid camera fiend; he snaps his own travelogues and shorts. Hates formal togs and night clubs. Is tanned as an Indian. Needs almost no sleep but loves plenty of food (particularly thick steaks with lots of juice). Hollywood's youngest daddy.



Bob Hope

Born Lester Townes Hope, July 9, 1907, London, Eng. Topnotch authority on Scotch jokes . . . made his first hit in "Roberta" then played in "Red, Hot and Blue" . . . has six brothers . . . loves mobs of people around him . . . loathes formality, trolley cars, pepper and snow . . . talks about ten different things at once . . . skips back and forth with no warning (mentally, it's like watching a tennis game to listen to him) . . . nothing enrages him more than to be interrupted . . . most effective pacifier is pie à la mode . . . always ready to lend a side-splitting Hope performance to charity.



Miriam Hopkins

Born Miriam Hopkins, Oct. 18, 1902, Savannah, Ga. Studied to be writer . . . switched to drama . . . has closets and drawers filled to the brim with furs and jewelry . . . loves paintings and has her walls covered with 'em (looks just like an exhibition) . . . her pilot-butler scares the wits out of her doing barrel rolls over the house; but only amuses her adopted son Michael . . . hates pastels . . . can't stand sight of grey . . . loves crisply tailored clothes . . . lodges guests in a spacious, beautifully furnished de luxe trailer, and they love it!



Walter Huston

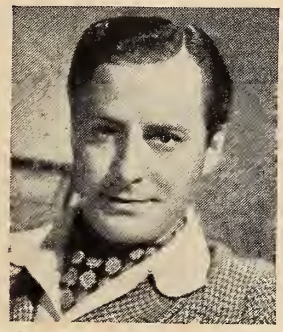
Born Walter Huston, April 6, 1884, Toronto, Can. Looks and often acts more like the engineer he started out to be, than an actor. Loves to fool around with sound effects. Makes amazing furniture, the three-in-one-piece type. His hobby's cabinet-making. Eugene O'Neill's plays are his favorites. Won't have a phone in his house, wouldn't dream of buying an expensive car (owns two Fords). Likes entertaining at home but can't be dragged to a night club. Lives with wife in San Bernadino Mts., even when the snow gets 17 feet deep!



JOHN HOWARD . . . Born John Cox, April 14, 1913, Cleveland, Ohio. Was a Phi Beta Kappa and president of University Players at Western Reserve. Family finances thwarted his plans to be an English professor, so he turned to acting. Organized his own dance band in college (he plays piano, drum, sax and trumpet). Swears like a longshoreman, cooks like a dream and doesn't mind washing dishes! Draws and paints like a professional. Disinterested in all babies except Hedy Lamarr's cute adopted son, Jimmy.



LESLIE HOWARD . . . Born Leslie Stainer, April 24, 1893, London, Eng. Most elusive man in Hollywood . . . would rather play polo than sleep; and he really loves to sleep! . . . has astounding repertoire of accents running gamut from cockney to Brooklynese . . . hates to be well-garbed; sticks to beer jackets, slacks and berets most of time . . . can eat unbelievable quantities of roast beef and drink gallons of stout . . . devours Shakespeare . . . makes home movies of his kids . . . filming British propaganda pictures.



JOHN HUBBARD . . . Born John Hubbard, 1914, Chicago, Ill. Easy going . . . impenetrable as a sphinx . . . pores over biographies and funnies (literally lives from one Flash Gordon episode to the next) . . . tweedy looking . . . wed on April Fool's Day after 9-year courtship . . . wife calls him Hub . . . first thing he notices about a woman is her eyes . . . loves acting and wouldn't quit if he had a million, works at it from 5 A.M. till 9:30 P.M. . . . best friends are ex-prizefighters and bullfighters . . . keeps in trim fighting a phony bull on wheels!

(Continued on page 14)

You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



Photograph by Dovid Berns

This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

SO MANY WOMEN cloud their beauty through improper cleansing . . . use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be. "My skin is so responsive to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says this lovely bride. "It seems so much fresher-looking."

Mrs. Langley is so right. Skin specialists recommend a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say —"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day, twice a day, give your skin Camay's gentle cleansing care. Be constant—put your entire confidence in Camay. And in a few short weeks you may hope to see a lovelier you.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.



SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year . . . Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is *worn internally*. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands *need not even touch* the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax *now!*

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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ROCHELLE HUDSON
Born Rochelle Hudson, Claremore, Okla., March 6, 1916. Direct descendant of Hendrik Hudson. Had stage ambitions at the age of four, but the Oklahoma laws prohibited the appearance of minors on the stage, so the Hudsons moved to California. She attended Fox Studio School. Has 15 hook rugs to her credit, as well as several paintings. Doesn't like dogs, but owns two cats. Loves to sit down at the piano and improvise by the hour. Tell her a book is a best-seller, and she'll avoid it like the plague.

•

MARY BETH HUGHES
Born Mary Elizabeth Hughes, Alton, Ill., Nov. 13, 1919. Her grandma acted on stage with Ethel Barrymore—gave family claim to fame and spurred Mary Beth on to dramatics. First went to California for her mother's health; stayed on because of overwhelming success. Lives in modest bungalow in West Los Angeles, drives tiny car of ancient vintage; concentrates wholly on her work, rarely goes out at night. Doesn't diet, gorges on chicken à la king, reads light fiction, keeps four dogs. Is scared to death of fires—gets jitters at scream of fire siren!

•

IAN HUNTER
Born Ian Hunter, Capetown, South Africa, June 13, 1900. Attended St. Andrews College, Grahamstown, S. A.; entered World War toward the end, and looking around for something to do in London after the war, he hit upon acting. His other ambition is to be a chef, lobster thermidor being his specialty. Can't play a note but loves music. Give him beer, cheese, oysters, caviar and lots of Dorothy Parker's poetry, and he's happy. Hates going to the tailor, new shoes, radios, automobiles, civilization and progress.

•

RUTH HUSSEY
Born Ruth Hussey, Providence, R. I., Oct. 30, 1916. Studied to be painter and secretary; turned out actress. Got her start fashion commentating on home town radio station. Dwells in a Hollywood hotel. Can't resist petting stray cats, chooses quiet people for chums, takes in all concerts, operas and art exhibits in town. Favorite color is blue; choice flower is poppy; shore dinners are her dish. Hates to get up early, finds 9 o'clock calls hardest part of her job. On the side, she plays piano and snaps pictures of unsuspecting friends.

•

GLORIA JEAN
Born Gloria Jean Schoonover, Buffalo, N. Y., April 14, 1928. Her adoring father swears she started singing at the age of eighteen months and learned the words of songs before she could carry on the shortest conversation. Deanna Durbin is her "truest ideal." The greatest punishment in the world to her would be to make her stop singing for even a day. She wants to go to college, and the only difficulty she has in school is mathematics. Has a huge collection of every kind of doll.

•

ALLEN JENKINS
Born Allen McGonigal, New York, N. Y., April 9, 1900. Changed his name because he could never remember how to spell it. Attended American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He calls himself the worst dressed man in Hollywood. Never goes near a night club. Claims he eats like two horses. Is an excellent cook, his specialty being shrimps creole. Has several chow dogs and is still startled every time he sees their blue tongues.

•

RITA JOHNSON
Born Rita Johnson, Worcester, Mass., Aug. 13, 1914. Was bitten by the acting bug at the age of four. She starred in grammar school dramatics, but in high school was told she couldn't act! Strangely enough she much prefers movies to the theatre because she feels that the educational scope is wider. Has played bits in more than twenty movies. Is a coffee fiend and is automatically served gallons of coffee wherever she goes. Gets into food ruts ordering the same thing day after day for months. Secret passion: Spencer Tracy, of whom her husband Stanley Kahn is frightfully jealous.

•

ALLAN JONES
Born Allan Jones, Scranton, Penn., Oct. 14, 1914. He has worked in coal mines and driven trucks, won two scholarships, studied abroad and sung for the St. Louis Municipal Theatre. His two great ambitions are paradoxical; he wants to play a non-singing role in the movies and warble at the Metropolitan Opera. Has the finest stable in Hollywood and when he is not working, puts on a horse show every Tuesday for sight-seers. He uses his own horse if he has to ride on the screen.

•

VICTOR JORY
Born Victor Jory, Dawson City, Alaska, Nov. 23, 1902. Started his career as a prize fighter, with a burning ambition to acquire cauliflower ears. Was champion wrestler of the National Guard. Attended University of California. Has appeared in 515 plays. Owns 5,000 books and claims he has read every single one. He is an expert at outdoor cookery. Is always smoking either a pipe or cigarettes. His favorite role was the





lead in "Liliom"; his favorite actress is Katie Cornell. Was a woman hater till he met up with Jean Inness—and married her.

•

BRENDA JOYCE
Born Betty Leabo, Excelsior Springs, Mo., Feb. 25, 1916. No dizzy blonde is this young lady, for she won a scholarship to U.C.L.A. and worked her way through two years by modeling clothes. After leaving she became a full-time model but kept her eye on the studios. She was tested for the role of Fern in "The Rains Came," and her career was assured. She's had one flying trip East but didn't get near the Stork Club, which simply killed her; thinks the movies are just as good as the theatre, considers hubby Owen Ward the handsomest man in the world and is as natural as the girl next door.

•

JOHN JUSTIN
Born John Justinian Ledsma, London, Eng., 1917. Got his first experience in stock in Liverpool; became discouraged and went to South America where he toiled as a ranch hand. Tiring of this life, he worked his way back to England as a deckhand and entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. He is a member of the Royal Air Force and was on leave when he made "The Thief of Bagdad." His nickname is J. J., and his favorite pastime is munching apples.

•

BORIS KARLOFF
Born William Henry Pratt, Dulwich, Eng., Nov. 23, 1886. He is the son of an English noble, but he went to seek his fortune in Canada, where he found that a pick and shovel job was no picnic. Started acting because it was easier. Has been in films since 1920 . . . loves poetry . . . tweeds . . . dogs . . . is afraid of children, and vice versa . . . good at crossword puzzles . . . makes the best martini in Hollywood . . . likes small, intimate parties.

•

NANCY KELLY
Born Nancy Kelly, Lowell, Mass., March 25, 1921. Had 52 pictures to her credit when she got to Hollywood! Played kiddie roles at a Long Island studio. Was a model for James Montgomery Flagg, as was her mother. Collects what-nots . . . likes clangy bracelets . . . has a deathly fear of high places . . . wouldn't walk under a ladder for $1,000 . . . has worn out 13 records of "Night and Day," which is also her favorite perfume . . .

DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES

New Beauty Test for Teeth
...as important as make-up



Learn Beauty's final secret...

MAKE THE TONGUE TEST

1—DO THIS . . . Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth!

2—YOU'LL LEARN... that filmy coating on teeth is a warning your tooth paste may be letting you down. Because sticky coating collects and stains, dims the brilliance of your smile.

3—SWITCH TO PEPSODENT with Irium. You'll *know* the power of a flashing smile when you *feel* the smooth sparkle of shining teeth.

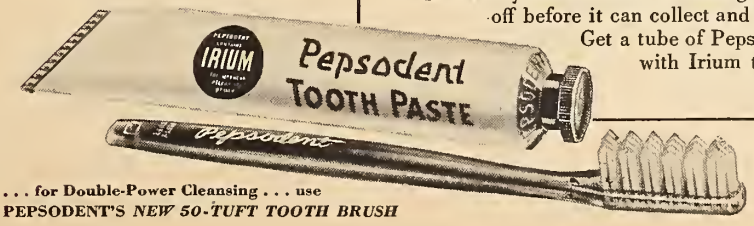
• *Only* Pepsodent gives you Irium, supercleansing agent that loosens and flushes away filmy coating.

• *Only* Pepsodent contains the patented high-polishing agent which buffs teeth to such shiny smoothness that coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Get a tube of Pepsodent with Irium today.

Remember Coated Teeth can spoil your loveliness. Make the Pepsodent Tongue-Test. . . Now!





. . . for Double-Power Cleansing . . . use
PEPSODENT'S *NEW 50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH*

IT'S FUN TO BE INFORMAL

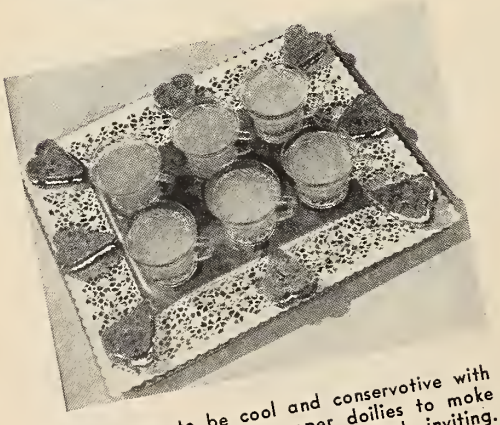
BY NANCY ARCHIBALD



Nothing formal about the host and hostess on the Gable farm as they entertain, help-yourself style, in honor of Clark's new film, M-G-M's "They Met in Bombay."



—It's fun to set the table with paperware. Save footwear with a small table for dessert course and serve a cooling pineapple punch.



—And fun to be cool and conservative with cut-outs from dainty paper doilies to make your refreshments look crisp and inviting.

Courtesy Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Company

Informality's the rule on the Gable farm. Clark and Carole love to have company drift in around dinner time and stay for a feed—providing they help prepare it themselves. And if it's a July night, hot and breathless, you'll find the Gables out beneath the stars.

Supper is served picnic style on the porch. The makings are spread out colorfully, lavishly. From then on each guest is his own chef with no food-combinations barred. Count on Clark to set the mood with a superman three-decker: alternate layers of sliced tomatoes mixed with thin crisp bacon, sliced breast of chicken and slices of roast beef —mounted on toasted whole wheat!

Whole cook books could be written about the Gable appetite. Carole can tell you that it's solid, masculine and impatient. After a day's toil on the farm wrestling with soil and tractor, he's liable to be too hungry to get his overalls off for dinner. And sometimes Carole has to send him back for "retakes" with the soap and water!

If his fingernails pass inspection, she turns her boy-man loose on his favorite dish—broiled trout and Boston baked beans. Or if the trout isn't biting, he can eat his way through salmon salad by the bowlful.

When Clark is working on a picture, the size of his meals varies with the amount of action in the plot. During his latest, M-G-M's thrilling melodrama, "They Met in Bombay," with Roz Russell—all about jewel thieves and phony detectives racing madly around exotic East-Indian sets —Carole had a real struggle to keep her husband well-fed. She fears the farm will soon run out of greens from the vegetable garden and livestock from the corral if Clark keeps on in this type of role.

Why don't you take a tip from the Gables and do your summer entertaining informally? You can trim your table gayly with bowls filled with substantial salads and trays laden with colorful sandwiches and chilled desserts. Serve one hot dish and a good old-fashioned raisin cake to balance the lighter dishes. Canned pineapple juice makes a fine foundation for cooling beverages. Spiced tea with pineapple juice ice-cubes always proves popular. You can serve hot tea, too, and you'll find it will win friends—even on the warmest evenings. Try thin slices of lime stuck with one or two cloves as a variation for lemon. Coffee is a winner

served either hot or iced when accompanied with chilled whipped cream.

If you think picnic-style meals a little too rough-and-tumble, arrange your buffet more formally but keep it cool and casual with novel ceramics, lacy paper doilies that you can get inexpensively at your local five and dime store and a fresh-flower or tropic-fruit centerpiece.

SUMMER SALMON SALAD

To serve four:
1 small head lettuce
1 can salmon
1 onion, minced fine
2 tomatoes, quartered
2 green peppers
2 eggs, hard-boiled
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons vegetable or mineral oil
1 teaspoon lemon juice
salt, pepper, paprika, garlic salt and celery salt

1. Trim off chilled head lettuce, tear off crisp leaves and arrange in large bowl.

2. Open can of salmon and empty into a soup plate. Remove bones and pieces of skin. Add minced onions and heart of lettuce chopped fine.

3. Arrange salmon and onion on lettuce, garnish with quartered tomatoes, sliced hard-boiled eggs and green peppers sliced in thin rings.

4. To fish-oil remaining in soup plate add vegetable oil, lemon juice, vinegar and seasoning—mix well and pour over salad. Keep salad in cool place until serving. (To enlarge for unexpected company add cold sliced boiled potatoes and diced radishes.)

EASY RAISIN CAKE

To make 12 slices:
⅓ cup soft butter
1⅓ cups brown sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup milk
1¾ cups flour
3 teaspoons all-phosphate baking powder
⅓ teaspoon nutmeg
⅓ teaspoon mace
⅓ teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon grated orange and lemon peel
⅓ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup seedless raisins

1. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs and milk. Then sift flour, baking powder and spices together and add to cake batter, beating in thoroughly.

2. Wash raisins in hot water, allowing to soak one or two minutes, drain and dry on a fresh towel. Add grated fruit peel, raisins and vanilla to batter and stir.

4. Pour cake batter into greased paper-lined loaf pan (about 9½ x 4½ x 3). Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for from 50 to 55 minutes. Do not serve until cool. If you wish to make the cake richer, pour 1 pony rum over it and wrap in a dry cloth until ready to serve.

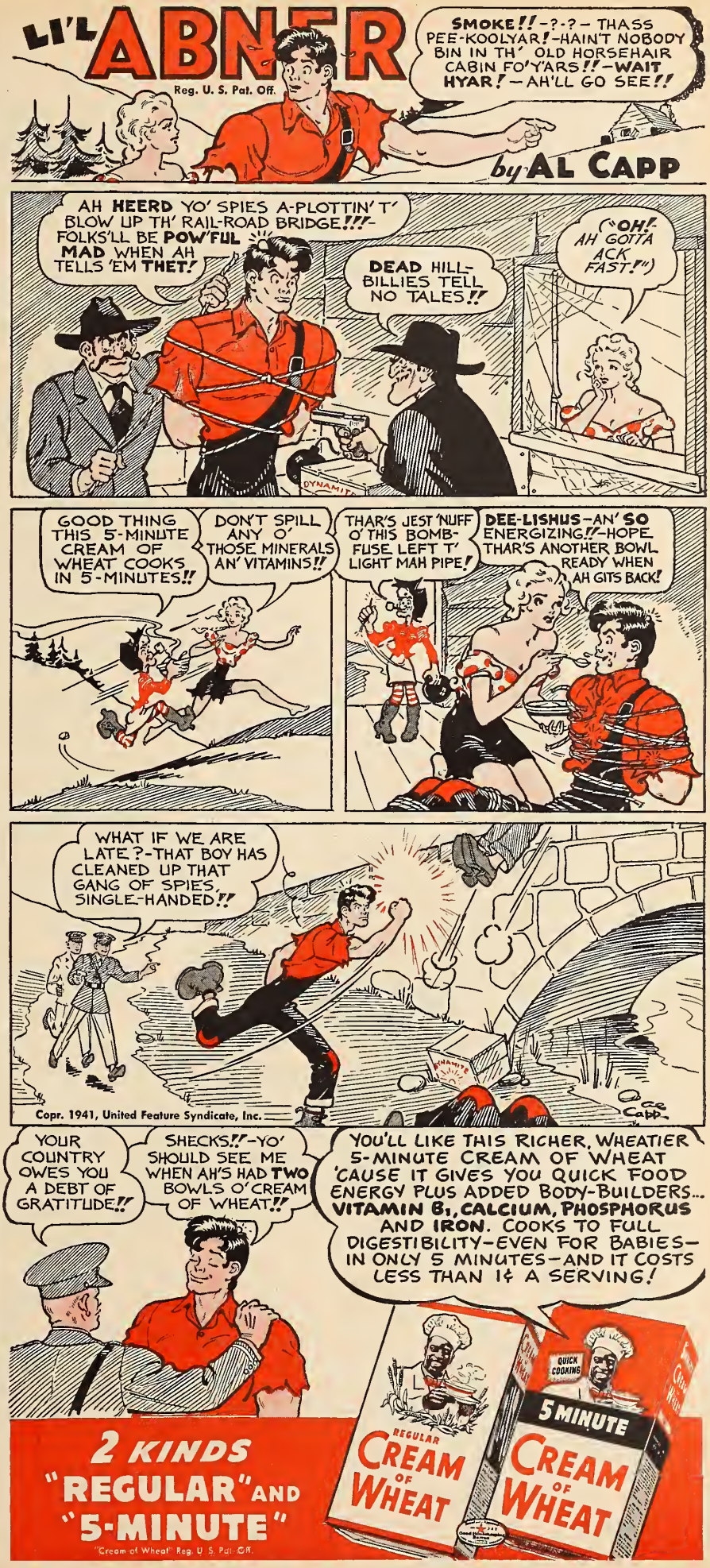
REFRESHING PINEAPPLE JUICE PUNCH

Sparkling Pineapple Punch: 6 to 7 servings—double or triple recipe according to amount desired.

2 cups canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice
1 cup Pepsi Cola or ginger ale
½ cup grapefruit juice
¼ cup raspberry sirup
sliced oranges and maraschino cherries
crushed ice or ice cubes

1. Mix fruit juices and raspberry sirup and chill in refrigerator. (If fresh raspberry juice is used, add 3 tablespoons sugar.)

2. When ready to serve, add Pepsi Cola, ginger ale, sliced fruit and ice.




Yes, boys and girls, it's BETTY GRABLE
. . . in love!
. . . in Miami!
. . . in a bathing suit!
. . . in Technicolor!
Join her holiday fling at romance . . . in America's gay holiday town!
MOON OVER MIAMI
IN TECHNICOLOR!
featuring
DON AMECHE
BETTY GRABLE
ROBERT CUMMINGS
and
Charlotte Greenwood • Jack Haley
Carole Landis • Cobina Wright, Jr.
Directed by Walter Lang • Produced by Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Vincent Lawrence and Brown Holmes
Adaptation by George Seaton and Lynn Starling • From a Play by Stephen Powys • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger • Dances Staged by Hermes Pan
A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
a Varga Esq.
8 grand songs
"I'VE GOT YOU ALL TO MYSELF"
"HURRAH FOR TODAY"
"KINDERGARDEN CONGA"
"LOVELINESS and LOVE"
"YOU STARTED SOMETHING"
"SOLITARY SEMINOLE"
"IS THAT GOOD?"
"MIAMI"



Ilona Massey

Ever since she was a humble Hungarian peasant girl with a yen for Rudy Valentino, Ilona Massey dreamed of becoming a great dramatic actress. Realizing her ambition in United Artists' stirring "International Lady," songstress Massey warbles but one tune, tickles your spine with her powerful emoting. She started out as an errand girl in a Budapest shop, advanced to model and thence to chorus girl in the leading opera house. She secretly studied voice (against the advice of the management) and one night stepped into the ailing prima donna's shoes and brought down the house. Her marriage to a young Budapest capitalist ended when his parents forced a divorce in 1935. Grief-stricken, he took his life. Ilona plunged deeper than ever into her career, became top-notch on the European concert stage. Her first job in this country was losing eleven superfluous pounds on a diet of dry liver, cottage cheese, pineapple and skim milk! Last March she became Alan Curtis' bride and hopes for no less than a dozen wee ones!



Joseph Cotten

Born May 15, 1910, Joseph Cotten spent his first 16 years in Petersburg, Va., where he was known as the town problem child. His first serious ambition was to act, and at 17 he joined a little theatre in Miami, Fla., where for five years he swept, posted bills and played everything from bits to leads. A role as understudy with David Belasco on Broadway led to 56 weeks of arduous little theatre work in Boston, and stage and radio shows with Orson Welles. "The Philadelphia Story" (stage) and "Citizen Kane" put his name in lights, and his present "Illusion" for United Artists promises to make the letters a few sizes larger. Joe, who's 6' 2" tall and weighs 185 pounds, lives in Brentwood with his wife (writer Lenore Kip) and daughter; rarely mixes in the Hollywood whirl; prefers riding, badminton, football, reading and record-playing (he has a gigantic collection) to social chit-chatting. In his carpentry shop he turns out shelves for the entire household.



Joan Crawford

In Hollywood and points east, Joan Crawford's an individualist with a capital "I." She uses neither powder nor rouge on the street (despite a generous sprinkling of freckles), never drinks, loathes hats and makes her own bed. She wears a special wig over her hair when it's newly set. Once dove into a pool, wig first! A super-sentimentalist, she's saved every blessed item ex-hubby Tone ever sent her. Her enthusiasm for Garbo matches the ardor of her own fans! She and her adopted baby Christina spend their leisure time in New York where Joan "gets out of the rut." To her cocktail parties there, she invites highbrow intellectuals in every known field. Her two pets are a pair of dachshunds who débuted in "Susan and God." They keep away her arch enemies—crawfish! Winters she stays snug with six fur coats! Dead serious about her career, she deliberately chose the difficult role in M-G-M's "A Woman's Face" for its dramatic value.



Philip Dorn

One of biggest European stage names to crash Hollywood headlines is that of Philip Dorn, currently appearing in Warner Brothers' "Underground." Born Fritz Van Dongen on Sept. 30, 1905, he's 6' 2" tall, weighs 179 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. He's probably the only screen star to belong to the Queen's Guard, an honorary organization whose duty was to patrol the royal Dutch castles. Of an old shipbuilding family in Scheveningen, Holland, the Van Dongens' beliefs forbade theatre-going, and his mother has yet to see her first movie! His spouse is Marianne van Dam, European tragédienne. In his spare time he goes in for classical music, reading, fencing and photography, and is "fascinated" by cowboy songs. As part of his training for American films, he sees five movies a week and studies English five hours per day. He's crazy about dogs, especially mongrels, "because they have less airs and more understanding of human frailty."



Veronica Lake

In Paramount's "I Wanted Wings," nightclub singer Veronica Lake nearly wrecks the careers of three flying cadets and makes hash of a U. S. Flying Fortress. Off-screen she's as meek as Moses, earnest and extremely proper; ups her nose at title of glamour girl; aspires to be a second Katie Cornell. She's wed to John Detlie, prudently pays $50-a-month rent, hoards her pennies for a home in the valley. Born at Lake Placid, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1919, she set her cap for an M.D. degree, but left college to cash in on her parents' winter jaunts to Florida and California. During a Hollywood visit, Veronica casually accompanied an actress friend to a studio interview and was offered a part then and there! She refused it and enrolled in dramatic school to study in earnest. Weighing only 98 pounds, she's 5' 3" tall and wears her natural blonde tresses in what her friends call a "sheepdog bob." Privately she sweeps it up high atop her head.



Bette Davis

It would be well-nigh impossible to picture Bette Davis without a cigarette in her hand, spectacles and a book, make-up from head to toe, her bottle of milk on the set, her protruding eyes (resulting from a burn from a flaming Christmas tree), her tie collection—including a red and blue one of Roosevelt's and a grey of Lindbergh's. It would be just as impossible to imagine her being mean to dogs, reporters and autograph hunters, exhibiting her expert rumba to the public, going to bed early and rising at daybreak during vacation, tossing out her prize horror album (full of unflattering portraits of herself). You'd find it more than difficult to catch her laughing softly, leaving coupons unclipped, sitting up straight in her chair, not peppering her conversation with "damn," swearing off clam chowder and potatoes. But it seems the most natural thing in the world to see her playing the leading role in Samuel Goldwyn's film, "The Little Foxes"!

..."Kitty Foyle"...
..Academy Award...
..and now...The Picture of Her Dreams!

GINGER ROGERS





"TOM, DICK and HARRY"

with

Geo. Murphy
Alan Marshal
Burgess Meredith

RKO RADIO PICTURES

WE GUARANTEE
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
A LOVE STORY LIKE IT!

Directed by GARSON KANIN
Produced by ROBERT SISK
Story and Screen Play by Paul Jarrico



According to the stars, newlyweds Harris and Faye have a long love-life-line. These same wise stars (says astrologer Blanca Holmes) remind Alice that they warned her not to marry that bewitching Martin man in the first place.

She shall have music . . .

The first time Alice Faye and Phil Harris went on a date exactly four months ago, she ignored his charming manners and his undeniably romantic approach and, after carefully surveying his stocky six foot frame, blurted:

"Phil, you're getting too darn fat!"

This apparently pricked Phil Harris' vanity and bruised his sensitivity. He admits today that he fell for Alice on their very first meeting. And if she thought he was getting too fat, well, maybe he was. Perhaps hanging around Don Wilson and his three publicized chins had deceived Phil for years into feeling comparatively slender. So, immediately, with Alice Faye's words still ringing in his ears, Phil Harris went on a historic diet. It was a diet that made M. Gandhi seem like a glutton. Phil Harris also went on a rigid and Spartan exercise campaign that made Lionel Strongfort seem like an anemic.

In a short time he had lost fifteen pounds. Each pound of flesh was a calvary. Friends reported that he became overly conscious of his figure, and that he watched pounds closer than the Bank of England. Sir Launcelot and all the Holy Grail-hunters never did more for the sake of true love.

As for Alice Faye, she practiced what she preached. If Phil could lose weight for her, well, she could keep her own waistline down. For, though merely five feet two in height and weighing only 112, Alice had always been a lover of rich foods, one who appreciated juicy steaks as much as fat roles. So, not only for the sake of her future but for the sake of setting a good example for Phil and keeping her appearance perfect for him, she hewed to her lines.

And now, obviously, it has all been worth the sacrifice. For Alice Faye, the reformed band singer, and Phil Harris, the bright-cracking band leader, are happily married in Encino, California. And they have the blessings of Hollywood's foremost fortune teller who has predicted "a long and extremely successful wedlock." But since they are both on pigmy diets, and since they eat nothing at all, their combine is proof enough that it is possible



Cesar Romero is always good medicine for a gal who needs to smile. Here, at a 20th-Fox banquet, Alice basks while the gracious Romero scintillates.



In the light-mourning days of her grass-widowhood, Alice played the field with a vengeance. This particular page of heart-balm is French producer Raymond Hakim.



Playboys, glamour boys, big-shot boys—Alice's men, end to end, would have reached from Ciro's to the Mocambo. The fetching grin is Sandy Cummings'

by Hugh Roberts

POST-GRAD EXPERIENCE IN THE MARRIAGE-SCHOOL IS WORKING WONDERS FOR ALICE AND PHIL!

for two people—if they will it—actually to live on love!

When Alice Faye and Phil Harris were knotted in Ensenada, Mexico, by Judge Jaime Pardo with five of Harris' Texas friends looking on, that afternoon in May, it was indeed the straight romantic goods. Because for two months before, they had made moon-eyes at each other in dark corners, sung the same songs, thought the same thoughts, dreamt the same dreams, and finally, when many skeptics wondered if it was an undiluted publicity gag, the pair permitted Dan Cupid to score another bull's eye.

Unquestionably it's an adhesive marriage—one that will stick. Experts ascertain that a successful couple must have mutual interests. Alice and Phil fill the bill. They have music, recent divorces, Rudy Vallee, a love of dancing, an enjoyment of sports and a variety of trivia in common.

Each has one strike, no hits, on the matrimonial scoreboard.

Alice Faye has long understood her major marriage handicap. "You see," she once explained, "when I chose to continue in films, I decided to throw love out the window. A girl can't afford to make more money than her husband. After all, it's still a man's world, and a man wants to be the head of the house." Yet despite this, she eloped to Yuma in September of 1937 and married dark-haired, handsome Tony Martin. They'd met when he played a minor part in her starring picture, "Sing, Baby, Sing," and he asked for her autograph and got her phone number. After endless public fights, a year of separation when Alice claimed she was "a golf widow," she filed suit for divorce in 1940, a divorce which became final last March. However, her split with Tony Martin was due only to one thing—he had to stay in the East for his career and she had to remain in Hollywood for hers, and to each career was the most important thing in life.

On the other hand, Phil Harris' adventure into matrimony and his recent divorce, while less publicized, was much the more startling. (*Continued on page 81*)



In 1934, Raft fell in love with Virginia Peine, ex-wife of Edward Lehman, the Chicago department store scion.

WHY WOMEN



In 1939, it was Norma. He asked in vain for a divorce from Grace Mulrooney, from whom he's been separated 15 years.



Now he and Betty Grable are inseparable. They talk baseball together and collaborate on a rumba that's out of this world!

PEINE WITH HER SOPHISTICATE, THEY HAVE ALL

There are three photographs in George Raft's bedroom. One is of Joan, nine-year-old daughter of Virginia Peine. One is Norma Shearer and her two children. The children make it okay, taking the emphasis off romance. Otherwise Norma wouldn't be there, as Virginia isn't. Not that George feels anything but friendliness for either. Only when a break comes, he believes in breaking clean. The third photograph is of Betty Grable, girl of his present. Maybe girl of his future.

That Raft is attractive to women is like saying that the sun rises in the east. On the screen they fall for him because he seems a fellow of infinite experience. Hands that can be tender and hard. Eyes that can melt or paralyze. The brew of love spiked with a hint of danger. Our so-called gentler sex likes it that way.

He doesn't belie his screen personality. Except that it takes a hell of a lot of provocation to make George get tough with a woman. His normal attitude is marked by an outmoded chivalry. If he'd been Sir Walter Raleigh, he'd probably have thrown himself instead of his cloak across the mud for his queen to walk on. He's thoughtful as few men are thoughtful, generous to the point of folly, a close-mouthed worshipper at the shrine of an ideal. "Treats 'em like tissue paper," shrugs his more realistic pal, Mack Gray.

In "Man Power" he had to slap Marlene Dietrich. First he tried to argue Raoul Walsh, the director, out of it. "She's a GIRL! I might hurt her!" Marlene assured him she could take it. "But *I* can't!" When they finally got him cornered, George closed his eyes tight, struck her and then disappeared, sick to his stomach.

He doesn't cast his women to type. The three who have meant most to him—Virginia Peine, Norma Shearer and Betty Grable—have little but their good looks in common. Yet each represented—and Betty still does—hope of the happiness he's been trying to find through the long years since his marriage was dissolved—in fact, if not in law. His wife's reluctance to divorce him hasn't made the quest easier. But for that, he might have been the husband of Virginia Peine. Which might have been a mistake.

He met her at a Chicago nightclub—a honey-haired beauty, exquisitely dressed, fed up with a marriage that hadn't worked and with the idle life to which she'd been reared, crazy to be an actress. They said little more than hello to each other that night, but her face stayed with him. He glimpsed it again at the Clover Club in Hollywood and grinned to himself. She'd sworn to get to Hollywood, and here she was. "I'll call you," he said, but didn't. Because Mr. Raft doesn't believe in the legend of Mr. Raft, lady killer. He's proud as Lucifer—sensitive to rebuffs, so forces himself on no one—pleased when women like him but never taking their favors for granted. "What happened?" she challenged him when next they met at a cocktail party.

"Afraid I might get to like you too much."

She smiled. "Call me anyway."

That was the beginning, and it lasted four and a half years. Virginia taught George to play bridge. She went dutifully to fights and ball games with him, trying

BY IDA ZEITLIN

FALL FOR RAFT

SOCIAL BACKGROUND, SHEARER THE GRABLE THE LAUGHTER-LOVING— SUCCUMBED TO HIM. HERE'S WHY!

The Latin-looking Raft is of German-Hungarian extraction. Real name is Ranft. Owns 50 suits; keeps trousers in one closet, jackets in another. Wants to buy a baseball team.



without much success to put her heart into it. He enjoyed taking her out. Any man would have been proud of her. There was nothing she didn't know about how to wear clothes. He'd been building a house for his mother in Coldwater Canyon, but his mother died before it was finished. So he moved Virginia and little Joan in, living himself at a hotel. Liked it better, he said—less fuss. Every once in a while you'd hear that his wife had agreed to a divorce, so he could marry Virginia. Then you'd hear she hadn't.

Maybe that helped break it up. But Virginia's restless ambition helped, too. More than anything else, she wanted a career. It didn't pan out in Hollywood, so she went to England, then to New York, where she started making headway. It became the old story. Can two people, separated by geography, remain close in feeling? In this case they couldn't. Their friends say they'd have parted sooner if it hadn't been for Joan.

She was two when Raft met her mother, and he's laid at her small feet as much love as if she were a child of his own. He's a pushover for kids, anyway. This was a particularly attractive one, whose growth he'd watched from babyhood, who responds to his love with the fervor of a warm heart. She's in New York now with her mother, who got what she wanted—a good part in the Gertrude Lawrence hit, "Lady in the Dark." George thinks that's swell. He thinks Virginia's swell. He sees her in New York when he calls at the house for Joan. But they don't go out together, even on casual dates. As noted above, George prefers (*Continued on page 69*)



Dan Topping, of the curly black hair, crinkly brown eyes and perpetual smile, is one of the "steel" Toppings. His sister-in-law is Gloria Baker Topping of New York's 400.





LIFE

WHEN TWO GOOD SKATES GET TOGETHER THEY CAN'T HELP HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME!

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

At fourteen Sonja Henie made a prophecy that came perilously close to being the blueprint of her life.

If she had dreamed up the picture of marriage in a far country to a handsome fellow, half Adonis, half Esquire ad, a cavalier who would be Scotch and English and Irish (Sonja's maternal grandmama was Irish), a dashing guy who flew his own plane, played ice hockey, swam, fished, ran a football team, and whose name was Dan Topping, she would have made a one hundred per cent score as a Norwegian Cassandra—but optimistic.

Sonja was already a winner. She had skated off with the world figure-skating championship at Oslo, and then her family's friends got together for a rousing celebration with lots of *smorgasbord.* It was as the new champ lifted a spoonful of *lutefisk* to her plate that one of the elders looked paternally down at her.

"And now, little Sonja, are you satisfied?" he asked her. "You have conquered the world with your skates. There is nothing more for you to do."

Sonja tapped the side of her dish decisively with the spoon. "Oh, yes, there is," she declared. "There is much more for me to do. I want to win the Olympics three times; I want to win ten of these figure-skating championships. And I want to go into the movies."

If she added with a quick intake of breath, that she wanted to crown her career by marrying a handsome, wealthy man, she could have built her future, triumph by triumph, on the vision that she wished up for herself. But Henie, then as now, kept a strict silence about men, marriage and love. That was her own personal business. It has always been and always will be.



FOR HENIE IS TOPPING

Single-purposed, Sonja was tensing every muscle in her exercise-hardened body to bring about the fulfilment of one desire—to excel in skating. Love? That was a soft game. Time for that later, she thought.

As the furrier Wilhelm Henie's daughter (three generations in the fur business—no wonder today Sonja loves the luxury of fine furs; prides herself on owning a cape of the world's rare platinum fox skins) she had earned her first honors the hard way. Year after year from the age of eight, she followed the ice over the continent, taking lessons from Europe's finest teachers, entering contests only to come in last, as at Chamonix in '24 when she tried out for the Olympics the first time.

As the honors piled up, there were romance rumors—Jeff Dickson, the sports promoter; Clifford Jeapes, the British film magnate; Jack Dunn, young Cambridge student and aviator—her skating partner on the 1936 tour—might have been the real thing, but his sudden death struck that out.

In Hollywood after Darryl Zanuck signed her to a film contract in 1937, the rumors expanded to horrific size. . . . Richard Greene, Cesar Romero, Tyrone Power (this made a lot of dust), Lee Bowman, Alan Curtis. Through it all Sonja dimpled and was quoted as saying she liked a man who was a "good dancer and had a sense of humor." This was safe talk.

Besides there was her apology for a lack of serious matrimonial intention . . . "too busy." It's the career woman's perfect alibi for a shortage of that thing called love. It might not have been apparent to the gossip-column followers, but it was true of Sonja. There was truth in what she said about being "too busy," but she's just as busy today—and she is very potently married.

The answer is that the Queen of the Ice has met her match—and her mate. The girl who can pull in a million dollars for one short season with her skates and her ability to whip up fairy-like ice extravaganzas has had her mind changed by Dan Topping.

Whether he can change it as far as he would like to, which would include giving up her annual skating tours and giving only occasional exhibitions, is something else again.

The Topping-Henie romance is right out of a book. Piece it together, and you have a perfect romantic scenario.

The tall, tanned Topping is all that any girl could wish for. Although he has been catalogued as a "wealthy playboy" because he seldom seems to be going through the gestures of hard work, he actually works as he plays. His interests lie in a professional football team—the Brooklyn Dodgers—and, in directorial capacity only, in the baseball team of the same name. To satisfy his white-collar instincts he runs an advertising agency, too, handling one of the nation's juiciest accounts, the National Distillers, an organization of about fifty of the country's leading liquor manufacturers.

One evening in January of last year, just as Topping was dressing to attend an ice show at New York's Madison Square Garden, the phone rang, and he found his host at the other end of the wire. "Say, Dan," the phone crackled, "I've just discovered that I have to take the sleeper plane to California. Business. Urgent. Let's not spoil the evening. You take the tickets and use them. I wouldn't want Sonja to think that I had wasted them. She sent them over."

Dan, a little bored perhaps, said, "Sure," he'd go.

To Dan Topping at that precise moment, the name Sonja Henie meant a swell little athlete who was also a swell looker. A girl he had met casually at a party three years before. But that was all. He was, to put it bluntly, fed up with women in general. (*Continued on page 71*)





Sonja conceals tiny weights in her curls to keep them intact while she does things on ice in 20th Century-Fox's "Sun Valley Serenade," co-starring Johnny Payne.

Candidly Yours

LIFE BEGINS AT DUSK FOR HOLLYWOOD'S FUN-LOVING YOUNGER FRY!



Mary Beth Hughes sups with "Skitch" Henderson at Charlie Foy's. "Skitch" is radio's wonder boy at the piano.



Every night is beau night to turtle-raising Ann Rutherford! It was worth Bob Ross' life to get a date with her at Ciro's.



Just-friends Jane Russell and Jack Buetel double-dated with the Gary Coopers t'other night. Neither kid drinks or smokes.



Love's definitely found Jimmy Lydon—Paramount's new Henry Aldrich. She's Jean Kindley, jitterbug par excellence.



The Darnell-Rooney romance has chilled, and the Roon's on the loose again. Current gal's Wampas starlet Sheila Ryan.



That ace of scene stealers, Virginia Weidler, tells Terry Kilburn she does it with yo-yos and ice cream cones!



Newly blonded Judy Garland and Dave Rose went on a spree the night of June 10th to celebrate their double birthday!



Last fling for June Preisser, who'll soon be Mrs. Gar Wood, Jr.—some close harmony with Bob Hughes at a recent party.



Freddie Bartholomew and June Carlson at the backstage party of "Pass the Nuts"—the play Jackie Moran produced.



Tom Brown and his bride-to-be, Dorothy O'Kelly. They met in Chicago last year during his personal appearance tour.



Connie Bennett's been getting married and divorced pretty regularly since 1921. Fourth groom is 35-year-old bachelor Gilbert Roland who used to be a Mexican bullfighter.



For services rendered on those toothsome lunches Bill Powell daily carts to work, he showers wife Diana with scrumptious jewels. He utterly detests studio meals and won't touch 'em!

. . . THE NOT-SO-MUCH OLDER CROWD I

When Margaret Hayes weds Jeff, she'll acquire both a new name (Mrs. Ragnar Godfrey Lind) and a perpetual supply of posies. It's his habit to send 'em to women who are nice to him!



Until her adopted son Jimmy is hers for keeps, Hedy Lamarr's keeping close to her fireside; steps out only on rare occasions —always with her steady fellah, Clevelander John Howard.



CONTINUED:



Looks like Gene Markey—who likes blondes and "tall stories"—has found the ideal combination. Cute June Storey wears sky-high heels on their twice-a-week dates.



Even though Coop's sitting pretty with a top-notch career, a gorgeous wife Sandra and a darling kid Maria, he still hangs onto his 15-year-old return ticket home to Helena, Montana!

HAVING ITSELF AN ELEGANT WHIRL, TOO! . . .

Mary Astor's 35th birthday was a happy one, what with a brand new ranch and freshly-signed contract. Only gloom was hubby Manuel del Campo's enlistment in the Canadian R.A.F.



Ever since Arthur Hornblow set eyes on Myrna 8 years ago, things have been happening—3 years' courtship, Mexican wedding in June, '36, reconciliation after gloomy 3 mos. separation.



accent on LOVE

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



Si and Ellen's merger this summer will be a second try for both. He was married for 5 years to Alice White; she was wed to Fred Wallace for 7 years.

A BOY-MEETS-GIRL STORY—WITH MORE

"Let's go to polo this afternoon," someone suggested. There was an immediate murmur of assent.

Ellen, watching the waiter toss her mixed green salad in the wooden bowl, protested mentally. There were a dozen things she would have preferred doing. It was so dull watching polo unless you happened to know someone who was playing.

She listened to the polite buzz of conversation and laughter shot through occasionally by an enthusiastic greeting as someone joined one of the groups lunching at the parasoled tables that were set in the gardens surrounding the fashionable Racquet Club swimming pool.

Ellen looked up at the peak of San Gorgonio heavy with January snow that towered over the desert. And she marvelled again at fabulous southern California and the fabulous things that had happened to her since she had arrived there. The green salad she had ordered so casually, saying to the waiter "—and bring me a green salad with my fish,"— cost every bit as much as she and her mother had allotted for their dinner in the old days in the Middle West when they had lived on the fifteen dollars a week she had earned as a salesgirl!

Si Bartlett approached their table, women's eyes following him. He was dressed for polo, and his white helmet set off his rich bronze skin.

"Hi there!" He hailed Gladys Wayne, Ellen's friend and house guest.

Gladys began introducing him all round. When she came to Ellen, he said, "Ellen and I have been waving gaily to each other at the studio for years, but I've never been able to get any further than that. Maybe a proper introduction would help."

Ellen held out her hand. "I've heard so much about you, Mr. Bartlett," she said. And all the time she was thinking she never had seen eyes so blue.

"Coming to the game this afternoon?" He addressed everyone, but his eyes never left Ellen.

"Looking forward to it," she assured him. She *was* looking forward to it now. As she had thought a few minutes before, it made all the difference in the world when you knew someone who was playing.

They settled themselves in the stands as the starting whistle blew. Almost immediately Si made a brilliant play that put his team in the lead.

"Tell me about Si Bartlett," Ellen said to the man next to her. "I know, of course, that he worked on the screen story for 'The Road to Zanzibar,' and that he's done a lot of other successful pictures . . . but what's his background?"

"His real name is Sacha Baraniev—believe it or not," her companion told her, "and he was born in Russia. On his mother's side, he's English. He used to be a newspaper man. And once upon a time, he was married to Alice White."

"He's interesting," Ellen said.

The whistle sounded for the next chukker. And almost immediately a horse and rider went to the ground. A

dozen voices took up the cry, "It's Si—it's Si Bartlett!"

Later Ellen and Si left the field in his car. "When you fell—" she said—but she got no further.

"I didn't fall," he told her. "The horse did. And a girl who's going to see as much polo as you are from now on should know about these things."

The trophy he had won rattled, unnoticed, on the seat between them. Later at the Racquet Club, he insisted it was hers.

"Ellen!" Gladys Wayne exclaimed, when they were in the powder room together, "Si's fallen for you—*really*! Oh, I know that seems ridiculous in this short time—but it's true!"

"How can you be sure?" Ellen wanted to know.

"He gave you his trophy, for one thing," Gladys told her, "and he's never given a trophy to a girl before!"

She glanced at Ellen's reflection in the glass as Ellen powdered her nose. "And you're overboard, too, darling!"

They drank champagne to christen the loving cup. And a pale rim of dawn hung over the mountains when Si headed his car toward Los Angeles.

Six o'clock the next evening he telephoned. "Look," he told Ellen, "I can't come back to Palm Springs. I have to stay in Hollywood and work. But you're between pictures, and you can be anywhere. So how about coming back to Hollywood and giving me a chance to show you what a swell place it can be?"

"I'll start tomorrow around noon, and you can take me to dinner tomorrow night," she said. "And I find you a very discouraging man."

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because," she explained, "you've talked me into cutting short a desert holiday I've been looking forward to for weeks . . . in spite of the fact that it was only last week I promised myself not to stick my neck out again for any man."

She paused. There was no answer. "Si," she said, "are you there? Are you listening?"

"I'm here," he said, "and I'm listening. I'm also wondering if you'll be as pretty in town clothes as you were in those white slacks and that blue coat and that red and white striped sweater, with your hair—that clean, crackly hair of yours—blowing all over your face. And don't ever tell me I don't notice what girls wear. . . . Anyway, by tomorrow night I'll know all! I'll know whether (*Continued on page 76*)



Her real name is Terry Ray—which she hates because it sounds like a boy's. Begged the studio to christen her "Erin" but compromised on Ellen. Stole the "Drew" at random from a phone book.

GENTLE JIM

BY JAMES CARSON

THE MOVIES HAVE HANDED HIM A HEART OF FLINT—BUT THAT CAGNEY TICKER IS STRICTLY FOURTEEN-CARAT!



Jim and his wife Billie dash to Martha's Vineyard whenever the hermit mood hits them. Up there he goes for weeks without a shave or haircut. Steers clear of mirrors and gloats over the fact there's not a phone on the place.

There's ironic humor in the circumstance that Jim Cagney's been typed as a roughneck on the screen. They've varied his ethics and social viewpoint. But gangster or misfit, bully or underdog, the accent remains on fists. Fists at the double. Side-of-the-mouth argot. A tough little sez-you! mick from the sidewalks of New York. I've raked my memory in vain for a picture in which Jimmy talks and acts like himself and doesn't once square off. Maybe there is one. If so, you name it.

It's funny, because you could hunt through twelve counties before finding a man more unlike his screen self than Cagney. Take every label with which he's been tagged by the films and substitute the reverse—for loud-mouthed, reticent—for pugnacious, patient—for hot-headed, tolerant—for lowbrow, cultivated—for moody, courteous—and you'll begin to head somewhere nearer the truth. Even then you won't have the whole story.

For all his practical sense, Cagney's a dreamer, dreaming of a world where justice flourishes and cruelty has no place. His practical sense tells him it's just a dream, his deepest instincts prompt him to do what one man can toward giving it substance. Between the two he sometimes verges on despair—though his balance of humor and ultimate faith keeps him from toppling over. No ostrich, he faces steadily the realities which flay his spirit but has fashioned himself a haven or two for the illusion of escape.

The haven of his place at Martha's Vineyard, for instance, where for a month he can make believe that nothing beyond his gates has the power to touch him. The haven of books—poetry, history and philosophy, by choice. The haven of natural beauty. Climbing among the canyons near his home, he reaches the top and flops, eyes fixed on distance. That's when he gets what a friend calls his "mountain look—so peaceful you'd think he was part of the rock, swear he was going to dig in and stay there forever."

You may ask, "What's he got to run away from, he's done all right for himself." The question misses the point. As a kid he always had some other kid in protective tow. The other kid was generally undersized, underweight and out of step with his world. Jim wasn't so big, either, but he was fearless, as you had to be to cope with the local hoodlums. Born with a stout heart, his mother saw that he kept it. When he came home sporting a shiner, she'd ask him how his adversary had fared. And if he'd been beaten, she'd send him out to fight again.

Because he had courage himself, he could afford to show gentleness for others. It was this gentleness, more than his physical prowess, to which his anemic young protégés clung. They were generally mixed-up kids, unsure of themselves, in need of liking and faith from someone they respected. Quick to recognize and respond to any genuine need, Jim gave them the understanding they craved. His perceptiveness has deepened with the years. At the core of his makeup lies compassion for everything that suffers under the sun. Life has the power to hurt him more than it hurts the less sensitive. That's why he tries to escape it now and then.

He owns a collection of guns any sportsman might envy but has never hunted an animal in his life. He collects the guns for their historic interest. Senseless killing—killing for sport, as it's called—angers him. In Coldwater Canyon, where he lives, deer run across the road at dawn and dusk. Some- (*Continued on page 84*)



As a kid he yearned to own a boat. Acquired the Martha a few years ago, but got seasick every time he cruised on it. Finally gave it to brother Bill, who's his manager.



Loves stag dinners with Spence, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Lynne Overman. Most of them knew each other when. They kid Jim about his pre-$4,500-a-week days in vaudeville.



Is the fair-haired boy at Warners, where he's been under contract for eleven years, and gets along like a million with the studio's jovial vice-president Charles Einfeld.

What clothes have

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER







REGINALD GARDINER

"Women's heads are the thing that annoy me. I think the way women do their hair today is terrible. They shellac and lacquer it and have a roll of the evening paper, or something of the sort, over one ear, and something else bobbing around on the top of their head. Why can't women just have their hair loosely waved and leave it alone?"







GEORGE SANDERS

"The less seen the more intriguing! If a woman has a wonderful figure and she exposes it, there's nothing to it—she's impersonal, like a nude statue. Whereas when a woman wears things that conceal—in a clever way—she's exciting. I like the clothes of the Edwardian period best."







BOB HOPE

"I'm awfully sick of slacks. I don't think slacks are feminine at all.

You know what I like—lace cuffs and neck things. I don't know whether I'm a little nancy, but they kill my very soul and they're very sexy."







TYRONE POWER

"Anything with frills I think is frightful! I go for tailored things. They have the same attraction for men that a man's uniform has for women. And you know how that is—a girl is keen about a fellow in his uniform, but when he comes home on leave and gets into the tired suit that's hanging in his closet, he loses his charm. She won't even go to the movies with him."







LOUIS HAYWARD

"I think the most attractive thing a woman can wear is an evening gown with Victorian shoulders. And I like peasant clothes—simple things. There's too much suggestion today. The old Victorian idea was much better."

SEX APPEAL?

Here's something on which those Hollywood boys are quite ready to go to town!







JOSEPH COTTEN

"I'm a sucker for all the things men like—tailored clothes and frilly white collars and cuffs. Very elaborate evening clothes, too. And nothing in between. The ones I don't like are called afternoon dresses and garden party frocks."







STIRLING HAYDEN

"Sweaters are awfully nice. The tighter clothes are, the more appeal they have. That's plain rudiments. Put a good-looking girl in a tight anything, or a loose anything, and you get the difference right off. (This is for publication. I have to watch myself.)

I don't like heels that are neither high nor low. Low heels are all right for sport. But high heels do things for a girl's legs. I don't like ankle straps, either. Wedges are abominable—and that's praising them!"







GEORGE MONTGOMERY

"I think tailored clothes have the most sex appeal, and I'm glad to have a chance to talk about the built-up soles girls are wearing. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I don't go for them at all. To my notion they make girls look as if they were walking with a bunch of mud on their feet."







JACKIE COOPER

"I think women's clothes should fit their figures, but I sure don't go for dresses so tight a girl can scarcely breathe in them. You can tell a lot about a girl by the taste she uses in her clothes. I don't like bare midriffs and gowns which are cut much too low. I like sports clothes in the daytime, neat and not fussy—and really feminine clothes for evening—you know, dainty and floaty and pale colors."

ON LOCATION WITH "DIVE



The cast was on location 4 wks., and Fred MacMurray and Errol Flynn spent a fortune telephoning their wives.



Canadian-born Alexis Smith, who was a dancing prodigy at 11 and a beauty contest winner at 16, is a Hollywood starlet at 20.



Cinema fliers Toomey and "MacFred" (Director Curtiz' name for him) were on special diets to prevent fatigue caused by wearing heavy high-altitude flying suits.

BOMBER"

BY SYLVIA KAHN



Honey-haired Jean Ames is 5' 2½", weighs 105 lbs.

A THRILL-A-MINUTE MOVIE MADE UNDER THE HAWK-EYED SUPERVISION OF THE U. S. NAVY

SCREAMING Stuka dive bombers, dropping horror from European skies, have exploded American interest in a war weapon that never seemed important before. These devils of death, inventions of German warlords, have caused a jittery United States to look cloudward at its own bomber division and to search anxiously for Uncle Sam's answer to the destruction-dealers from abroad.

And Warner Brothers have looked, too. Looked hard and found in the steel-winged monsters of the Navy sufficient drama to embrace the talents of Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, Regis Toomey and a thousand others. At the Naval Air Base in San Diego and on Stage 16 at the studio, Warners have Technicolored a $1,500,000 air epic Americans will not soon forget.

The story of "Dive Bomber," thrilling to U. S. audiences, will completely shock our Fascistic brethren. For "Dive Bomber" is not concerned with those who kill, but with those who save. Its heroes, Mr. Hitler will be surprised to learn, are doctors—a small army of medical wizards known as flight surgeons.

Advances in aviation have produced planes able to soar from 40,000 to 50,000 feet, altitudes at which man cannot survive without mechanical assistance. Such physical disturbances as pilot fatigue, high altitude sickness and night blindness, brought on by flying into rarefied atmospheres, have sent many a pilot crashing to his death. In "Dive Bomber" you will see what medical men (Flynn and Bellamy) and flying men (MacMurray and Toomey) are doing to make fliers altitude-resistant.

Like all Hollywood movies, "Dive Bomber" has its frothier side, too. Froth-provider is stately, blonde, 20-year-old Alexis Smith who is to the plot what a ruffle is to a lamb chop—not essential to the principal ingredient, but so eye-appealing as to make digestion that much pleasanter. She and another ruffle, soft-cheeked, bedimpled Jean Ames, appear briefly in a night club scene.

Filmed as it was, under the surveillance of the Navy, "Dive Bomber" could not offer its cast and crew the plushy conveniences of a studio-controlled production. At San Diego, the entire company rolled out of bed at 6 A. M., ate box lunches prepared by the nearby Hotel Del Coronado, wore numbered identification tags, submitted to fingerprinting and paid more heed to the Navy's seven technical advisers than to the director, Mike Curtiz. Flynn, an alien till next December, had to secure special Navy Department permission to enter the base; MacMurray was besieged by women who tried sneaking into his hotel room, crawling through his window and peeping over his transom; Regis Toomey dropped seven pounds after a single day of working in a stifling high-altitude suit; and all three were exhausted by 1,500 off-duty sailors who pestered for autographs.

At the studio the same strenuous working conditions held good. A Navy man was on hand constantly, okaying dialogue, passing on costumes and sets, and seeing to it that nothing undignified or embarrassing to his department sneaked into the picture. Explosive, interfered-with Mike Curtiz summed it up in his inimitable manner: "It's the most unheard of thing I ever heard of. What happened to me shouldn't happen to a dog—but it did!"



Flynn sailed his boat, the Sirocco, down to location at North Island Air Training Station and entertained the 150 members of cast and crew practically nightly.



MacMurray with film flight surgeons Flynn and Bellamy. Ralph is terrifically subject to seasickness, but took an 11,000 foot power dive in 9 seconds without a qualm!

THE



Eddie Albert used to be a $100-a-month traveling salesman; now hits Warners for $1,000 a week. Has his first dead-serious role in "Out of the Fog," which co-stars Lupino and Garfield.



Real name's Edward Albert Heimberger. Abbreviated it because everyone called him Hamburger. Dates very rarely, but when he does he runs the gamut—from Joan Leslie to Maria Ouspenskaya.

The general idea seems to be that Eddie Albert is something they let out of a cage. His fans believe—after reading publicity about him—that he exercises on a convenient chandelier, vacations in a monastery, eats standing on his head, devotes his talents to giving timid folks the hot-foot and is a relentless, unmitigated extrovert, a zany and a screwball.

Well, if you prefer hokum to fact, then you may go on believing that tripe. But if you are one who likes his stuff straight, then the fact is that Eddie Albert is a very, very sane character, intelligent almost to brilliance, with a great tolerance, a love of people and an appreciation of life itself. As an actor, Albert knows his art better than some Academy Award winners; as a human, he is a champion of the Little Man, and he feels there are more important things to do than to entertain.

"Maybe it's okay if people think I'm a screwball," the good-natured 33-year-old charmer explained to us one afternoon while placing a diet of Bach on his automatic phonograph. "I'll tell you a secret, though I suppose I shouldn't. I actually encourage those who think I'm an unreliable nut. It suits me fine. I'm then considered, by most of my contacts, an erratic and forgivable eccentric who is harmless and not to be regarded as serious. Fine. It gives me more time to be really serious!

"You see, most people are so weighed down with obligations, appointments, promises and so forth, that they haven't time to do the constructive things they want to do. But since I am labeled a screwball simply because I've done comic roles on the screen, and because I've pretended to be absent-minded and easy-going, I am not bothered by the unnecessary—by non-essential

SERIOUS SIDE OF A SCREWBALL

BY IRVING WALLACE

THAT WIDELY-PUBLICIZED ZANY DOESN'T NEED A STRAIT-JACKET—JUST AN HONEST BIOGRAPHER. AND AT LAST HE'S GOT ONE!

get-togethers, by parties, by hot air. People look at me, and they say, 'Oh, that Eddie Albert, he'll forget. You can't depend on him, he's a screwball.' So they let me alone. And then I have the precious time to do the things I consider vital for my part in this world."

And when he told us what things he considered vital, we learned the serious side of a so-called daffy.

He claimed that, aside from his career, upon which he works extremely hard, there were two types of outside indulgences that required his time and energy. First, a billion projects he wished to start and sponsor which in small ways might benefit other human beings. Second, an endless number of personal dreams for his own enjoyment that he wished to convert into electric realities.

Which was fine. But at this point we requested Eddie Albert to become more specific.

He was a little self-conscious about injecting the personal pronoun into the conversation. And was afraid that in a short interview he could only pass along a superficial idea of the items of living that magnetized his attention.

"But look," he said, "if you really insist, I'll try."

We insisted. And Eddie Albert tried.

"Well, here's the type of thing I devote my time to," said Eddie Albert. "The South American situation, for example. Two years ago I ran into a lot of smuggled literature which made me realize that Nazi fifth column activities in South America were terrific. And furthermore, if it continued, the Nazis would have a toehold on our hemisphere.

"I promptly began working out a thorough plan for greater unity between North America and South America. I felt it was important. Life or death. I worked as much as twenty hours a day on it. This plan, to draw the South American republics away from the Nazis and closer to the Stars and Stripes, involved sending good will ambassadors, making documentary films, giving the Latin nations a bigger economic break, having our networks extend their broadcasts to Brazil and Argentine and Peru and so on. I took my entire plan to Jack Warner. That was a year and a half ago. He liked it and sent it along to Secretary of State Cordell Hull. He, too, was extremely interested.

"But at that time, we weren't yet threatened directly by Fascism, so our government thought my plan a trifle premature. But today in the face of the menace, almost everything I helped work out is being applied by our nation. We are sending ambassadors of good will like Doug Fairbanks; we are making movies of Juarez and Bolivar, and Julien Bryan is shooting documentary films of the Latins; and the big local networks are spreading our influence to the South—all toward unity, understanding and defense.

"And that, in brief, is just one of the outside things I am interested in."

We asked Eddie Albert for another sample. And he said, "Well, then there was the vitamin oil I wanted to extract from shark's liver." We shuddered. That sounded a trifle on the screwy side.

It seems that several years ago Eddie Albert discovered it was possible to obtain a vitamin oil necessary to ailing human bodies, from the liver of the deep-sea shark. It was a great discovery. Of importance to the health of man. And as soon as Eddie learned for certain this vitamin oil would cure, he went on a big campaign to market it. But at this point, you will note the rare difference between Eddie Albert (*Continued on page 73*)



ROBERT TAYLOR



JOEL McCREA



CLARK GABLE



GARY COOPER



SPENCER TRACY



BOB HOPE

WANT TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU? TRY OUR EXCITING NEW PERSONALITY TEST PREPARED BY A WELL-KNOWN PSYCHOLOGIST



JAMES CAGNEY



CARY GRANT



JEFFREY LYNN



CHARLES BOYER

TYRONE POWER



JACK OAKIE



WHAT MAKES *You* TICK?



"What can she see in him?"

You've said that dozens of times, of course. And by the same token, you may be sure there have been times when your friends—completely mystified by the attraction some boy has had for you—have said the same thing about you.

We like different types for different reasons, but *always* because they complement some strain in our personality. Therefore, by listing the men who appeal to you, you get a close-up view of your personality and, consequently, you find out what makes you tick.

Take these motion picture stars and make a list of the ones you like best. When you have completed your list, turn to page 75 for your personality analysis.

This test, prepared by a widely-known consulting psychologist, is fun for your own amusement and a grand ice-breaker for your next party.

BY LESTER F. MILES, PH.D.

Lips that Lure

BY CAROL CARTER

Next to eyes and facial planes, formed by the bone structure of your face, lips are your most important feature. Their size, shape, mobility and make-up reveal your habits, character and disposition, whether you realize it or not. Lips talk mighty loud without ever uttering a word, and the face of an otherwise lovely girl can be utterly marred by lips that are too broad, too narrow or just nondescript.

Hollywood stars have one advantage over other ordinary damsels, for they must practice diction constantly, and there is no better way to keep lips soft, flexible and appealing. They practice laughing, smiling, whistling, puckering and do all sorts of plain and fancy exercises as regularly as you put powder on your nose. Their lips are under such complete control that they can register either slight or deep emotion by the most fleeting of expressions.

Here are a few of Hollywood's lip tricks: Open your mouth wide when you talk. Make your lips work to form your words. It's good for them. Turn up the corners of your mouth and smile. It pretties lips as well as dispositions. Laugh more and loosen up those harsh, set (*Continued on page 82*)



Marsha Hunt's expressive lips contribute much to the success of M-G-M's "Blossoms in the Dust"



Widen thin lips by rouging beyond edges



Narrow wide lips by confining rouge inside



To shorten lips, stop color inside corners



To lengthen lips, continue rouge to corners



Turn up drooping corners with lip pencil

mid-

by Carol Carter



CREAMS PROTECT SKIN AGAINST SUMMER SUN, WIND AND ALSO WATER



POWDER FOR SUMMER SHOULD BE RICH TONED AND FINE TEXTURED

M-G-M'S VIRGINIA GREY TANS CAUTIOUSLY AT FIRST

summer MAKE-UP

Are you getting ready for a summer jaunt to a camp in the mountains or at the beach? Perhaps you're going on a cruise—or maybe you are settling right down at home to keep cool. In any case, if you are a normal, beauty-conscious girl, you're faced with that annual question of how to protect your skin and still have a rip-roaring good time outdoors.

You have a problem, but you don't have to fret about it. All of your favorite young screen stars—Linda Darnell, Nan Grey, Deanna Durbin, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney and the rest—have found an easy solution. All these girls have to spend plenty of time in the sun each day during outdoor scenes, yet they can't afford to get blistered and red. So to play safe, they use sunburn preventives lavishly, whether they're going out for only half an hour or on an all-day location trip.

The sun's your best ally to beauty and vitality—if you know how much of it is good for you! It's full of health-giving ultra-violet rays which act on the sterols of your skin and change them to Vitamin D. The presence of a sufficient amount of this important sunshine vitamin in your system gives you a clear skin, strong bones, good digestion, steady nerves and lots of energy. You can store up this energy from the sun pleasantly and easily by getting outdoors frequently, and also by including cod liver and halibut liver oils, irradiated butter, milk and ice cream in your regular diet.

But it's important, too, to know how far to go in catering to the sun. More sunshine than your body needs will burn and dry your skin and cause endless discomfort.

You may be one of those fortunate brunettes whose skin has even pigment distribution and who takes to tanning like a duck to water. But don't rush the process and neglect to use sunburn preventives unless you want your skin to become downright leathery and very dry. Fifteen minutes isn't too short a time to spend beneath the sun's penetrating rays your first day out. A good sun-tan properly acquired, layer after layer, is much more even and lasting—and is a grand protection from an overdose of ultra-violet penetration, besides helping you to withstand extremes in heat and cold.

If you have brown hair, medium to dark eyes and fairly strong skin texture, you probably can achieve a rich golden tan. Cover yourself generously with a good coat of cream, oil or sun-tan lotion—and take five minutes on each side the first day, increasing the time five minutes for each side every day thereafter.

If you are a fair, delicate-complexioned blonde, redhead or even brownette whose skin seems to freckle and burn at the slightest exposure, your dream of a deep tawny sun-tan had better be modified to a light golden shade. Your delicate skin with its uneven pigment distribution just isn't geared to absorbing much sunshine—and you probably get all the sunshine vitamin you need from just plain skyshine, those reflected, indirect light rays that are almost as penetrating as direct sunshine. You should protect your skin with lotions and creams even on cloudy days, if you plan to spend much time outdoors. Whenever you go swimming, slather yourself with sunburn preventives, and don't bask in the sun unless you dry thoroughly and cover yourself with a fresh coat of lotion and protector.

If your heart is set on a sun-tan before you have time to safely acquire one, you can always use a natural-looking make-up foundation on arms, legs, face and neck—for a glowing outdoor color.

No matter what type of skin you have, give it special attention after sunning. Go a little easy on water and friction for a few days, using light cleansing creams and lotions to keep your skin soft and supple. If you've been overzealous in your sun-worshipping to the tune of a mild burn, you'll find talcum powder very soothing. For a more serious burn there are a number of soothing ointments, creams and lotions that speed healing.

Your summer vacation and your idea of enjoyment may mean spending hours on the beach and frequent dips in the ocean, so be sure to take into consideration the effects of salt water on your skin. Although stimulating, it has a decided drying effect. And you'll need to keep yourself well covered with oily lotions and creams.

Important to your summer glamour, too, is the care you take of your complexion and the make-up you choose to go with your tan.

More than ever in summer time your skin needs the protection of light cleansing and foundation creams to protect its satiny texture. If you can't wash your face for a few days, you can cleanse it with a light cream and facial tissues, or cotton saturated with a fragrant cleansing lotion. You'll find that your lotions, skin fresheners and creams will be much more refreshing and (*Continued on page 67*)



IF YOU TAN, WEAR ORANGE OR BRIGHT RED ON CHEEKS AND LIPS



CLEANSING TISSUE AND CREAM ARE BEST FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP

What is your summer complexion problem? Here's how to solve it

MODERN SCREEN'S

	COLOR OF HAIR	SKIN TONE	FOUNDATION BASES AND POWDER
 BETTY GRABLE	LIGHT BLONDE	Fair or neutral skin	Cream, natural, light rachel to match skin tones
		Faintly pink undertone	Faint rosy shades
 BETTE DAVIS	MEDIUM OR DARK BLONDE	Medium skin	Rachel, peach or rosy blooming shades
		Golden or sun-tanned skin	Golden or sun-tan shades with orange-red undertone
 GINGER ROGERS	LIGHT BROWNETTE (Medium brown, chestnut or drab hair)	Fair skin	Rachel, peach, natural, or powder and base with glowing rosy undertone
		Faintly pink undertone	Pale rosy shades
 OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	DARK BROWNETTE (Brown, chestnut or drab hair)	Medium skin	Dark rachel, lively rosy shades
		Golden or sun-tanned skin	Golden or rosy sun-tan shades
 PAULETTE GODDARD	FAIR-SKINNED BRUNETTE	Fair, transparent skin—blue or hazel eyes. Bluish undertone to skin	Natural or glowing peach or rosy tones
		Pale neutral skin	Powder and base with pink undertone to give skin more life
 ANN RUTHERFORD	DARK BRUNETTE	Olive complexion	Dark rachel or glowing tawny shades
		Dark or sun-tanned skin	Deep tawny sun-tan shades or golden sun-tans
 LANA TURNER	GOLDEN RED-HEAD	Pale ivory skin	Cream, peach, natural, light rachel
		Faintly pink undertone	Powder and base with faint rosy undertone
 MYRNA LOY	DARK RED-HEAD	Medium ivory skin	Cream, beige, rachel or a powder and base with undertone of peach
		Golden-toned or sun tanned skin	Golden or sun-tan powder with orange-red undertone

MAKE-UP CHART

AVOID	LIPSTICK AND ROUGE	BECOMING COSTUME COLORS	
Golden or tan shades (There *are* a few exceptions.)	Soft rose or faintly bluish-red	Grayed green, blue-green, blue-violet, blues, neutralized reds and red-oranges, black, white	 NAN GREY
Golden or tan shades	Soft deep rose or slightly blue-red	Greens, blues, rose, peach, violet	
Deep golden tones	Faintly blue-red, clear bright red	Grayed blues, greens, rosy shades, reds, golden browns	 ELLEN DREW
Delicate pinks	Clear orange-red and red shades	Greens, clear blues, turquoise, orange-reds	
Golden or tan shades	Violet-red rouge and lipstick a little darker than natural coloring or clear red	Greens, blues, cool gray, softened reds and oranges, violets	 ANNE SHIRLEY
All creamy or gold shades	Blue-red or soft rose shades	Almost all colors in soft intensities	
Deep golden shades	Clear red, or violet-red if skin has pink undertone	Reds, violets, blues, greens, pale yellows, pinks, grays	 LARAINE DAY
Delicate pink tones	Lively orange-red tones	Reds, clear blues, greens, orange tones	
Golden or tan shades	Faint bluish-red, clear deep rose or red shades	Most blues, purples, reds, red-orange, yellows, rose	 HEDY LAMARR
Golden shades	Violet-red or clear red shades according to dominant costume colors	Blues, reds, oranges, yellows, dusty pinks	
Pink, delicate tones	Warm orange-reds or deep reds	Orange, strong greens, rich garnet shades, warm grays, flame, rich browns	 LINDA DARNELL
Any pale or pink tone	Warm orange-reds	Red-oranges, clear greens, red, black with color accents	
Definite pinks	Soft orange-reds, subdued clear reds	Honey tones, pinks, grayed orange, clear greens, blues, browns, pink-gray	 GREER GARSON
All golden shades	Soft deep rose	Grayed oranges and yellows, rosy beiges, green, blue-green, blues, rose	
Pinkish shades	Deep orange-reds or clear reds	Cocoa and amber shades, gold, yellow-greens, greens, oranges	 ANN SHERIDAN
Pale or pink shades	Lively orange-reds	Greens, blues, blue-greens, oranges, yellows, lively browns	

WARTIME HOUSE GUESTS

Hollywood's opened its heart and its purse to dozens of little Britishers—whose sole complaint is that "the war's a nuisance"

Roddy McDowall is twelve. A slim, wigglesome twelve with chocolate-colored eyes and a brown forelock of straight hair which he keeps shoving away from his brow as he tells about the teacher-priest at his school, St. Joseph's College on Beulah Hill, London, who climbed into a hole left by a time bomb. . . .

"The Jerries dropped the bomb, and it fell through to the school cellar. Father went down to see how much damage had been done, and someone threw a pitcherful of water in after him. They didn't know he was there!" says Roddy with small-boy glee.

There are many little boys and girls like Roderick Andrew McDowall of London, England, in Hollywood this season. About twenty or twenty-five in all. The British Consulate in the Southern California city says twenty-five, thinks there must be more, wishes they would all register with the Consulate "in case of trouble." They hasten to add that there has been no "trouble" so far.

The arrival in America of little boys like Roddy and little girls like Gracie and Primrose and Ursula began over a year ago and continued under the eye of our State Department, the United States Committee for the Care of European Children and, in Los Angeles, the International Institute. The children are in this country only for the duration of the war, and a ruling of the British government makes their adoption into American homes impossible.

The flow of evacuées stopped almost entirely with the shelling and sinking of the ship, City of Benares, with its tragic loss of child life. Parents in England felt they would rather have their little ones stay at home and face the perils of aerial warfare than to subject them to the terrifying and inevitable risk of submarine attack on a wide and deep ocean.

So it is that grave, well-mannered children, a poignant handful of them, have found their way to Hollywood and now remind the film colony that there is war almost everywhere, and that only in America can children still play peacefully.

"It is so hard to know how to comfort these children," says Conrad Veidt on the set of Columbia's "Tonight Belongs to Us." "My wife and I have with us the young son—he's thirteen—of my good friend and physician in London, Dr. Wigram. Clive came to us last August, and the next month we entered him in military school.

"He's such a child in some ways, and in others he is a grown man, fully matured by being separated from his parents, whom he misses very much. There are many times that my wife and I would like to treat him as a child, pamper him, humor him, as we might a child of our own, but there is much of the Spartan in Clive. He is lonely in this country in spite of the boys at the school—Urban, and he holds aloof from any babyish overtures that we are tempted to make.

"It is tragic, this circumstance, because it is re-enacted in many other cases of the evacuées who are in this country. There is deep sentiment in all the children—I have seen Clive prop up pictures of his mother and father before him as he writes to them. But the children find themselves in bewildering situations, trying to adapt themselves to a country that is so (*Continued on page 79*)



American film-making's a cinch to Roddy McDowall, who made British films under fire last year. That's part of an anti-aircraft shell he's exhibiting to his teacher.

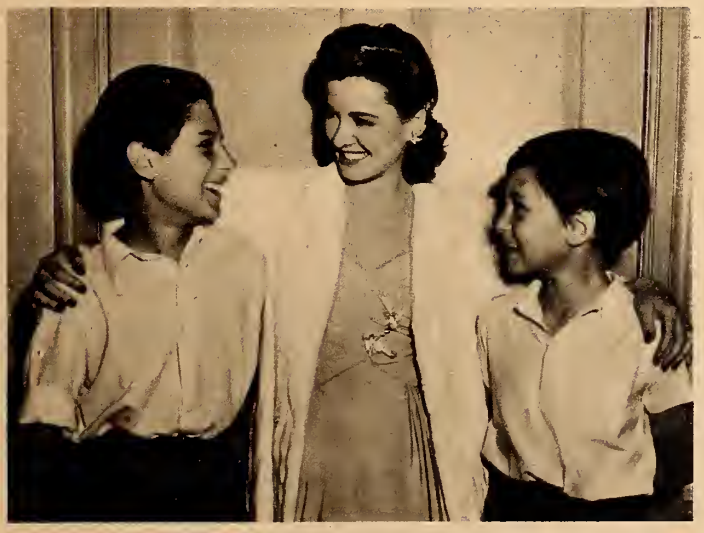


Left to right: Fiona Greig, George Sanders, Rosemary Barkman, Ursula Greig, Wendy Barrie and Paula Mooring. In the back row: W. H. Mooring and Charles Barkman.

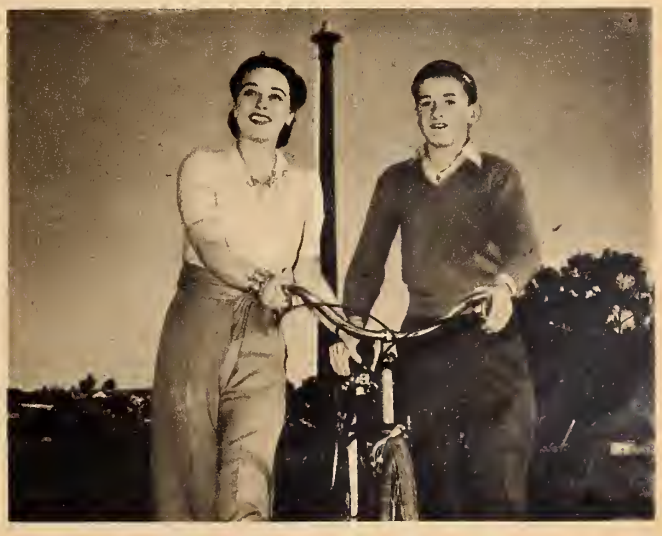


Clive Wigram, son of Conrad Veidt's good friend and London physician, is the Veidts' house guest for "the duration." After school, he has fun visiting Connie on the set of Columbia's "Tonight Belongs To Us."

BY JEANNE KARR



13-year-old German expatriate, Steven Muller, is the grammar school girls' Laurence Olivier! He and brother Nobby, 11, have terrific crushes on Ellen Drew.



Pat Morison's cousin, Dennis Skeats, has succumbed to football, hamburgers and Joe DiMaggio—but he's still strictly British about bikes. Insists on hand brakes.

It happened one night—



Red-haired Dorothy's a blonde in "Citizen Kane." Original film name was Linda Winters, but she reverted to her own Dutch tag upon learning there were 6 other Lindas in movies.

Dorothy Comingore had a blind date in Hollywood a few months back with a man wearing a black beard. His name was Orson Welles. As a result, people today are gasping "Citizen Kane" and "Dorothy Comingore" in the same amazed breath and wondering where in the world delicious Dorothy has been all their lives.

The answer is: She's been right around Hollywood telling producers she was good and begging for a Chinaman's chance to prove it but collecting, instead, snubs, suspensions and pink slips that said, "You're fired!"

Dorothy Comingore is the girl the Hollywood studio Pooh Bahs pooh-poohed right up until the public got a peek at "Citizen Kane." If you say her last tag very fast it sounds like "Come-and-Go," which very neatly sums up Dottie's dreary movie career Before Welles. She had been fired more than a furnace and dropped oftener than a hot dish—before a phony press agent gag stepped her out with Beau Orson one night, and he faintly remembered her when casting got tough on "Citizen Kane."

Even while that resounding triumph (which may well become the greatest motion picture of all time) was shooting, the dear old Hollywood geniuses still kicked Dorothy around.

You'll be glad to know, I'm sure, that such foolish shenanigans are things of the past with Dorothy Comingore right now, and a comfortable contract is at last on ice.

So from slavey to queen, she boils right down to one of those Hollywood Cinderellas you've been reading about, with Orson Welles in the role of Prince Charming. Or does she?

If Dorothy's feet are tripping airily around on glass slippers, she's also rubbing ruefully another section of her classy chassis which still aches from boots downstairs. If she's Cinderella, Dorothy is Cinderella the hard way.

The day I saw her in her trim little North Hollywood house, she was running true to form. Her brand new baby daughter had just fallen on her head, and the Scotch nurse had been carted off minutes before in an ambulance with acute appendicitis. Despite this domestic crisis, Dorothy emerged serene and beautiful.

She has hazel-green eyes that catch sparks of gold from a glorious mop of curly red hair, her own red, too, not a bottle's. Her skin is white as morning cream, her hands are classic, her mouth is wide and rosy. When she smiles, you know she has sex; when she talks, you know she's got brains. In the figure department—well—Dorothy's silhouette has had a career all of its own, that's been part of the trouble.

But all that's fairly along in the sad story. Comingore catastrophes began bunching hits long before. When Dorothy was six and a spunky little native daughter of Los Angeles, her folks took her to a neighborhood movie, and it happened to be amateur night. When they called out

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

YOU CAN'T KNOCK BLIND DATES TO DOROTHY COMINGORE! SHE HAD ONE WITH ORSON WELLES, AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE A DATE WITH DESTINY

for the amateurs, Dottie, to her mother's horror, bounced right up on the stage, improvised a Pavlova ballet and won first prize—a crate of cantaloupes. The tragedy was —Mrs. Comingore wouldn't let her keep the cantaloupes!

From that time right up to the coming of Welles everything connected with show business had handed Dorothy a push in the mush, one way or another. There have been times when she wished she'd followed her childhood yearning to be a Carmelite nun. Times, too, when Dorothy wished she'd stayed in the University of California and collected a degree in philosophy of religion, as she started out to do.

Instead Dorothy listened to the Red Gods calling and ditched the Berkeley campus for Taos, New Mexico. "I don't know why exactly," said Dorothy, "except that I'd read D. H. Lawrence." Every lady in Taos is supposed to have been the great English writer's dream girl, and maybe the lure of getting the lowdown on great love affairs was what did it. Instead of cutting a gay figure in the world of art and letters, however, Dorothy ended with a job dusting off relics in the Kit Carson museum there and odd jobbing around the plaza. But she got in on the fringe of dramatics and absorbed some art and a great deal of independence and courage, also the capacity to live on air, which is a good thing for a prospective actress to learn. There were times when people had to take up collections to keep the Comingore soul and body on speaking terms.

The next stop on Dorothy's dash to destiny was a place called Downieville, California. It's up in the old Forty-Niner gold rush country away from practically everywhere. Why did she go there? "Have you ever been to Downieville?" inquired Dorothy. "Well—it's so pretty. Little houses hang on hillsides and things. I worked in a restaurant waiting tables. In the evenings I fooled around high school plays."

The combination of career and cooking worked in Carmel, which is pretty, too, where Dorothy blithely rattled as soon as she could collect enough tips to buy an ancient flivver. Carmel has a Little Theatre that's fairly famous and which was practically the big time to Comingore after Taos and Downieville. But nobody saw any reason to make her a star even there. They let her sew costumes, though, and fool around the wings while she earned her board and keep at a dude ranch in the Carmel Valley. "Then the cook left," sighed Dorothy, "and they put the apron on me. The ranch had a reputation for wonderful homemade bread, and I'd never baked a loaf in my life. I didn't work there very long."

Dorothy thinks the less said about her efforts to eat in artistic Carmel, the better. She dwelt in leaky shanties and never saw a pair of silk stockings. To support herself, her two cats and sheepdog, she (*Continued on page 88*)



Daughter Judith Melinda is six months old, with bright red hair and huge blue eyes. Her mom, who's Mrs. Richard Collins around the house, will be twenty-six on August 24.

IT'S A HECK OF A

James Craig went to college for seven years—but not because he was stupid! He went that long because he was smart. He wanted an education that would equip him for any number of things, not just one. But he never dreamed that, among other things, he was equipping himself to crash Hollywood.

"When I was back in Texas fumbling passes," he says, with a grin and a hint of a Texas drawl, "I thought of actors as a bunch of sissies. The locker-room talk about 'the Little Theatre group' was pretty bawdy."

If somebody had told him five years ago that he was just the type to get up in front of a movie camera and talk love to somebody like Ginger Rogers, he would have kayoed him. And don't think he couldn't have! He's 6 feet 2½ inches, weighs 190 pounds, and played fullback.

But nobody thought of telling him five years ago, or ever: "You ought to be in the movies." The first time he heard those fateful words was when he said them to himself.

It wasn't that he suddenly fancied his looks. What he suddenly fancied was the kind of salaries that Hollywood paid. He's disarmingly frank about it.

"I grew up with just one ambition," he says. "To make money. It sounds cynical, but it's the truth. And why not tell the truth?"

When Jim was 17, his father lost all his worldly wealth. He later made another fortune, but in the meantime Jim got a pretty good idea of what it was like to be without money.

His father was (and is) a building contractor, who traveled all over the country on construction projects—a fact that may partly explain Jim's own wanderlust. Also, his great-grandfather was part Cherokee. "From all I hear," says Jim, "he liked to move around, too. All my other ancestors were farmers. They stuck close to home."

On February 4, 1912, his dad's construction project was in Nashville, Tennessee—so Nashville became Jim's birthplace. And James Henry Meador became his name.

"Hollywood didn't change it. I did. 'Meador' sounded like a bad word in Spanish. I don't know where I got the 'Craig.' From the play, 'Craig's Wife,' I guess."

While he was growing up along with several brothers, the family moved all over the country—to Kansas, to New York, to Richmond, to Florida, but Nashville still remained their home-town.

"That's where I went to school. And I was always terrible in English. That is, until the eighth grade. Then I ran into a little old teacher, as tough as nails—she must be 85 now, but she's still teaching—and when she got through with me, I knew grammar. Before that I didn't see any sense in worrying about it. Nobody ever gave me a reason why a subject should be this, and a predicate should be that. But she did. So I stopped being a rugged individualist as far as grammar was concerned."

But not as far as education in general was concerned.

"Seven of us decided we didn't like going to a big city high school. We all fancied ourselves as tough muggs, and we didn't like the discipline. We had to study too hard to play football. So we went together and bought an old broken-down Ford and drove out to a country high school every day and played football out there. Nobody in Nashville would have given ten cents for the futures of any of us, but we're all doing all right today."

The year Jim graduated from high school was the year that his Dad lost his money. That was 1929.

"The gloom was pretty thick around home that summer. There was a lot of talk about how I probably couldn't go away to college. I decided I'd light out and bum around the country a little and see if I couldn't find a college that would take me even if I didn't have a bank book. I sort of had my eye on a couple here on the West Coast.

"Even if I didn't have any luck, I figured the change of scenery would do me a whole lot of good.



Jim has two women after him in RKO's "The Devil and Daniel Webster"—Simone Simon (above), who's making a film comeback, and co-star Anne Shirley.

MOST OF US'LL SETTLE FOR SOME MOONLIGHT AND SUN ON OUR SUMMER VACATIONS, BUT JIM CRAIG HELD OUT FOR A MOVIE CONTRACT!

SENSATION!

"I got a ride first to New Orleans. Then I hitch-hiked to Houston, which was a town I liked. It had a lot of attractions, including cute gals. I was in a lunch-car there when a young guy on the next stool said, friendly-like, 'You look as if you might play football.' One thing led to another, and I told him how I was scouting around, looking for a college that needed one more football player. He said, 'How about going to Rice?'

"I had never heard of it. In those days, it didn't get on the sports pages—although it was all right scholastically. He said it was outside Houston. 'Why don't you go out and talk with the business manager?' he said. Which is exactly what I did.

"He said Rice needed football (*Continued on page 86*)



He has black hair, brown eyes and a fascinating scar on his left cheek. Is a whiz at boxing and golf. Mad about music, but hates to dance.



29-year-old James gets over 1,000 fan letters a week—mostly from smitten gals in their twenties. Admits he gets a huge kick out of them.

BY JAMES REID

SHOPPING SPREE

FROM THE KIDDIES' CORNER TO MEN'S FURNISHINGS—NO DEPARTMENT'S SAFE WHEN BONITA GOES ON A BUYING BINGE!



A holiday from the studio means o shopping spree for Bonita. She takes o long list, keeps on eye out for sales.



Bonito has her tussles with the Exchange Deportment even as you ond I. She's got enormous salesgirl resistance, ond nothing "unsells" her quite os fast os o heckling clerk.



Is a confirmed perfume-sniffer. She loves carnation scents for the doytime, but by night give her "Sleeping." Likes "Lui" for sniffing but thinks it's a bit heovy for wearing.



Owns dozens of bathing suits as she procticolly lives in the woter. Also loves riding. Bowls occosionolly, but bodly.



Jockie likes her in ingénue-ish numbers, but she puts on the heovy glamour in the privocy of J. W. Robinson's hot dept.



Most of her shoes have spike heels to bring her closer to Jackie's 5' 11" but couldn't resist these in the kiddies' dept.



SCREEN STARS KNOW A THING OR TWO! **LUX SOAP** MAKES A WONDERFUL **BEAUTY BATH**—LEAVES SKIN **SWEET**



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DOROTHY LAMOUR

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

EARTHQUAKE HITS GRABLE! GODDARD FEUDS WITH CRAWFORD! MAE WEST TO BE CO-STARRED WITH BARRYMORE!

WHY NOT BE PRACTICAL?
It's terrific! It's colossal! It's fantastic! We mean the story going around about a certain sensational star and her ambitious business-man husband. Seems the star took a nose dive for a handsome actor in her last picture. Being fair and open about things, she went to her husband and told him of her infatuation. As was to be expected, the husband raved and ranted. Cornering her in their living room, he shouted till the walls shook. "That guy!" he screamed. "That second-rater! I'm ashamed of you! Why couldn't you go for the star? He could do you some good!"

CAN IT LAST FURLONG?
A friend of ours went to the racetrack with George Raft, Betty Grable and George's shadow, Mack Grey. Our friend reports that George and Betty each bet on different horses in the big race. But when the bangtails began to run, George didn't even follow his. He watched Betty's instead and shouted wildly for it to come in first. When it finally did, he was delirious with joy. "You won, Betty," he cried. "You won!" Betty was thrilled, too, but a little concerned about George's loss. George shrugged it off. "Mine wasn't important," he said. "But you won. That's all that counts!" Our friend walked with Mack Grey to the cashier's window. "By the way," our friend asked. "How much did they bet?" Grey grinned broadly. "Well," he answered, "Betty had two dollars down. And George—he bet five hundred!" Our friend doesn't understand about such things. But our psychiatrist does. He insists love and insanity are often only a shade apart.

PLAYBOY
Don Ameche is a model man. But he has one besetting sin. He's an incurable practical joker. Betty Grable still wakes up in the night shivering with the memory of a stunt Don pulled on her when they were doing "Moon Over Miami." Betty stepped into her dressing room to change her costume when suddenly, without warning, the entire room began to shake violently. Back and forth it rolled while Betty slid from wall to wall, and the furniture thumped around her. Betty was terrified. "Get me out of here," she screamed. "It's an earthquake! Help!" Then as quickly as it had come, the "earthquake" subsided. Trembling, Betty found her way to the door. And there, grinning with joy, stood Don Ameche. Delightedly he told her what had happened. When Betty wasn't looking, he and his stand-in had slid a hand-truck under the dressing room floor. As soon as Betty closed the door, they had proceeded to work it with all their might! Betty just looked at Don. She didn't say a word. She was glad she still had her teeth.

DISA AND DATA
The built-up bosom Jack Benny sports in "Charley's Aunt" has earned him the title of "Hollywood's Number One Sweater Boy" . . . Virginia Gilmore's idea of fun is setting off on a fishing trip all by her lonesome . . . The late Doug Fairbanks, Sr., never ordered fewer than two dozen suits and 25 pairs of trousers at a single clip . . . In "Birth of the Blues" Paramount will feature flashes of nine musicians whom they consider the most famous in the popular field They're Ted Lewis, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, W. C. Handy, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong. A photograph of the late George Gershwin will complete the roster . . . George Brent's newest gift to Ann Sheridan, his honey, is a kinkajou (tame, fuzzy—but meat-eating) named "Honey" . . . Universal has a unique method for keeping the tears out of Baby Sandy's eyes. When Sandy turns on the sprinkle, the camera records her tears to show her how horrid little girls look when they cry . . . The Hays office is at it again. Their newest decree demands that actors keep at least one foot on the floor during love scenes . . . Carole Lou Costello, Lou's two-and-a-half-year-old, has a brief spot in her pappy's "In the Navy" . . . This older generation: Mickey Rooney's father now goes around doing imitations of the Mick!



Rumor has it that Anne Shirley and John Payne are expecting an addition. Their first will be a year old this July.

MARRIED LOVE DEPT.
For a full year Brenda Joyce has been occupied with personal appearance tours, industry's good will trips and getting herself married. In fact, in the last twelve months Brenda's done everything but work in pictures. So when she checked in at the studio the other A.M. to report for "Private Nurse," she was just as jittery as she was the first time she faced a camera. Putting on her make-up, she nervously dabbed some mascara on her eyeball. Adjusting her eyeglasses, her twitching fingers let them slip to the floor where they shattered. And finally, to cap it all, on leaving the lot she smacked her car into a lamp post and accordion-pleated her fender! "But it took all of that to show me how really sweet my husband is," Brenda told us. "The next morning Owen was awake at dawn, prepared my breakfast and served it up while I lay in bed like a duchess. He insisted on driving me to the studio, also. But by that time I wasn't scared any more. I realized I hadn't the right to be—certainly not while I'm married to a man like that!"

DIDJA KNOW
That Douglas Wilhoit became a Catholic before wedding Olympe Bradna . . . That the Anthony Quinns, whose first child died so tragically, are expecting the stork again . . . That Merle Oberon never saw her father. He died three months before she was born . . . That Mae West and John Barrymore will co-emote in "Not Tonight, Josephine" . . . That before embarking on a recent 12-day trip, Ray Milland sneaked out to buy a dozen gifts and presented one a day to his stunning wife . . . That a popular movie hero wears a chest wig for he-man roles . . . That a resolution entered in the New Hampshire State Legislature would make every April 5th a legal holiday known as Bette Davis Day. That's Bette's birthday . . . That George Raft hopes to ditch acting and turn author . . . He's begun to write but claims he can't get it down on paper the way he thinks it in his head . . . That at Garbo's own suggestion her dressing room has blue walls and a yellow ceiling . . . That Alice Faye's groom's real name is Wonga P. Harris?

LOVIN' BLOOM
Contradicting columnists who insist his love interests are of international scope, embracing French-born Michele Morgan, Swedish-born Greta Garbo and German-born Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin has gone U.S.A. in a great big way. Strictly on the Q.T., we have learned his top romantic choice is Missouri's own Ginger Rogers. He phones her often and sends her daily gifts of flowers. Not ordinary flowers, mind you, but heavily-scented French lilacs, which are twice as big as the garden-variety lilac and twice as expensive. But that isn't why Monsieur Gabin sends them. He sends them because they are his favorite posies reserved for his favorite femmes. That's all we know at the moment. You can add it up any way you like.

SHORT(S) SUBJECT
Keep your eyes on the Paulette Goddard-Joan Crawford feud. It's going to go places! About six months ago Paulette trained to New York, dropped in on designer Hattie Carnegie and snagged the most original Carnegie creation of the year—silk shorts for evening wear. She toted her treasure back to Hollywood, wore the outfit at one or two dinner parties and then retired the shorts temporarily, preferring to wait for an appropriate occasion before springing them on the public at large. So far, so good. But just the other morning Paulette picked up her favorite newspaper and read therein that "Movietown's brilliant style-setter," Joan Crawford was about to introduce a great idea in feminine fashion—silk shorts for evening wear! Those who are close to Paulette say no one is going to steal her thunder, intentionally or otherwise. She won't stand for it. So Hollywood looks forward to a nice, juicy pistol duel and secretly hopes both girls appear in silk shorts for evening wear!



Bob Hope and showgirl Alaine Brandeis were among the 1200 guests at NBC's $25,000 blowout for Jack Benny.



Maureen O'Sullivan's hubby Jack Farrow signed up with the Canadian fleet. Gets home occasionally for 10 days.



Most famous profiles at Rudy Vallee's shindig celebrating his pop's birthday were W. C. Fields' and J. Barrymore's.

DITTO
Anne Shirley doesn't suspect it, but when her fourth wedding anniversary rolls around (in August), hubby John Payne will clasp a tricky token of his love on her wrist. It's a slender gold bracelet hung with a heart-shaped locket. On the locket John has had engraved the words: "To match the golden heart you already have." And some folks will tell you that the flame blows out within a year!

MONKEYS AND MAUREEN
Don't mention monkeys to Maureen O'Sullivan! She's allergic to 'em! Especially after her last trip East. One sunny morning, New York's ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith took Maureen and her son on an excursion to the Central Park Zoo. Everything was going fine till they reached the monkey house. As they stepped through the door, one of the zoo attendants recognized Maureen as Tarzan's jungle wife. Recalling her screen adventures with Cheetah the Chimp, the attendant was certain she'd be passionately interested in his own furry charges. He promptly sat her down and for three solid hours plied her with information about apes and baboons! When she at last escaped, Maureen was ready to scream. What she'd have loved to tell the attendant, but didn't dare mention, was that Cheetah is the only member of the monkey family she knows—and she doesn't even like Cheetah because the impish chimp always tries to bite her!

THE AWFUL TRUTH
Bob Hope is under the influence. Working in Paramount's "Nothing But the Truth" has made an honest man of him. He can't tell a lie anymore! Guesting a column for newspaperman Harrison Carroll, Bob let fly the following horrifying, incredible but, he swears—nonetheless true items. Says Bob: "They never allow Clark Gable on the 'Tarzan' sets. It aggravates the elephants . . . Marlene Dietrich does not have the most beautiful pins in Hollywood. The Sunset Bowling Alleys do . . . The army made a mistake when it accepted Jimmy Stewart. They now have six colonels and a major-general answering his fan mail . . . Paulette Goddard does not possess the most gorgeous figure in the world. The Aga Khan does . . . Greta Garbo's shoes will not be used to convoy Atlantic shipping . . . That's simply sunburn on the



W. C. Fields' schnozzola . . . It is perfectly true that there's a picture of Madeleine Carroll in Bob Hope's dressing room. But the inscription, "To the dearest, sweetest, most lovable boy in the world," was not exactly autographed by Madeleine. It was autographed by Hope.

HOLLYWOOD HILLBILLY

Judy Canova, the Cinema City's leading exponent of "hayseed" glamour, has never set foot in the hill country . . . She invented her famous mountain lingo as a kid in Jacksonville, Florida; kept it when she found it made people laugh . . . Newspapermen, putting her through early interviews, came away believing she'd never seen a train or a pair of shoes . . . Rudy Vallee gave her her first radio break . . . She once lived in a house that could only be reached by cutting through a cave and taking an elevator up to the living room . . . Her coal-black hair hits her hips . . . Jack Benny is her favorite radio star; Eleanor Roosevelt her favorite public personality . . . She owns 75 dolls gathered from points as far as China and Egypt . . . A first edition Joe Miller Joke Book occupies the spot of honor in her library . . . She's written her own epitaph. Hopes the words "Here lies Judy Canova—all the world loved her" will be carved on her tombstone . . . "Lil" Abner is not her ideal man . . . She's learned how to play a five-man instrument band and wants it written in all her future scripts.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

In England they still think of Hollywood. With all the tragedy and sorrow that broods over it, the harassed little isle has managed to issue through its British Film Institute a list of stars who, in their opinion, have done the most for motion pictures. The top ten follow: Fred Astaire, Greta Garbo, Shirley Temple, Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. And from the past, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Theda Bara, Marie Dressler and Tom Mix. It's an interesting list, but a little surprising when you consider that it modestly contains only one Englishman—Chaplin. And with such delightful Bundles from Britain as Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll floating around, too!

CUTE LITTLE SHAVERS

More woe for Laird Cregar. A nasty measles attack recently deprived him of 40 of his 340 pounds. And now he's up for even greater suffering. For his role in "Charley's Aunt," 24-year-old Laird plays papa to 28-year-old Jimmy Ellison. To make him appear sufficiently ancient, director Archie Mayo decided Laird needed a receding hairline. So each morning after removing his chin and cheek whiskers, Laird whips his razor across his forehead and sorrowfully scrapes away an inch of his red-brown topknot! Which isn't half as bad as George Montgomery's predicament. Following the preview of George's first picture, fans wrote in complaining his chest looked like a hula skirt and please would Fox mow it down before exposing it again. So now poor George shaves his chest every morning—and wonders if it's all worth while when it itches like the dickens every night.

MARTHA RAYE

Judy Garland and Martha Raye ought to know each other. Besides having Dave Rose in common (Martha was married to him; Judy will be), both girls possess a quality of generosity and understanding that's hard to beat. Judy is reported to have told friends she's heard wonderful things about Martha and is also reported to have expressed the hope that Martha will be completely happy in her marriage with hotel man Neal Lang. And Martha, for her part, is equally gracious about her ex-husband's second love. Only it is not Martha's way to make sentimental speeches. Martha must wisecrack even when she's serious. As she did at the pre-marital shower given her by Ruby Keeler, for example. Linking her arm through Ann Sheridan's, Martha drew Annie away from the rest of the guests. She was choking with happiness as she told Ann how grateful she was for everything. "And do you know, honey," she finished off, "I really think Neal will marry me—if he doesn't meet Judy Garland first!" P.S. Martha became Mrs. Neal Lang on May 24th.

STRIP PLEASE

If Jon Hall isn't careful, he'll find himself literally caught without his pants. Publicity



Linda Darnell's as proud as Punch of her brand new high school diploma! That Red Cross damsel is Jean Ames.



Martha Raye and Ann Sheridan, who used to feud, are now a mutual admiration society—and a swell comedy team.

CONTINUED

photos of Jon, clad in the male version of a sarong (he wears it to woo Dorothy "Aloma of the South Seas" Lamour), have drawn hundreds of letters from women who want his tropical diapers for souvenirs. Now that he's finished the picture, Jon's willing to yield his flimsy wrap-arounds. But there remains one thing he won't do. He won't accommodate the 25 females who, on reading he was having his wisdom teeth yanked, wrote in asking if they couldn't have them for mounting. "Nothing doing," says Jon. "I've got to draw the line somewhere—by gum!"

DARNELL DIPLOMACY

You've got to hand it to Linda Darnell. Linda graduated from high school a few days ago and might have returned to her home town of Dallas, Texas, for the event, but for one thing. When the good people who control such things learned she was considering graduating with her old school chums, they decided the school auditorium couldn't hold the mob that would want to watch a movie star receive her diploma. Scratching their respective scalps, they finally hit on a solution. They would hire the gigantic Cotton Bowl! That was too much for Linda. When the plans were carried to her, she called the whole thing off. She didn't intend to steal the show from the other kids, and she certainly wasn't going to make a Roman holiday of such an important ceremony. Politely turning her back on the enterprising Dallas-ites, she was graduated from a local Hollywood school, and her formal education was brought to a close with the same lack of pomp and circumstance that marked Judy Garland's high school graduation just a year ago.

DEATH TO A RUMOR

Claudette Colbert is all packed up with no place to go. After weeks of tearing up the town preparing for an excursion to New York, Claudette learned husband Joel Pressman would be too busy to accompany her. Quick as a flash she applied for a cash refund on their tickets and, as we go to press, is enjoying (?) her vacation in her own front parlor. Did Claudette scrap her plans because she was afraid to leave Pressman alone? She did not. Or because she was afraid she'd be miserable without him? Wrong again. Claudette snipped off her holiday for just one reason. She doesn't want divorce rumors to start rolling. And she knows they would if she spent as much as a night apart from her lord and master. "When I used to read movie magazine stories that said a star's life was not her own, I used to think, 'Ugh, what slush,' " Claudette declares. "But believe me, brother, I'm not sneering any more! Look at those trunks! Full of gorgeous gowns, shoes and furs—and they'll never get farther than Hollywood and Vine!"

SHORT SHOTS

Add collectors: George Murphy hoards old newspaper columns. He ties them up with shoe strings, vows he'll read them "some day" . . . Martha Raye owns an autographed portrait of Vic Mature which reads, "To Martha, from a charming fellow." . . . John Barrymore is renting his 20-foot stuffed crocodile to Alexander Korda for "Jungle Boy" . . . "Strawberry blonde" Rita Hayworth switches to "russet redhead" for her role in Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich."

HIGH TENSION WIRE

Three pals—all top movie names—were listening to a radio news commentator recently and heard him announce that their best friend, a famous star, was suing his wife for divorce. The wife happened to be a woman thoroughly detested by the threesome, so they immediately zoomed over to a Western Union office and dictated a long wire to their pal, telling him how lucky he was to be rid of the creature, how much they loathed her, etc. Forty-eight hours later the star and his wife were reconciled! Right now our trio is in the market for 3 pairs of snow-shoes. They contemplate Alaska "for the duration." They'd rather trek across the Tundra than remain within tongue-whipping distance of Mrs. Movie Star, who found the wire when she returned home!

STEP INTO MY PARLOR

Once upon a time Bob Hope couldn't afford three meals a day. Now he can afford them, but he can't eat them! Every time he sits down to a restaurant five-courser, he's so swamped by fans and fellow stars, it's impossible to get a fork to his mouth! Which is a far cry from Bob's early days in Hollywood. Then he was breaking into radio and couldn't even lure an audience to his broadcasts. Bob's favorite story about those days is the one about the time his option was coming up, and he was in desperate need of audience laughter to impress his sponsors. His career was hanging in the balance until he had an inspiration. Before each broadcast he'd sneak next door to the popular Edgar Bergen show and redirect the exit ropes so that Bergen fans, as they left the studio, were unwittingly herded into the Hope booth! Then Bob would tear off a quick routine, and in a few minutes the duped audience would be rolling in the aisles. The scheme must have worked, too, because Bob's sponsors, listening from the East, picked up his option two weeks ahead of time!

THE PERFECT HOST

A party at W. C. Fields' home always amounts to the same thing as the Fourth of July—fireworks. The last one was no exception. Fields invited a group of friends in for the evening and introduced them to a magician he had hired to entertain them. As the magician set up his equipment, Fields raved about his talents. "The best in America," he promised his expectant cronies. But one of the guests was not interested in magic tricks. He preferred the magic of the blonde assistant the magician had brought with him. Luring the lovely lady into the garden, he began making violent love to her and was still at it when the magician stormed into their presence. The sight of his beautiful aide in the arms of another man was too much for him. The magician went berserk, took a swing at the guest, then ran to the living room where he started to break up the furniture! Fields took command. He called the police, and magically the fuming man was whisked away to the county jail. After the air had cleared, Fields faced his guests. "Well, boys," he gloated. "What did I tell you? I said you'd see the best magician in the country, and you have! He started in my parlor and, presto—wound up in the hoosegow! Match that if you can!"



The twice-married Jon Halls (Frances Langford) grin at the strictly corn charity show, "Clothes Closet Revue."



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire's Bundles for Britain consist mainly of crates of lemons. They're the height of luxury there!



Erich Maria Remarque and Marlene Dietrich have a whirl before delving into their usual literary discussions!



B.



C.



A.

COOL AND DARK

A. Green shantung with yellow collar. Dorothy Hobbs, at James McCreery, New York. $5.98

B. Navy piqué, gold buttons and eagle insignia. A Joan Kenley at Oppenheim Collins, Phila. $3.00

C. Black linen with luscious red strawberries appliquéd on the skirt. Saks 5th, New York. $14.95

D. Brown shantung dress and jacket with crisp white collar. James McCreery, New York. $10.95

By Elizabeth Willguss



Going to the Dance?





Above: a dream dress of floating chiffon in soft aqua and white. B. Altman, $16.95

Left: pale blue chiffon, shirred midriff and jacket. Arnold Constable, $14.95

MID-SUMMER MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 49)

cooling if chilled in the refrigerator.

If you want to look really fresh and inviting in summer weather, take special care with your make-up so that your skin will stay dewy fresh no matter how high the temperature soars. Be sure to apply a skin-matching foundation first—either in cream, stick, cake or lotion form—and blend it carefully and evenly. Then set it with an ice cube wrapped up in a clean hankie or piece of cleansing tissue. Give your skin a finishing touch with your chilled skin freshener applied with a tissue or a bit of cotton.

Then apply your powder (unless your foundation base takes the place of powder) in a shade that will flatter your summer skin. If your complexion is colorless or your tan is the kind that makes it look muddy and yellow, you can pep up your coloring with a rosier, more glowing shade. Generally, if your skin has a golden tan tone, choose a powder rich in golden, bronze or faintly orange shades. You girls with fair, delicate skins who don't want to or just can't tan will look lovely in one of the delicate petal or cream shades of powder. Your summer powder should always be fine and fluffy in texture.

YOUR lipstick and rouge need changing for the vacation season. You gypsies, whose skins have been toasted to a rich, tawny color, should discard the subtle tones of pre-suntan days and choose a livelier make-up. Generally, lipstick, rouge and nail polish of a deep glowing tone that tends toward orange-red will be much more flattering than your old favorites, red-red or blue-red. You who have fair skins will find that the bright, gay, warmer cheek and lip rouges in either clear red or blue-red will look best with summer pastels and bright colors.

If you are a light blonde or a brown-haired girl with a fair delicate skin, your most becoming shade of rouge will be either a clear rose or a red with a faintly bluish-cast. If you are a fair-skinned brunette, you can wear either deep rose, clear red or a blue-red shade of rouge, dependent on your costume colors.

You may be a golden red-head with a pale ivory or faintly pink delicate skin. The most flattering make-up with your hair and complexion will be a soft orange-red or subdued clear red shade of rouge and lipstick.

If you're in doubt as to just what shade of rouge is best for you, pinch your cheek until the color rises, then try to match your make-up to that shade.

But whatever you do, be particularly painstaking with your summer make-up and general skin care. This is the season when the girl who is innately fastidious and careful of her beauty and appearance comes into her own and far outshines the girl who relies on unaided charms to put her across, forgetting that sun, wind and summer heat wreak havoc with even the best of skins.

A cool and inviting make-up for summer charmers is Park & Tilford Face Powder and Dry Rouge. Both are vacuum sifted to such amazing fineness that they smooth on your skin like satin and cling for hours. And they are available in all flattering summer tones. Rose Glow is a grand shade for girls who don't go in for heavy tanning. The powder gives your skin a soft, glowing undertone, and the rouge, a subtle rose, adds warm and natural-looking color to your cheeks.

Lollipop and Butterscotch

for Summer's "Sweet fingertips"



Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains no acetone. New 50% larger bottle.



Beaux gather like bees around a honeypot—when nails are sweet with the new Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch. One's rich, red raspberry . . . one brown-sugary and sun-touched. Every Cutex shade goes on like a breeze. Dries as hard as crystal! Resists chipping and peeling for days and days. Wears amazingly long. Stays lustrous until you're ready for a fresh manicure. Cutex Polish is porous—lets moisture through. Cutex shades flatter your skin and costume colors. The even bristles in the Cutex Polish brush are securely set in a shaft—made in U.S.A. —Cutex is "All-American"! Only 10¢ in U.S.A.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London

CUTEX Tops for Flair and Wear



MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)	3★
*Adventure in Washington (Columbia)	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners)	2½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretory (M-G-M)	C 3★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M)	C2½★
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★
*Billy the Kid (M-G-M)	C 3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blondie Goes Latin (Columbio)	C 2½★
Bload and Sand (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Buck Privates (Universal)	C 2½★
Case of the Black Parrat (Warners)	2½★
*Caught in the Draft (Paramount)	3★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO)	4★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Raund the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M)	3★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Deod Men Tell (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO)	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)	2½★
Double Date (Universal)	2★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)	2½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal)	3½★
Flight Command (M-G-M)	3★
Flight from Destiny (Warners)	2½★
*Footlight Fever (RKO)	2★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners)	3★
Four Mothers (Warners)	3★
*Free and Easy (M-G-M)	2★
Free, Blande and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO)	3★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia)	2★
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Go West (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Great Dictatar, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners)	3½★
*Great Mr. Nobody (Warners)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Hard-Bailed Canory, The (Paramount)	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M)	3★
*Here Comes Happiness (Warners)	2½★
*Her First Beau (Columbio)	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
High Sierra (Warners)	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	2½★
Honeymaon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honeymoan far Three (Warners)	3★
*Harror Island (Universal)	2★
Hudsan's Bay (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Hullabalaa (M-G-M)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
*I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
Invisible Womon, The (Universol)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Happened ta One Man (RKO)	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount)	3½★
*Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount)	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists)	C 2½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO)	4★
Knute Rackne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount)	3½★
Lady fram Cheyenne, The (Universal)	3★
Lady from Louisiano, The (Republic)	3★
Lady in Questian, The (Columbia)	3★
Land af Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramaunt)	2★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO)	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount)	C 2½★
Little Men (RKO)	2½★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chonce (Columbio)	2★
*Love Crozy (M-G-M)	3½★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor, The (Paromount)	2½★
Maisie Wos a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Mojor Barbara (United Artists)	C 3½★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic)	3★
Man Mode Monster (Universol)	2★
*Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universol)	3★

Picture	General Rating
Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Meet John Doe (Warners)	4★
*Melody for Three (RKO)	2½★
Men of Boys Town (M-G-M)	C 3★
*Million Dollar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attorney (Republic)	2★
*Mr. Dynomite (Universal)	2★
Model Wife (Universa'l)	3★
*Manster and the Girl, The (Paramount)	2½★
Moan Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Nice Girl? (Universal)	3½★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount)	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
No, No, Nonette (RKO)	2½★
*One Night in Lisbon (Paramount)	3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	2½★
*Penalty, The (M-G-M)	3★
Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
Philadelphio Story The (M-G-M)	4★
Playgirl (RKO)	2★
Pat O' Gold (United Artists)	3★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
*Pawer Dive (Paramount)	2½★
Pride of the Bowery (Monogram)	C 2½★
Queen af the Mab (Poramaunt)	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M)	3★
Ragtime Cowbay Joe (Universal)	C 2★
Reaching for the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
*Reluctant Dragan (RKO)	3★
*Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ride on Vaquera (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Road to Zanziba: (Paramaunt)	C 4★
Road Show (United Artists)	2½★
Robin Hoad af the Pecos (Republic)	C 2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Raokies an Porode (Republic)	C 2½★
Raund-Up, The (Paramount)	3★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sea Walf, The (Warners)	3½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners)	4★
Scattergaad Baines (RKO)	2½★
*Scattergaad Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Scotlond Yard (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Secand Chorus (Paramount)	3½★
*Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)	3½★
*Shining Victory (Warners)	2½★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)	3★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
Six Lessons Fram Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists)	3½★
Son af Monte Cristo, The (United Artists)	3★
South af Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
Spirit af Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Spring Porade (Universal)	C 3★
*Strange Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Strawberry Blande (Warners)	3½★
*Sunny (RKO)	3★
Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount)	C 2½★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
That Hamilton Woman (United Artists)	3½★
That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	3★
They Dare Nat Love (Columbia)	2★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
This Thing Called Love (Columbia)	3½★
Those Were the Days (Poramaunt)	C 2½★
Tobacca Road (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Tom Brawn's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
*Too Many Blondes (Universol)	2★
Topper Returns (United Artists)	3★
Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Victory (Poramaunt)	3★
Virginia (Paramaunt)	3½★
Voice in the Night, The (Columbia)	3★
Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners)	3★
Washington Melodramo (M-G-M)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Womon's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
You're The One (Poromount)	2½★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★

WHY WOMEN FALL FOR RAFT

(*Continued from page 29*)

his fractures clean. That's his policy.

But you might bump into him and his pint-size girl friend on the avenue. Joan's studying music, so he goes to piano recitals with her. His chief delight is to steer her into Bonwit's or De Pinna's where he tries to buy out the stock in her size. "Now you've spent enough," she decrees and refuses to try on another nickel's worth. From Hollywood he phones her every week. And hidden away in some vault lies a sheet of legal foolscap ensuring her future—poignant evidence that no child of his own could be dearer than the daughter of the woman he once loved.

Two years ago, having finished "The Women," Norma Shearer went to Europe with a stopover in New York. She met Raft at the World's Fair, to which she'd gone with a party of friends. They'd met often enough in Hollywood, said hello, how are you, and passed on. Their circles didn't touch. Norma was a ruling member of the smart set; George picked his friends where he found them. Gary Cooper's one. But for every kindred spirit among the stars, he counts a round dozen among grips and extras.

MAYBE it was the carnival atmosphere. Maybe it was the moment of destiny. Whatever it was, something clicked that night between Raft and Shearer. He was on her boat when it sailed—along with a lot of others, including the Charles Boyers, the Eddie Robinsons, Madeleine Carroll, Roland Young. He spent seventeen days with them in the south of France and got back just under the line for a picture schedule. On Norma's return they became a constant twosome. And one of its most chattered-about.

After all, it wasn't a logical combination. George had never shown any liking for the glitter of Norma's world; she'd shown no disposition to step beyond its limits. What people lost sight of was that when a man and a woman are strongly attracted, lifelong habits are frequently tossed on the junkheap.

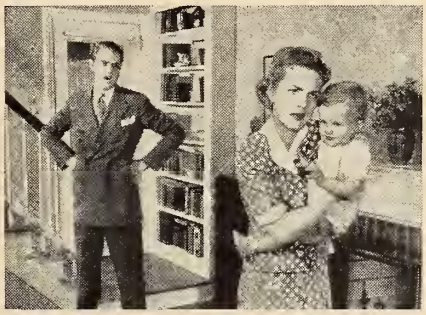
Not that Norma, when you saw her at racetracks and football games with George, gave any impression of a sacrificial lamb on the altar of friendship. On the contrary, she looked like a kid out of school, revelling in unaccustomed stimulation. George in turn attended diamond-studded premières, which he'd hitherto avoided. About social functions and the people who threw them, he'd had what amounted to a phobia. Now, outwardly imperturbable though shaky inside, he went to swank parties. He found himself liking Norma's friends—better, he was frank to admit, than he'd expected. They liked him, too. He's a man of no pretense. You take him as he is, or you don't take him. When he had something to say, he said it. When he didn't, he kept his mouth shut. By this time he'd moved into his Coldwater Canyon house where he and Mack confined their activities to the den and their bedrooms. Once in a while they'd each try one end of the living room sofa just to see what it felt like. Now he was using his house for the first time. Norma got him to give some dinner parties of his own.

Then there were the children. Wherever there are children, Raft feels at ease. He fell with a thud for the charms

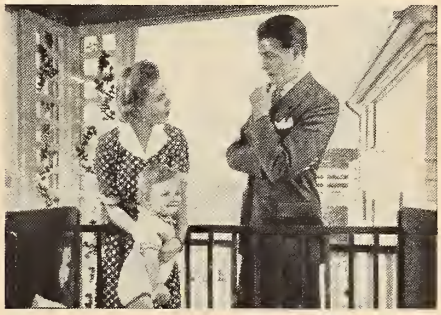
"But he's not an incubator baby any longer!"



1. Funny, the way my husband took it as a kind of personal disgrace when our little Michael was born an incubator baby. He still hates to think of it. And now that Michael's so fine and healthy (even 2 oz. *over*weight!) Mike's always after me to "treat him like a man!"



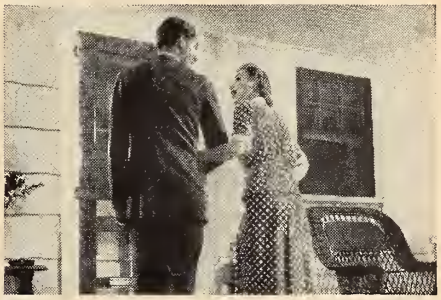
2. The other day Mike was on a regular rampage! "Holy smoke! He's a nice normal baby—why treat him like a hothouse flower? Special this, special that—even a special laxative! You've got more special gadgets for that kid than—"



3. "Say—wait a minute!" I said. "Those 'special gadgets,' as you call them, are just what's *made* Michael a nice normal baby. Of course I give him modern things designed for a baby's needs. I give him just what the doctor *tells* me to give him!"



4. "The doctor says you shouldn't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. A baby *needs* things designed especially for him. He gets special foods, so naturally he should get a special laxative. The *doctor* recommended Fletcher's Castoria!"



5. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh purging drug in it. It's effective but mild. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't liable to upset a child's tiny system."



6. Well, Mike looked a little sheepish when I tossed all those facts at him. And when he saw how Michael *takes* Fletcher's Castoria and *loves* the taste . . . that settled it. I haven't had a single laxative squabble since!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

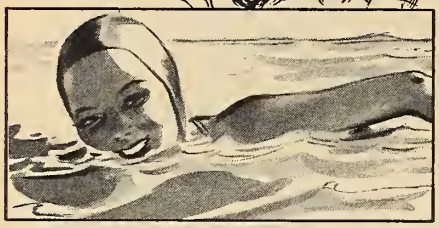
Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

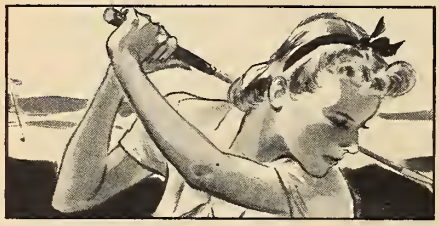
The SAFE laxative for children

"*Is There Really*
SWIM-PROOF, RUN-PROOF, SMEAR-PROOF
Make-Up?"





"My Dear, that Tangee Natural just stays on like mad! You can swim all day and it lasts and lasts. Besides Tangee Natural gives the lads a new slant on you. All Winter you've been a glamour girl...overnight Tangee Natural makes you the gal of the great outdoors."



"Another Thing. Tangee Natural Lipstick and the matching Creme Rouge refuse to melt and run when it's so hot you literally feel like *expiring.* You come in off the course, peek in the mirror, and there you are...beautiful. Your make-up is perfect...and so *natural* looking."



"Remember how perspiration used to smear your make-up? Well, not anymore! Tangee Natural Lipstick and that wonderful Creme Rouge have the Indian sign on that too—and both have the famous Tangee color change principle."



TANGEE
Natural
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

*Name*_____
[Please Print]
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____ MM81

of young Irving and little Katharine. He took the boy to the ball games. He'd run out to the beach house when Norma wasn't at home to build sand castles with the baby.

My guess is that they didn't contemplate marriage, that each enjoyed the other's society without plans for the future. But your guess is as good as mine. While it lasted—a year—their feeling for each other was real, marked by acts of consideration, big and small. He never passed a shop window without hunting through it for something that might please Norma. Whatever her dinner menu, she always saw that there was steak for George, the only meat he cares to sink tooth in. There was a lot of talk at the studio about co-starring them in a remake of "A Free Soul." Nothing came of it though. And abruptly as it had bloomed, the romance faded. Sorry, I can't tell you why. George's picture still stands in Norma's living room. "It just seemed to end," he says, when he says anything. He thinks she's wonderful and claims that in his eyes she can do no wrong. Make what you like of it.

WHICH brings us to Betty. George always had what he calls a little crush on Betty. He took her and her sister to the bike races when she was sixteen. But for any sixteen-year-old George's feeling would be more strongly tinged with protective indulgence than romance.

She was still very young when she married Jackie Coogan. Raft was just one of the nice guys on the Paramount lot with whom she'd exchange a word or a gag or a laugh in passing. The little blonde's screen career didn't jell. Neither did her marriage. Calling a halt to both, she trekked east, pulled herself a plum in "Du Barry Was A Lady" and became one of those overnight toasts of Broadway. Blinders ripped from their eyes, the studios yelled, come home! She did, eventually—to the arms of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Raft visited New York during the period of her triumph. But he made no attempt to see her. Not George. "The whole town's on her trail. What chance would a guy like me have?" he said to a friend.

She returned to Hollywood and made "Tin Pan Alley." Noting that she never went out with the same man twice, George cannily deduced that she was heartfree and plucked up courage. Just a little. Not enough to approach Betty. He asked their mutual friend, Mary Benny, to sound her out and talk him up. The build-up proved superfluous. Betty promptly said yes. George as promptly phoned. Would she go to the Benny broadcast Sunday night, then on to Ciro's?

Now Betty's a good healthy girl. She never gets sick, take her word for it. So on the morning of her first date with George, she woke up feeling rotten. By midafternoon she knew she'd have to break the date. It almost broke her heart. She was afraid George might think it a stall. She put her mother on the phone to verify her own testimony that it wasn't. George said he understood. He said he was going to the President's Birthday Ball and would call her when he got back. She hung up the phone and wailed, "Maybe *he's* stalling *me.*"

She knows better now. The Sunday after his return they went to the Bundles for Britain benefit and danced at Mocambo. On her doorstep he said, "I'd like to see you again."

"When?"

"Tomorrow night?"

"That's fine with me."

They used to hit the nightspots. Neither drinks, but both love to dance. Between dances they guzzle Poland water. Or George sends a boy to the corner drugstore for an ice cream soda, his favorite beverage. One day he asked her how about a ball game, and she whooped with joy. Now it's baseball on Sunday afternoons unless they drive down to Caliente for the races. On Tuesday and Friday nights they go to the fights. Virginia went to please George, Norma for the novelty; Betty goes because she's as nutty about them as George.

They haven't been seen at a nightclub in weeks. From "Miami" Betty hopped right into "A Yank in the RAF." When she works, she's in bed by nine. So she'd rather dine in slacks at the Canyon with George and Mack than bother to go out. She's happiest anyway running around in slacks but feels conscience-stricken sometimes because she thinks George likes to see her dressed up. She needn't worry. George's viewpoint is, what's it matter what she runs around in, she's always Grable. After dinner they play gin rummy. She beats him occasionally. And always legitimately. She won't let him let her win. It's he who watches the clock, gets her out by eight-thirty and home by nine.

He thinks she's more fun than any girl he's ever known—sunny-hearted, full of laughs, easy to please. She insists he can outclown her, only he's not so noisy about it. She calls him her straight man—or, to tease him, Sinister. He calls her Goodlookin'. She says he's soothing. She's never seen him excited or heard him raise his voice. Her tendency is to rush around. "Take it easy," he says. "Everything's under control."

ACCORDING to Betty, the world holds no kinder man. Recently she went to the hospital with an infected wisdom tooth. Her jaw was out to there. George assured her it wasn't swollen at all, or if it was, it looked lovely that way. Flowers arrived every hour on the hour. She asked for a book. He sent her eight of them.

Once she told him that she always took her mother to dinner on maid's night out. Once was enough. He's never forgotten that Thursday is maid's night out, never failed to ask Mrs. Grable to join them. He loves to give but hates the act of giving and will run a mile to escape a thank you.

"Think your brother-in-law'd like to go to the fights, Betty?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"You ask him."

Or, "Here's some perfume I got for your mother. You give it to her."

It's come to be a running gag in the family. "Betty Alden," she says, "speaking for Miles Standish Raft—" He can't bring himself to hand even her a gift. "Go look on the table in the other room," he tells her.

For all her youth and gayety, I have a suspicion that Betty reads Raft more truly and values him more justly than any woman has done. She knows he has the only qualities worth a damn—those that make character. She also knows that somewhere along the line he's been hurt, and the knowledge moves her to a fierce compassion. Now and then she'll surprise a look in his eyes that she can't bear. "Who's been *mean* to you, George?" she cries.

Whether they'll marry, nobody knows. Not even they, since it doesn't wholly depend on them.

But George says she's made him happier than he's ever been in his life.

And Betty certainly hopes she'll never make him sad.

LIFE FOR HENIE IS TOPPING

(*Continued from page 31*)

On the shimmering ice under the colored lights with the music, the glitter of expensive costumes, the brilliant skating of the troupe all forming a background for the special combination of speed, grace, rhythm and technique that makes her great, Sonja is magical. Topping caught the mood as soon as her first number was completed. He straightened in his seat. He wasn't bored.

More than an inarticulate admirer he judged her as one athlete would another. Great coordination of muscle and mind. Fearless. Not a nerve in all the hard flesh of her five-foot-two body. The girl was terrific! By the end of the show Topping was figuring out excuses to meet the little Henie. Then he hit upon it. He'd have to be the gentleman and thank her for the tickets. He *owed* her that. His friend would want him to. So Topping found himself in Sonja's dressing-room, and that was the beginning of that.

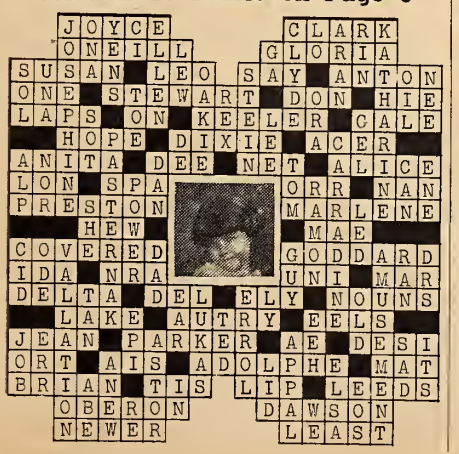
They went out to dinner several times but not the first night. No, Sonja saw to it that she didn't play "easy to get." White orchids, the snow maiden's favorite flower, found their way to her apartment, and then all too soon, the troupe moved on to St. Louis. "It just happened," said Topping, sucking his pipe stem, "that I had to go West on some business for the team." He squinted at the hills that rimmed the horizon and waited for the "Oh yeah?"

"Well, I did, and my trip took me to St. Louis, so we saw more of each other there. And then by chance the troupe went on to Pittsburgh where I had to go, too, on some business for the team, and I saw Sonja often there," he explained.

In April the campaign began. "We talked over getting married three months before we did it," he says. "You know, idle talk. Could we get along? What would our chances be for a successful marriage? We were in a party that went to Hawaii, and Sonja had a serious throat infection. She took her illness with the same sporting quality that she takes everything else. A man can't help but admire a woman like that. She is different from any other woman I have ever known.

"Ask me what traits I liked best about her, and I can't answer. Maybe it was her fearlessness and her complete independence. I know . . . men are supposed to like the clinging vine type of woman,

Solution To Puzzle on Page 8



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but Sonja can be just as feminine as the next woman and more fun, if she wants to, but when she needs to be, she can be a hard-headed business woman. There's a lot of novelty in a woman who is completely contradictory."

She talks in big money, because she makes big money and handles it fearlessly, trusting a few close friends who started out to be business associates but proved themselves worthy of confidence. One of these is Chicago's Arthur Wirtz, who owns half of her carnival company and is owner of sports stadiums in several Eastern cities. So complete is her trust in Wirtz that they do business without a written contract.

In 1939 she told me that Wirtz was the "finest man I have met in America." She doesn't change the rating now that she has married Dan Topping. "That's something else . . ." she says, wrinkling up her nose into a bunny-like grin.

IT was at Wirtz's Chicago home on Lake Shore Drive that Sonja married Dan Topping on July 4th, 1940. The obvious thought is that they both gave up their independence on Independence Day, but that is far from fact. "And I'll tell you why," said Topping, crossing his brown-slacked legs.

"Neither one of us married for financial gain. We are independent financially, and it's not a question of 'what do I get if I leave you?' And 'what becomes of the money I've made while I was married to you?' If we do split, and I fervently hope that we never will, there will not be any bad temper stirred up because of property settlements. The way we are now, our marriage is based purely on community of interest and our affection for each other.

"Do you know that we haven't had a quarrel? And as it looks now there seems to be little reason for us to quarrel. Sonja is anxious to become a part of my world, and I'm just as anxious to fit into hers. However, there's one thing that I do stop at, and that's ice skating. I haven't been on skates since I stopped playing ice hockey, and I've never been on figure skates.

"On the other hand, Sonja says she is going to take up golf, which I have been playing since I was seven; and she has already taken to football like a real fan; she's seen twenty-five games this season. We both like to fish, and Sonja's great at it. We like to swim and we're building a Long Island beach house.

"In town we live in a suite at the Waldorf, and if we feel like a swim, we go to the airport where I keep my plane—I've been flying for years—fly down for the afternoon, take a dip and are back in New York to sign any letters that require my signature and to have dinner together."

This life plan runs along like fiction, and there are only a few things that could upset it. One is that a certain national defense measure known as conscription may take Topping, who is now in a deferred classification; and the other is that as *paterfamilias* Topping may ask the ice queen to give up her winter tours, which have been like life's breath to her since she turned professional in 1936.

Touring means jumps every week to all parts of the country; a wife whose waking hours are devoted to professional, not wifely, duties. Topping is too much in love—and so is Sonja—to stay in distant New York while the biggest woman box office attraction in sports history is touring the provinces.

"Besides, it's expensive to be separated from Sonja," he says with a quick grin. "Long distance calls four to six times a day and telegrams . . . it all runs into money. As it was, I had to miss being with her on her birthday this year."

There is no indication that Topping is readying himself to ask Sonja to make this sacrifice to their domestic happiness. He understands her feelings very well and respects them. He knows that she is young enough to be vastly thrilled by mob adulation. She's still under thirty, and he's about four or five years her senior . . . a Pennsylvania University footballer, by the way. Quit school in '29, the year the bottom dropped out of the market.

What he would like to see Sonja do is make one film a year. Make it in the Winter or Spring and have her spend from July to January in New York and at Long Island, for those are the months that professional football demands his attention. If that could be contrived, Sonja might have other duties to take her mind off the sweet thrill of flying across the ice on her firm, chubby legs and the intoxication of music and motion. Little Toppings, for instance. Sonja is agreeable to the idea of children, wants them very much and laughs at Winchell's premature prediction. She'll let him know, and gladly, whenever it's true.

If their common interest in sports and their love did not bind them together, Sonja and Dan Topping would still have an item in common. They are both pioneers in sports that have, since they helped launch them, caught the country's fancy. Sonja with her plushy ice revues revitalized the common snow sports of skating and skiing; made several million dollars; created a niche for her brother Leif, who since the overthrow of Norway, has been manufacturing snow togs for America's leading class stores.

Topping, in a less spectacular way, has focused public interest on professional football, and in the East the fad is healthy. "I've owned the Dodgers for eight years," he says. "The first four years were tough. It took time to get people interested; I had to build up the team. The last four years have been comparatively easy, and last year the team played to two million people."

THE fact that her husband is a good business man as well as a sportsman, adds immeasurably to Sonja's happiness, and happy she is. Never has her round-cheeked face with its mischievous brown eyes been brighter nor her compact little body any more slimly curved. "Thank heavens I didn't marry an actor!" she says. "I don't think those marriages can succeed, can they? Both in the same profession. Or is it possible?" She asks these questions out of fullest curiosity, but she wouldn't waste time debating them. For she is strictly a woman of action.

Sonja's house in Oslo—city of her birth—the one that she redecorated in satins and mirrors—is now in the hands of the Third Reich, and she has had no word of it. She thinks of buying with her husband a home in California. Lavish as she is in spending money and razor-keen about making it, Sonja still delights in giving her co-workers what they wouldn't buy for themselves. Now she has someone to give her gifts. Topping's latest is a sixty-five carat cat's eye ring mounted in simple gold setting. It's the largest in the world and was exhibited at the World's Fair.

Ask her if her meeting with Dan Topping resulted in "love at first sight" for her, she dimples and parries the question with "love by first sight. . . ?" And that's all the answer you get. It's against her Nordic ethics to undrape her emotions for the press. You can be sure, though, without asking, that life for Henie is simply Topping.

SERIOUS SIDE OF A SCREWBALL

(Continued from page 45)

and the average money-mad homo sapiens. The lure of filthy lucre did not drive Eddie into a search for this special vitamin oil. His motive was purely and solely a desire to contribute profit to the poor and to the ill. And that's not soap.

Eddie Albert's plan was this: He wanted to go to starving fishermen in Costa Rica and other Central American countries. Extract them from their poverty. Give groups of fishermen his money to buy boats and equipment. Let each establish his own shark-hunting business. Let each, for the first time, earn a living wage. Then Eddie would buy the shark-liver from his prospering fishermen, have the stuff processed and canned and sold in drugstores cheap enough so that any poor person, ill of health, lacking the proper vitamins, could become healthy for almost nothing.

"It was a great idea," admitted Eddie. "But it leaked out, and now several huge corporations have invested two million dollars in the same thing. They're going to market the stuff themselves. It'll be a service, sure. But it'll be more expensive now, and it won't help the fishermen. In brief, it wasn't exactly as I planned. Of course I can't compete. I just haven't the cash. But I may continue in this business in a small way."

We don't want to feed you any varnish about all of Eddie Albert's projects being purely philanthropic. They aren't. He likes, also, to involve himself in purely speculative stunts of longshot possibilities that bear the overtones of high adventure and excitement.

Thus when Ginger and Dana Lamb, California explorers who wrote a best-seller book a couple of years ago, came to Eddie with an idea for a hidden city hunt, he was all ears and bankbook. He backed Ginger and Dana Lamb—and showed us a letter he'd just received from them. They are, at this writing, in Southern Mexico, near Tehuantepec, seeking the Lost City of the Mayans, armed with Eddie's machetes and pistols, fighting stinging ants, chiggers, spiders, brush and heat.

As a result of this and other projects he's backed, Eddie receives a tremendous amount of mail every week from people who have inside information on hidden diamond mines, secret gold veins, unexplored ruins. The only thing he contributes to in these cases is the wastebasket. He told me about a letter he got from one old prospector. The man was a real oddity. "For full expenses paid

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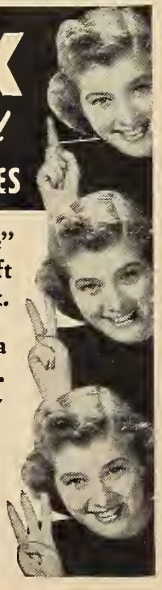
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and ten dollars a week, I will find gold for you," he wrote Eddie. "I am a freak. I can walk over land, and when there's gold running beneath, I can feel it in my feet and it registers a special taste in my mouth." This amused Eddie. But not to the extent of drawing hard-earned money from the bank.

More than anything, Eddie Albert, who in his time even played stooge to a professional circus strongman, loves to invest in human beings. If he finds a person who is interesting, who has something to offer, but is down on his luck—Eddie is willing to put cash across the board on the person's future with no thought of return.

Another time, down at the docks, Eddie found a Spanish guitarist, a down-at-the-heel bum who had just finished a furlough riding the rods. This character had picked up across America rare folk songs that had never found their way into print. Eddie had the guitarist under his roof to record these folk songs and sent the wanderer off with a handsome sum of money!

Eddie's latest two-legged property is a tall, reedy Chinese boy from faraway Canton. The boy's name is Lin. He speaks poor English. Understands less. Eddie found him slaving in a downtown restaurant, thought the Chinese lad exceptionally intelligent and quick and hired him as a cook and aide de camp. "I've had a complete education on China and the Far East from Lin," Eddie revealed. "Some fellow! His father is Mayor of Canton. His grandfather built one of China's greatest temples. He causes me endless grief, though. Gets everything bawled up on the phone. He cancels my important appointments. Fixes up the ones I attempt to avoid. And last week got me knotted into dating two girls in one evening—at the same time!"

Today Eddie Albert rents a sprawling and untidy furnished home on a dead end street near Warners and Universal, with Janet Gaynor and Adrian and Mary Brian and her new husband for his neighbors. The house is cluttered with a hundred Albertisms—part of a philosophic book he is writing, an original Rockwell Kent on one wall, three bookcases he built for his records that range from Brazilian rhumbas to Beethoven, piles of magazines like The Nation and National Geographic and Modern Screen, a piano and violin (both of which he plays) and numerous texts on the art of emoting.

CONCERNING the art of emoting—from which Eddie Albert earns his bread, butter and popularity—he is no slouch. More important, he is no screwball.

He claimed his one consuming ambition was to portray Edgar Allen Poe on the screen. He wanted to do Poe in a film on schedule labeled "Annabel Lee." We uttered the usual objection—that he was a comedian, and a comedian couldn't play Poe.

Eddie Albert lifted the roof off his home. "The devil a comedian can't play Poe!" he exclaimed. "Why, the physical resemblance would be simple. A black wig. Moustache. A little simple plastic work. But more important, I'm sure I could do justice to the role in other respects.

"True, studios have considered Laurence Olivier for the part. Well and good. He's a polished actor. And he looks somber. But that's the rub. Cast Olivier as Poe, and you know it's a tragedy. It takes out the element of suspense and conflict. You'd expect a moody picture. You'd get it.

"But if they cast a person who is known to the public to be bright, fresh, alive, cast him as Poe, and then in the plot allow circumstances to put the old Indian sign on the actor, that would create suspense, frustration and finally, conflict and tragedy."

Eddie Albert elaborated with broad gestures.

"Listen, a good clown can play a serious part better than anyone else in the world, that is, if he's a *good* clown. Because anyone who understands the basis of comedy knows, also, the fundamentals of all fine acting. A funnyman understands the vital trick of acquiring audience sympathy, so that when frustration and sadness befall him, the audience loves him the more. I remember Joe Jackson on the stage. Oh, he was grand! Baggy. Forlorn. Hopeless. Shuffling out, staring at the audience and winning them over. . . . Believe me, that old saw about every clown wishing to play Hamlet need not be a gag. It might be an intelligent idea!"

WE tried to shift Eddie Albert to the subject of women. He was elusive. Admitted he preferred wandering around through saloons and getting into conversations with strange people over strong beers than attending inane parties with members of the weaker sex. If he had to go out with a woman, he preferred to attend a solid three-act play.

"Actually, I'm Hollywood's most ineligible bachelor," Eddie insisted.

Maybe. Maybe not. Anyway, we knew that many of the good-lookers in town and the women with brains went for him in a big way. We were told that Jane Bryan, before she married Justin Dart, was crazy about Eddie. And Jane Bryan never cared for a person unless the person had plenty of gray matter in the second story.

We even heard rumor that ten years ago Eddie had married his radio partner, a cute gal named Grace Bradt. He'd met her in Minneapolis. Broke into radio with her on a program he wrote in Cincinnati called "The Honeymooners." He'd even acted opposite her on Broadway in "The Boys From Syracuse." We asked Eddie about Grace Bradt. He said she was swell. Really a peach. Clever and smart and a honey. But marriage? "Why, she never wanted to marry me. She knew me and my goofy ideas too well!"

We then proceeded to inquire if Eddie had any special type he was looking for. No, none. "If I knew the type of girl I wanted to marry," he said, "I'd be married today. But I do want someone with a sound sense of humor. A girl who could make life exciting and have endless enthusiasm for the important things that captivate me."

From other sources we learned that the splendid actress, Margo, who had gone out with Eddie several times, filled the bill in many respects.

"One more thing," said Eddie, before we left. "If you want to know what I'm really like, well, let me write the ending of your article about me."

"Sure," we said. "That would be swell!"

Eddie Albert took a pencil, a piece of paper, and here, friends, is what Eddie Albert, The Serious, wrote about Eddie Albert, The Screwball:

"This is the way I would candidly describe Eddie Albert. The reason he likes some people and doesn't like others depends entirely on their enthusiasm for life. If certain people enjoy living—and they should, because, hell, it's a cruel, but crazy and marvelous world—then Eddie Albert likes those people, because Eddie himself has a boundless enthusiasm for living, and he loves this earth, and above everything, its dwellers!"

WHAT MAKES YOU TICK?

(Continued from page 46)

To get a line on your personality, check on the chart below the stars who appealed to you on page 54.

A	B	C
....Charles Boyer	....Jeffrey Lynn	....Joel McCrea
....Bob Hope	....Jimmy Cagney	....Clark Gable
....Robert Taylor	....Tyrone Power	....Gary Cooper
....Jack Oakie	....Spencer Tracy	....Cary Grant

If you have two or more check marks under any one of the groups, A, B or C, use that letter as one of your key-letters. For example: If you have two or more under B, but only one or none under A and C, your key-letter is B, and your personality rating will be listed under that key—B. Or if you have two or more check marks under B and C, but only one or none under A, your key-letter is BC, and your personality rating will be listed under that key—BC. If you have two or more check marks under A, B and C, your key-letter is ABC. If you have only one or no check marks under all three group letters, your personality classification will be found under XX.

A

You must be a very gay and energetic type of person. If you are not, experience or age may have taken it out of you—but in spirit you remain the same.

You are very feminine, and unless we are greatly mistaken, you like much pampering and humoring. Of course, we all like attention—but you're inclined to reach for it.

You seem to put a lot of importance into "social standing," not so much attention to your budget and find it hard to be patient or concentrate on anything very long.

Inclined to be bored easily, sometimes considered frivolous and willful, there is nothing much the matter with you that a pocketful of money wouldn't easily remedy—but so say we all of us.

B

You are the kind of girl who can turn out a swell meal, be a marvelous wife and considered a perfect mother. You may not be married—but you have those capabilities just the same—and someone will undoubtedly discover them before long.

Feminine to the point where you'd like your own home and a family, and that in itself is unusual in these days—you are a little on the conservative side at times. You will always be a help to your husband—or future husband—and no one could ever consider you a drag.

You get pleasure out of humoring a man and making him forget his troubles; you have a nice even disposition and have about everything that one would want in a "good pal."

C

Well, well! Here's the practical, capable, efficient and diplomatic girl. You can take of a man without his even knowing anyone had done anything for him.

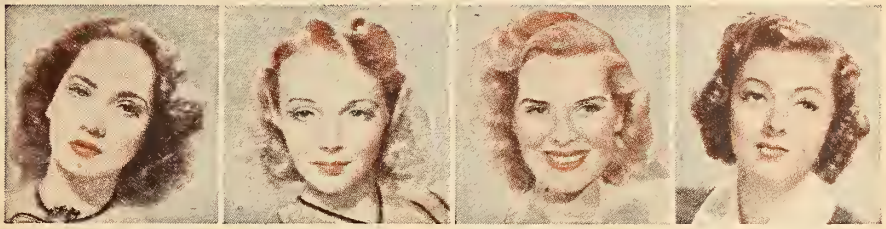
On the other hand—being that efficient has made you too conscious of details and personal problems. You'll have to

To hold his eyes

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VIRGINIA BRUCE
The Camea Skin Type
Fair skin with cameo-pink tints. For delicate bloom, use Woodbury Flesh. For radiant warmth, use Blush Rose.

BRENDA JOYCE
The Honey Skin Type
Amber skin with gold tints. For deeper accent, Woodbury Champagne. For a rosy look, use Windsor Rose.

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dwell a little less on the personal angle and remember that other people in this world who are having a tough time.

Incidentally, it wouldn't be too hard for you to neglect your personal appearance, let down in your zest for the spice of life or to become a little bit smug—so watch it and try to avoid these failings as much as possible—won't you?

AB

You're a little hard to satisfy, aren't you? When you come around, you rather expect others to take a back-seat and like it. There is absolutely no chance for any man to convince you that "woman's place is in the home."

A career for you—at least for a long while. Or if you do marry or are married, either pick him rich or make sure you can keep on working and maintain your outside interests.

You would have trouble running a three-room apartment without the help of a maid—even if you were at home all day long. We may be a little severe in this picture of you—but we are not far off—honest now—are we?

AC

You seem to be a sort of "dream-girl"—one in a thousand. Very sensible, practical and treating all your own and other people's problems with an understanding and sympathy that should have won you a host of friends before now.

Your friends find you a real good sport and good pal. You like variety and excitement, but with it all you can remember your obligations and limits.

Any man would find you an ideal mate and enjoy a serene kind of existence which isn't very often to be found. With all the desire for personal allure and glamour—you still believe that simplicity is the essence of good taste—and more power to you!

BC

No strings on you, are there? The main trouble is that you're too much *business*—over efficient. You could run a resort with less trouble than some girls have in keeping one room tidy.

Your budget is perfect, you save regularly, but it is just possible that even at an early age some people might think you had a "middle-aged" mental viewpoint.

If you will learn to take advice kindly, not talk so much, be less dominating, and in the presence of men (you know, the *stronger* sex) lean on them for a little more "support"—your popularity should begin to increase measurably. You may not like the idea—but believe us—it's *good* psychology.

ABC

You're a lot of fun—any place! You can take it as well as dish it out—and that covers everything from teasing to a hot-foot.

Inclined to be a little too extroverted (liking a lot of attention, being the center of attraction and slightly addicted to social climbing), it would take a mighty good man to make you decide on matrimony.

If you did love a man enough to marry him, you would certainly give him all the respect he deserves, but he'd never in his right mind call you a "homebody."

He will have to be broadminded, too—boy friend or husband—for you'll pay attention to whoever pleases your interest—when you please or where you please. It's a lot of fun, and we wouldn't want to change you for the world—but be careful, please!

XX

Have you heard the expression—"clinging vine?" That's you. Believe it or not, that's the type men fall for the hardest. They love it though, because it gives them the chance to make up your mind for you—most of the time, anyway.

If you are still single, it's an even bet that your budget is in a constant mess, you never know what to pick for lunch or dinner, find it hard to decide what to wear each day and find it even more difficult to select a movie to see on an off night.

If you like a man very much—lucky guy—you'll always be loyal, obey him like a pet, seldom hold an original thought in your pretty head (and why should you when it's a strong man's job, anyway) and sit around looking pretty much of the time.

They say it's a man's world—this troubled sphere of ours—but we need girls like you to keep ultra-feminism alive, and we are very glad you arrived at this classification.

ACCENT ON LOVE

(*Continued from page 37*)

you really look the way I think you do, or whether you're one of those mirages the desert throws up now and then."

They went to Chasen's for steak broiled over charcoal. Practically everybody in Hollywood who could afford a Chasen steak was there. And practically everybody who was there stopped to say hello to them, while they held hands under the table.

Ellen noticed that Si always listened graciously to what others had to say and vitalized the conversation by the things he had to say. She felt the same warm surge in her heart that she knew when her six-year-old son, Skipper, wearing a blue suit, a white shirt and a grown-up tie, recited in Sunday school.

It was strange that a girl who had made her mark as an actress should be as retiring as Ellen was six or seven months ago. It was curious she should have no wish to be the center of attraction herself but be well content to have the men in her life—Skipper and Si—monopolize it.

She wondered if Skipper would like Si. He was apt to be a little strange with the men she knew.

They met the next evening. Skipper, who came downstairs in his pajamas and dressing gown and moccasins, eyed Si with that frank look of appraisal that is only possible to children.

"Hi, there, fellow," Si said. "I've heard about you . . . been looking forward to this."

He talked to Skipper as if they were the same age, and Skipper straightened up to attain the stature conferred upon him.

"Like to ride?" Si asked.

"Yes, I do," Skipper said, "but I don't get to ride very much, so I'm not very good at it."

"How about coming to the Riviera Club with your mother and me on Sunday? I have just the horse there for you."

Skipper's eyes broke in stars like those sent up by the sparklers children burn on the Fourth of July. Ellen put her arm about his shoulders. And when her eyes met Si's over his tow head, she tried to look a little aloof and disapproving. Nothing had been said about the Riviera Club on Sunday. Si took much for granted. She might have other plans. But when he grinned at her, for all her fine, proud resolves, she relented instantly.

Two weeks later found Ellen and Si at Palm Springs again. They rode up in the hills. They shopped along the smart main street of the little town; bought dwarf cactus for her rockery and an old Indian silver bracelet. They drank Pyms at the Luau bar. And when they joined the rest of the crowd at the Beverly Derby after driving back to Hollywood, they were engaged, and they both looked a little serious and holy, the way kids look when they take their first communion.

The weeks that followed weren't always happy for Ellen. Si liked to dine out and have people around him. And Sundays—the only day they had together, since usually they were both working—Ellen found herself surrounded by the socially confident wives of the men with whom Si played polo. Always she seemed to be groping for something to say and so self-conscious and shy that her brain was practically paralyzed.

"Look, Si," she said one day, "I want to say first of all that I understand your wish to have people around you. You sit alone in an office all day banging a typewriter. When night comes you want society. With me it's different. I'm surrounded by people all day on the set. When night comes, I like to relax.

"The main point, however, is that I'm not up to the kind of life we're living. You see, darling, I'm not like you. I don't know what to say to people. And I have nothing in common with all those polo players' wives."

She smiled. "You know me, Si darling—I'm the girl who used to dole out chocolate nut sundaes in the candy store next to Graumann's Chinese. I never saw a steeplechase in my life, and I never cried 'Tally-ho,' or whatever it is you cry when you go after the fox. I'm . . ."

Si put his arm around her and drew her close. "You're a dope," he said. "*My* dope. If you never opened your beautiful mouth, people would be glad of a chance to sit and look at you. Thank God, you are the quiet type! We wouldn't get along if you weren't, I'm afraid, because I love to talk—*and what would I do without you?*"

HE gathered her closer. "Ellen, sweet, you do the best job of underestimating yourself of anyone I know. The best! You're Ellen Drew, a rising young actress with some pretty swell performances to your credit. You don't have to shine over a steak at Chasen's unless you want to. . . . The only thing is, I think you'd have more fun if you did go after the social spotlight sometimes! So let's see if I can't help you overcome some of that shyness. I should be able to. God knows I've never been self-conscious."

Ellen stood on tiptoe to get her arms around him. "If you only could," she said, "it would be so wonderful, Si!"

Nothing was accomplished overnight, but slowly Ellen changed. The publicity personnel at the studio noticed it. Previously when she had been interviewed, she had sat back quietly, smiled timidly and answered the questions that were put to her in a frightened rush. Gradually she came to be almost as interesting and amusing with strangers as with those she knew well.

The way Si helped her was simple enough. "You like people or you wouldn't be shy," he told her. "Fact of the matter is you like people so much you're put off by what they'll think of you—and consequently you don't let yourself go.

"Make up your mind there are bound to be those who won't like you or think as you do. You wouldn't get much from that group anyhow, because the chances are you wouldn't like them or think as they think, either. So! Say what you have to say as graciously as you can and follow your instincts as far as you can without working any injustice to others. And have fun!"

In the early spring Si's team played at Del Monte. The polo crowd, including Ellen and Si, went up the day before and stayed at Monterey where the sea foams against the dark rocks, and the night winds that have twisted the cedars into eerie shapes throughout the years make the inn guests grateful for the open fires that burn in every room.

"This is a gorgeous place," Si told Ellen when he bid her goodnight at the door of the cottage she was occupying. "I'd like to come here when we're married, if you like it, too."

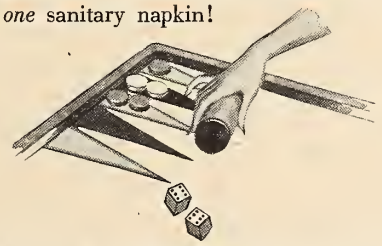
"I think it's Heaven," she said.

Sunday was one of those days when the sun was warm, the breeze was cool, and the air like wine. Ellen had a new suit—beige—and so beautifully tailored that she looked as if she had been poured into it. With it she wore a large black hat and carried a perfectly mammoth black bag. Men and women both looked often toward the box where she sat with her party. Now, no longer withdrawn in shyness, she was one of the crowd.

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10¢ for package of 2 rinses at 10¢ stores.



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The teams took their places for the last chukker. The wind was rising. Ellen gathered her beige topcoat about her shoulders. Only for a split second were her eyes off Si, but in that time his horse fell and threw him. Ellen gripped the box railing, but she said nothing. If the horse rolled on Si or kicked him . . .

"Si, Si," she cried. But only with her heart. The polo set remained calm about spills.

"If only," she thought, "the horse would run off before Si, with his unconscious dramatic quality, has a chance to jump on again—at least until he's sure he's all right."

The horse, on his feet now, looked around, and then as if Ellen's thought willed it, he spun about and made for the far end of the field.

A minute later Ellen was smiling at the flip remarks made by a famous horseman from the East and chatting easily about the best arrangements for dinner and the return home.

The next day she made up her mind to visit Skipper at the California Prep School where he's a boarding pupil. Si and she had visited him often on Sundays. And occasionally she had driven down to have dinner with him alone. But this was different. She went now because, Si's spill having shown her how very much Si meant to her, she was anxious to go ahead with definite wedding plans, and she wanted to tell Skipper all about everything before he heard gossip in a way that might make him feel jealous or resentful or left out.

SHE telephoned the school mother from her dressing-room on the Paramount lot first thing in the morning. "You dine early, at six, I know, and I'll do my best to be on time," she said.

Skipper began hanging around the main doorway at five o'clock. At five-thirty he began to fidget. At six o'clock when the dinner call sounded and he took his place at table, he had to blink back tears.

"David's mother is having dinner with us tonight," the house mother told the boys. (Skipper's real name is David Wallace.) "And, of course, you'll all stand until David has seated her."

At last there was the crunch of gravel in the driveway, and a car came to a stop. Skipper pushed back his chair and rushed to the door. And the house mother didn't stop him. A moment later he and Ellen entered the refectory, arm in arm. There was the scrape of chairs on the floor as the boys rose. Ellen smiled at all of them, made her apologies to the house mother, and took her place beside Skipper. He looked at her differently, she thought, but she laid this to her imagination and the purpose of her visit.

"Mommie," he whispered soon enough, unable to contain his emotion, "do you hear the boys saying your name—saying Ellen Drew? Last week we went to a picture show and you were in it."

Idolatry was in his eyes. "I was proud!"

Ellen didn't know quite what to do. Skipper had never before been aware of her in any capacity except that of his Mommie. "Did you like the picture?" she asked. "Did you think I did a good job?"

Later, when Skipper was in bed, Ellen read him a story. He hushed her, his finger on his mouth, during the most exciting part. "Hear that?" he whispered, nodding towards the room beyond the thin partition. "Hear that! They're saying your name again. They're saying *Ellen Drew*."

Ellen knew how right she had been not to set a wedding date or make definite plans until she had come and talked things over with him. Paragraphs would have appeared in the news columns. He probably wouldn't have seen them himself. But the older boys would have told him. And little boys are funny creatures. They get the strangest notions about things sometimes.

She smoothed his covers and took his hand. "I have something very important to talk over with you," she said. "Mr. Bartlett and I are hoping to get married. . . ."

Skipper looked very serious. "I guess you'd better," he said. "And quick, too! Before some other girl gets him. I've been thinking about you and Mr. Bartlett, Mommie. He makes you laugh a lot. And he takes you to a lot of places. So you don't get lonely while I'm here at school. And I'll be at school for a long time, I guess—for years."

She gathered him into her arms. "I think Mr. Bartlett's very nice," she told him, "and I had the impression you did, too. The three of us should make a very nice family, I think—don't you?"

"You bet," he said. He was sleepy now. He had to rub his eyes violently to stay awake.

Ellen kissed him and turned out the light. "Goodbye for now," she said. "Let's plan a picnic next Sunday—you and Mr. Bartlett and I."

It's a two-hour drive from Covina—where the Prep School is—to Hollywood. But it seemed no distance at all to Ellen. Her heart was singing.

Si's car was parked in her driveway. And she found Si reading in the living room. "Darling," she said, rushing to his arms, "I told you I was going to see Skipper tonight."

"I know," he said, "but I figured you'd be home early, so after dinner with the gang, I dropped round to say good night."

"Skipper thinks it's wonderful I'm going to marry you," she told him. She knew that was what he was waiting to hear.

His face brightened. "Now I can tell you what I want for my birthday," he said.

Immediately she was interested. His birthday came in July, and she had been wondering what on earth she could give him that he would really like. "*What?*" she asked.

"A wedding," he told her.

Ellen laughed. "That's the kind of present I like to give," she said. "Something I can use myself."

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start, and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse op'ries!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below, and your chart is as good as lassoed!

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WARTIME HOUSE GUESTS

(Continued from page 52)

like and yet so very unlike their own."

For Conrad Veidt to be sheltering one of England's evacuées is in itself a paradox, but politics and changing creeds defy tradition. At one time Veidt was a leading character actor in his birthplace, Germany. He won recognition in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in 1919, and has had an enviable film career ever since. In 1931 he cut all ties with Germany and became a British citizen, offering his personal fortune to Britain at the outset of the war.

The evacuées—don't ever call the British "refugees," not while there's left a spear of grass, a tiny rock, that could be called England—are considerably scattered throughout greater Los Angeles. Some of them are kept in almost cloistered seclusion, their hosts refusing to give out names, ages or any information regarding them.

The brothers Warner, for instance, brought over nine or ten children, offspring of their exchange employees in England, and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Wallis (Louise Fazenda) are guesting several and giving their own child an opportunity to acquaint himself with English modes and manners. The children of English actor Robert Donat (Academy Award winner for 1938-39 with "Goodbye, Mr. Chips") and their mother are living quietly in Beverly Hills, almost in retreat, in a rented Spanish-type house, and Joanna, John and Brian, whose ages range from ten downward, attend a local elementary school "for the duration."

Mrs. Donat has yet to be lured into conversation with the press, and she sends word by way of her Negro butler when reporters punch the doorbell that she is in America as a "private person," and that she has promised Mr. Donat, who is in England, that she will remain a "private person" as far as interviews are concerned.

LESS reticent is the family of Gracie Fields, a cozy clan that fills their L-shaped house to overflowing. There are Gracie's two sisters, Betty and Edith, and their families. Betty, who is Mrs. Parry, and her husband and son Tony are not really evacuées, having been in America on and off for four years. Edith, who is the wife of Comedian Douglas Wakefield, came over in September with their two youngsters, Douglas, nine, and young Gracie, a little blonde girl of seven.

The thirteen-day trip across the Atlantic on the Duchess of Richmond with the battleship Revenge convoying it was not without excitement, although most of the world's attention was directed across the Channel on the other side of the tight little isle. The Wakefields sailed at the moment that Dunkirk was being evacuated, and the fighting fleets—air, land, sea—of both sides were engaged otherwise than in patrol of the Atlantic.

For the children, especially children that young, the visit to America is a great thrill. They enjoy the three-hour movies and hamburgers, although Mrs. Wakefield admits they don't get many typically American dishes from her cook stove. "I cook English," she says. "That's the way I was taught."

Across acres of shining homes to the North in Santa Monica is the home of sister Gracie, the mill girl from Lancashire who became an English music hall favorite. At the moment she is touring America in personal appearances for British War Relief. But in her house is the rest of the Fields clan—squabbling, making up and loving it. There's brother Fields, and wife Dorothy, and son Michael, aged six. Yes, there's Momma Fields, too, full of pride in her theatrical brood. And Poppa Fields.

Little Gracie, big Gracie's namesake, looks up at the ceiling from where she is lolling on her back on a white-fringed rug and says, apropos of nothing: "My room at home has stars on the ceiling."

Patricia Morison's cousins, the English Ursula and Dennis Skeats (they're on her mother's side), are older, nineteen and fifteen, and they bury their homesickness in educational pursuits. Ursula has enrolled in an art school and is studying painting. She and Patricia are also studying sculpture at home.

Dennis thought he wouldn't like American schools very well. In the first place he was away out in front in the matter of math. The American kids were in rompers, mentally, when it came to doing sums. This proficiency gave Dennis time to look around and get his bearings, and then he discovered football. He found it was "simply ripping" and

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Other Scoops in August Screen Guide:

George Raft: Always romancing, he dodges love-for-keeps!
Greer Garson: Fools called her "too tame for Hollywood"!
Bing Crosby: How his life affected his kid brother, Bob.
Priscilla Lane: How to be a star without living like one!
Hedda Hopper: Hollywood Cafe Society, reported by an "insider"!
Deanna Durbin: Only natural-color pictures published anywhere of Deanna's wedding, her groom, her bridesmaids!

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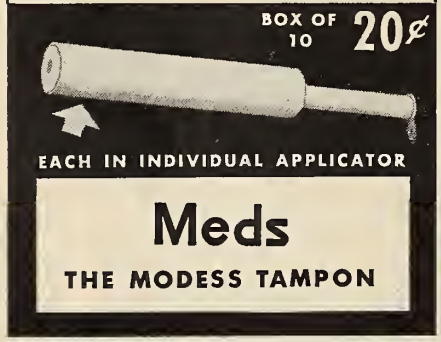
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as much sport as rugby. That put Dennis in right with the pigskin-and-chrysanthemum set, and now he finds America to his liking.

In some instances total war has brought career opportunity for the youngsters. Roderick Andrew McDowall is one. Steven Muller, an expatriate of Hamburg, Germany, who is more British in accent and thought than Basil Rathbone, is another. Both have found their way into film work, although Roddy has the edge on Steven. He has eighteen English-made films to his credit, the last being "This England," a cavalcade of the Empire that was made under shellfire. Roddy is now with Twentieth Century-Fox, has appeared in "Man Hunt" and will be seen as Huw in "How Green Was My Valley."

HE lives with his capable mother and older sister Virginia (she's thirteen) in a Beverly Hills house with garden. They have an Irish gardener, but he's very pro-British, which pleases Roddy, who is intensely patriotic, proud of his Scotch blood and English antecedents, and who wears a flaming red plaid tie of the Tribe McDowall.

Roddy had his baptism of shell and incendiary fire bombs before he sailed for America from Liverpool last autumn. He made "This England" at Rock Studios outside London and scurried with the other actors to shelter when the air warnings sounded. He treats the whole business with the stoicism of the child and the male.

"It was a nuisance," he says. "We'd just get started on a scene when the sirens would blast out, and we'd have to run for it. The Jerries seemed to fly on time-table schedule, and no matter what we started to do, we were always interrupted in the middle of it. Finally the men asked if we couldn't work right through the alarms, but that couldn't be done, either.

"At home Mother took the mattresses from our boat—they were made of rubber and springs and were very cushiony—and spread them under a staircase on the first floor, but first she propped up the stairs with a big trunk—just in case. . . . Then, every time the air raid alarm sounded, we all rushed to sit under the stairs. But first we shut the door leading to our shelter and piled pillows against it.

"We had a maid who became so annoyed at being taken away from what she was doing that she begged not to have to sit with us," said Roddy with great appreciation of her indifference. "When she would join us, she flopped down and said, 'Now isn't there something that needs mending? A dress, Miss Virginia?' She couldn't be idle."

Roddy and his mother and sister keep in constant touch with daddy Thomas Andrew McDowall, whose dangerous job it is to see that ammunition rolls in his fleet of trucks. Daddy never forgets to send a wire on special occasions, and especially after a bad blitz. When Roddy started "Man Hunt" (he thinks Walter Pidgeon is great, by the way), there was a cable from T. A. Andrews of the PDQ Transport and Garage Company that warmed his son's heart: "Daddy expects that your performance this day will be a beauty."

The other career child in this round-up of evacuées is Steven Muller, who has already Anglicized his given name and probably will do the same for his surname any minute. He is a rabid Anglophile, and his serious, brown-eyed child's face shows deep anger when he talks of the country of his birth, Germany, that would allow a man to serve as a soldier in World War I, give him an Iron Cross for bravery and later toss him into a concentration camp, as they did his lawyer-father. The Muller family, father, mother, Steven and Norbert ("Nobby," fourteen months younger than Steven), is now united in Hollywood.

Steven has an I.Q. of over 150 and a persuasive Latin charm—his mother was born in the Rhineland and is of Italian descent. As a very young lad (he is now thirteen), his family took him on summer trips throughout Europe, and he learned to speak Italian and Spanish. He, his mother and Nobby fled to England two weeks before war was declared, and the youngsters were placed in a school-master's home in Chesham at the time of the Children's Evacuation. There Steven embraced English with great fervor, and, hearing him talk today, one would swear that he was a Britisher. However, America will be his home from now on.

His pervasive charm and sharp intelligence have already won him a spot on a CBS program, "Smarty-Party," and he has become the matinée idol of the Coast half-hour. Steven's film career budded in the childhood sequence of "Adam Had Four Sons," and he now has an agent. He finds Hollywood a little strange, has an intense disapproval of women in slacks and finds sport in hiking and tending his superior stamp collection which, through *heil* and high water, he has managed to keep with him.

Not all of the children have a hankering for film careers. Twelve-year-old Ursula Greig, daughter of an English bookseller, said firmly when someone told her she should be in pictures: "Ridiculous! I cannot dance, I cannot act, I cannot sing. I'd be perfectly idiotic and useless on the screen—as are many others we see there, in my opinion." This is typical of the appraisals of Hollywood given by the evacuées, who are not at all swept off their feet by cinema glamour.

HOLLYWOOD, with its usual generosity, and with a nod to the publicity it would get out of it, made one fine gesture toward entertaining the war-time house guests. A commercial photographer, Art Carter, with several advertising accounts (Ford Motor, B-Bar-H Guest Ranch, National Broadcasting Company) thought it would be a great idea to round up a dozen or more of the evacuées and take them out to have a look at America's natural wonderland, the desert.

"I took a few of our own orphans, just so there'd be no squawk," Carter explains, "borrowed ten cars from the Ford people, arranged with the Ranch to put the kids up for three days and then invited a few of NBC's stars to look in on us."

Benefit-minded Bob Hope was one of the first to respond. He and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Colonna spent several days with the evacuées, and Irene Rich not only devoted several days to them but outfitted all the children with "chaps," high-heeled cowboy boots, plaid shirts, scarves, sombreros. Other stars who joined them were Martha O'Driscoll, Preston Foster, Cowboy Actor Monty Montaigne. Even if the blank cartridges which were to be shot off in the mock stage coach robbery didn't arrive in time, the kids thought that the whole show was ripping.

What caught at the throats of the show's sponsors was the little lad who, after the children had retired on the first night, marched down to the desk clerk and asked him a question. "Please, sir," the child asked, "at what time do the bombings start?" That really made them think about these wartime evacuées.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

(Continued from page 27)

Thirty-six-year-old Phil Harris, who acquired his southern accent in Nashville, Tennessee, where he was raised, was married to Marcia Ralston, attractive Australian Columbia Pictures player, for exactly twelve years and nine months! They decided to divorce in their unlucky thirteenth year. This split becomes final in September. And as soon as it does, Phil will remarry Alice just to make sure they are legally wed, since barristers question the validity of all hurry-up Mexican marriages.

Incidentally, Phil Harris and Marcia Ralston have a young adopted boy, and insiders state that Alice would give anything to have him as a stepson. She's wild about the youngster, recently bought him a crate load of special toys —and the boy, in turn, has a crush on Alice.

The handwriting on the wedding wall this time looks good, since both Faye and Harris are musicians, and both expect to continue their careers in Hollywood.

Brown-haired Phil, for many years famous as a crooner of love songs and reputed as a bandstand wit, originally took music lessons from his father in Nashville. He made his radio début many years ago, on Rudy Vallee's program. In fact, it was Vallee's enthusiastic plugging that aided newcomer Harris in landing his first big orchestra job at Manhattan's Hotel Pennsylvania.

The long arm of coincidence and Rudy Vallee also touched Alice Faye. A remarkable thing. For just after Vallee helped Phil Harris to fame, he also gave a hand to Alice. In the early days she was an ordinary chorus girl kicking her tootsies in George White's very naked Scandals. And the legend has been that for years she was silently in love with the fabulous Vallee. At any rate, Vallee was brought to Hollywood along with the George White girls to star in a big cinema production. Alice's only job was to lead her chorus girls in singing before the camera that hit tune, "Oh, You Nasty Man." But at the last moment, the Big Name of the show, Lillian Harvey, suffered a fit of ordinary temperament and said she didn't want to play in the Scandals.

"What am I going to do for a leading lady?" moaned the producer.

"Well," said Vallee, "I know a cute little girl in the chorus who could play the part."

So Alice Faye, just like Harris before her, was pushed up the ladder by the ever-generous, star-making Rudy Vallee.

When the blonde 29-year-old songstress was first introduced to Phil Harris, the sophisticated baton-waver at his night-spot, the Wilshire Bowl, it was an immediate "take." They began going around together nightly. For many months previously Alice had been half-heartedly playing the field. Going out with this fellow and that fellow. But her natural reticence, the complexity of her inferiority, the weight of her loneliness, kept her home the bulk of the time. With extrovert Harris she found her release. He was her kind. He talked her language.

They went to Charlie Foy's intimate restaurant in the Valley and ate in a shadowy corner. They went to the dazzling and rowdy-dow Palladium Music Hall next door to NBC and jitterbugged and twirled to Glenn Miller's music. She called him Baby. He called her Honey. They didn't want fanfare, and they avoided photographers and crowds. They lived near each other in Encino and went for long brisk hikes in the blue hills. They went riding. They went dancing. They went a little crazy. And it was spring. But, of course, that had nothing to do with it.

For a long time Alice had been begging Zanuck for a vacation. She'd been working hard, pushing hard, was very nervous. Suddenly her three months' vacation was granted. She'd planned to go to New York with her mother. In all her years in Hollywood she commuted to New York, the old Tin Pan town, where she felt relaxed and at home. But now, at once, she was confused. A chance for a vacation in New York. And fun. Yet she was going steady with this Phil Harris. Also fun.

She went to New York finally, through the Panama Canal on the mighty and mammoth S.S. America. She would see the latest shows, buy the newest dresses, visit the oldest friends. She stayed in New York exactly three days. Each of these days she phoned Phil Harris. She missed him madly. He missed her badly. She returned to Hollywood.



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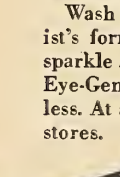
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He was dividing his time between the Wilshire Bowl and a personal appearance on the stage of the Paramount Theatre. At the theatre she appeared nightly backstage and sat in the wings watching him and waiting to go out with him. At the Bowl she was at a front table regularly.

Finally, on her birthday Alice Faye received two presents from Phil Harris. The first was an engagement ring. The second was a recording Phil had made of his own voice crooning softly over and over and over, "Will you marry me, Alice?"

A week before she decided, she was in NBC, sitting in the control booth watching her Phil broadcast with Jack Benny. During the program, Harris began making fun of Benny which prompted Jack to ad lib that one classic line. He pointed up to blushing Alice in the glass enclosure and, nodding toward Phil Harris, remarked:

"You know, I just can't understand what Alice sees in that guy!"

The audience roared.

But apparently Alice sees plenty. For while she loves to read best-sellers, Harris enjoys Hemingway's books and Noel Coward's plays. She loves bowling more than any other sport, and he, too, likes to spend time at the Hollywood Recreation Center shooting at the ten pins. Alice likes to be carefree, to dress in slacks, to stay up late when not working, to hum songs, and Phil also prefers the easy and unorthodox jam session life.

Above and before everything, Alice Faye has always wanted, always desired, a husband who could bring to her love, companionship and music. Phil Harris will give her that love, that companionship—and certainly, now at last, she shall have that music!

LIPS THAT LURE

(*Continued from page 47*)

lines that add so many years to your appearance. Pucker and purse your lips every time you can. Whistle as often as you dare without shocking all your friends and relatives. Blow hard and soft by turns—when you are in the privacy of your own room. By such surprising antics are soft, lovely lips developed. Open and close your mouth, first vigorously, then gently, many times a day in odd, spare moments. Chew gum for at least a little while each day. This is a marvelous loosener-upper of lip and mouth muscles. And here is an exercise which, if practiced faithfully, will help correct a drooping mouth: Put a little finger in each corner of your mouth and pull gently toward your cheeks. This will not stretch or injure delicate tissues if it is done with care.

Another lip-prettier is the exercise of reaching out with your lips to bite an apple or some other edible held just out of reach. This forces lips to take a very beneficial exercise. A deep rotary massage with well-creamed fingertips around the edges of your lips each night and morning is another most effective loosener-upper.

And don't worry about the shape of your lips. If they are soft and expressive, a few lipstick tricks will do the rest, easily. Besides, lip shapes are interesting indexes of character. For instance, a large mouth is an indication of courage, generosity, understanding and good nature—four pretty priceless virtues. A well developed lower lip shows love of

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luxury. Center fullness in the lower lip suggests protective instincts, such as all good parents have. Sympathy and patience show in fullness of the upper lip. Good judgment, kindness, charity and common sense all lurk behind firm, full, well-proportioned lips. Rosebud lips imply a youthful, even childish disposition.

But now a word about the art of lipstick make-up. When you sit down at your dressing-table to apply your lip rouge, try to visualize your lips as a structural part of your face to be fitted and related to the rest of your physiognomy—as well as to your own personality. Let your lips express *YOU*—the very best side of you.

If your face is *oval,* make your lips full and natural-looking and not too daring in color. Oval, you know, is the ideal face shape, and lips to harmonize must never be extreme in any way.

If your face is *round,* rouge your lips into rather wide curves. This will give the illusion of an oval face.

If your face is *long,* lips should be fairly wide, especially the lower one, and the color should be carried all the way out to the corners.

If your face is *square,* curve your lips with a strong bold line. Tilt them upward just a bit at the corners, too.

If your face is *diamond-shaped,* stress the center of your lips with extra color, outline them with soft curves and use colors of medium intensity.

If your face is *heart-shaped* with a broad forehead and narrow chin, shape your lips also something like a heart, using a medium shade of rouge.

If your chin is *broad* and your forehead *narrow,* make up your lips to look full as well as wide.

If your nose is short and turns up piquantly, a wide upper lip should accompany it. If your nose is long or large, though, emphasize your lower lip. If your lower lip is a lot fuller than the upper, round out the latter to more nearly match and balance it.

To make your lips appear wider, extend color right out to the very corners. (Be sure it doesn't cake there, though.) To make lips look shorter, shade off the color just before you reach the corners. Color concentrated at the center makes lips look narrower. And do extend your lip rouge far enough inside to leave no sudden break in color when you talk.

To make them fuller, extend the color just a trifle beyond the edges. To narrow their appearance, keep the color just inside their natural line. To avoid chapping, "undress" your lips at night—take off all make-up with soap and water, cream and facial tissue.

Whether your lip rouge comes in stick, cream or liquid form, always apply it last of all your make-up. Whenever possible, start with a perfectly clean face, freshly washed with soap and water and cleansed with a good cream and tissues. You can't expect perfect results if you put new make-up on top of old.

Do your upper lip first, then press both together firmly. This transfers excess color to your lower lip and helps prevent that artificial look.

A long, fine-haired lip rouge brush or a special red make-up pencil can be used to good advantage to outline your lips, especially if you want to actually change their shape. Draw your outline with one of these, then fill in with your lipstick, paste or liquid lip rouge. This make-up technique may be a bit involved for ordinary everyday wear. It does require a little time and skill, but it's well worth the effort for important or extra-special occasions. No matter how you apply your lip rouge, be sure to soften the edges with a tissue or your finger, for nothing will make you look harder or older than a rigid line around your lips.

After finishing the upper lip, shape your lower one carefully. Blot off extra coloring from both with a clean tissue and "set" the color with a light film of powder over all. If you don't like the mat finish that this gives, add a tiny drop of cream—or just moisten your lips.

Skill, not speed, should be your aim in lip make-up. Don't try to change your type. Study your face; then dramatize your best points and play down your poorest. Lips that lure are softly, artfully natural looking. They speak of grace and charm and warmth—not hardness or artificiality.

It's every girl's duty to present a fresh, dewy face, even on sultry summer days. You can keep your skin clean and lovely by always using Phillips' Milk of Magnesia two companion aids to beauty, the Cleansing Cream for a thorough job of loosening and absorbing surface dirt, and the Texture Cream as a good skin softener and make-up base. This latter removes excess oiliness or softens roughness so that powder and other cosmetics smooth on easily and last for hours. Both neutralize excess acid accumulations on the skin.

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GENTLE JIM

(Continued from page 39)

times they'll let you come fairly close. To Cagney that's a major delight, as snuffing their lives out seems a major crime. Unless a man's hungry. *Really* hungry and with no other means of getting a meal.

If rabbits are killed anywhere on his property, whoever's responsible takes care that the boss doesn't know it. He won't even let them destroy snails. Standing beside a rosebush with the gardener, he picked one up, examined it closely and set it back where he'd found it.

"I'll get some snarol," said the gardener.

"Don't bother—"

"But they do a lot of damage."

"Let 'em live," said Cagney. "They probably do good in some other way."

You can't be associated with him for long without realizing the intensity of his repugnance to the destruction of life. Not that he forces it on you. He's no crusader. But it's part of him, as the fiber is part of cloth. While the Coldwater Canyon house was being built, Chuck Griffin, his secretary, heard the police dog yelping at the foot of a tree 'round which some workmen, almost as excited as the dog, were gathered. One of them was about to hurl a stick of wood but waited for Chuck to get in on the fun.

Up in the branches two scared raccoons huddled close to each other as if for solace, rigid with terror at the hubbub below.

"Better break it up, boys," said Chuck, "before Cagney comes along."

"Why, what's the matter? We just want to get 'em down for the dog."

"Well, I'm telling you. If Cagney sees this, he's likely to beat the tar out of you."

They thought he was kidding. He shrugged. "That's the way he is. Just a funny guy."

When he did come along, the funny guy locked the dog up in the garage until in their own good time the raccoons beat it.

Most of us like one animal or another—horses and dogs that respond to affection. We may think that deer are beautiful and raccoons are cute. But few of us get worked up over fish. Cagney doesn't make eyes at them, either. Yet life in whatever form is sacred, and for years he refused to let anyone fish from his boat, yielding only under pressure to the jeers and pleas of his friends. He managed to ruin fishing for his brother Bill.

Bill Cagney, Jim's producer and manager, was a fisherman of parts. Had anyone told him that the day would come when a few words were to make him quit the sport, he'd have grinned derision. For four days on end once he sat in a boat casting, impervious to a lovely girl on the bank who kept waving him to come ashore.

He and Jim had sailed to Catalina. About to land, Bill had said: "I think I'll stay and catch some fish for dinner."

"I wish you wouldn't fish from the boat, Bill—"

Bill flapped a weary hand.

"Okay, I've only got one thing to say." Jim picked up a gaff. "Proportionately, that hook to the fish is about as big as this gaff to you. How'd you like to get it through the side of the face, in the eye maybe, and be played back and forth through the water that way for ten minutes? All right, don't tell me those fish don't feel. Their nerves are as quick as ours—"

"Go away," murmured Bill. "You're breaking my heart."

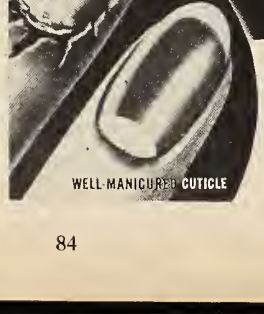
JIM went. Bill stayed and fished and reeled in his first catch. Removing the hook, he found himself wincing, most uncomfortably conscious of the gaff through his own eye. "Damn!" said Bill, and threw the fish back. From then on he was through. "My brother stuffed me inside a herring's skin," he explains in what passes for self-disgust.

Animals are dependent on human good will, which to Cagney's way of thinking makes humans responsible for them. About people he feels otherwise. He doesn't believe in coddling. He thinks the greatest kindness one human can do another is to help him toward self-dependence. He himself was bred to the school of hard knocks, economic and physical. He thinks they buttress the spirit and build character, that unless we're trained to stand up to them, they will destroy us.

He's no sucker. He won't fall for whiners or chiselers or the female who takes advantage of being one. If you're out on a limb through your own folly, he's likely to let you find your way down yourself on the principle that you'll eye the next limb twice before leaping. But the boys on the lot know that when they're in real trouble—an operation that can't be paid for, a sick child, a job desperately needed—Jim will take care of them. "See Bill," he says. Bill has standing orders. Jim prefers it that way. It saves him from squirming through the bog of embarrassment into which thanks plunge him. To let the right hand know what the left does is almost worse than keeping both in the pockets. There was no fanfare when he and his wife adopted their redheaded three-year-old. Against his efforts the bare fact leaked out. He's seen to it that there's been no further leakage.

His understanding is not confined to the checkbook. Newcomers playing with him bless his name. They don't even have to be newcomers. Co-starring in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," Bette Davis said: "I thought I knew something about acting. There's my professor." Ann Sheridan drew her first major part in "Angels With Dirty Faces." She was jittery as a jello. They started with a scene in which she slapped Cagney. She couldn't get it right. Having slapped his face crimson, she tried to fake it for rehearsal, and every time she faked it, Mike Curtiz, the director, yelled.

Cagney stopped the slaughter, took



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Ann off to the sidelines and rehearsed her quietly for fifteen minutes. Then he pointed to the camera. "See that thing, honey? There's plenty of film in there. Spoil a hundred feet, and there's always another hundred left. So just take it easy." They all profited from that. Ann lost her nervousness, and Curtiz got his scene in one take.

Arthur Kennedy was brought from New York to play Cagney's musician brother in "City for Conquest." Jim had asked for him on the strength of George M. Cohan's assertion that he was the finest young actor on Broadway. On the morning of Arthur's first test, Jim dropped in, grinned hello, good luck and goodbye. "Anyone else," says Kennedy, "with the best intentions in the world would have driven me nuts, sticking around, talking, encouraging, trying to be nice. He did just enough—showed a friendly interest, which was what I needed—and got out."

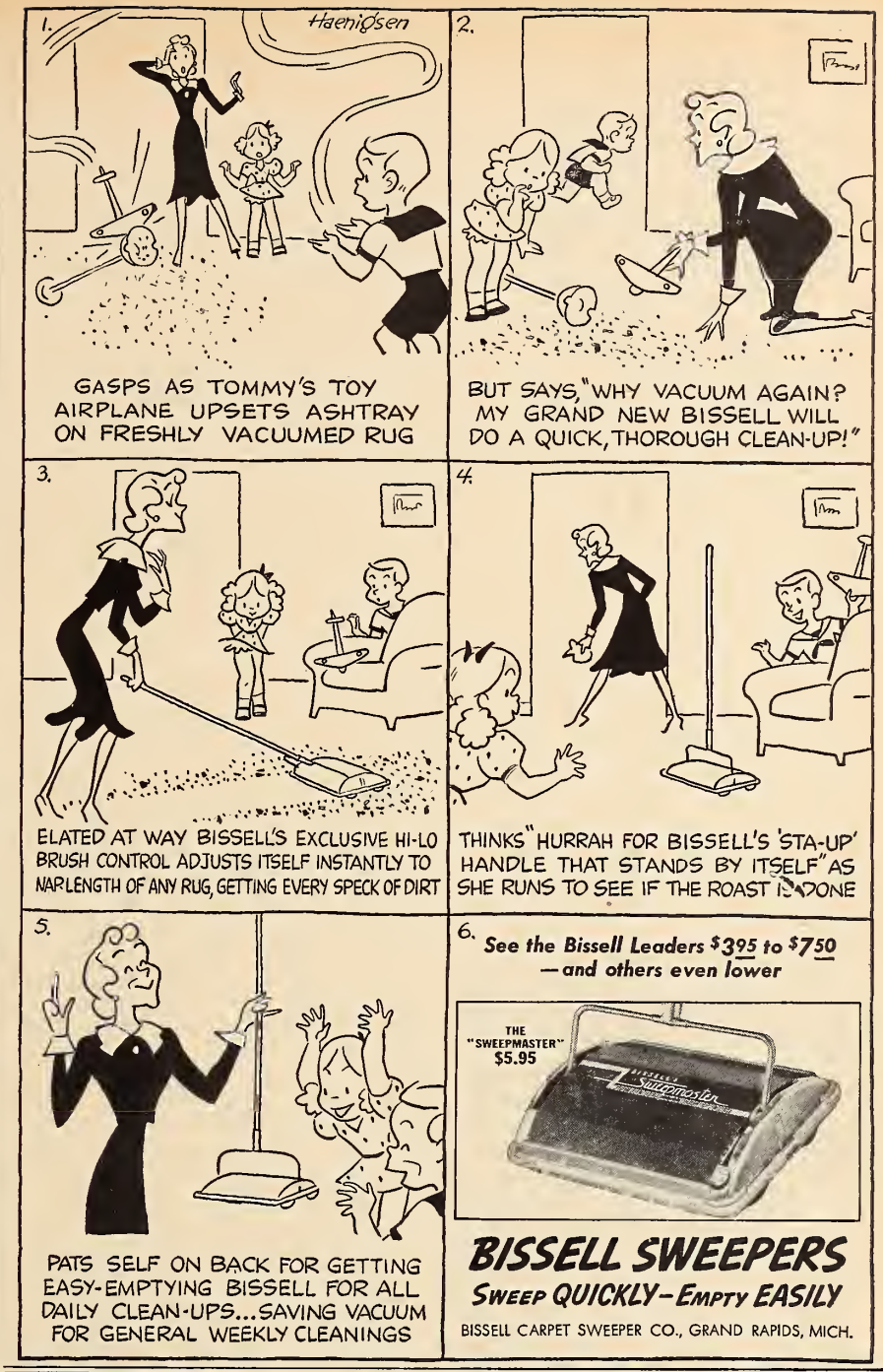
When he gathers at Chasen's with his pals—Frank McHugh, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, Ralph Bellamy, Spencer Tracy (the Irish Club, they call themselves)—his tongue wags freely. On the set he's quiet, listens more than he talks. The chair beside him soon finds an occupant. "How's the wife? How's the kid?" asks Jim. His queries are never perfunctory. He knows that the kid's been teething, that the wife's just back from a visit with her folks. His memory for names and faces is precise. He associates not only the name with the face but the human being with both. "Did your husband get over that operation all right?" he asked a woman visitor to the set. She stared at him as if he'd pulled a rabbit out of her nose. He'd met her husband briefly in Chicago five years earlier. What had stuck in his mind was the thing which had lain uppermost in the other's mind—an impending trip to the hospital.

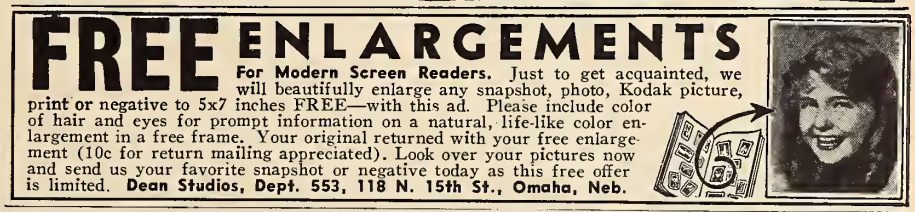
HE can find no excuse for discourtesy—especially when shown to those who are in no position to talk back. He's the antithesis of the fellow who bawls out the waiter—a performance, incidentally, that makes him see red. Visitors on a Hollywood set have little more than a nuisance value. They stand around gaping, they cough in the middle of a take, they make the temperamental nervous. So when people want to ensure friends a thrill and a cordial reception at one stroke, they steer them around to wherever Cagney's working.

He treats them as a host treats a welcome guest. When they leave, he sees them to the door. If they gibber, as they're likely to do on their first encounter with a movie star, he does his very best to put them at ease. "Isn't it a lovely day?" was all one tremulous lady could find to gasp. Instead of letting it lie like an egg, he picked the day up and went on from there to days in general and California's in particular, not to mention the nights—till he'd restored to the lady her poise and spirits. For which she remembers him in her prayers.

The supposedly tough Cagney neither smokes nor drinks. He used to be interested in the fine points of boxing. Now he rarely goes to fights—only when he's invited and feels he can't beg off. He doesn't enjoy watching green kids take a shellacking. His tastes have turned him toward other and gentler arts.

He writes verse and makes etchings, but is shy about showing his compositions in either even to his intimates. He loves Persian miniatures. If you know them at all, you'll remember the goats arrested between leaps in postures enchanting and absurd, knees bent, cloven hoofs









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pointed like a ballerina's. Cagney keeps goats for the sole pleasure of watching them run up the hillside and hit that pose.

He's sometimes a riddle to his nearest and dearest. Walking in Beverly with Bill, he grabbed his brother's arm as the latter moved to take a short cut over the spring grass.

"What's the matter? You've done that half a dozen times before. Still afraid someone's going to yell get off the grass?"

"Let's go 'round. That's alive. No sense in trampling it."

"You slay me," sighed Bill, going around. "How about the rabbits trampling your cabbage patch?"

Jim grinned. "Any time you need grass in your diet, go ahead and take the short cut on all fours."

There's one look of Jim's that requires no explaining. Bill has caught it often. They may be laughing together when down it comes, pitying, still and baffled, cutting off laughter like a pair of shears. Then Bill looks around to see what's eating him now—some blind man tapping his way along the boulevard, a dog with his tail up but a leg gone. It may be something as simple as a girl in a cheap new hat which calls glaring attention to her scuffed shoes and wilted spring suit.

"Look at her. She's got two dollars in the world to spend, and that's all she's got."

Whatever his private reaction, Bill registers protest. "*She's* happy. She loves that hat. She figures it looks snappy, she's got a date with a boy, she's going out tonight, and where the devil are *you* going tonight?"

Not that he thinks to persuade his over-sensitive brother. But drawing a smile, he feels the glow of some minor achievement.

A man of perception and few words, having met Cagney for the first time, said to the friend who'd introduced them. "I like him. He's a fellow you'd want alongside if you were in trouble."

And that, as well as any single phrase can, sums up the kind of a hairpin Cagney is.

IT'S A HECK OF A SENSATION

(*Continued from page 57*)

players, all right—they were in the cellar in the Southwest Conference—but they couldn't hire any. And he couldn't seem to think of any campus jobs I could get to support myself. I shrugged my shoulders and started out the door to head on West. Maybe the fact that I could depart so blithely got under his skin. Anyway, he called me back and said he had just thought of a job I could have. So I went to Rice—for seven years."

He played fullback on the Freshman eleven, which mopped up all opposition. The next year when the same team became the Varsity eleven, Rice started getting on the sports pages. Jim played end until a crackled knee benched him. He was out of competition when Rice won the Conference championship in 1934. But he can always say that he took part in The Reformation.

"I signed up for the pre-med course when I entered. I wanted to be a doctor. I had very high ideals. But the going was too tough, working my own way, so I had to give up the doctor idea.

"'Now what?' I asked myself. Cold reasoning told me that the smart thing was not to get set in any one line but to be pliable. I had seen plenty of fellows train themselves for certain definite professions and then not be able to get any jobs in those professions—and not know how to do anything else. . . . I decided I wanted a diversified education, to be able to mix with all kinds of people. I took everything from animal husbandry to child psychology with the idea in back of my mind that if I could mix with all kinds of people, I could be a salesman.

"And it's lucky that I went through with the idea of being pliable because, when I got out of college, the only job in sight was that of a roughneck in the oil fields. I slung iron around for three months." He grins reminiscently. "You never know what you can do till you try.

"Then I got a job with General Motors in Houston. The head of the GM office there knew me at Rice when I played football and basketball. He was one of the people I hit for a job when I got out. He said then that when something opened up, he'd send for me. A lot of other people said the same thing. Only he remembered.

"I started at the bottom—collecting delinquent accounts—and worked up to sales promotion manager."

That took approximately two years, at the end of which time he was entitled to two weeks' vacation. Jim decided to spend it in Hollywood.

"I looked over Hollywood a few days and decided I liked the place. Then I went out to M-G-M to see talent scout Hinsdell. 'I want to ask you two questions,' I said, '—after you take a look at me.' He raised his eyebrows and said, 'Yes. Go ahead.' I plunged. I said, 'Discounting whether I have ability or not, how do I stack up physically? Would I photograph as anything?'

"He thought I was nuts. He asked me, 'What's on your mind?' I told him. I said, 'The second question depends on your answer to the first one. The second question is: How does a guy who has never acted in his life learn how to act?'

"He found out that I wasn't a nut, and luckily for me, he was a Texan. He got a kick out of this blunt Texan barging into his office and coming right to the point.

"He said, 'Go back down to Houston and get yourself a diction teacher and get in some Little Theatre plays. Come back a year from now, and we'll have another look at you.'

"The next year I came back. Again, on my vacation. I wasn't burning any bridges behind me."

By this time, Hinsdell was at Paramount. So Jim went to Paramount.

"I walked in on a Monday afternoon—to face this talent-scout array. I had nothing to lose so I wasn't afraid of them. I showed them my one newspaper clipping and my photograph. They said they liked me, and if I would stay around for six weeks and take some lessons in screen acting, they would give me a test. I said, 'Oh, no. I'm here on a two weeks' vacation from a good job. I'm not going to toss up that job on a gamble. If you don't want me, I'm going around to other studios.'"

When he blithely started out the door, they reacted like the business manager at Rice. They decided they had a job for him, after all. They gave him a con-



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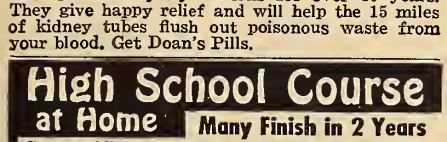
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tract without a test. On Wednesday his salary started, and he wired his boss that he wouldn't be back. He had become a movie actor—named James Craig.

"Three weeks later I was playing the lead in a Harry Sherman Western, 'Thunder Trail.' For two years I played nothing but Westerns. I'd be considered for a part in some straight dramatic picture, and then somebody would always ask, 'Have you had any stage experience?' and that was the end of my being considered. I got tired of answering 'No,' so one night about 11 o'clock I pulled out of Hollywood and headed for New York."

He made the rounds of all the Broadway booking offices and all the Broadway producers and finally talked himself into a part in Guthrie McClintic's "Missouri Legend." McClintic, the producer-husband of Katharine Cornell, never hires people who can't act. The fact that he hired Jim was a testimonial that Jim, by this time was an actor. . . . Columbia caught a glimpse of him after he had been in the play three weeks, overpowered him with an offer and rushed him to Hollywood to make some serials.

"After six or seven of those I transferred to Universal where I did six or seven quickies, including one called 'Zanzibar,' which wasn't good but wasn't bad. It played Hollywood, which was something.

"That was how Director Sam Wood happened to invite me over to RKO for an interview along with five hundred other guys, when he started looking for someone to play Mark in 'Kitty Foyle.' We talked about everything but the part and the picture. I still don't know what made him pick me. All I know is that I'm glad he did."

He personally scoffs at this romantic appeal. "I won the girl in 'Kitty Foyle,'" he says, "but I haven't kissed the girl yet. And the only kissing I get to do in this picture is a little old peck on the cheek."

But the fact remains that mash mail is beginning to arrive by the carload. A fact that inspired an over-enthusiastic press-agent to rumor a few romances for him. Jim squelched the rumors immediately with a public announcement that he was a happily married man with a two-and-a-half-year-old son. But ask him about the real romance in his life, and he says, "We don't talk about that." Apparently there is an agreement that he won't bring up his marriage if other people don't bring up phony romance rumors.

The baby's name is James, Jr., but Jim calls him "The Bub."

One thing Jim will never be, if he has anything to say about it (and he'll have plenty to say about it), is a Glamour Boy. "Audiences like to see real people," he says. "It makes it easier for them to visualize themselves in the same situations. I'm going to stick to Kipling's motto: 'Don't look too good nor talk too wise.'"

He lives just as he did before his big break—and still wears the same clothes including the same-size hats. His idea of "going out" is still a visit either to the neighborhood movie or to a baseball game. He has no use for night-clubs. He likes to be able to get up at 6 A. M. to shoot a little golf before going to work.

He worked methodically to get in the movies. But he's convinced today, "You can't get in the movies just for the money and make good. Somewhere along the line a little acting bug has to bite you and give you the urge to do a job well just for the sensation of doing a job well. You can't always do it, but when you can, it's a heck of a sensation."

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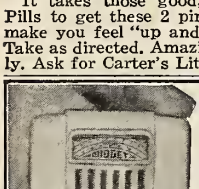
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IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

(*Continued from page 55*)

did all sorts of things—peddled paintings, tended the art gallery, hustled trays in tea rooms and finally posed in the pink for the paint and palette boys. "I was knee deep in Bohemia," recalled Dorothy, "and sometimes it was pretty sticky."

Just the same, she gradually got around to leads in the Carmel Little Theatre's offerings doing "The Night of January 16th" and "Cradle Song." Then suddenly came contact with Hollywood and—boom!—the headaches began.

Checking back, Dorothy seems to have a talent for getting tangled up with geniuses. Maybe you remember a while back when Charlie Chaplin had had his first spat with Paulette—right before he started "The Great Dictator." Charlie was lolling around Carmel, a little bit on the loose. He went to the Little Theatre one night, saw Dorothy doing her stuff, and the next thing Hollywood heard Chaplin had found a new protégée. She was young and she was beautiful, and to Hollywood that, coupled with Chaplin's well-known tastes, spelled romance. The newspaper boys got busy.

Well, most of them couldn't find anything beyond a rumor because that's all there was, but one enterprising newshawk from a San Francisco sheet hopped down to Carmel and made Dorothy a proposition. If she'd tell all lurid details about the flaming Chaplin romance, said he, he'd be happy to give her reams of publicity. "There isn't any romance. I'm sorry," said Dorothy.

But the fellow wrote the story anyway—a masterpiece of imagination. He also printed a picture of Dorothy taken from her shady lady part in "The Night of January 16th." He just labeled it "Dorothy Comingore," as if that was the way Dorothy went around all the time. And what he hinted about her and Charlie Chaplin was scandalous!

Warner Brothers' casting king saw the item and wrote her a note. Send a picture, he said. Dorothy collected all her life class model proofs, snipped off the heads and forwarded the torsos. "Come at once for a test!" Warners wired.

HA! Ha! laughed Dorothy. "What will I use for money?" she wired back. They sent her that, shipped her down, lodged her at the very fancy Town House, with limousines, with chauffeurs, with everything, in fact, but a part in a picture.

Came the christening then (they tagged her Linda Winters), seventy-five bucks a week, and Dorothy settled down to being a studio stock contract player, than which there is nothing worse if you get the type of exasperating go-by Comingore got.

For when her legs had been properly snapped from every conceivable angle, and all the bathing briefies lensed on her curves, it came—the axe. "No particular promise as a personality" was the report.

She kept in bacon and beans with an extra job here and a bit there around town. She did a Poverty Row quickie and made $150 which looked like a fortune but didn't last like one. Then to her amazement, her agent got her on another stock player studio list—this time at Columbia. Soon Dorothy discovered why.

"What did I do there?" said Dorothy. "Well, my hands were starred in inserts for all sorts of important pictures. The back of my head and other rear views got a good many breaks, too. Then, of course, the bathing suits. Oh, I kept busy. I worked every day and all day. But I didn't do anything, if you get what I mean."

Dorothy finally forged upward and onward to a part in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." She was one of a bunch of extra tootsies who met Jimmy Stewart at the station. She said "Hello!" under the expert direction of Frank Capra. Which reminds me.

When "Citizen Kane" was first run off in Hollywood, Frank Capra saw it. Someone asked him how he liked Dorothy Comingore. "Great!" replied Capra. "You know she worked in some of *my* pictures." He didn't say what Dorothy did.

Well, the noble experiment at Columbia finally blew up when Dorothy's option arrived. Her $55 a week was supposed to go up then. It didn't, so Dottie resigned.

SHE went to a Hollywood party shortly afterward feeling particularly ornery. She was busted, discouraged, and her attitude was pretty much what-the-devil. Richard Collins, a young Hollywood writer, singled her out, and they bantered over cocktails. When he told her he was a studio writer, Dorothy cut him short.

"I don't want to have anything to do with you!" she snapped. "I don't want to have anything to do with *anybody* connected with a studio!"

"Oh, but you are going to have something to do with me," replied Richard. "You're going to marry me." And that's what Dorothy did, although it did take a little persuasion, courting, flowers and things.

In fact Dorothy was Richard's loving wife the night she stepped out on the blind date with Orson Welles. She had bucked enough again to be faintly career-conscious, and she certainly needed publicity. As for Wizard Welles, he'd just come to town with much fanfare, and his press agent knew he had to keep it up in the gossip columns.

They went to a Hollywood première, and the beard said approximately ten words all night. "Good evening, Miss Comingore," and later on, "Good night—and God bless you." It seems he'd already met Dolores Del Rio, and the whole affair was just a chore.

The news photographs came out afterward captioned, "Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles"—and considering the fact that both Orson and Dorothy were married—but to different people, you couldn't call it a big success. Still—look what happened three months later:

Herb Drake, the press agent who'd staged the blind date, found his boss in an exasperated dither one day. He wanted a leading lady for the début picture he'd finally gotten around to making. He definitely did not want a Hollywood star. He didn't know whom he did want. "Why not try that Comingore girl you stepped out with once?" suggested Herb Drake. Orson looked blank at that, because he'd forgotten the whole thing. But Drake nabbed Dorothy and practically shoved her into Citizen Welles' office, who in turn impatiently shoved the part of Susan Alexander at her, saying, "Study this for an hour and then come back and read it—"

She returned in an hour, read the *entire* part, and the Wonder Boy of Broadway rose up in his chair. "That's the most intelligent reading I've heard yet!" he cried. "You test tomorrow." It

was as short and snappy as that. And so was One-take Comingore's test. In fact her test is right in "Citizen Kane" today!

The production of Orson's first film, as everyone knows, was a free-for-all fight and a mixed up mess from start to finish. And Dorothy was right in the middle. On top of all that she made the whole picture with a madonna's halo around her head. Dorothy's baby arrived in January, and Dottie finished "Citizen Kane" in December. Orson Welles is not one to let a little thing like the progress of life bother him when he dips into a drama. Nor for that matter was Dorothy, even if she did feel—er—uncertain most of the time, having her first baby and her first real role at the same time.

As for the other upsets:

A battle raged around Dorothy's part. Orson had signed Dorothy. But the studio had signed another actress. Result, it was six weeks before Comingore—who could certainly have used it—got a look at a check.

THEN, she'll tell you, the side against her planted a certain assistant on the set to spy on Orson's goings ons and make life miserable for Dorothy in particular. He refused her a dressing room, so she had to dress off the lot—the leading lady, mind you!

Worst of all, of course, was the suspense when Dorothy's one great chance was on celluloid, and—it was announced that "Citizen Kane" would never, never be shown, because it trod on important toes. Well—put yourself in Dorothy's place and try to imagine how Cinderella felt when the coach started turning back to a pumpkin!

And as I said, the only thing that kept RKO from dropping Dorothy's contract in the civil war raging around Kane was Orson's protests. "You can't do this," he raged. "Canning my leading lady before my picture's even released. It's not only a slap at her—it's a poke in the nose for me!"

So—you can see it hasn't all been beer and skittles even lately for Cinderella Comingore. However, she's survived the strain like a peach in a thunder storm.

Outside of sitting professionally pat with ace loanouts looming in the next deal, such as "Jane Eyre," "Sister Carrie" and "Valley of the Sun," Dorothy is having a swell time around the house with her baby and her husband, with spare hours devoted to the good books she devours constantly.

For Comingore knows enough about both art and show business to realize that there's no place like home. You can have Bohemia, the night clubs and Gay Hollywood. She's a home girl. Yes—and she likes to cook—now that she doesn't have to for a living.

The main interests in her life are whether or not one Judith Melinda downs her milk like a good girl and what kind of furniture to get for her house.

For quite a while the living-room was pretty bare and empty. It still hasn't a rug—but that's on order. Dorothy could have filled it with flimsy stuff long ago. Instead she bought just one piece—a big, solid and expensive divan. That's where we sat.

I said it was mighty comfortable, and Dorothy said, "I decided I'd rather have one good piece than a room full of junk. From now on every one I get will be good, too, or I won't get any."

She was talking about furniture, of course. But she was looking out the window toward Hollywood.

Quality, not quantity—that's Dorothy Comingore from now on out. And, offhand, I'd say she had something there.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 10*)

the embittered old lady, James Barton as the beaten mountaineer, Marjorie Main as the blind lady, and Marc Laurence as the idiot boy, all characters that will live.

Boiled down, the movie resolves itself into a series of sharp and true character portrayals in an over-preachy and somewhat gabby story, magnificently photographed in breath-taking color. Credit is due the keen direction by Henry Hathaway.—*Paramount.*

★★★ She Knew All the Answers

There was a chance for something extra-special here in the way of movies, but uneven writing made it just so-so.

Joan Bennett is a showgirl who is about to marry a wealthy playboy, John Hubbard. But John's guardian, Franchot Tone, disapproves and threatens to cut the lad off without a cent. What good is a wealthy playboy without a cent? So Joan goes to work on Franchot by finagling a job as a phone operator in his Wall Street office. Yeah, that's right. She falls for Franchot and leaves John dangling.

Joan is decorative and animated in her role of the showgirl; Franchot drops his usual restraint to deliver a bang-up farce job; Hubbard is in the groove as the rich dawdler; Eve Arden scores sharply as a chorine, and William Tracy is made to order for the office boy spot. Directed by Richard Wallace.—*Columbia.*

★★★ Adventure in Washington

At one time this movie intended to call itself "Senate Page Boys," which would have been a better title. By any title, it remains a routine story of boys under the Washington dome.

Herbert Marshall and Virginia Bruce are the "names," but Gene Reynolds is the real star from the standpoint of delivery.

He has the best part, and he gives it the most.

The story revolves around young Reynolds, a kid born on the wrong side of the tracks, who is brought to Washington by Herbert Marshall, his Senator, as a page boy. He is a tough kid, ready to fight, ready for anything—except discipline. He is, of course, a troublemaker for a long time, but the other youngsters are so decent and fine that he eventually gives in, knuckles under and becomes one of the mob. Then there is a leak on the Naval Appropriations Bill. Gene gets in a spot, and the film ends in a mock trial in the Senate chamber, with the page boys taking over the senatorial tasks and meting out justice. Hokum? Sure, but it's entertaining.

Marshall as the Senator is one of the movie's disappointments; it is obvious miscasting; Virginia Bruce is excellent as a newspaper gal, even if there never was such a newspaper gal in the world. Director—Alfred Green.—*Columbia.*

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★★★ Caught in the Draft

The thing that skyrocketed Hope to the very top of the column is the fact that he has been given some good solid stuff to act out; in this one he is simply set down among a bunch of soldiers, a bunch of uniforms—and a bunch of old jokebooks. He plays the role of a movie actor who gets hooked into the army, falls for the colonel's daughter, Dorothy Lamour, and—well, that's all the story there is. From here on it's one joke after another—most of them funny, even if you have heard them.

Hope is assured and pleasant; you can't help liking the guy. Dorothy Lamour hasn't any sarongs to wear this time, but she does manage to get in a bathing suit shot, and no one ever denied that she's photogenic. To help the merriment, Bob is surrounded by Lynne Overman and Eddie Bracken, both of whom manage to get in some laughs without jeopardizing Hope's center-of-stage. No songs. Directed by David Butler.—*Paramount.*

★★★ One Night in Lisbon

Thanks to Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray you will probably want to see this otherwise "so-what" picture.

Once upon a time this was a polite British parlor comedy entitled "There's Always Juliet." In order to give it excitement and scope, it has been moved to a present-day background, with the war sort of vaguely zooming along in the background. The movie, however, remains a polite British parlor comedy.

Madeleine is an English lassie of quality in the British government service, and Fred is an American aviator who flies planes to Europe. They meet in a shelter during an air-raid, and he goes immediately on the make. That's about all the story there is. Madeleine is exactly what you expect her to be, and Fred is a bit better than he has been in the past. Both are perfectly cast, and Virginia Van Upp, who wrote the last three or four movies for this couple, has supplied them with some smooth chatter.

John Loder manages to do an excellent acting job as Madeleine's British suitor. His part calls for no histrionics, which makes it even more remarkable that he manages to stand out. Extra strong support is given by Pat Morison, Billie Burke and Dame May Whitty. Directed by Edward Griffith.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Billy The Kid

"Billy the Kid" is not the finest cowboy picture ever made, but it comes close to having the best scenic shots ever seen as background, and it has lots of action to the tune of good, hard riding.

Robert Taylor plays the part of Billy the Kid. There is no attempt (at least, this reporter doesn't believe there is) to make the story historically accurate. It is a whitewashing of the legendary bandit's character via the now popular movie method of explaining that he was out getting revenge.

Such story as there is tells of his switch for a moment to the righteous path. He goes to work as an honest cowpuncher for Ian Hunter. But Gene Lockhart's gangsters mow Hunter down, so Taylor goes out for solitary vengeance. Brian Donlevy, Taylor's boyhood friend and Hunter's foreman, regretfully has to pump Taylor full of lead to stop the carnage.

The acting is grim and positive in the way of pictures of this type; nothing subtle about it. The Technicolor is only pretty good. The direction by David Miller is sure-footed.—*M-G-M.*

★★★ Lady From Louisiana

Here is a surprise for you. Altogether unheralded, it's a peacheroo, and the fact that it was turned out by one of the smaller studios, Republic, is news, too.

This is the story of the rise and fall of the lottery racket in New Orleans many years ago. That means it is a simple gangster film in essence, but the colorful and authentic background, plus A-1 performances, move it way up.

John Wayne is a young racket-busting attorney who cleans up New Orleans after a tough seven-reel struggle. Ona Munson is the Southern belle with whom he falls in love before he learns that her pappy is the racket promoter, Ray Middleton. And this Middleton gent, by the way, turns in what may well be one of the very top acting jobs of the year. He's an eye-opener! Henry Stephenson is fine as a polished gent of the old South, and Helen Westley does her swell matriarch act over again.

Thinking it over, it's the physical production that is outstanding. It all looks so authentic and exciting—and the finale, showing the Mississippi rising, bursting through the levees, is incredibly good. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus.—*Republic.*

★★★ Her First Beau

Buried under the title is a very extra special good movie. It's fun from the first second. Jane Withers and Jackie Cooper make a swell team; neither of them has ever been more likeable.

The story deals with two families living in a small town, one with a son, one with a daughter. There is a big party, the girl's first evening dress, a forbidden night flight over a dangerous lake in an untried sail plane and all sorts of other boy-girl items.

Jane dons long dresses and grown-up hair-do for the first time here and does it ingratiatingly. There is nothing to choose from in either of their performances; Jackie is as good as Janey, and vice versa. An extra good support cast includes Edith Fellows, William Tracy, Martha O'Driscoll, Una O'Connor, Josephine Hutchinson and Jonathan Hale. There is love and warmth in the direction by Theodore Reed.—*Columbia.*

★★½ Strange Alibi

A fast-moving plot with a neat trick finale makes this a good entry in the cops and robbers derby.

With practically no waste of footage, the story delves right into a big city crime wave. Arthur Kennedy, a young copper, frames himself into a spot where he allegedly is ready to rat; the racketeers take him on as one of the mob but give him more than he bargained for. They maneuver him to the point of his getting sent up for life on a phony killing rap. He has to break out of jail, having lost face all around, in order to prove himself innocent and point the finger at the tough hombres.

Tempo of suspense is maintained neatly, and the yarn really gets you, phony elements and all. This Kennedy lad, by the way, is the one who should benefit most from the film. He's plenty okay. Joan Perry doesn't get much to do. Jonathan Hale is best in support. Directed by D. Ross Lederman.—*Warners.*

★★½ Affectionately Yours

These things happen once in a while, so you needn't get too upset about it. All the pictures can't be good, can they? This one has Merle Oberon, Rita Hayworth and Dennis Morgan in the top rungs, which should have guaranteed it, but—maybe everybody was just trying too hard.

The story is one of those fluffy now-I'm-married, now-I-ain't affairs. Morgan is a Hollywood idea of a foreign correspondent, and his wife (Merle Oberon) wants peace and quiet; so she divorces him and is about to marry Ralph Bellamy. That's swell with newspaperwoman Rita, who wants Dennis for herself. But it's not okay with Dennis, because he still loves Merle. So you have seven reels of Dennis convincing Merle that she still loves him.

Bellamy, of course, has been playing the other man part so long that he fits it and can say his lines with his eyes shut. James Gleason and George Tobias get some good laughs in support. Lloyd Bacon's direction is spotty—*Warners.*

★★½ Rookies On Parade

Although it lacks star power, this pleasant little musical should satisfy you. It packs laughs, has pleasant tunes.

Bob Crosby has the lead and shows once more that he is deserving of better things; the kid'll be giving brother Bing a race for his money one of these days. Cliff Nazarro (with and without doubletalk) scores neatly; Eddie Foy, jr., is a rare good comic; William Demarest and Marie Wilson contribute their share of fun, and Gertrude Niesen sings.

Crosby is cast as a disgruntled songwriter who gambles away his bankroll and that of his girl friend (Ruth Terry). Then he gets called to the army and, after more sulking and difficulty, turns over a new leaf, produces an army camp show and is regenerated. Orchids to Director Joseph Santley.—*Republic.*

★★½ Shining Victory

"Shining Victory" is the story of a doctor's research in psycho-biology. His earlier discoveries are stolen by another doc, so he's forced to begin all over again. He falls in love with his assistant, learns the fallacy of his previous belief that there is no room for sentiment in science. Just as he is ready to succeed on both the romantic and scientific fronts, a jealous neurotic burns his lab. The act of saving his records costs the girl's life.

Not very pleasant, is it? As a play named "Jupiter Laughs" it wasn't very successful on Broadway. It is completely unrelieved by humor in its film version. But the production and acting are astonishing. James Stephenson turns in a distinguished rendition as the doctor. Geraldine Fitzgerald's performance as the girl is one that will linger in your memory. Barbara O'Neil, Montagu Love and Donald Crisp are all above par. And remember the director's name, Irving Rapper. He's terrific.—*Warners.*

★★ They Dare Not Love

Someone went haywire in the conception and production of this picture, so that poor Martha Scott and George Brent never stand a chance. It's completely a matter of poor writing and unimaginative directing.

This is one of the anti-Nazi yarns, always difficult to do on the screen, because the theme hits most of us too close to the heart-line to be taken any less than very seriously. In this case, the story's unreal and movieish.

Besides Scott and Brent, both of whom struggle valiantly, other actors who go down with the ship include such swell thesps as Paul Lukas, Roman Bohnen, Kay Linaker and Egon Brecher. Directed by James Whale.—*Columbia.*

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Cover Girl: Merle Oberon, appearing in "Lydia," a United Artists Picture

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

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Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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OLD KING COLE *calls it* "something worth calling for"



Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and he called for his pipe, his bowl, and fiddlers three. Then he shouted *extra* loud for Dentyne—(that delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

That made the fiddlers hopping mad. "How come you call *extra* loud for Dentyne?" said they.

"Because it's extra good," laughed Old King Cole. "You see, it has a really *different* flavor—a warmly satisfying goodness, and it's mighty refreshing. Besides, Dentyne's pleasant firmness helps keep your teeth naturally sparkling. Try some."

And the fiddlers, sampling delicious Dentyne, were so delighted they played the merriest tune imaginable.

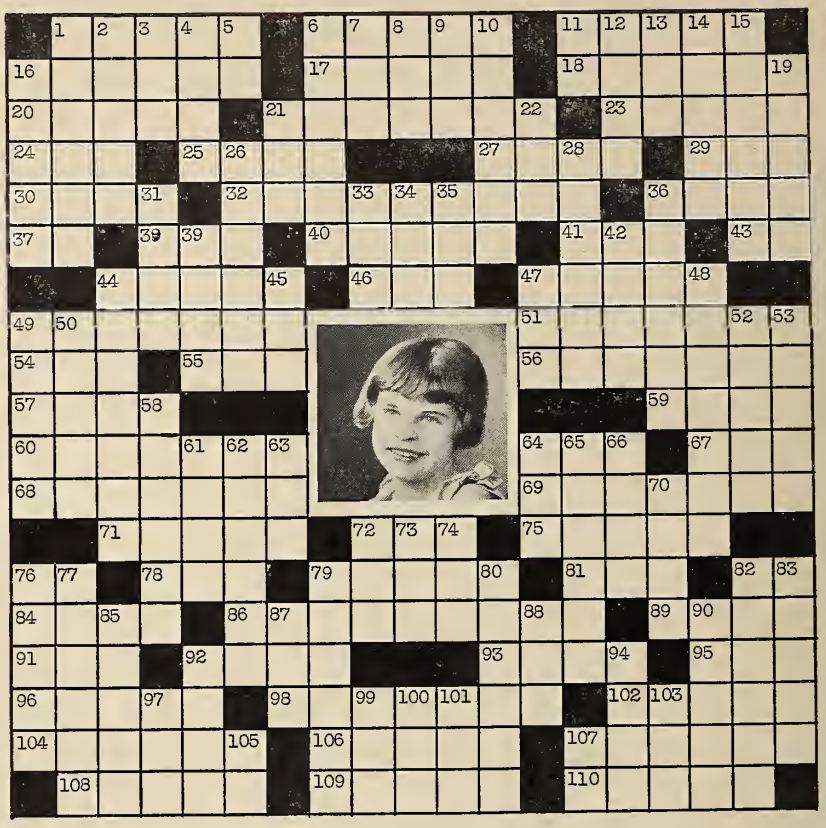
(Moral: You will feel merry too when you chew Dentyne. You'll enjoy its sparkling flavor—and the way it helps keep teeth bright. Notice Dentyne's handy flat package too).

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 83

ACROSS

1. Star of "Affectionately Yours"
6. Singer in "New Wine"
11. Beauty in "Blossoms In The Dust"
16. Heroine in "Power Dive"
17. Marshall's role in "Adventure In Washington"
18. He'll star in "Texas"
20. Hero of "Dive Bomber"
21. Comic, Luis - - - - - - -
23. Avoid
24. Roscoe - - - s
25. "West Point Widow"
27. Plain where Olympic games were held
29. Letter
30. Frees
32. What motion pictures do
36. Listen
37. "Michael Shayne, Private Detective": init.
38. Meanie in "A Woman's Face"
40. Slug
41. S. African antelope
43. Heroine in "So Ends Our Night": init.
44. Claudette's hairdo
46. George Arliss was "Dr. - - -"
47. Presses
49. Male lead in "Lady Be Good"
51. Soils
54. B - - - Lugosi
56. Things added
57. Facial twitchings
59. Wreck
60. Untidy
64. Air: comb. form
67. "The - - - Barn Dance"
68. Shabbier
69. "- - - - - - - Of Coming Attractions"
71. Describes William Powell
72. Ray's name for Mrs. Milland
75. Woody shrubs
76. Harry in "Tom, Dick, And Harry": init.
78. Mound
79. Other man in "One Night In Lisbon"
81. Sum up
82. Major Hollywood studio: init.
84. Comedienne in "Navy Blues"
86. Producer of "Pot O' Gold"
89. On the deep
91. Exist
92. Brother of Abel
93. Fuel
95. Male lead of "Escape To Glory"
96. Top-notch film players
98. She plays "Belle Starr"
102. Frank Buck "Brings 'Em Back - - - -"
104. Sacred place
106. Sedate
107. Traps
108. Heather's last name
109. Bird of prey
110. Roman military road

DOWN

1. Opposite Hedy in "Ziegfeld Girl"
2. Blundered
3. Hollywood studio: init.
4. Ginger Rogers' mother
5. "Unholy Partn - - s"
6. Small islands
7. Tennis stroke
8. Johnson's partner in comedy
9. Janet Gay - - -
10. Harden
11. Hu - - Herbert
12. Female deer
13. Measure of length
14. Draw forth
15. Compensate
16. Silent day "Serial Queen"
19. Requires
21. Star of "Navy Blues"
22. River in Turkestan
26. "Sunny"
28. Femme in "Dr. Jekyl And Mr. Hyde"
31. Fly
33. Life in the abstract
34. Principal in "I Wanted Wings"
35. Container
36. Actor in "Billy The Kid"
39. Pretender to gentility
42. Department in France
44. Hope's pal in "Caught In The Draft"
45. Clever
47. Girl in "Out Of The Fog"
48. Slinky
49. Equatorial constellation
50. Miss MacMahon
52. Roman official
53. Stretches of beach
58. Quiet
61. Particle
62. Carole Lombard's real name
63. Attempt
64. Liable
65. Errors in printing
66. Real name of 84 Across
70. She came back in "The Penalty"
72. Term for "a silent shot"
73. "Sun Valley Seren - - -"
74. Bulgarian coin
76. Copper-zinc alloy
77. First name of 84 Across
79. Her last name's Fazenda
80. Withdraw
82. Lovely girl in "For Beauty's Sake"
83. Myrna's mother in "Love Crazy"
85. Crave
87. Cereal grain
88. With Powell in "Love Crazy"
90. Pinnacle
92. Serf
94. Husband of 84 Across
97. Equip
99. Greek letter
100. Tatter
101. - - - s Asther
103. Loiter
105. Dialect comedian
107. Carmen Miranda's home-land: abbr.

WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME

...WATCH THINGS BEGIN TO HUM!



EDWARD G. ROBINSON · MARLENE DIETRICH · GEORGE RAFT

(He's mad about Dietrich!) *(She's mad about Raft!)* *(He's mad about the whole thing!)*

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their force to tell the mighty story of

'MANPOWER'

The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

with

ALAN HALE · FRANK McHUGH

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald

See it girls—and see it now... it'll be ages before there'll be another picture this exciting!



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NU-NAILS protect fragile nails while they grow strong again. They remain firm, even in soap and water. Removed at will. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Be sure to get a set soon!

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SCREEN ALMANAC

Continued from August issue

HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN ASKING FOR—

LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL-KNOWN FACES!



Charles Laughton

Born Charles Laughton, Scarborough, Eng., July 1, 1899. Shy, sensitive and nervous . . . started out in hotel business where he studied human behavior from a cashier's cage; assets: meat for future character portrayals . . . champ income tax foe . . . everlastingly baggy trousers . . . hipped on department store toy bazaars . . . goes a-hunting in the Rockies week-ends.



Francis Lederer

Born Frantesek Ornstein, Prague, Czech., Nov 6, 1906. Son of a poor leather merchant . . . washed windows, swept floors and did display work to finance his education in dramatic school . . . first American role was that of an Eskimo . . . keeps fit in completely equipped gym . . . mad about music . . . neither drinks nor smokes . . . fells listeners with his Czech accent.



Vivien Leigh

Born Vivien Harley, at foot of Mount Everest in Darjeeling, India, Nov. 5, 1913. Never walks, always runs. Collects classical records. Always plays Bing Crosby discs while learning her lines—says it calms her. Owns only one evening gown. Has naturally curly hair. Hates street make-up. Wears only lipstick. Never drinks except before going on stage —then sips champagne for courage.



Diana Lewis

Born Diana Lewis, Asbury Park, N. J., 1919. Wears three-inch heels to make her look taller. Eats too many sweets but never puts on an ounce. She's wed to William Powell who brings her a present every night after work —usually jewelry. In return she stuffs him with his favorite strawberry shortcake! Wears white to show off her fabulous collection of jewels. Loves pussy willows, cocoanut and dancing.



Margaret Lindsay

Born Margaret Kies, Dubuque, Iowa, Sept. 19, 1914. Attended American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Broadway was in a lull, so she left for London. Got experience and an English accent, with which she stormed Hollywood where she played in "Cavalcade." Still gets a thrill out of giving autographs. Is always on time. Hates frilly clothes. Adores greyhound races.

(Continued on page 76)



SEE the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding... ceremonies never before seen by white men!

SEE in exciting Technicolor, all the wondrous, lush beauty of a tropic paradise.

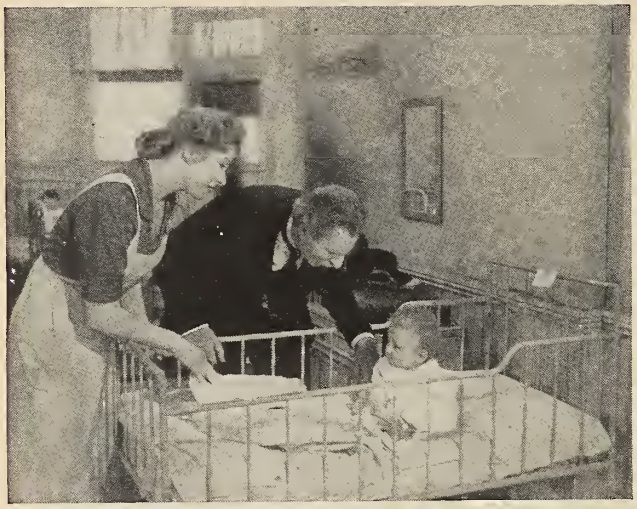
HEAR the pulse-racing rhythms of Dotty Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of 'Tah-Ni'!"

SEE the eruption of the huge volcano... a whole town buried under a sea of red-hot lava!

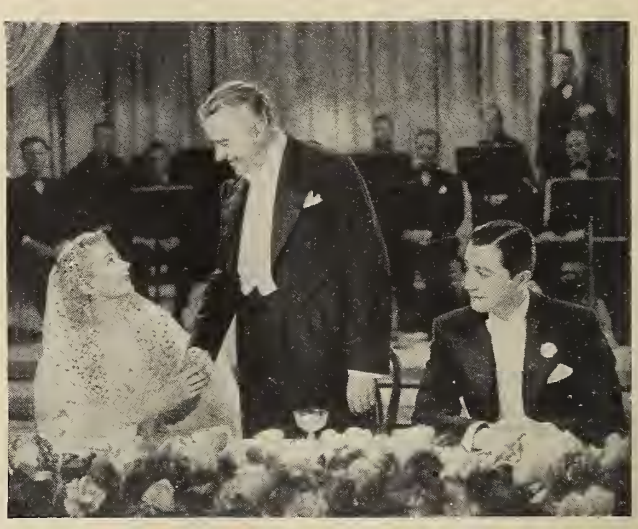
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

MOVIE REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN



Greer Garson as Edna Glodney and Felix Bressort as Dr. Breslar with one of the babies in "Blossams in the Dust." The original Mrs. Glodney devoted her life to finding homes for Texas waifs.



In "Lady Be Good," song writer Ann Sothern gets hearty congratulations on her latest song hit from Reginald Owen. Beside her is Robert Young, who plays her on-again, off-again spouse.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST . . . . ★★★★

Here's some of the most poignant acting of the season, a brilliant performance by Greer Garson and a picture that you won't forget.

It is difficult to tell you about this movie in a capsule synopsis and make it sound anything except maudlin—which it is not. The producers have managed to tell you a sob story full of every old homily that ever was—and yet make it sound like brand-new stuff. A lot of it will appeal directly to the tear ducts, but it is not bathos and all of it is in good taste.

It is a screen biography of Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas . . . how she lost her baby, learned she couldn't have another and devoted her life thereafter to finding good homes for parentless children. Later she broadened the battle, managing to do away with the legal stigma of illegitimacy on birth certificates, marriage licenses, et cetera. It was not an easy fight, but Mrs. Gladney lived to see herself victorious.

What makes it a worthwhile film is that the writers managed to tell their story in terms of human drama. It is never a preachment; all the steps of the yarn are related via homey, human interest anecdotes that string together into one whole. It is a dramatic biography and a good one.

Outstanding in the acting division is the work of Greer Garson who undoubtedly will win—or come very close to winning—the Academy Award for this job. Not far behind is Walter Pidgeon in the male lead. There's strong support by Felix Bressart, Marsha Hunt and Sam Hinds. The Technicolor photography is exceptionally lovely. And save a nod for the sure, discerning and tasteful direction by Mervyn Le Roy.—*M-G-M.*

LADY BE GOOD . . . . . ★★★★

This one adds up to a swell show, a great performance, a new star, and a heck of a good time all rolled into one. The new star is Ann Sothern. She sings—and how!—and acts in a brand new way; there simply isn't anyone on the screen today to compare with her.

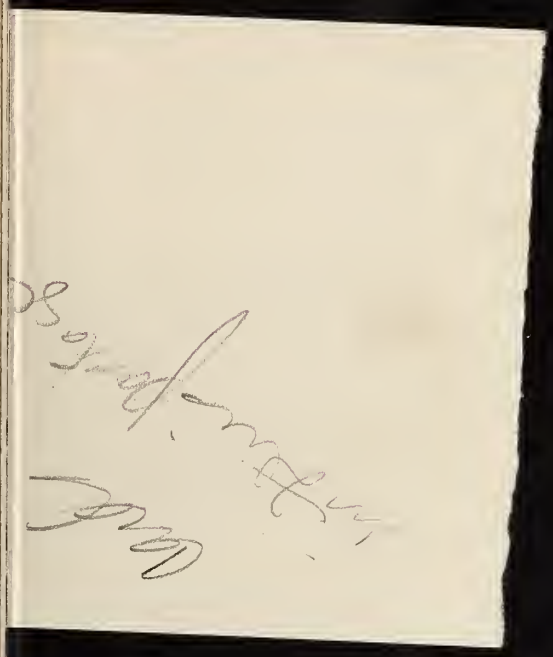
You will recall that "Lady Be Good" was a one-time musical. Well, Metro has thrown away the old story and shoved in a new one. It's a synthetic but amusing story, and it moves along at a very fast pace.

The plot is a very simple one. Ann Sothern and Robert Young are married. They also write songs together—Bob dishing up the tunes and Ann the lyrics. They are a perfect team and their songs click. They click so well that Bob gets a swelled head, goes for the society racket and doesn't do any writing. Ann gets a divorce. They both go to pieces. They get together again. They click again. They get divorced again. They are both unhappy again. They get married again.

Doesn't sound like much? Well, it is. And swell fun! Especially as handled by Sothern and Young. Eleanor Powell is right near the top in honors as Ann's faithful girl friend, and John Carroll is not far behind as Eleanor's boy friend. Much better than average acting support is turned in by Red Skelton, Lionel Barrymore, Reginald Owen, Rose Hobart and Phil Silvers.

Miss Sothern does most of the singing. She's best in the title song, "Lady Be Good," but does very well, too, by "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

In the dance end, there is Eleanor Powell in top form and the Berry Brothers, a surprisingly agile negro trio. A deep and sincere bow goes to Norman McLeod who deserves praise for his intelligent direction.—*M-G-M.*



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★★★½ In The Navy

There's no sense trying to detail the plot of a comedy film and even less so with one of these Abbott and Costello goulashes. It is simply a great big blob of humorous routines wound around the two funny men, plus some singing by the Andrew Sisters and Dick Powell—and some romancing (none too seriously handled, thank goodness) between Powell and Claire Dodd.

The picture starts with a very good gag and ends with another one. A lot of laughs are sandwiched in between, the outstanding hunk of business probably being when Lou (the fat boy) dreams that he is captain of the ship and in charge of naval maneuvers.

Just to prove that we are critics, always wanting fudge sauce on our ice cream, it might be pointed out that the musical score is not very much and that there isn't a single outstanding song in the film. That's a handicap for the Andrew gals. Dick Powell is excellent in support, Claire Dodd is a luscious dish who ought to be seen more frequently, and Dick Foran stands out among the other players. Very neat pacing by director Arthur Lubin.—*Universal.*

★★★½ Man Hunt

Sheer melodrama from the first minute to the last, this is the picturization of a grim narrative competing with the blaring headlines of your daily newspaper. It establishes instant suspense and an intense pitch when a big-game-hunting gent (Walter Pidgeon) becomes the object of a deadly hunt by the Gestapo after he almost potshots at Hitler successfully.

The picture has a strong sense of actuality throughout its greater part, traceable almost directly to the magnificent acting of Pidgeon and George Sanders, plus the sure skill of Fritz Lang's direction. Some of the suspense is so astonishingly taut as to almost hurt—and is most reminiscent of the suspense in "M," an earlier picture of Lang's made in once-happy Germany.

It is an eight-reel chase, really; the picture starts off with Sanders, head of the German police, chasing Pidgeon and continues until he gets his man—though not as successfully as he had anticipated. There's a startling finale with a timeliness that cannot be described.

In all departments the picture is outstanding. Beyond the unbelievably good work of Sanders and Pidgeon, there is a surprisingly good piece of acting by Joan Bennett as a Cockney girl. You've never seen her in such a good role. An interesting and important screen debut is that of Roddy McDowall, an English lad who seems destined for a very important future. Very fine support is handled by John Carradine, Roger Imhof, Frederick Worlock, Heather Thatcher and Egon Brecher.—*TCF.*

★★★½ The Big Store

In order to take this reviewer's word about a Marx Brothers picture—any Marx Brothers pictures—you've got to reach for your salt cellar. Because as far as we are concerned, the Marxes just can't be bad. We're suckers for their every little movement and gesture. So when we tell you that this is the best Marx picture in a long time, you can shrug your shoulders and sniff if you want to—but it's still a doggone good movie.

"The Big Store" is not an arty movie.

Guard your Charm all Day
with quick, convenient Mum



WHAT IS MUM? Mum is a creamy deodorant that prevents underarm odor *without stopping perspiration.* So soothing you can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

IN A HURRY? Mum's speed is a marvelous help. Use it even after dressing. Mum in your purse or desk means quick protection for impromptu invitations—surprise dates.



HELPS BATH FRESHNESS LAST. Even the most glorious bath can't prevent risk of offending. A quick dab of Mum under each arm protects charm all day or all evening long.



MUM HELPS SOCIALLY. What use is your most glamorous make-up, your loveliest frock, if underarm odor is a constant threat? Play safe! Guard charm every day—with Mum.

Prevent underarm odor—make a daily habit of Mum!

YOUR CLOTHES, your hats and your cosmetics. How careful you are to choose the alluring line, the smartest style, the most flattering shades to enhance your attractiveness. But are you as careful about choosing your deodorant—the safeguard of your daintiness and popularity?

Why take chances with your job—risk popularity—when Mum is so *quick,* so *safe,* so *sure.* One quick dab of creamy Mum under each arm after your bath—even after you're dressed—and your charm is protected all day or all evening.

Ask for Mum at your druggist's today. See if Mum's convenience, Mum's speed, Mum's effectiveness don't give you greater protection, a greater confidence.

SO HANDY! Only 30 seconds are needed to smooth on Mum, yet it guards bath-freshness all day or all evening.

DEPENDABLE! Mum is *sure*—prevents risk of offending—does *not* stop perspiration.

SAFE! Harmless to skin. Use it right after underarm shaving—after you're dressed. It won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

It is plain, ordinary, down-to-earth, up-(but not far)-from-the-gutter comedy. A laugh a minute. If that's the way you like movies, this is your dish.

The story? Ah, yes, the story. The Marxmen are turned loose in a department store where they are engaged to protect the life of the owner. They nab the villain for the finale, and Wolfe J. Flywheel (Groucho Marx) turns to the audience and says, "See, I told you in the first reel that this guy is a crook."

So that's the story and you can imagine some of the antics this involves. Anyway, it's all fun. And sprinkled in between, in healthy sloshes, is a lot of swellegant music. The direction by Charles Reisner is fast-paced and top-notch.—*M-G-M.*

★★★½ Moon Over Miami

This is a remake of "Three Blind Mice," which you probably don't remember, and it shouldn't worry you. It's pretty hard to recognize in its new finery. It is an outstanding musical comedy, almost all the credit going to the exceptionally fine musical score. An excellent cast headed by Don Ameche, Betty Grable, Robert Cummings, Charlotte Greenwood, Jack Haley and Carole Landis doesn't hurt, either.

The story is not too much, but serves the purpose. Only trouble with it is that it has been used so many times before. Nevertheless, the writers have stuck some very amusing dialogue into it, and it won't annoy you.

Betty Grable and Carole Landis are car hops who decide to go on the make for a million. They get a small bankroll and blow it all on a fancy set of duds for Betty, while Carole hides her beauty in shabby clothes and specs. Charlotte Greenwood is their aunt and gets a lot of laughs out of her role when she poses as their servant to fool the doughboys.

Both girls are fine, although Betty gets the best of it because of better material and a couple of extra special hotcha dance numbers. Don Ameche and Bob Cummings are the lads who are picked on by the designing dames as the most likely marital prospects, and both are okay. Jack Haley is amusing as a waiter. Directed by Walter Lang.—*TCF.*

★★★½ Underground

Heavy, harsh melodrama, this, spun at a gripping pace. It is an intense yarn of today and whether you enjoy it or not, you will remember it.

Located in Germany, the story has to do with the underground movement whereby a brave few of the German people are trying to deliver their brethren from slavery. Now all this may be wishful thinking; there may be no such movement in Germany, and there may be no such brave and daring souls —but it is nevertheless good, solid and frequently shocking movie material. It has an authentic ring which, perhaps, is even stronger than the truth. Movies have a way of doing that on occasion.

The story tells about two brothers in modern Germany. Philip Dorn is the chief of the underground movement, while his brother, Jeffrey Lynn, is a loyal party member who lost an arm at the battle of Dunkirk. The climax is reached when Jeff unknowingly turns in his own brother to save a female member of the renegades, with whom he is in love. He hadn't realized that his brother was mixed up with the movement. When he sees the brother tortured and beaten, the full impact of his deed strikes home. He takes his brother's place in the secret work.

Kaaren Verne, the girl, is a recent Austrian import, and this is her first American movie. She has looks and she seems to have intelligence, too. We'll have to see more of her work before we predict, but she is apparently headed for important parts. Mona Maris does an excellent supporting job, and Martin Kosleck turns in another of his frighteningly cold jobs as the Gestapo agent. He can get more meanness into his eyes without even trying than anyone since Joe Von Sternberg in his heyday.—W. B.

★★★½ Out of the Fog

For about half an hour at the beginning of this picture, it looked as if it were going to be the top film of the year. The possibilities were there—a good audience movie with real artistic merit. Then the writers and producers began cheating on the story and it winds up just a good movie.

Why the title was changed from the original "The Gentle People" will always remain a mystery. It was a good play under that title, and the subject matter still concerns itself with some lovely, meek, gentle folks who can take just so much — and then they stand up and punch back.

John Garfield is the tough hombre who exacts bitter and nasty toll from Tommy Mitchell and John Qualen, a couple of peace-loving citizens. When he drives them to the very brink of desperation, they decide to kill him.

Ida Lupino is as good as you know she can be in the role of the girl although

How GIRLS GET AHEAD in Hollywood!

FACTS make Hollywood even more fascinating—and facts are what you get in SCREEN GUIDE—the independent picture magazine of motion pictures. In September SCREEN GUIDE, learn how girls suddenly become starlets, then stars. This is the inside story, with sensational pictures, about Linda Darnell, Marjorie Woodworth, Jane Russell and others who have gone up the Hollywood way.

Other Scoops in September Screen Guide:

Why Stars Hate Each Other: The truth about Robinson and Raft. The real "inside" revealed at last.

Priscilla Lane's Million Dollar Love: Here's her hidden romance. See her most glamorous four-color portrait.

The Stars Squawk: Low-down on Bill Holden, Number One mistreated star. What's happened to the "Golden Boy?"

Clark Gable, Perpetual Motion Picture Star: The Brutal Truth!

Dorothy Lamour's Adventures in Love: Where will they end?

Why Charles Boyer Hides from Hollywood: His refuge revealed! What makes "The Great Lover" that way?

COLOR PORTRAITS: *Priscilla Lane, Charles Boyer, George Raft, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable and Carole Landis!*

PLUS *pages of gossip, fashion news, beauty hints, movie reviews!*



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her characterization is too neurotic to arouse the audience sympathy she deserves. Garfield is as good as he has ever been, and a bit meaner as the toughie than most toughies are. A change of pace would do him good; why don't they give him a comedy or romantic role for a change? Mitchell and Qualen —well, you know how very good they both are. Eddie Albert is just himself as Ida's boyfriend and George Tobias steals his usual allotment of scenes in comedy support.

The direction by Anatole Litvak is tasteful and discerning, and there is a special nod due the exceptionally fine photography by James Wong Howe.— *W. B.*

★★★ Tight Shoes

Here's a neat surprise item, a picture that didn't figure to be very much from advance indications but turned out to be a swell time-killer. Good, amusing nonsense with plenty of action and a few sweet performances. Binnie Barnes and Brod Crawford are the names you will go away with.

Anything goes for laughs in this screwball affair based on an incredible Damon Runyan yarn. The fact that you never stop to realize how silly the story premise proves that the going's good. You never get a chance to think.

The story tells, in flashback form, how a pair of tight shoes changed a gangster into a shoe clerk and a shoe clerk into a successful politician. In the sequel, another pair of tight shoes pairs off the right couples at the altar after they seem to be headed the wrong way.

Crawford as the gangster is unbelievably good, the only member of the cast (or in the world, for that matter) who can talk Runyonese and make it sound like it's a language used by humans somewhere. Binnie Barnes, playing without restraint as the moll, is delicious. We didn't know she was anywhere near as good as this. John Howard is cast against type and is fine as the clerk, and Anne Gwynne supplies decorative romantics. Neat directing by Albert Rogell. —*Universal.*

★★★ They Met In Bombay

Here is an interesting example of an old, old theory of ours: it's not what the movie's about that counts; it's who's in it. If this movie had been made by some other studio or with less important stars, you would have said, okay, so what? But it happened to be made with Roz Russell and Clark Gable, so it's super-elegant.

The two stars are in top form here, playing throughout with a neat tongue-in-cheek, let's-have-fun effect. They're both jewel thieves in the Far East, and a slicker pair of flimflam artists you never saw. Working independently, they are hot on the trail of a fabulous gem owned by Jessie Ralph. Naturally there's a great deal of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't. Naturally, also, love rears its beautiful head from out of the plush jewel boxes and they both reform. And live happily ever after.

It's a fairy tale, sure, and not a very convincing one, but it's a lot of fun because the two leading actors are so very much at home in their roles and seem to be having such a good time. They occupy most of the footage, by the way, the best support being offered by Matthew Boulton as a Scotland Yard agent and Reginald Owen. Directed by Clarence Brown. *M-G-M.*

New Loveliness can be yours— Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Frank Morell, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, "I'm really thankful that I went on a 'Mild-Soap' Diet. All my friends tell me how lovely my skin looks—and I'm sure it's largely due to Camay and the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Try this exciting beauty idea—praised by lovely brides—based on the advice of skin specialists!

SO MANY WOMEN dim the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. Others use a beauty soap not as mild as it should be. "My constant beauty care is Camay and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says Mrs. Morell, a bride whose lovely complexion makes her an expert.

Leading skin specialists we've consulted advise a regular cleansing routine —daily cleansing with a *fine, mild soap.* And Camay is not only mild—but milder! Yes, milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day—twice a day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Don't miss a single day. It's the regular cleansing that will help you in a few short weeks to see a more appealing skin.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay. Follow this routine faithfully.

"SUGAR and SPICE"



Bette Davis lunches at the studio commissary while finishing Warner's "The Bride Came C.O.D." She'll top off that vitamin-filled beet salad with quick pep-giving pastry, pineapple flavor.

—THAT'S WHAT THE STARS EAT ON THE SET, REVEALS ROY EARL, WARNER'S PASTRY CHEF

BY NANCY ARCHIBALD

Rich chocolate fudge cakes and brightly-iced pastries are eaten by such slender charmers as Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth and Brenda Marshall at Warner's studio commissary. Even the more serious stars like Bette Davis and Ida Lupino indulge their liking for sweets while working on pictures, reveals Roy Earl, Warner's famous pastry chef.

This culinary artist modestly declares the girls go for his delicate creations because they seek quick-energizing sugar to replace the vitality consumed while emoting on the set. It seems that, far from fearing fat, the stars must guard against the loss of several pounds a day while at work. But a glance at one of Earl's tempting trays of fluffy cream-puffs and glistening éclairs assures us it is more than dietary interest that appeals to these de-lovelies' appetites.

Chef Earl is kept mighty busy catering to the various tastes of his pet actresses, and like any master chef, he outdoes himself for those who really appreciate his delectable desserts. Bette Davis prefers a selection from among his French pastries, particularly those with a pineapple-glaze topping. A fine fruit tart will make Olivia de Havilland happy, while walnut cake trimmed with a scoop of pistachio ice cream delights too-thin Ida Lupino.

Priscilla Lane falls for fudge cake every time. And it's chocolate éclairs—often two of them with a glass of milk—for Brenda Marshall. Ann Sheridan likes to finish a salad-plate luncheon with one of Roy's extra-special charlotte russes. The calories in this dessert really mount up, but remember, Ann is an active young woman, filling her free hours with tennis during the day and the more muscle-exercising types of rumba in the evening.

If you lead a strenuous life and manage to pack in

plenty of exercise each day (simple housework is better than any sport or course in setting-up exercises you could name), you can safely include a rather rich dessert in your menu. The government's recent nutrition survey shows that we have not been eating enough vitamin-content food in the past few years. So take this opportunity to have the goodies you long for—but don't forget fruits, green vegetables, meat and fish dishes.

CHOCOLATE SPICE CAKE

2½ cups flour
4 scant teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon each of nutmeg, cinnamon and mace
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

1. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together.

2. Cream shortening thoroughly and blend in sugar and well beaten eggs. Melt unsweetened chocolate over double boiler and add to sugar mixture. Add vanilla and stir in well.

3. Add flour alternately with milk to egg mixture and beat until batter is smooth.

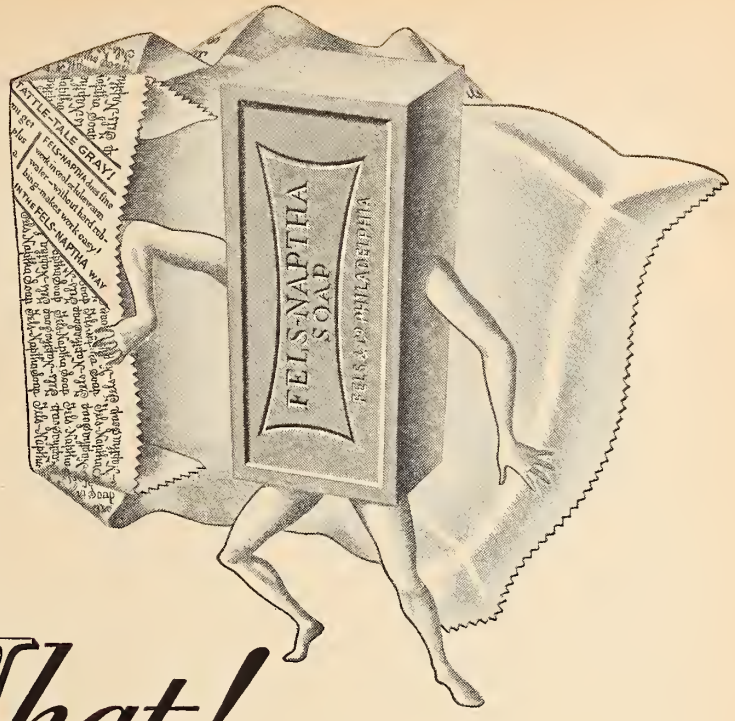
4. Line greased baking tins (using 2 fairly deep tins or 3 shallow tins, according to the number of layers desired) with wax paper, making "ears" with which to lift out cake when it is baked and cooled by cutting 2 strips of paper about 2″ wide and putting beneath lining paper so they cross in the middle and hang over the sides about an inch.

5. Fill prepared tins with batter and bake in a hot oven, 375° F. for 15 minutes. Turn the oven off and allow to bake from 3 to 5 minutes more. Remove, cool and ice.

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 can sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Add water and vanilla. Spread over cake and serve when cool.



What!

NO DISHES?

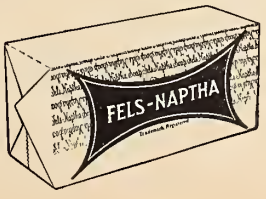
You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing.* In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy.* They don't want any other *extras* "thrown in."



As one woman aptly puts it,
"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."



For more entertainment—

FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!

Ask your local theatre when they're coming your way!

JACK BENNY
in
"Charley's Aunt"
with
KAY FRANCIS
JAMES ELLISON
and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen
Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar
Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo
Produced by William Perlberg
Screen Play by George Seaton

TYRONE POWER
in
"A YANK IN THE R.A.F."
with BETTY GRABLE
and
John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner
Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
Original Story by Melville Crossman
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by HENRY KING

SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE
in
Sun Valley Serenade
with GLENN MILLER *and his Orchestra*
MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI
JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.
Produced by MILTON SPERLING • Directed by H. BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Story by Art Arthur and Robert Harari • Lyrics and Music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

"BELLE STARR"
THE BANDIT QUEEN
with
RANDOLPH SCOTT • GENE TIERNEY
and
Dana Andrews • John Shepperd
Elizabeth Patterson • Chill Wills
Directed by Irving Cummings
Produced by Kenneth Macgowan

IN TECHNICOLOR!

20th CENTURY FOX

You'll be seeing them...



He's the girl of the year →
Jack Benny *as* "Charley's Aunt"

Tyrone Power *as* "A Yank In The R.A.F." *with* Betty Grable

Sonja Henie *and* John Payne *in* "Sun Valley Serenade" *with* Glenn Miller *and his Orchestra*

Randolph Scott *and* Gene Tierney *in* "Belle Starr"



STIRLING HAYDEN

Nine out of ten American girls would give an eyetooth to be stranded on a South Sea Island with handsome 6' 3", 210-pound sailorman Stirling Hayden. Lucky Madeleine Carroll, his co-star in Paramount's "Bahama Passage," is sole gal to score thus far! Born 24 years ago in Montclair, N. J., Hayden lost his heart to the sea during summer vacations along the Maine coast. When family fortunes dwindled, he turned to fishing with Gloucester salts and shipping out to all four corners of the earth. Highlight of his career was buying the ex-Kaiser's yacht for a passenger service between Boston and Panama. A shipwreck off Cape Hatteras and financial low tide brought this venture abruptly to a close. Hollywood doesn't faze him one bit, and he looks upon it as just another adventure of which his life has been full. He still likes the sniff of salt air and wants to make his home aboard a boat in Santa Monica harbor, from whence he'll commute to his studio.

MARLENE DIETRICH



She may be "Legs" to you and you—but Marlene Dietrich is "Mamma dear" to her 16-year-old daughter Maria. Maria can't remember when her famous mother came over from Germany in 1929 and started the vogue for emerald green fingernails and mannish suits—for zombie-like make-up and slinky foreign cars—but if she could, she'd just say, "How cute." In Maria's eyes, Marlene—in spite of a 12-year separation from her husband, in spite of Mrs. Josef von Sternberg's $600,000 alienation of affections suit, in spite of innumerable studio feuds—can do no wrong. She knows her too well; knows what good cookies she can bake and what fine stitches she can sew. She's seen her digging in the garden sans phony eyelashes, her two-inch nails covered with old gloves. She's worried with her about the citizenship exams, been thrilled when Marlene got all the names of the presidents straight on the test and became a full-fledged American in 1939. She knows she'd even break a date with Jean Gabin for the premiere of her Warner Brothers' killer-diller, "Man Power," if Maria's school play were on the same night—which is going some—for there's a man, and *there's* a picture!



ANN SHERIDAN

At 12, chubby, freckle-faced Clara Lou Sheridan was the Texas terror. A war-whooping tomboy, fiercely proud of her Indian blood, crazy about baseball, disobeying everyone but her adored dad, whom she called the "Boss Man." Now she's 27. The face is familiar, so're the freckles—but the torso's terrific and the name is Annie. She's got oomph and a new something called "televoomph." She wears a slew of expensive barbaric jewelry, drives a shiny Cadillac, wears black and white orchids, gets a hundred proposals a month and has a beau who's rich and handsome. She's glamour on the half shell, but she's still Clara Lou at heart—afraid of only two things in the world, flying and cops. It'll take more than that cataclysmic jump from sophomore at Texas State Teachers to Hollywood star (via a beauty contest) to turn that carrot top of hers. In spite of a $4,000 mink coat and a lot of diamonds, she's the same noisy, unsophisticated kid she used to be—a screaming maniac at a baseball game, a ten-year-old at a Gene Autry movie, a dirty-faced "crew" on boy friend George Brent's boat—but, nevertheless, a gorgeous power house in her latest film for Warner Brothers, "Navy Blues."



MICKEY ROONEY

If you ever find a phone message saying Rhett Butler called, you can bet your boots it was Mickey Rooney! If and when you go out with him, you'll step out in style on Mick's $50-a-week allowance (salary: $5,000). You'll meet gobs of his non-pro chums and autograph hounds and leave the night club on the stroke of 12. Back home, get him to give out with one of his original compositions on the piano or drums. If you have a daytime date, you're in for some stiff competition, whether it's at cards, golf, badminton or tennis. He's tops at 'em all! You'll have a slick time cruising around in his station wagon or custom-built blue job, riding his horses and paddling in his pool. Warning: You're expected to join him in 5 hearty meals, then trot around 36 holes of golf to counteract the ravages. If it's romance you're after, there's not much chance—at the moment he's Valerie Thou's. By the way, don't forget to mention his new picture, M-G-M's "Life Begins for Andy Hardy."



GLENN FORD

Today critics hail him as a "young Paul Muni," and he nonchalantly lunches at the White House and "21" club. Yet not so long ago, Glenn Ford was twirling a searchlight atop a theatre in return for free passes to the movies. When he entered films in 1927, his total salary of $20 barely covered the cost of a dress suit for his role! Twenty-five years ago he started out prosaically enough in Quebec, an only child burdened by a prissish name, Gwyllyn, and an indiscreet capacity for ice cream. During high school he wrote and announced for radio, and upon graduation simultaneously joined 7 group theatres and provided his daily bread by modeling and selling paint. He's never had a vacation and is now working in Columbia's "Texas." If there's anything in this world he hates, it's theatre-goers who rattle candy wrappers and those Hollywood dandies who prance down the street in ascot scarves. Unwed, he lives with his mom, who keeps his rangy six-foot frame up to its 165-pound quota.



CLARENCE BULL

ANN RUTHERFORD

Ann Rutherford's a showgirl from way back! She made her stage debut in kindergarten, retired at 9 and made a comeback at 13! She was discovered for movies by her present manager, who liked her radio sound effects (from baby's gurgle to wild screams). He gave her a screen test which resulted in a myriad of rough-ridin' Westerns when she was only 16. Her efficiency is absolutely unparalleled—she designs her own togs, does her hair and manicures her nails. Hunts down antiques and cooks the world's best potato pancakes and sausages for her famous Sunday morning feeds. On the set of M-G-M's "Life Begins for Andy Hardy" she doesn't stay put a minute; models in clay in her dressing room and knits all over the place. She keeps things moving in the duplex she shares with her grandma, mom, sister, 12 canaries, 9 parakeets and an assortment of turtles. Drives neighbors crazy practicing on her trap drums. When she's positively physically exhausted, she turns to poetry-writing!

Ronald Colman TELLS ALL!

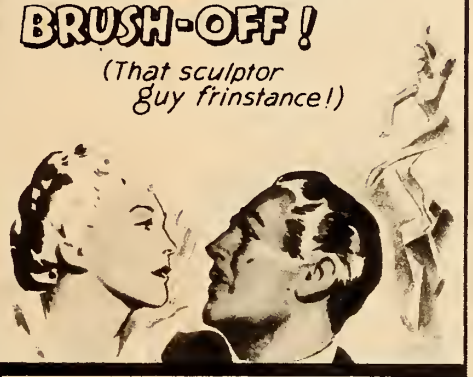
DOES THE WIFE GIVE FOR CHARITY -BUT GIVE!

(Like that $500 kiss!)



DOES SHE FIND IT HARD TO GIVE ARTISTS THE BRUSH-OFF!

(That sculptor guy frinstance!)



"That's Caroline - in love again with the last man to kiss her!"



TAKE A TIP ON HOW TO RUN YOUR WIFE'S AFFAIRS FROM THAT SMOOTHIE THREAT TO HOME-WRECKERS...

The Cutest Little Bundle ever to come from Britain **ANNA LEE!**



RONALD COLMAN

IN A MODERN-DAY, ROMANTIC COMEDY FRISKY AS A FRENCH FARCE . . .

My Life with Caroline

Introducing **ANNA LEE**

with **CHARLES WINNINGER** and **REGINALD GARDINER**

GILBERT ROLAND • KATHERINE LESLIE

HUGH O'CONNELL

Produced and Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard

RKO RADIO PICTURES

A United Producers Production

WILLIAM HAWKS

Executive Producer

The Countess Explains.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Socialite Alexis Thompson was a one-time suitor. Gene always wanted to marry a "nice guy" regardless of his social or financial status.



Night of their elopement she signed her name in the plane register as "Miss Belle Starr," title of her current picture with Dana Andrews. Next day she had to leave on a location trip to Acoma Rock.

"I married my husband because I loved him. I waited to be sure and I am sure. I knew what I wanted and now I have it. I wanted my own life, the husband of my own choice and my own home.

"I love my parents dearly. I wish they'd understand. I think they will eventually—when they know my husband as I know him. But until then our happiness comes first. That's all that counts."

Of course, it's the oldest story in the world. Shakespeare cribbed it from ancient yarn-spinners and sang the sweet sorrows of Romeo and Juliet. Héloïse and Abélard had the same classic trouble. So did Young Lochinvar and his bonnie bride. Getting more up-to-date, so did the Duke and Wally.

So the other day it happens right in Hollywood. And here I am listening to the old, old story from a young lady who is telling her side of it. Not the side in the daily newspapers. Not the family side. Not the "Gene has gone Hollywood" side. But a love's-eye version from jubilant Juliet herself. I mean the Countess Cassini. Née Gene Tierney.

She is sitting on the floor in slacks blithely ripping up love letters from old beaux (and the stack is high), while across the rumpled room sits her Romeo, a pleasant, likable, mannerly guy who just doesn't look like the dark, sinister pictures he takes. It's a three-way Information, Please, between Count Oleg Loiewski Cassini, his bride and your inquiring reporter. And the Countess has never glowed more beautifully, never looked happier, never seemed surer of herself. What's more, she has never sounded more sensible.

Now that may seem a spot preposterous in the face of the outraged family scene which has been stormed up in headlines. Especially since all the scene's props stack smack up against the lovers in favor of the family frown. For instance:

Here is a twenty-year-old American girl, notably willful and headstrong, who has tossed over the approved conventions of Eastern Blue Book society to seek a beglamoured Hollywood career against her parents' wishes. And there she meets a suave foreign sophisticate, title, accent, dark moustache and all, who turns her silly young head with his treacherous wiles and marries himself into reflected fame and a fortune.

"You want the true story?" repeats Gene Tierney

A BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT OF THE MOST STARTLING ELOPEMENT IN HOLLYWOOD RECORDS — GENE TIERNEY AND COUNT CASSINI!

after me. Her gray French-Irish eyes are flashing a bit now, but she can't keep them that way. Because every time she gazes at Oleg, they turn soft and dreamy. If it isn't love, it's an Academy performance. I cough discreetly, and the Countess returns to earth, the stale love letters and the business at hand.

"This wasn't any hurry-up marriage," she states with a misunderstood sigh. "I wasn't swept off my feet. Our marriage was thought over, talked over and pretty thoroughly analyzed before we took the plane to Las Vegas. In fact, we were almost married once before, but we decided we were being hasty.

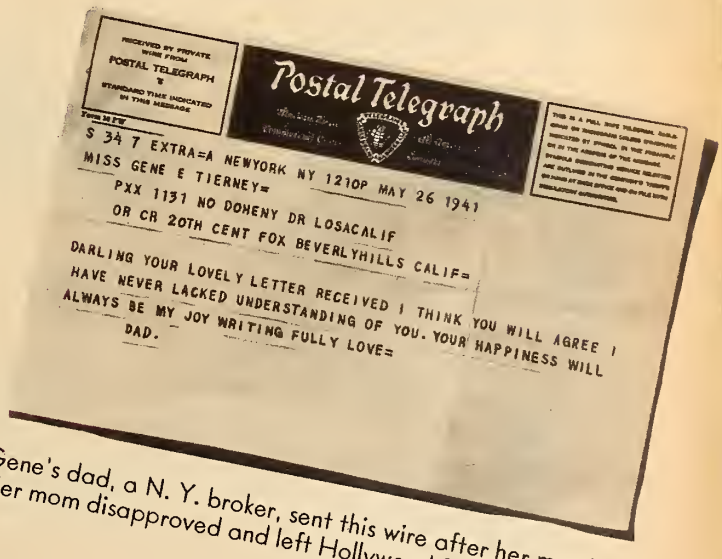
"Why," asks Gene, knitting her pretty brows, "do people insist on treating me like a child? I've been going out with men since I was fourteen. I've known all kinds—Yale boys, New Yorkers, actors, business men and playboys. Americans and foreigners, too. Which, by the way, aren't so awfully dazzling to me. I was educated abroad, you know, and I've traveled a lot. I've been in love before. I've been engaged before, too. I've had lots of dates and lots of beaux in Hollywood. Why not? I'm young and I like fun. But men, polished or unpolished, don't leave me breathless. Only the man I've been waiting to find. He does. Darling," says the Countess Cassini in French to her groom, "maybe you'd better leave the room. You might be embarrassed."

So Oleg smiles and strolls out. That leaves us alone, and I quickly learn a few things about this Count Cassini, which I will right gladly pass on. He isn't Italian as his name sounds. He's Russian. His folks are from the Ukraine. His grandfather, Count Arthur Cassini, was the Czar's ambassador to Washington when Teddy Roosevelt was head man there. His mother was a friend of Alice Roosevelt's. His brother is a Capitol newspaper columnist today. Oleg himself was born in Paris, educated in Florence and pursued a designing career all over the Continent, ending up with the famous Patou in Paris. Then New York and now Hollywood. He has been there a year. So has Gene Tierney, almost to the day.

"We met over eight months ago," recalls Gene, ripping up a note from Mickey Rooney, "and I think we've loved each other ever since. I knew I loved him, because when I got home at (*Continued on page 89*)



Count Cassini, who was the 4th husband of patent medicine heiress, Merry Fahrney, was divorced last year. He and Gene, 21 this Nov., plan to remain in Hollywood.



POSTAL TELEGRAPH

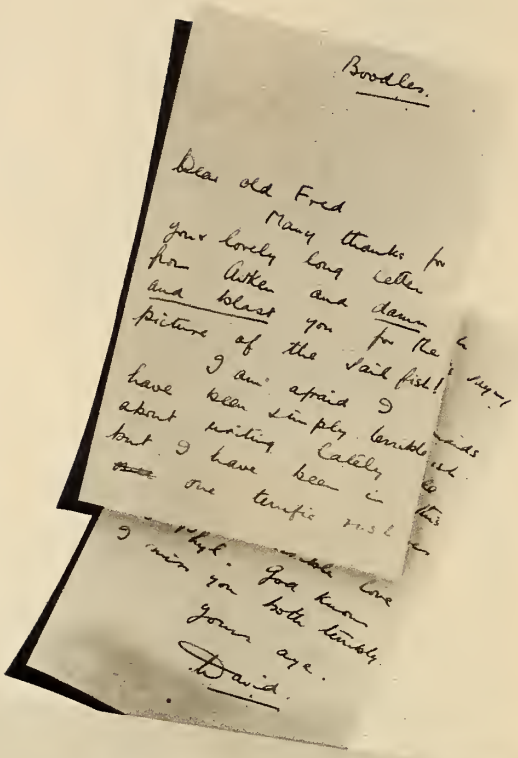
Postal Telegraph

$ 34 7 EXTRA=A NEWYORK NY 1210P MAY 26 1941
MISS GENE E TIERNEY=
PXX 1131 NO DOHENY DR LOSACALIF
OR CR 20TH CENT FOX BEVERLYHILLS CALIF=
DARLING YOUR LOVELY LETTER RECEIVED I THINK YOU WILL AGREE I HAVE NEVER LACKED UNDERSTANDING OF YOU. YOUR HAPPINESS WILL ALWAYS BE MY JOY WRITING FULLY LOVE=
DAD.

Gene's dad, a N. Y. broker, sent this wire after her marriage. Her mom disapproved and left Hollywood for home in Conn.!

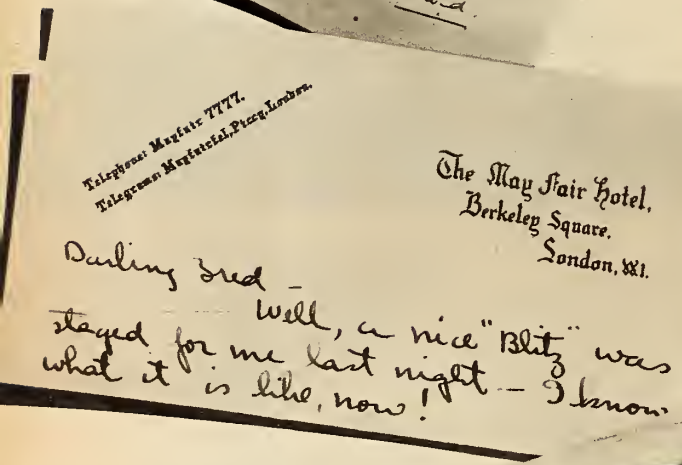
Fred Astaire's "THREE

BY JERRY ASHER



FROM DAVID NIVEN, NOW SERVING

A little over a year ago David Niven answered his country's call. Today he is serving as a Major in the British Army. Despite the darkness of the hour, in David's letter there still remains evidence of the nostalgic humor that so endeared him to all his friends in Hollywood. And especially to Fred Astaire.



FROM LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH,

The tradition of the Astaires is now theatre history. Adele and Fred teamed in childhood and danced their way up to world acclaim. Nine years ago Adele became Lady Charles Cavendish and went to live in Ireland and England. Brother Fred came on to Hollywood and remained to further his brilliant career.



FROM GEORGE GRIFFIN,

Over fifteen years ago, George Griffin applied for the job of valet. Fred was doing "Gay Divorcée" on the London stage at the time. Except at interrupted intervals, George remained on. A World War leg injury brought on recurring hospitalization. Rather than be permanently bedridden in a strange country, George asked to go home to his people. Fred Astaire, with his usual loyalty, has kept the contact alive. The blank spaces in George's letters are the deletions made by censorship.

LETTERS FROM LONDON"

Since that first day eight years ago when Fred Astaire arrived in Hollywood, he has remained reticent about publicizing facts on his personal and private life. Not that there have been any deep, dark secrets. Any great unsolved mysteries. On the contrary, Fred has remained singularly untouched by the vicissitudes that ofttimes flourish with fame and fortune. In all modesty Fred has never believed that people are really interested in things that concern only himself. However, being in a position where he receives many letters from the other side, he feels that there are those who might be interested in some first-hand information. In selecting these particular "Three Letters From London," Fred reveals a cross section of life that is a great lesson in courage to us all.

THE ARMY IN GREAT BRITAIN . . .

Boodles

Dear Old Fred:

Many thanks for your lovely long letter from Aiken and damn and blast you for the picture of the sailfish!

I am afraid I have been simply terrible about writing lately, but I have been in one terrific rush. Married life I just couldn't enjoy more. Prim is a wonderful girl. I know you both are going to like her. Incidentally, she has been to about a dozen pictures in her life and has only seen me in one movie—"Wuthering Heights!"

Since Dunkirk we have been reinforcing the battalion. And being one of the old boys with some experience, I was taken away and put into a special job with M.I. (don't laugh) Military Intelligence. Naturally I can't tell you anything about it as I have not yet been intelligent enough to find out what I am trying to do! At least I have managed to be in all the worst Blitz we have had, including three months in London without a day or night off during the worst period.

Prim is working in an aircraft factory, which is quite a big step from the Quorn and the Cottesmore. Things are getting pretty interesting again right now and we are all set to be invaded. I think he is bound to have a crack at it and if he does he will use (*Continued on page 94*)

FORMERLY ADELE ASTAIRE . . .

The May Fair Hotel
Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Darling Fred:

Well, a nice "Blitz" was staged for me last night. I know what it is like now. This is my first and I must say I've never had such an opening night in my life. Really Fred—it was hell!

I arrived in town from Derbyshire and dined with Foxie, Dotty, Averill, Tony and an American journalist named Greig. We had our dinner in a private dining room on the 9th floor of the Dorchester and in the middle of eating, a waiter came in and said that if we would like to see some fireworks to look out of the window.

So we switched off the lights and at first I thought it was a 4th of July display—the flares first and the red glows in the distance. Then explosions. Anti-aircraft guns booming and the whole works. But when two or three huge fires were started—enormous red glows in the sky—I began to get jittery. And even more so when one of those suction bombs exploded nearby and my ears went funny. That all took place between 10 and 12. So we decided to go below.

The lobby was full of people. Everyone we know. They all go there because it seems safer (*Continued on page 94*)

FORMER VALET, NOW CONVALESCING IN LONDON. . .

White City Estate, Westway,
London, W. 12, England

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for letter received this week. It certainly is a great help to me and I appreciate it very much. Have now been in hospital for just on two months. I do a lot of walking but the knee just won't bend. Mr. Turlong told me my hip was okay and that I would be walking ordinary if the knee had not gone wrong. Am feeling in very good health otherwise. If I could just be back working for you again that's all I would ask.

The family and myself do not go to any shelter. We sleep on the floor, as do many other people. We have all our glass, china, etc., packed away. The bombers have been pretty active around here. Mother was pretty sick once when a bomb dropped across the road and shook this building just like a quake. Incendiary bombs have dropped just outside our window and on our roof, but they were soon put out. They don't explode—just like a firecracker of the roman candle type. About fifty were dropped in less than ten minutes. If they had been proper bombs, well, I would not have been writing this letter. Last Saturday people were arriving for the dog racing meeting when the warning (*Continued on page 95*)

Gloria the Glamorous

BY IRVING WALLACE

Gloria Swanson—that sweet tradition blaster—has put a bomb under Hollywood's long-cherished ideas about oomph!

Hollywood had an unshakable idea of what a glamour girl should be until just a few months ago when Gloria Swanson came along.

According to the best movieland tradition, the perfect glamour girl was supposed to be the frosting on the cake of entertainment—very young, largely decorative and certainly unserious.

The appearance of Gloria Swanson, back to the cinema wars with her wares, has changed all that. For, though a glamour girl is supposed to be very young, Gloria is already forty-three and still a dazzler. And though a glamour girl is expected to be largely decorative and certainly unserious, Gloria Swanson possesses shocking ideas about a woman's mind being as vital to her future as her appearance.

When she came out of New York, via the Panama Canal, to Hollywood, she brought with her the new definition for glamour—herself. That, and not her so-called comeback, was the news.

Yet, while Hollywood was willing to revise its old ideas about glamour, Hollywood remained positive about one thing—there could never be a glamour gal who had worked in a factory. And Gloria Swanson walked into town admitting she not only worked in a factory, but Allah be praised, she owned one!

This is no "comeback" story, for after all, how could Swanson come back when she'd actually never been away? In 1920 she was "Zaza." In 1929 she was "Sadie Thompson." In 1934 she was the "Music In The Air" with John Boles. In 1941 she is Adolphe Menjou's wife in RKO's "Father Takes A Wife." But in these two decades she'd never been entirely out of the public eye. Year in and year out, the Swanson legend remained. New York's best-dressed woman. America's most outstanding woman. Et cetera. Always newsworthy.

So, students, instead of the "comeback" stuff—this is merely an experiment—a word effort with a live subject to show you that it is possible to be glamorous though brainy.

The most amazing thing about Gloria Swanson, of course, is that darn factory. We asked her about it the other day.



Gloria's ditched her famous slinkiness for animation. Veteran of four marriages and innumerable romances, she's currently fascinating Danny Winkler, Jean Rogers' ex.



Back in the '20's, tremendous headdresses made Gloria look skyscraper-ish, but she's Hollywood's tiniest actress. Spike heels jack her up in RKO's "Father Takes a Wife."

"Well, maybe it *is* a trifle odd," Miss Swanson admitted. "But, of course, it doesn't seem so to me. You see, when I was just a youngster, I would go driving with my girl friends. On one such afternoon we were all making wishes on objects we would like to possess in life. We were driving through a town, and the girl on my right said, 'I'd like that.' It was a home. Today she is happily married and has a home. The girl on my left said, 'I'd like that.' It was a window of clothes. Today she has her clothes. At the outskirts of town I pointed and said, 'And I'd like that.' It was a huge smoking factory. . . . And today, in Queens, New York, I have my factory! Simple?"

Well, it wasn't so simple to us. We demanded an explanation. First of all—why a factory?

"I've always been natively curious," admitted Gloria. "Believe it or not, but for years my favorite magazine was Popular Mechanics. It must have been in my blood, this attraction to the mechanical. My grandfather was a great experimenter. (*Continued on page 81*)



"Mummy"—as her chums call her—has been front-page stuff since 1917, when she eloped with Wally Beery. She's had more newspaper linage than any star.



Nowadays Deanna and Vaughn Paul can talk of nothing but their new Brentwood roost overlooking the Pacific. Her favorite topic's their playroom papered with giant postcards from her fan clubs!



Sturdy (6' 1", 175 pounds) Bob Preston and his young actress-wife, Catherine Craig, whom he wed in Nov., 1940. Bob's the most generous soul alive; always grabs the check!



During tiffs with "Big Boy" Williams, Lupe Velez frequently dates John Shelton. She always surprises strangers with her husky unbroken English, so unlike the shrill gibberish in her movies!

CANDIDLY

HOLLYWOOD'S BIGTIME EXTRAVAGANZA—



Carol Bruce has a corner on the silver fox wrap market these days—she owns three! Above with boss Matty Fox, Vice President of Universal Studios, where she made "This Girl Is Mine."



It's news when Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne invade the night spots, what with their four offspring to entertain them at home. Their youngest's Melinda, born last February.



Wayne Morris and fiancée Pat Stewart will have to take a rain check for their wedding. Wayne's been called into the U. S. Navy as an ensign. He never sits—he sprawls!



Latest Hollywood twosome to set tongues to wagging is Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin, who've been dating nightly. Jean goes home early to keep in trim for the West Coast bike races.

NOURS . .

HINUS GREASEPAINT AND KLEIG LIGHTS!



Magic trickster Chester Morris and socialite wife Lillian Kenton Barker at the Cocoanut Grove. Still very much smitten, they'll celebrate their first wedding anniversary this December.



Brattish Mitzi Green has grown up into a 20-year-old blonde smoothie! Between personal appearances, she discussed wedding plans with Hollywood body-builder Terry Hunt.



Just out of the hospital and about twenty pounds lighter, Maureen O'Hara tossed a joint birthday party for Will Price and Bill Lundigan. The big doin's were at the Cocoanut Grove.

A YANK IN HOLLYWOOD



Besides his New York farm, Bob owns a Cal. estate complete with riding horses and station wagon!

BY JEANNE KARR

DON'T LET MONTGOMERY FOOL YOU—HE'S CASUAL ONLY ON THE SURFACE!

Bob Montgomery talks lightly, feels deeply and acts by the measure of his feelings, not his words. His mockery is idealism in reverse. A passionate champion of social justice and the democracy of his forefathers, he hates with bitter intensity the forces working against both. He translates his bitterness into irony, his ardor into action. With nothing to gain and everything to lose professionally, he led the organization of the Screen Actors' Guild and remained its president during the first three critical years of its existence. He's still a member of the board, although he can't devote as much time to it as in former days.

In 1940 he joined the American Field Service Corps in France and drove an ambulance under fire in twenty-hour shifts till that country fell. To vent an intolerable anger, he transferred one of his war experiences to paper in the memorable "Letter to a German Hero," which Collier's was proud to print. Now he's absorbed, heart and energy, in the fight for freedom. President of British War Relief in Hollywood, on the board of Free French War Relief, he also campaigns for the American Field Service and the Red Cross. Hatred of Hitlerism drowns any minor hates.

Love of what this country stands for is rooted in the old American stock of which he was born. For generations the Montgomerys lived in New York's Putnam County. The family home was lost when Bob's father died, but the son's nostalgia for the scenes of his childhood endured. Twelve years ago he bought an old farmhouse of the salt-box type, built of white clapboard in 1810 and standing a few miles from his own birthplace in one hundred and eighty acres of woodland. A kitchen wing was added, electricity and plumbing installed, farmhouse furniture of maple and pine ordered from Virginia. To Bob this is home as no other place can be. He spends three or four months a year there—in the fall, if he can manage it. The true Easterner, what he misses most in California is variety of season. He can stand a springless year in the land of eternal spring, but to lose out on autumn with its sparkle and riotous color is to lose an essential part of the color of life. "I could wax lyrical on the subject," he says, "but allow me to spare you." Traveling with two children, two servants and two dogs, the Montgomerys call themselves Sanger's Circus on the March. The children are Elizabeth, eight, and young Robert, three. The servants are Connie and Otis. The dogs are a French poodle and a Labrador retriever, both males, but they get along fine, thanks. Last year they stayed East till after Thanksgiving, celebrating with all the old-fashioned ritual. During their absence, the place is left to a caretaking couple who have an apartment over the garage.

To create an illusion, the house they built in Holmby Hills is as nearly as possible a replica of the Eastern house—early American of white clapboard and stone, with a fireplace modeled after one of the vintage of 1620. The houses have twin weather vanes in the form of a pheasant—the form having originated in Putnam County, famous for pheasant shooting. Robert, Jr., has already been entered for the Pawling school which his father attended. Both he and Elizabeth are blonde and blue-eyed. "Part of the time," says Bob, "they look like me, part of the time like their mother, depending on which of our (*Continued on page 68*)



Cause-man Montgomery carries the banner for Screen Actors' Guild along with Red Cross and Am. Field Service. Above, with wife Betty (wed in '28) and Rog Pryor.



Co-stars of Universal's "Unfinished Business," Bob and Irene Dunne, on a war relief broadcast with Jean Hersholt. 36-year-old Bob's a student of criminology.

ACKGROUND FOR ROMANCE



Lamour with Mitch Leisen, who directed one of her few films with a U. S. A. setting. She's been in so many sarong sagas, she's learned to speak Malay!



Dottie married Maestro Herbie Kay in 1935. They separated in 1938; he sued for divorce on the grounds of desertion a year later.

If Dorothy Lamour returns from Hawaii as Mrs. Gregson Bautzer, she won't surprise her friends. Those who know her best say she's in a "marrying mood."

If she returns ring-free from her month-long vacation in the Islands, they won't be surprised either. Apparently nothing this sarong girl does is s'wrong, so illogical that her friends can't understand it. And her.

That's one of Dorothy's special talents, the ability to develop strong partisanship in her friends. Sex, they tell you, isn't Dorothy's prime appeal. To them, she is the perennial, incorrigible child. And they cherish her for that.

The truth in what they say is best proved by the reaction to Dorothy's native-girl screen characterizations. Give any other girl the nude deal Dottie's had, and she'd find herself with a burlesque queen rating. Not Lamour. That childlike quality, which her friends know so well, keeps her torridest antics out of the Hays office.

But to return to Dorothy and her private life. Hers and Greg's is the story of two people who are good for each other; two people who at the time they met felt a great need for the friendship, the affection that they could give each other. That they could laugh and dance and dine together was the finest thing that could have happened then to either of them. Whether they marry or not, these things are beyond conjecture, and these are our story.

No matter what happens, one thing stands out above all else in the Dorothy Lamour-Greg Bautzer romance, and that is that for the past year or more Dorothy has known the kind of happiness she wouldn't willingly trade for her whole star-spangled career. She has been the focal point for the undivided attentions of young Bautzer, and his rating as one of Hollywood's better beaux is absolutely blue ribbon. His routine—flowers, phone calls, more flowers, the theatre, the clubs—is the envy of his fellow bachelors.

He came into Dottie's life at a moment when she needed romantic diversion, relaxation from the demands of career and personal heartache. She did as much for him with her childlike gaiety and charm. He, too, had tasted bitterness. Just the comradeship and fun that Dorothy could give was what he needed.

To reconstruct the scene of their meeting, visualize the plushy interior of Ciro's on a crowded night in May, last year. The crimson-satined dining booths with

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Dot and Greg Bautzer call each other "Mommy" and "Poppy." Both adore Chinese food, rumbas and travel books. Lamour reads 20 a month!

THE LOWDOWN ON HOLLYWOOD'S MOST TALKED ABOUT TWOSOME— GREG BAUTZER AND DOTTIE LAMOUR!

their seven-foot backs were filled with diners, all engaged in the confidential chatter of the table-for-two. The suede-walled foyer was alive with the crackle of taffeta and the swish of silk, and into this perfumed melee walked the Lamour, exquisitely gowned, perfectly coiffed, on the arm of suave Wynn Rocamora.

By definition, Wynn is Dorothy's personal manager. But that's a feeble phrase to express an interest in Lamour that stretches from plans for her future (he'd like to see her do a modern, stylized "Carmen") to the kind of clothes that she should buy. He even worries about her personal happiness.

It was this subtle Pygmalion who saw in the milk-mild Lamour of 1935 eloquent proof that there'll always be a Cinderella. Here was the embodiment of all the film success stories, he reasoned. A girl who had known the pressure of poverty in her New Orleans youth and who had worked in an office and as an elevator girl in Field's Chicago merchandise store to support her mother.

Here was a girl whose first glimpse of the tinsel heaven of the theatre came when she won an audience singing contest at the supper (*Continued on page 79*)



it's no fun to be

THAT TOP-SALARIED RADIO COMIC JACK BENNY'S A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE OF LAUGHS!

"Look," said Buck Benny, the pride of NBC, "couldn't you change the title a little? Like 'It's No Fun to be Funny Except Once in a While When They Fall for a Gag You Didn't Think Was So Hot or on Sunday After the Show When You Feel Relaxed and Want to Stay Up All Night?' No? Too long, huh? Why don't you use initials?"

Benny's reputed one of the most brilliant worriers in the business, a non-stop nail-chewer, a chronic crosser of remote bridges, the pessimist par excellence. He even worries over the charge of worrying. Unable to refute it, he tries to play it down, as witness his attempt to tamper with our title. Get him cornered, and he'll admit that he worries exactly as much as he ought to worry, no more, no less. "If I didn't," he explains, still on the defensive, "I'd be in the ash can."

There are those who would have you believe that, shorn of the capacity to harass himself, he'd pine away. In proof of which, they offer a story of the days when he formed the fiddling half of a vaudeville team. One morning the phone jangled him out of slumber. His agent was on the line reporting an engagement. Only half awake, Jack heard the name of a town thirty miles away and mumbled okay. At the booking office later, he learned that another state boasted a town of the same name, that it lay some three hundred miles from Broadway, and that he'd committed himself to board a train for the hellhole that night.

He returned to the hotel, packed violin and bag and marched like a herald of doom into the room of his friend, George Burns, where the gang forgathered. There he paced for two hours, biting his digits and the dead end of a cigar, fulminating on the eccentricities of agents who couldn't talk English, city fathers who lacked the wit to invent their own names for their own one-horse burgs, phones that rang or didn't, trains that moved and stopped, jackasses who went into vaudeville for a living. At the end of two hours, Burns picked up violin and suitcase, deposited them in the hall, propelled his friend out by the back of the neck, locked the door and yelled, "Now enjoy yourself."

Legend has it that the last heard from Jack was a plaintive, "All right for you—" floating back through the transom as he trudged trainward.

He says it's a canard. I found him at Twentieth Century-Fox, his head in Kay Francis' lap. Recumbent on a garden bench, the capacious skirts of "Charley's Aunt" fell back from his trousered legs where he'd crossed them. Kay's white hand cradled his gray-ringleted wig. Gorgeous in rosy chiffon, sparklers at ears and throat, she bent to kiss him. One. Two. Three. Cut! She lifted her head. He stayed where he was. "Again?" he suggested. He didn't seem to be worrying.

As a matter of fact, he can take his movies in stride. They hand him a ready-made script. If a scene isn't right, they do it over. Physically wearing, he still



Jack met wife Mary (christened Sadie Marks) through her kin, the Marx Bros. They idolize adopted Joan Naomi, 6.



Jack appeared as an old-maid extra on the neighboring set of "A Yank in the R.A.F." starring Betty Grable.

funny . . .

BY HUGH ROBERTS

considers movie-making a lazy man's dream of paradise compared with the nervous strain of putting on a radio show. For that show he's responsible—to NBC, to Jell-o, to the agency, to his cast, to millions of listeners. It's his baby, his headache and his crown jewel. He's built it into a national institution of six flavors, which he carries on his back. To the world at large he *is* J-E-L-L-O.

All week long the show goes on in his head. You may think you see him driving his car or swallowing his dinner. Actually his mind is writhing somewhere in gagland. A friend buttonholes him in a parking lot. Jack mutters an absent excuse me, I didn't mean to bump you. Mary's private game is to count how many times she can ask him a question before he hears it. The record to date is thirteen. They were in bed one night, Mary reading, Jack thinking. She closed the book and asked him to turn out the lights. He got up, touched the switch and went back to bed drawing the covers round him. Her wild burst of laughter finally roused him to awareness.

"What's the matter?" he cried in alarm.

"The lights," she could only whimper between spasms. "You went to the switch—and got back into bed—and the lights are FULL ON!"

Seven days and six nights of the week are haunted, leaving one evening clear. With the termination of the second broadcast on Sunday, Jack's spirits soar, and he wants to stay up all night. First to be sure, there are always post-mortems. (*Continued on page 73*)



In 20th Century-Fox's "Charley's Aunt," Jack's surrounded by Ann Baxter, Arleen Whelan—and a whalebone corset!



Mary (next to Rudy Vallee) was so jittery at NBC's dinner for her $10,000-a-week spouse, she couldn't rise to bow!



Mrs. Hank Fonda's dinner partner, Benny, has topped the list in radio popularity polls for the past 6 years.



Imprints of his volin and Rochester's shoes insure Benny's immortality in the concrete of Grauman's Chinese.

BY HENRY P. MALMGREEN



The Brodels (that's Joan Leslie's real name) have a perpetual ping pong match going. The weekly winner—usually Joan—acquires 7-day ownership of the gold cup Joan was given at last year's National Orange Show. They also bowl a lot, but poorly.



They've lived in this tiny house 3 years; plan to build a new one with more room. Mary (tall and dark) shares a room with Betty (the oldest but smallest Brodel), and Joan shares one with her mom.



Joan's impersonations are priceless. She used to wear fake bangs to do her Hepburn one, but a comedian chum borrowed them to use as a beard —that was the end of them. These bangs are real.

SIXTEEN and UNKISSED!

Lank-limbed Gary Cooper stalked across a Warner sound stage in the hobnailed boots of Sergeant Alvin York and paused to stare gravely down at the girl who smiled back at him with dancing, 16-year-old eyes. "Don't let them glamourize you, Joan," he said quietly.

That's one bit of advice Joan Leslie will treasure most among her memories of the fabulous period that began with her 16th birthday on last January 26th. A long-term contract, a sleek new car and, best of all, a chance to play Gracie Williams, Gary Cooper's lovely Tennessee child bride in "Sergeant York"—coming in one ecstatic lump, they might have addled older heads than Joan's. But hers is safe. Breath-taking, overnight stardom has done nothing to spoil this cinematic Cinderella who's made one of the hardest grades in the world without benefit of Hays-tabooed sweaters, leg art or jumping through publicity hoops.

To understand why this is so, you've got to go back 14 years to a night when a 2½-year-old toddled onto the stage of a big Detroit theatre and brought the house



She was an accordion virtuoso at 5 but is now out of practice. In spite of the elegant, brilliant-studded instrument, can only remember 2 pieces—"Dinah" and "When a Gypsy Plays His Violin."



Warner's fashion editor christened her "Leslie" last year, but she's still not used to it. Averages about 100 letters a week—mostly from West Point and Annapolis. She was just voted National Buddy Poppy Girl and given an overseas cap.

WARNER'S NEWEST WHITE HOPE IS A CUTE YOUNGSTER WITH AN IRRESISTIBLE GIGGLE AND A WICKED PING PONG SERVE!

down piping "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella." The baby Thespian was Joan Brodel, youngest daughter of an Irish bank teller. Sisters Mary, 6, and Betty, 8, were already kiddie show veterans, and the revelation of Joan's precocious talent made a family trio inevitable.

For the next few years, proud Mother Brodel lavished all spare family funds on singing and dancing lessons, convinced that some day her brood would be famous. And a wise investment it was. When Mr. Brodel and his bank job parted company in the '29 crash, the girls were able to cash in on vaudeville offers. The family unstaked and struck out, first for New York, where bookings were skimpy, then to Canada, where the three sisters played, sang and danced before Toronto, Montreal and Quebec night-clubbers. Joan unleashed a flair for mimicry with amazing impersonations of Hepburn, Garbo, Zasu Pitts, Jimmy Durante and Luise Rainer. No one suspected the tall, pretty youngster of being only 9.

From Canada, the family made a long jump to Miami, where an Eastman Kodak scout got excited over Joan's lovely bronze hair and hazel eyes, featured her in a series of color ads. And that temporarily spelled doom for the Brodel sister act. Back in New York a year later, M-G-M's Ben Altman strolled into Ben Marden's Riviera where the three youngsters were busy entertaining, singled out 11-year-old Joan, signed her up for six months and whisked her out for a bit in Garbo's "Camille" before the family could catch its breath.

That looked as though part of Mrs. Brodel's dream might be taking shape, but it wasn't. M-G-M told Joan to go home and grow up. They would send for her in a few years. She went, glad to be back with Betty and Mary. But vaudeville was dying, engagements scarce for a girl trio. Betty began taking solo jobs. Mary modeled for Powers. Joan puttered around for two years, made a few movie shorts, then, tired of waiting for M-G-M, trekked back to Hollywood with Mary and Mrs. Brodel.

A mistake? They all thought (*Continued on page 87*)

THAT MEREDITH MAN

BY JAMES RICHARDSON



Meredith's latest flicker is "Tom, Dick and Harry" with Ginger Rogers. Before turning actor, he sold neckties in Macy's, wrote obituaries for a Conn. newspaper and sailed the sea as a gob!



Franchot Tone, Olivia de Havilland and Meredith are a constant trio about Hollywood. Buzz rarely carries money with him. Has two valets, Woods and Malcolm, to take charge of finances!



Buzz's phobia to cameramen is second only to Garbo's! Above, caught off-guard with Fay Wray, Cesar Romero and Mrs. Lewis Milestone. Only 33, he's twice-divorced and plays a wide field.

On the subject of B. Meredith, his past, present and personality, B. Meredith is very realistic and bitingly frank. Which is rare and unusual in a profession where most men prefer back-slapping to any other form of exercise, swallow their own press notices daily instead of food and consider the best music to their ears their own names.

Burgess Meredith, on the other hand, doesn't think he's much. He has a candid picture of himself, how good he is, how bad he is and what to do about it. As a consequence, he has become a great performer with the stratosphere the limit to his future.

For example, most thespians regard their directors as one regards an appendix, a useless object which should be removed. But not Burgess Meredith. He puts almost his entire performance in a director's hands. He feels that in any debatable decision the director of a movie or play should be dictator. "I think," he has said, "the less creative an actor is and the more he obeys his director, the better off he will be." And following this credo Meredith has come along from success to success.

On the subject of his personal appearance, Meredith is again realistic and candid. He knows his head is physically big for his body, that his hair is longish, unruly and scrambled. He knows his eyes are wide and questioning. A friend was once asked to describe Meredith. The friend flipped, "Buzz Meredith? He looks exactly like a startled chrysanthemum!" And he does.

A FIVE-YEAR DIET OF HOLLYWOOD POWER AND GLORY HASN'T TURNED BUZZ'S HEAD ONE FRACTION OF AN INCH!

I recall recently sitting in the backyard of the sprawling home Meredith rents with Jimmy Stewart. We got to chatting about appearance, about the importance of the facial contour to the average actor. I expected a bit of goo from Meredith, but instead he sat up in his beach chair and gave it to me from the shoulder.

"When I was on the New York stage, I never had any special handicaps," he said. "Everything was darn smooth. It was one hit play after another, which was lucky. But in Hollywood after my first few pictures, I learned I *did* have a handicap. My face.

"Well, look at my face. Not exactly pretty in the accepted cinema sense. Oddly enough, my looks weren't important on the stage where the audience was at a distance, but they got in my way in the movies. You see, the camera suddenly replaced the audience; it moved to within a few feet of my face and enlarged it many, many times. And, alas, not being as handsome a fellow as Ty Power or Bob Taylor or Errol Flynn, I learned I wasn't the leading man type and soon ran into difficulties obtaining suitable roles. In fact, honestly, I think I've done quite well out here considering my so-called limitations."

Very true. From "Winterset," which he did with Margo in 1936, to "Tom, Dick and Harry," which he did with Ginger Rogers in 1941, Burgess Meredith, wonder boy of the New York legits, has run the gamut from putrid to peachy pictures and emerged with his record and his talents and his modesty surprisingly unscathed.

Finally, though Burgess Meredith is today residing in the lap of material luxury, and though it is rumored his RKO contract will be paying him $3,500 a week by 1945, Meredith has not lost his head. He has not forgotten the old days when he sold cheap neckties in Macy's in New York, and when he lived for seven days on a diet consisting of free samples of shredded wheat.

"In those days when I didn't have a nickel for a cup of coffee, I knew it wasn't going to last," reflected Meredith, and then with a wave at his expensive surroundings, "and now I'm not so sure this is going to last either!"

For the key to Meredith's personality, one must first unlock the door to his past and take a hurried peek at the events, natural and unnatural, that went into his development.

Today Meredith is referred to variously as Buzz or Bugs for no reason at all. Those names were adhesived to him about the time the first big milestone in his life occurred—his entrance into Amherst College, where noses were rumored to be as high as scholastic standards. With his tuition and his room rent paid by an affluent uncle, Meredith thought school would be easy sailing. He was interested in dramatics and thought he would have time to devote to it. He was wrong. Because money was necessary for food, for books and for other survival expenses. And there were no jobs available. So Buzz Meredith quit Amherst, determined to earn enough to return and study acting. Somehow, he wangled a job on the staff of the Stamford Daily Advocate. To say at this late date that he was the star reporter would be a plunge into fiction. He worked as a newspaperman until the afternoon he was sent to cover a sensational suicide and came racing back with a front page saga—all the facts, all the details, all the bloody information—everything, except the name of the man who killed himself! That was when Buzz Meredith's journalistic career ended.

To this day, however, Buzz has retained much from his adventure as a reporter. In his acting it has enabled him to detect good and bad writing, which few actors are capable of doing. It has helped convert him in his workaway life into a lucid thinker and a bright talker. Above all, it has given him a great talent for describing things. In 1936 he was asked to describe his first visit to Hollywood. His journalistic training came in handy, and à la Ben Hecht he went to town, to wit:

"The greatest moment of excitement came (he wrote) when we sailed in our airplane past the Sierras, and there below us was the endless, grassless, geometrical stage set that is Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Greta Garbo and Mickey Mouse. Thrilling it all was, rimmed about by the foaming, cudgeling Pacific Ocean, which expressly cools the perspiring brows of California's cinematic giants.

"California's airplane landing fields are immeasurably long. But later on we learned that California malted milks are bigger, California hopes are higher, fruits are riper, breasts are fuller, limbs are tanner, art is lower, but sales are mightier than any like area in the world!"

After a series of odd jobs, (*Continued on page 96*)

LUCKY FOR JANE RUSSELL THAT THE HAYS OFFICE CAN NEVER CENSOR DAYDREAMS!

CENSORABLE JANE

When a girl's really in love, she can take Hollywood or leave it. That is, if she's a girl like Jane Russell.

Of course, right now the shoe—Jane's Cinderella glass slipper—is on the other foot. The question at this point is: Will Hollywood take Jane Russell, or leave *her*?

Because the brunette beauty whom multimillionaire Howard Hughes found in a dentist's office, starred without further ado in "The Outlaw" and touted as a new raven-haired Jean Harlow, is tied up in the doghouse along with her debut picture. Hollywood's Hays Office says Jane's costumes are too revealing (just as "Hell's Angels" Harlow's were too "comfortable"), and they're holding back the necessary stamp of approval.

All this will probably be ironed out before you read these words (million dollar pictures just don't land on the Hollywood shelf, low necklines or not). But even if Jane Russell's buxom charms are discreetly veiled enough to earn a Hays blessing, that's no guarantee she's headed for Hollywood fame and fortune. Both "The Outlaw" and the well-photographed Jane Russell may be hits—or they may be strike-outs. Such things have happened before in Glamourland.

Either way, it's all right with Jane. She's twenty and in love. And that is all that matters.

Jane Russell's nails are unbitten, and her thick, wavy hair is sleek and unshorn. In fact, she's in the pink and just as happy as a lark. Why wouldn't she be? It's the good old summertime, she's not working, and her best beau, Bob Waterfield, is with her every single spare minute that he has.



Before she was cast as Jack Buetel's sultry "kiddo" in "The Outlaw," Jane's sole claim to fame was that she'd been Class Historian in 1939.

"I've got plenty of time to daydream," Jane sighs with a white, luscious smile. "And I'd rather daydream than do anything in the world." Jane doesn't dream about star dust, either.

The last time I saw her, she was stretched out on the beach, a honey-tanned Venus lost in her favorite sport. The Pacific breeze played with her long, dark hair, and her brown eyes languidly watched Bob Waterfield, a husky six-foot UCLA quarterback, as he worked out on the beach rings and parallel bars.

"What are they going to do about your picture?" I asked. The whole town was talking about the Hays ban on "The Outlaw."

"I don't know," said Jane, not even turning her gaze. "Isn't Bob graceful?" she said.

Another time I ran into Jane on the shores of Lake Sherwood, high in the Malibu mountains. It was on a holiday, and a bunch of girls and boys in old clothes were picnicking and fishing, giggling and eating hard-boiled eggs and watermelon. Lake Sherwood is no plush movie resort; it's a popular picnic ground, and the bass fishing is swell. Southern California's hoi polloi dotted the banks, and right among them I spotted Jane. Her hair was bunched on top of her head. She had on a rumpled old skirt and sweater and was padding around barefoot while this same tall, husky guy cast flies into the lake.

Jane was just finishing "The Outlaw" then. (*Continued on page 70*)

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

The ex-$10-a-week stenographer has just turned 20. She's unimpressed by night clubs and the fact that she lives practically next door to Clark Gable.



CALL ME "DUTCH"

RONNIE REAGAN BLACKENS THAT BOY SCOUT REPUTATION OF HIS!



"Nice Guy" Reagan has pangs of conscience when he neglects his fan mail and has never refused an autograph in his life.

BY DAVID CHANDLER



Mrs. Reagan (Jane Wyman) was christened Sarah Jane Folks. Is nicknamed "Dynamite." She paints, plays tournament tennis—is writing the Great American novel.



The Reagan baby is blonde with china blue eyes. She's god-mothered by Louella Parsons, who fostered Jane's and Ronnie's romance.

This fellow Reagan is a hard one to peg.

He's been in Hollywood for three years, so you'd think people would begin to have a fairly definite idea of what he's like. But all you're sure about is that everybody is fond of him. "Reagan's a swell guy," they say. "Ronnie's such a nice boy," they declare. Or, "He is the sweetest lad."

Now these are mighty poisonous words to utter about any young actor in Hollywood; they make him sound so insufferably dull. It were better that it be bruited about that the guy breaks every promise he makes, drinks to excess, is unbearably conceited and beats his wife.

The "good boy" legend probably grew out of the fact that in all his early films he was inevitably cast as the spotless hero. He was so shining and virtuous that one captious critic maintained that the strongest thing Reagan ever drank was a glass of buttermilk in "Code of the Secret Service," and at that he left half the glass untouched.

This, of all the snide attacks on Ronald Reagan, is what hurts him most. It was not so long ago that Ronnie was known from coast to coast as Dutch Reagan, one of the National Broadcasting Company's top sports announcers, and in that capacity Ronnie not only had to broadcast the big sports events but hold his end up in the customary celebrations after the event. Pat Rourke, the barkeeper, in Jack Dempsey's bistro across the street from the Madison Square Garden in New York, still recalls how Dutch Reagan, shy three dollars and forty-five cents for his bar bill, insisted upon offering a slightly-under-the-weather companion as a deposit till he had returned from his hotel, where he had forgotten his wallet in another pair of jeans. Dutch thereupon calmly lifted up the friend as if he were as light as a Teddy bear and handed him over the bar to the cashier's high stool.

Part of the blame, Ronnie thinks, for his purity boy reputation can be placed directly on his name. "There's something about the name Ronald that tickets me as a nice boy even before people know me. When I went on the air as a sports announcer, I took the monicker Dutch. The trouble with Ronnie is that it suggests a lad in velveteen knee-pants and a silk shirt with a dainty lace collar. But when I went to work for Warner's they wouldn't let me be billed as Dutch Reagan, so back I went to Ronald."

But most of the blame rightfully belongs to the man himself. Perhaps what Ronnie needs is a nice big dose of temperament. Maybe if he could storm into the boss's office one fine day and demand something outrageous—anything—and threaten to do something drastic and get himself suspended, it would help. He has never been known to turn down a part. "So-and-so is replacing Ronald Reagan in 'Saga of Tenth Avenue.' Reagan is now on suspension," is a story that has yet to be released. Ronnie has rated an A-plus in deportment at Warner's all his life.

And he deserves it. The afternoon we had lunch with him, for example, Ronnie had just spent a nice hot California morning posing in a full-length, fur-lined suit under a battery of lights for stills for "Flight Patrol." He had been living in the un-air-conditioned suit for the twelve weeks the picture was in the making, but now that it was over he had to make a few stills. All right. This is the end of it. Okay. So they kept him under the relentless lights for hours; they had him climbing in the plane, they had him climbing out; they posed him by the wings, by the tail, by the propeller and just looking up at the sky. And not a peep out of Ronnie Reagan. Well, at last it's over.

So along comes a photographer to Ronnie's table while he is munching a ham and cheese on whole wheat and says he's got an advertising tie-up picture he wants to shoot with Ronnie. "Why, of course," says Ronnie in that sweet, cooperative way of his. "What do I wear?"

"Your flying suit from 'Flight Patrol.'"

Ronnie uttered one tiny word of dismay, but one pretty-please from the photog and he promised to jump into that nice hot suit all over again.

Perhaps one of the reasons so few people know what Ronald Reagan is like is that he is not given to tooting his own bugle. If he got lost in Mexico (*Continued on page 84*)



The Reagans were married in January '40, after a whirlwind courtship. It was her third altar-trek, his first. Her engagement ring was a 52-carat amethyst.



Warner Brothers' "Million Dollar Baby," co-starring Dutch and Priscilla Lane, is his twenty-third picture in three years. It's his largest role to date.

ON THE SET WITH

"The Men in Her Life"

BY GREGORY RATOFF



65-year-old actor Otto Kruger's a professional violinist and pianist in real life.

LORETTA YOUNG AND CHORUS TWIRL AND WHIRL IN COLUMBIA'S NEW MUSICAL OF THE 1850's, ADAPTED FROM LADY ELEANOR SMITH'S BEST-SELLER, "BALLERINA"

"The Men In Her Life" is more to me than just another picture—more than an $800,000 gamble with film and expensive costumes of the 1850's and truly great talent. It is the realization of a dream I have had since 1932.

Let me explain.

Since childhood I have been insane about ballet. To me it has always been the most moving of arts. And unconsciously I had always been looking for just such a story as this. Here, I thought, was a great opportunity for my wife, Eugenie Leontovich, to interpret the role of Polly Varley, the London slum child who became Varsavina, most celebrated danseuse of her generation.

I myself was an actor then, and I wanted desperately to play the part of Rosing, creator of Varsavina, who loves and marries her, then dies tragically at the height of her career.

But that was nine years ago. I had no money for such an undertaking. Instead, I laid aside make-up and began directing pictures. I, who had been an actor, learned to handle actors. I learned how a camera and lighting can create moods. And always in the back of my mind was "Ballerina." I made "Intermezzo" and a picture called "Wife, Husband and Friend"—during which I first met Loretta Young.

Loretta, I found, had always wanted to be a dancer. Her hands and feet were amazingly graceful. I gave her a copy of "Ballerina"; told her that some day she would bring Lina Varsavina to life on the screen.

That day finally came five months ago when I took my cast and technical crew to an RKO lot in Culver City borrowed for the picture by Columbia. My stars were hand-picked: Loretta, whose 30 costumes (de-



Dean Jagger plays Loretta's rich American husband. Director Ratoff, by nature a hard master, took a liking to Dean and frequently encouraged him with "Zat is fine, Deanie!"

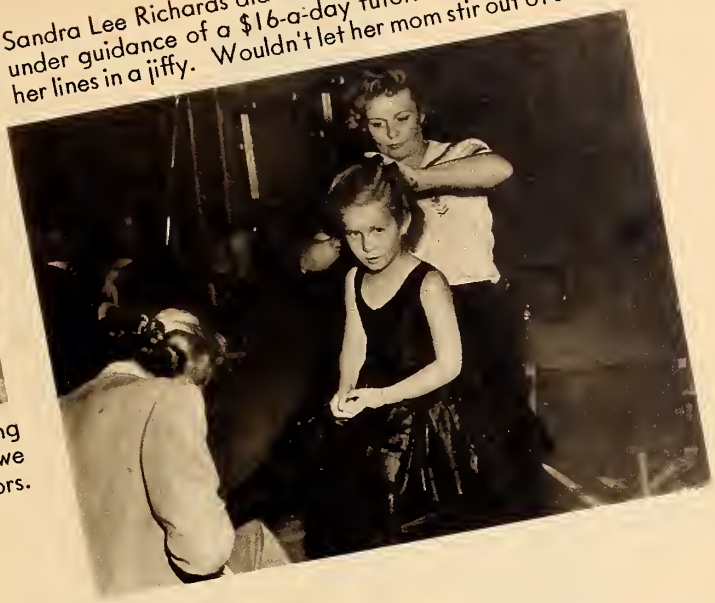


Sergei Tamoff, Loretta's personal dancing instructor, coached her for six months in N.Y., then came to Hollywood for the picture.



Conrad Veidt and Loretta became fast friends during production. Most of the cast and crew were in awe of Veidt's reputation as one of Europe's top actors.

Sandra Lee Richards did her schoolwork between scenes under guidance of a $16-a-day tutor. She memorized her lines in a jiffy. Wouldn't let her mom stir out of sight.



signed by Walter le Maire) and hats (Lily Dachè) cost $21,000; Conrad Veidt, whom I met 21 years ago; Dean Jagger and John Sheppard; Otto Kruger and my own Eugenie.

Our cameraman was brilliant Harry Stradling, borrowed from Alfred Hitchcock. Adolph Bolm handled ballet scenes.

With such a set-up, shooting went smoothly. True, Loretta had to stagger through 79 scenes under the weight of iron hoops. And in one scene little Bonnie Dane broke off her lines to point at a dog on the set and ask: "Now can I pet him?"

Cast and crew may tell you that I was a hard taskmaster coaxing and fuming until every shade of expression was right. But to me, details are important.

Have we made a good picture? I cannot tell. Of that you readers must be the judge.



Eugenie Leontovich, Director Ratoff's wife, says she can cook better than she can act; demonstrated by cooking borsch for lunch on the set.

Loretta receives around $75,000 for her work in "The Men In Her Life" and wears gowns valued at $1500! When she first took up dancing, Mae Murray staked her to lessons.







M-G-M's "Blossoms in the Dust" (in which she's a feminine "Mr. Chips") is her first Technicolor film. Above, with Walter Pidgeon and Pat Parker.

GAY DIVORCÉE

GARSON, THE SUPER CONVENTIONAL, HAS GONE A LITTLE BIT WACKY— AND YOU'LL LOVE HER FOR IT!

"Down and stay!" Greer gave the command as I came in. She was seemingly speaking to me; I didn't see a dog around.

Slightly startled, I sat down. I had expected to stay a while anyway. After all, I had been invited to tea. And unless you have eaten cucumber sandwiches by Garson, your palate has been cheated.

"Ohhh," Greer was laughing, "forgive me, I thought you were . . . I mean, I was thinking about my white poodles."

Was I in the right house? I was, of course, but this couldn't be the grave Greer Garson. It was Greer all right, but changed, I thought. Really sensationally changed.

It's not her body that has changed; it's her mind, her spirit, her attitude towards life. It's the gay and colorful gowns in her wardrobe; the cup of champagne she uses for a shampoo. It's that Hollywood has made her clothes-conscious, luxury-conscious, fun-conscious as she never was before. It's because she recently got her divorce and is free. Fundamentally, I am sure, it's because she is in love—with M-G-M executive Benny Thau.

Emerging from reverie, I came to and heard Greer saying energetically, ". . . the most exhausting morning. I'm literally leading a dog's life training those two white poodles of mine! Recently I sent them to a training school in the Valley where they are taught to do everything but cook. Now that I've finished 'Blossoms in the Dust,' I've been going to school with them. One of my jobs is to give commands in the tone of voice used by the trainers. I have to keep practicing the 'down and stay' command, so that I'll get the proper authority in my tones. That's what I was doing when you came in! I also have to climb ladders and canter across fields so that they will get the idea that they must obey me whatever I do. The upshot of it is," Greer laughed, "the dogs lie relaxed under the shade of an old pepper tree, while I take the rigorous part of the training. I also plan their diets," she added, "and design their haircuts, with the result that they usually look like anteaters!"

Seizing the question that was uppermost in my mind, I said, "Greer, you've changed a lot, haven't you?"

"Quite a lot."

"Why? How come?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm a lot happier than I was when I first came to Hollywood. I was ill then and worried about whether I would ever get a break. I had reason to worry. I didn't even see a camera for over a year. I began to believe no camera would ever see *me*!

"I came here on the strength of my London stage role as Mrs. Chips, but I didn't have too much hope that she would help my chances. The part was too gentle, I thought, not exciting enough—not glamorous.



Greer (with Colonel Kimberly) used to go in for "sensible clothes." Now adores ultra glamorous get-ups, featuring floppy millinery, giddy shoes and impractical gloves.



She was legally married to a British Government attaché for 7 years, but they separated 5 weeks after the marriage. Current serious beau is Benny Thau, Louis Mayer's assistant.

BY GLADYS HALL

"But now, according to Mervyn LeRoy who directed me in 'Blossoms in the Dust,' no one has to worry about glamour any more. He says that glamour, as we have commonly understood it, is dated, gone. The movies are now ushering in a new type in which feminine appeal, the bosomy, womanly kind, will be ninety per cent of glamour. Out go the vamps and sweater girls! In come the simple housewives!"

I recalled then what Mervyn had told me a few days before. "As Edna Gladney in 'Blossoms in the Dust,' Greer is just as alluring as was the old-time siren who heaved a sigh, stretched herself on a tired tiger skin and swooned when the man of her choice hove in view. Greer plays the majority of her scenes in a gingham dress and apron, up to her chin in babies. Yet she has two men madly in love with her and is admired by men of every description. It's all perfectly believable because she is more genuinely feminine than any type of woman you've ever seen before on the screen. And men will react to her because femininity to man is glamour."

"Last year," Greer continued, "I wouldn't let myself become attached to Hollywood. I'd keep telling myself, 'Don't be silly. There are other places just as important as this. If you don't stay here, what do you care?' Now, I can be honest with myself and admit that I would have cared terribly!

"If," Greer said gravely, "it weren't for the trouble on the other side, I would be completely happy now. I'm afraid, however, that my success and my feeling of satisfaction is ill-timed. You just don't feel you have a right to be happy these days. But," she smiled, "such amusing things have happened to me in the past months. The roof story, for instance . . .

"A few weeks ago I came home to lunch to find the roof of my house lying in the garden, a neat pile of tiles. Of the five people in the house at the time, only our butler knew anything about it. It seems a man came to the back door and asked if he might work on the roof. Thomas, assuming I had ordered some minor repair, gave his permission but didn't think to get the man's name or that of his company.

"We regarded each other with dark brown looks. Had the man made a mistake? Was it some other house whose roof he should have removed? We didn't know what to think. But the most amazing part of the whole affair occurred in the late afternoon while we were out. Just as silently as the roof had been removed, it was put back again. We can only conclude that it was either a mistake or that someone played a costly joke on us. I didn't dare leave the house for a week lest the same sense of humor get prankish with the plumbing.

"Then there's been the fun of redecorating and refurnishing the house. Mother and I did it all alone, entirely without benefit of a decorator. For four months we prowled around antique shops to find what we needed. But that wasn't work because we both love those old shops! Our greatest treasure was Napoleon Bonaparte's silver dinner service, with the imperial "N" and the Napoleonic coat of arms on each piece. Those cupids on that carved wood mirror over your head I found in an old soapbox in the back of one of the stores. Old clocks are my hobby. So we planned our entire dining room scheme around an old Empire clock we brought over from London.

"But," Greer laughed, "those four months nearly suspended our social activities. We couldn't very well ask friends to come and sit on the floor, even though it was covered with rose petals from the bouquets we placed all through the house.

"My new white carpets have been a pleasure, too, in spite of the problems they (*Continued on page 86*)

SCREEN SPECIALISTS

A foundation of specialized wizardry underlies Hollywood's routine miracle of daily creation. But in a town where no talent entitles you to be self-conscious, the specialists allow the Garbos and Gables to reap the spotlight. On the following pages, MODERN SCREEN contests the needless obscurity of such abundant gifts, presents three of the people whose inspiration helps oil Hollywood's sensitive machinery.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

headman



Hollywood wondered why a man of independent wealth like Buddy De Sylva should let himself in for the nerve-racking job of executive producer, which he took on at Paramount last February. He had three bulls-eye hits running on Broadway—"Du Barry Was a Lady," "Louisiana Purchase" and "Panama Hattie." He collects royalties from the countless hit tunes he started writing at twenty—among them such Tin Pan Alley classics as "April Showers" and "A Cottage Small." He could sit on feathers and watch the world go by, but he doesn't like feathers. His reasons for taking the job were two. He enjoys living in California and tackling tough propositions to see if he can lick them. His wife thinks he's silly to work so hard. But layoffs drive him crazy.

His Portuguese father was an actor. His mother was so young that people took her baby to be her brother and called him Buddy, which stuck. His real name is George, and he uses the initials B. G. as a sop to formality. He's responsible for twenty-four big budget pictures a year, decides on the film possibilities of stories, assigns script writers and associate producers, approves the selection of directors and stars, sees tests and rushes, attends sneak previews—which keeps his finger in the pie and his nose to the grindstone from start to finish. With Warners bidding against Paramount for "Lady in the Dark," he had an hour to report on the script. He closed his office, read it and reported yes. $283,000 were involved. That's not as high as it seems, because Paramount backed the stage show and got a kickback from it. Four nights a week he's at the studio till midnight but hopes to relax when the job tames down.

He has none of the stodginess of the traditional bigshot. His speech is brisk, his manner simple, his vitality stimulating. He's profoundly interested in world affairs, a discriminating reader who loves the subtleties of Ambrose Bierce and Max Beerbohm and a Sunday painter like Rousseau. Only Rousseau, he says a shade ruefully, didn't have to take scripts home to read on Sundays. His sole exercise consists in stretching what he calls a little rubber thing for a couple of minutes in the morning. He smokes not more than three packs of cigarettes a day and gravely attributes his success to a liking for Black Label and plain water. He loathes dancing and night clubs where music drowns out talk. His idea of a good social evening is food, conversation and Black Label at Chasen's in Hollywood or Moore's in New York. Now forty-four, he's been married for sixteen years to Marie Wallace, who used to be a Ziegfeld girl. She couldn't get him to stop working but did persuade him to give up driving because he went too fast. Though he never had an accident, he achieved the astonishing feat of driving all the way to Malibu once with his brakes on.

He thinks good films depend on good writers, actors and directors in that order. "The story," he says, "is all-important. How else can you get people interested?" The theory isn't revolutionary, but its practice is. Acting on it, Buddy, has started a revolution at Paramount!

Small, slim and brown-eyed, she looks like the kind of woman men protect and ranks with the top males in her profession. Blanche Sewell's the only woman at Metro who edits the big A's. Right now she's cutting "They Met in Bombay" and "Honky Tonk"—both Gable pictures, which gives you an idea. She works in slacks or dark skirts, with a white glove on her left hand to protect it from the thousands of feet of oily film that pass through her fingers in the course of a day. Celluloid being as explosive as TNT, she has to step outside when she wants a smoke.

As a high school kid, looking for a summer vacation job, she got it by bluffing. A couple of friends who worked in a film laboratory brought home some negative and showed her how to clean it, so she could say she'd had experience. Once she got experience, she knew what to do with it. From negative cutter, she became assistant to Allan Dwan's cutter, then to Marshall Neilan's. Neilan took her to Metro with him. Her boss was made head of the department, "so he made a cutter of me," she says with characteristic modesty, her greatest fear being that people may think she's more important than she is. She's pretty important. It's an axiom of the industry that a picture can be made or ruined in the cutting room.

She does for the film what a book or magazine editor does for a story. The daily rushes are run for her and the director; he selects his takes, she assembles them, shifts, adjusts, rearranges, times, goes over the first rough assembly with director and producer and so on *da capo* through the final sneak preview. She thinks the cutter's greatest hazard lies in dealing with people, and his greatest blunder in upsetting them. So she stays as far away from the set as she can, and when cornered by players who ask her how the rushes look, remains noncommittal. On a deadline she works through the night, and in any case never gets home before 8:30. Too tired to eat, she bathes, takes a glass of wine and reads herself to sleep.

She's married to Leon Bourgeau, a cutter at Metro. They spend Sundays riding, weeding the garden of their home in the valley and not talking shop. He scorns the red geraniums she raises; she points out in retaliation that the horses refuse to eat the carrots he planted for them. Mike, the darling of their joint hearts, is a schnauzer, called Pointer because he points at the icebox. Once every two weeks or so he parks himself beside Miss Sewell's car in the morning and refuses to budge. That means he wants to go to the studio and be fussed over by the whole personnel. She always takes him—afraid, if she doesn't, that he may not be there on her return. It's her sole superstition, believe it or not.





columbia banks on him

This is the man who designs the sets that Columbia builds. Next time you see the name Lionel Banks on "Penny Serenade," "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town," "Our Wife" or "Ladies in Retirement," you'll know what he looks like. The face is ruddy, the fringe round the bald spot sandy, the moustache red, the eyes behind the specs blue and merry. He beams in order to keep out of trouble —especially when dealing with business managers. They can't hit you, he says, while you're smiling at them. The scar on his nose was left by a windshield that got in the way of his face. He can't do a thing with his eyebrows.

In designing sets, his principal aim is to create the proper atmosphere for the picture. His principal headaches are not enough time and money. He consults with producer, director, cameraman and the business manager aforesaid. Told to build a fifty-room castle for $1000, his automatic rejoinder would be, "Nonsense, gentlemen, I need $1100." Twenty-five trained draftsmen work under his supervision, and he's responsible for the set from the time he makes his first layout till the time it's struck. This sometimes keeps him at the studio till 2 A.M. There were so many demands for the plans of his Blondie house that a replica was built in Los Angeles, from which orders were taken. Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan are modeling theirs on the house he designed for Roz Russell & Mel Douglas in "This Thing Called Love."

He says he started training for his job at two, by drawing pictures on his fingernails. He continued in the School of Architecture at U.S.C. and after graduation worked with George Washington Smith, outstanding residential architect. Through a friend he met Jack Warner, for whom he designed a house, a golf course, swimming pools and—for the family—the Sam Warner Memorial. His first studio assignment was a sound set for the first talkie, "The Jazz Singer." During a periodic shutdown at Warners, he moved to Columbia for two weeks and has stayed eleven years.

His own house is U-shaped, designed for outdoor living, with French doors leading from every room to the patio. He enjoys the short shorts in Collier's and brown and green ties—*not* because they complement the color of his moustache. His sons, Robin and Neil, are seven and eight. He rides with Neil and fishes with Robin. Robin hooks 'em, he lands 'em. Casual with money, he's dumped the whole problem into the laps of his wife and secretary. His secretary puts it into the bank; his wife draws it out. One point of dispute arose when he designed the interiors of their home. He wanted a small dining room table to fit the proportions of the room. Mrs. Banks wanted a larger one for practical reasons. He came home one day to find that the small table had acquired a leaf. And, of course, that's how it stayed.

BE YOUR OWN HAIRDRESSER



Peggy Maran ties casual curls bock with ribbon baw.



Anna Neagle's gleaming side lacks are brushed high.



A soft, full pampadour is Greer Garsan's chaice.



Mary Beth Hughes' madified pamp is satin smaath.



Eleonor Powell accentuates her goad features with ralls.



Natice Laroine Day's wavy, bangs and upswept hair.



Corale Landis wears a sleek feminine hair-da ot night.



A soft simplicity characterizes Una Merkel's caif.



Lynn Bari chaoses a halo arrangement far lang hair.

BY CAROL CARTER

Follow Hollywood's lead to simple, soft coiffures

Are you getting bored seeing the same old face peer back at you from the mirror day after day? Then why not change it and give it a bright, new expression with an up-to-date hair-do?

Because every minute is precious these days, hair styles are becoming more streamlined. The newest coifs tend toward shorter locks and subtle shaping to make hair easier and quicker to manage. Locks are swept cleanly from the temples into neat gleaming rolls or soft curls—and all furbelows and ringlets are kept close to the natural hairline. While elaborate coiffures are in the discard with other time-consumers, the season's new hair styles are as flattering and lovely as ever before.

Hats and hair styles have teamed up so you don't have to re-do your hair for every hat you wear. The smartest coifs contrive to conform with and flatter bonnets and, returning the courtesy, hats—from the generous off-the-face versions to pillbox numbers that jut forward—are shallow and small-crowned to sit lightly on the head and give full play to hair styles.

You can be your own hairdresser this fall if you select one of the simple, up-to-the-minute coiffures illustrated here. Greer Garson and Mary Beth Hughes like the pompadour in its modified version which isn't too high or difficult to keep in place. You can achieve this clean-swept wave with a few pin curls or curlers.

Eleanor Powell's gleaming coif illustrates the side pomp version which is so flattering to girls with well-molded features. You can set these rolls to hold firmly by pinning two rows of pin curls to a side, winding each row in a different direction. When the curls are combed out, they interlock and hold better.

You can give a long bob an upswept look by bringing up the side strands and folding them flatly against the temple, as done by Anna Neagle. Your back hair can drift into soft end curls or it may be brushed into satiny smoothness with the ends turned under as Mary Beth Hughes wears hers. Peggy Moran shows how attractive casual locks look when caught back with a barrette or tied with a ribbon. At night, tuck fresh flowers in your clasp.

The younger stars love bangs because they're so versatile. For evening Laraine Day wears long, wavy bangs, beginning high on her head and caught and tied with a demure ribbon bow. Her hair is brushed high in back and molded into soft curls. Many stars prefer large, puffed-under bangs that amount to a reverse pompadour, but you'll also see lots of straight, severe bangs, (*Continued on page 95*)

LYNN BARI





2

BY CAROL CARTER



1

1. APPLY LIQUID SHAMPOO TWICE, RINSING WELL AFTER EACH TIME. 2. RINSES MAKE HAIR LUSTROUS AND VERY EASY TO MANAGE. 3. WAVE SETS, BRILLIANTINES AND TONICS ASSURE GOOD GROOMING. 4. SET YOUR HAIR WITH BOB PINS, CURLERS OR COMBS.

All new coifs that you and your hair stylist concoct are just so much wasted energy unless your hair itself is healthy and manageable. Look to cleanliness, stimulation and grooming for the basis of your hair beauty.

First and foremost you must get the habit of giving your hair at least one hundred strokes a day with a good, firm, long-bristled brush, always being sure to cover the full length of every strand. Brushing not only stimulates and exercises hair, it also does the important job of cleaning and polishing. Hold your brush at a forty-five degree angle—and brush upward and outward, lightly but firmly. Twist your wrist with each stroke in order to pull and exercise the full length of your hair right down to the very ends. Combing up and outward with a clean, long-toothed comb will accomplish much the same results. Begin your combing or brushing at the front hairline, work around the edge in a complete circle, then separate your hair by crisscross parts and brush each section—not more than an inch square—one at a time on both sides. Finish with another complete hairline encirclement just for good measure. The whole operation should take no more than five minutes once you've mastered the technique.

Of course, everybody knows that the general condition of your system definitely affects the quality of your hair. If your system lacks oils, nourishment or glandular secretions, your hair will show it in loss of lustre, "life" and vitality. Sometimes after an illness—especially one accompanied by fever—even greyness, baldness or excessive dryness or oiliness will result. However, these are unusual



3



4

Glorify your Hair

conditions due to extreme causes and should be treated by a physician or other kind of specialist. We're concerned with more or less normal hair problems—the kind that everybody shares and the type you can treat at home.

You see, out of tiny pockets known as follicles, your scalp manufactures hundreds of thousands of minute, horny shafts which we call hair. These are made of a substance similar to nails and cuticle and keep your head warm and protected as well as beautiful. Blondes are said as a rule to have the thickest count of hair—averaging about 140,000 to a scalp. Brunettes come next with an average of some 108,000 hairs to a head, and redheads follow with an average count of 90,000 hairs, these figures being more or less approximate.

Hair health begins at the scalp. A loose, thickly-cushioned scalp will grow strong, luxuriant, lustrous hair, whereas a tight, thin, rigid scalp starves your hair so that it is thin, lifeless and undernourished. This condition may result in premature greyness or baldness if not stimulated and encouraged by regular massage, brushing, tonics and oil treatments.

Normal, undamaged hair is full of elasticity and will stretch as much as half an inch. Injured or burned hair is more brittle and will break easily if not handled carefully. The hair itself has no blood or nerve supply, so that cutting affects neither its growth nor curliness. If the scalp itself has not been injured, every new crop of hair you grow (and this, of course, is going on constantly) has an equal chance to be vigorous, thick and shining. This should be of real encouragement to you who have had unhappy experiences with poor permanents, bleaches, or any other kind of hair injury.

One of the best ways of conditioning is simply kneeding your scalp until it tingles and massaging the base of your neck to bring your blood up. Relax tired, congested nerves by regular exercise—outdoors, when possible. There are excellent tonics on the market to relieve either excessive dryness or oiliness. And remember that vigorous, regular brushing and combing will do a great deal to normalize either one of these conditions.

Oily hair requires more frequent shampooing than dry hair. Hard and fast rules are very difficult to lay down. Shampoo your hair when it becomes soiled—no matter whether that is every few days or every other week. Climate, the cleanliness of your own community, the season of the year and your personal habits all are such individual problems that it is impossible for us to dictate set rules.

But we *can* tell you about a top-notch shampoo! There are three separate steps: washing, rinsing and drying. First, moisten your hair thoroughly with lukewarm water —soft water, if possible. Then apply your liquid soap or shampoo generously over your entire scalp, massaging it in with your fingertips. After the shampoo has been well-worked in and has done a good preliminary cleansing job, rinse your hair in warm water. Then apply your shampoo again, drawing the soapy ends of your hair between your fingers to be sure they are thoroughly cleansed. If your hair is particularly oily or dirty (*Continued on page 88*)



Olivia De Havilland

Modern Screen's Chart

FOR	USE THESE PRODUCTS	HOW AND WHEN TO USE THEM
A THOROUGH SHAMPOO	Special water softener Liquid shampoo Rinse Brilliantine Towels, brush and comb	Brush hair thoroughly to remove all particles of dirt and dust. Massage scalp thoroughly with fingertips. For hard water, use water softener with shampoo or use hard-water shampoo. A rinse will bring out hidden lights in hair. Spray ends of hair when dry with brilliantine for more luster.
DRY OR SUNBURNED HAIR	Pomade or oily lotion Oily shampoo Brilliantine Cream wave set Hair brush and comb	Massage a pomade or oily lotion into scalp at roots of hair two or three times weekly. Shampoo hair at least once a week with a special shampoo for dry hair. Spray ends with brilliantine to give it sheen. Cream wave set may also be used. Brush hair 100 times every night to stimulate sluggish oil glands.
DRY, FLAKY DANDRUFF	Special hair conditioning oil—olive oil Dandruff-remover shampoo. Pomade or special lotion Brilliantine Brush and comb	The night before shampoo, massage hot oil into scalp. Shampoo hair with special dandruff-remover shampoo. When hair is dry, massage pomade or special lotion into scalp. Use brilliantine regularly on ends and brush hair every night thoroughly.
OVER OILY HAIR	Corrective Tonic Shampoo Brush and comb	Every night, separate hair into sections and apply a corrective tonic to scalp. Shampoo hair twice a week or oftener if it becomes too oily. Brush hair gently at night to stimulate circulation at scalp. Avoid oily tonics, shampoos, etc.
OILY, CRUSTACEOUS DANDRUFF	Corrective tonic Dandruff-remover shampoo Brush and comb	Separate hair into sections and massage scalp with corrective tonic every night. Shampoo hair with special dandruff-remover shampoo at least twice a week. Brush hair regularly every night.
FALLING HAIR	Tonic or pomade for thinning, falling hair Brush and comb	Massage scalp thoroughly every night with a stimulating tonic or pomade. Brush hair vigorously every night to stimulate hair growth. If hair is dry, protect it from too much sun and impact of shower spray and avoid putting water on it daily. If hair is oily, avoid oily tonics and creams.

for Hair Care



Jean Rogers



Evelyn Ankers

FOR	USE THESE PRODUCTS	HOW AND WHEN TO USE THEM
DULL HAIR (Natural brunette, blonde or redhead)	Shompoo for dry hair Rinse Brilliontine Brush ond Comb Speciol tonic for dry hair Cream wave set	Shompoo hoir ot leost once o week. Alwoys use o rinse to bring out hidden highlights. Sproy brilliontine on ends. Brush hair 100 times every night to exercise ond stimulote scolp. Use oily tonic ot leost once o week. Creom wove set moy olso be used.
UNRULY HAIR	Brilliontine, oily tonic or pomode Creom wove set or wave-set lotion Hoir brush Hoir locquer Tuck combs, bob pins, hoir nets and pins, curlers, etc.	Apply brilliontine to ends of hoir. Mossage pomode or oily lotion into scalp every night to moke hoir softer and more manageoble. Brush hair regulorly every night. Use wave-set to insure uniform wove, and bob pins, combs, locquer, hoir nets, hoir pins, etc., to keep hoir in ploce.
RECONDITIONING HAIR FOR PERMANENT WAVING	Hoir brush Oily tonic ond pomode Speciol conditioning oil	Brush hoir regulorly every night to stimulote noturol flow of oil. Apply pomode, oily tonic or speciol conditioning oil to scolp every night. Give hoir hot oil treotment with special conditioning oil, then shompoo. After permonent wove, continue hot oil shompoos, oily tonics ond pomodes. Sproy ends with brilliontine.
BLEACHING HAIR	Speciol shompoo for lightening hoir Hair-lightening rinse Well-known bleoch	Follow regulor preliminories for shompooing hoir ond use hoir-lightening shompoo according to directions. Use hoir-lightening rinse occording to directions ofter regular shompoo. Use bleoch occording to specific directions.
RECOLORING GRAYING HAIR	Hair pencil or stick Shompoo tint Tinted rinses Dyes	Apply wherever white hoir oppeors. Use shompoo tint as a regulor shampoo, according to directions. Use oll rinses ond dyes occording to specific directions for use.
BEAUTIFYING WHITE OR GRAY HAIR	Shompoo for white hair Special rinses, such os plotinum, blue, etc. Hoir brush ond comb	Shampoo hoir with speciol shompoo for white hoir or shompoo in regular monner ond rinse with speciol preporotion which gives it o platinum, faint blue or orchid undertone. Since groy hoir is inclined to become coorse, brush it regulorly every night to keep it soft ond silky.

GOOD NEWS!

ANN SHERIDAN CALLED UP FOR ACTIVE DUTY IN NEW ZEALAND ARMY! MARTHA RAYE WEDS ARMY MAN! REQUESTS FOR LAMOUR SARONG MOUNT TO 500. STOWAWAY FAN STARTLES ROMERO HOUSEHOLD!

FOOT NOTE

No John Barrymore biography is complete without lurid tales of his days spent cartooning for a Chicago newspaper. The life-story writers will have you know that the Barrymore pen used vitriol instead of ink, and no pompous public official ever was safe from the sarcasm and ridicule "Jawn" stirred up with a few swift lines and sly shadings. One thing the boys never mention, though, is why Barrymore was finally fired. The reason was so out of keeping with the bombastic Barrymore tradition, they figure no one would believe it. One of his assignments was to illustrate a continued story written by a very important author. On the day the fifth installment appeared, the writer stormed into the office and excitedly demanded to know why all the illustrations accompanying his masterpiece showed the characters standing in tall grass! The peculiar pictures were causing so much discussion, the story and its message to the public was fading into the background. The editor summoned Barrymore and asked for an explanation. John, who'd hoped to take the dreadful secret to his grave, meekly confessed he had left art school three weeks before the course was over and had never learned how to draw human feet!

PLANE AND FANCY FLYING

Every time Jimmy Stewart gets a week-end leave and comes back to town, he spends the first day sleeping. On Sunday he dons his uniform again and makes the rounds, seeing all his pals. At Mocambo a few weeks ago, he and friend Hank Fonda were reminiscing about the day they lured Margaret Sullavan to a small airfield and persuaded her to go up in a plane for the first time. It was years ago, and the planes at that time looked like discarded boxes put together with piano wire. They got the pilot off in one corner and gave him $10 "to make it rough—just for a gag." Fifteen minutes after the take-off, Hank and Jimmy, watching the tiny plane, began suffering pangs of remorse. The pilot was outdoing himself, putting the plane through barrel rolls, Immelman turns and double loops. When the plane finally taxied to a tired stop, the boys rushed over to carry Maggie to some quiet spot. But Maggie fooled 'em. Stepping from the open cockpit, she looked as cool as an ice cube, and her only comment was, "Thanks, boys. It was swell but a little uncomfortable. Shouldn't there have been something to hold me in?" Both boys dashed to the plane, peered in and turned two shades of green. The safety belt that should have been attached securely around Maggie had apparently been torn out before the flight, and she must have been holding on by her fingers, toes and a couple of prayers. The payoff is, this same Margaret Sullavan (and she admits it) can't ride in an automobile without getting car-sick!

LOVE ON THE AIR

The turning point in the public's opinion—approval of Dave Rose as Judy Garland's husband-to-be—came a few months ago as the result of a radio play. Judy starred in a CBS Silver Theater dramatization of a story she'd written herself—a story, whether she realized it or not, that made her millions of fans understand and appreciate her sincere love for Dave. It told of a girl in her teens who falls in love with a man over thirty, and showed exactly how their mutual interests lead to compatibility, friendship, then love. The three radio scripters who conferred with Judy on her story had it brought forcefully home to them how so many of Judy's young fans originally felt about Mr. Rose. Judy, emphasizing ages just a little, told them: "It's about a young girl of sixteen who falls in love with an elderly man of 33." The silence was deafening. All three men, just over that age, saw themselves for the first time through the eyes of youth and suddenly felt just a wee bit ancient!

RED—WILLING AND ABLE

Red Skelton's the boy whose mother must have been scared by a skyrocket! He's the peppiest, most uninhibited funnyman to hit Hollywood in years and equals, if not surpasses, Bob Hope's record for performing at



Jimmy Stewart, his sister and Geo. Murphy were among the 600 guests invited to Judy Garland's combination birthday-engagement party at her Bel-Air home. Judy hostessed in her favorite pink organdy.

benefits. Red is under contract to M-G-M, and was strolling into the commissary on the lot the other day when a friend stopped him. "Sorry I missed the show you put on last night, Red. I hear the climax of your act is terrific!" "Oh," said Red, "You mean this?" And there in plain sight of everyone from Louis B. Mayer to the extras, Red leaped three feet into the air and came down flat on his face! ! !

DIDJA KNOW

That snap-eyed Jane Withers has gotten the real accolade of big-girlhood from her studio. Twentieth Century-Fox has okayed her for leg art . . . That fans put the bite on Dorothy Lamour for an average of 500 sarong samples every week . . . That "Rags" Ragland used the same routine for his "Panama Hattie," radio and movie tests—a corny hunk of burlesque business called "Flugal Street" . . . That food-fussy Lupe Velez pops into the RKO kitchen every lunch hour to pick out her own meal . . . That to ace camera hawk Greg Toland's critical eye these are filmdom's most interesting faces: Gary Cooper, Gloria Swanson, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, John Qualen, Bette Davis, Ronald Colman, Frederic March, Frank Morgan and Orson Welles . . . That Victor Jory used to be a strong man . . . That handsome Ray Milland may be flashing a few bruises for the next month or two. He gets no double for those fight scenes in "Reap the Wild Wind" . . . That Olsen and Johnson, Broadway "Helzapoppin' " zanies, made a beeline for the roller coaster and carnival concessions at nearby Venice on their recent visit to Hollywood?

CHARLEY'S AUNTICS

Between Jack Benny, done up like a younger edition of Whistler's mother, and Director Archie Mayo, who's been wasting a lot of rare clowning behind the cameras, crew and cast of "Charley's Aunt" on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot have been going home nights with giggle-weary stomach muscles. In one scene the script calls for a hailstone, big as a man's two fists, to come sailing through a window and land at Kay Francis' daintily shod feet. Patiently, over and over again, a prop man tossed in the dummy hailstone as the cameras clicked and Benny repeated his lines. Finally Mayo was satisfied. "Okay, Jack," he sang out, "you've got it now." He signalled for a final take. The cameras started grinding. Jack and Kay began their conversation. Mayo pressed his cue buzzer for the hailstone to come flying in. A second later Jack was dazedly rubbing his head and everyone on the set doubled up with laughter. The stone had landed smack on his head! Two takes later the scene was finally progressing smoothly to its finish. A rattled Jack leaned down and picked up the hailstone. "My, my, what a large gallstone!"

"MARTHA, MARTHA, WE ADORE YOU!"

There's one hunk of pastry being hoarded in bomb-battered England like something from the Crown Jewel collection. It's the first slice of Martha Raye's third wedding cake which she sliced off for young Bob Budge, John Taylor and Danny Coote, who packed it into a cigarette tin for safe voyage to the Tight Isle. Seems that the three kids from His Majesty's Canadian ship "Chilliwack" were on their way back to England when their corvette-type craft put into Los Angeles, giving the youngsters eight hours for their first look at Hollywood. Wandering into Slapsie Maxie's, they found Martha's wedding party in high gear. Martha spotted them, called them over to meet Annie Sheridan, Jack Oakie and the rest of her pals. Later, though it was her wedding night, she sat at their table and talked with them for hours. When she left, each of the lads got a big Raye kiss. She got John Taylor's hatband.

FOR WHOM NO BELL TOLLS

There's a reason for that glum, anti-defense look on Anne Nagle's pretty face these days. If you've been reading the papers, you know all about how she met Air Corps Ensign John Robinson on a vacation trip to Honolulu—how they announced their engagement shortly after that. Well, the two of them figured out a cute plan. John was coming up to Hollywood on leave. They were to be married immediately. Then John would fly a bomber back to Honolulu. A swell idea. Happy Anne was already mentally picking out the pattern for Hawaiian bedroom curtains when bang! —came a cold government decree: no more passports to be issued for fortified Honolulu. And now those wedding bells may not ring for another whole year.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Favorite subject of filmland's storytellers is British megaphone wizard Alfred Hitchcock. The story we like best about him goes back to the time of his first visit to this country. Come to bid him farewell on the London pier was Peter Lorre, who waved goodbye with an odd glint in his eye. Hitchcock had reason to remember that glint. First morning out, a cordon of perspiring stewards rapped on his stateroom door, delivered 50 canaries "with Mr. Lorre's compliments." Each morning thereafter 50 more canaries arrived on the dot. By the time the boat docked in New York, there were enough cheeping, chittering birds to start a small aviary. But no one ever ribbed the great Hitchcock with impunity. No sooner was the gangplank lowered than he hustled off to a nearby telegraph office, spent a good hour composing an elaborate, 1900-word cablegram expressing his undying gratitude for the canaries—and sent it off to Lorre in London collect!

THREE BLIND MAESTROS

Try this one on your dining room table quiz program: What do Bing Crosby, Smiley Burnette and Ted Collins have in common? Give up? Not one of them can read a note of music! That's strange news about Bing, the boy who keeps sending it sweet and solid to millions of movie, radio and hot platter fans. But it's equally true of Ted who cuts himself a fat slice of Paramount's weekly payroll just for calling the turn on hit tunes. And Smiley, Gene Autry's globular film shadow, believe it or not, can knock out a tune on 52 different instruments! Blushing composer of more than 200 ditties, he once wrote 11 songs in one day—sold eight of 'em.



Cake in shape of two hearts covered entire table-top. Judy and Dave posed by it, then sent it intact to a local children's hospital.



Police kept fans away from door! Invited guests (Ann Sothern included) had tiny cards with couple's name and Sept. engraved on 'em!



Many guests came bearing gifts, but Judy waited till party's end to open 'em. Joan Crawford's offering was a luscious bed jacket!

GOOD NEWS continued



The Ty Powers are taking this real estate business seriously. Just built a business building on Sunset Blvd. and bought an apt. house!



Dating newly-arrived starlets is just an old Romero custom! Above with songstress Jane Frazee, Universal's white hope for stardom.

DISA AND DATA

Priscilla Lane's laugh is such a pretty, gurgling thing that CBS has recorded it for future sound effects use . . . Most of those swallows who "come back from Capistrano" have been nesting at Mary Astor's Pacific Palisades home on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Mary's putting leg bands on them to see if they'll return again next year . . . That cocker spaniel Eddie Cantor promised Leni Lynn a year and a half ago arrived for Leni's graduation from high school. She christened the pooch "Kid Boots" . . . You can imagine how that RKO publicist felt when she sneezed in the middle of a tense take for a Lucille Ball pic—18 times! Hayfever . . . Carleton Alsop, Martha Scott's hubby, can't stand to stay in bed and watch her get up before dawn for a studio shooting date. He climbs out too, helps make her breakfast . . . Of Martha, friend and co-worker George Brent predicts: "She'll crack up in 10 years—throws herself too intensely into every part" . . . What MPTOA delegates will remember most clearly of all their Hollywood junket high spots: Gracie Fields' voluntary, spine-tingling rendition of "God Bless America" at Columbia's ranch barbecue . . . That big, tall, smoothie Walter Pidgeon, who stalked to glory in "Man Hunt," swore after flopping in his first few movie musicals that he'd never sing again. But you'll hear that fine baritone again when you see him as the Welsh minister, intoning hymns for "How Green Is My Valley" . . . Add Carole Landis: She's now collecting love classics between sessions of entertaining buck privates. Adopted by Company G, 53rd Infantry, who sent her a St. Bernard puppy, Carole's offered all her former Ciro and Mocambo time to boosting soldier boy morale . . . It was a new, transfigured Alice Faye, bubbling over on the set of "Weekend in Havana," lapelling strangers to tell them about her new ideas for redecorating Phil Harris' home . . . Betty Grable, who has no stable, is wondering what to do with that horse George Raft gave her. George won it in a claim race at Santa Anita . . . Turn about's fair play. While Pardenas, famous ex-court painter of Spanish royalty, worked away at an oil portrait of Linda Darnell, she retaliated by making a very fine pastel study of him! . . . Hollywood's like that department: Republic's Mary Lee spent a whole year taking riding lessons for roles in Autry pix. Just as Mary had gotten to the point where she could do some fancy hoss stunts, the studio ticketed her for stardom, told her "No more Westerns."

TECHNI-COLLAR

Sheldon Leonard's first crack at a non-villainous role nearly waterlooed because of as small an item as a tab collar. Here's what happened. Sheldon was borrowed by M-G-M from Twentieth Century-Fox for its new "Married Bachelors." The role called for a tab collar, and Metro's costumers pawed their shelves vainly and finally made the round of Hollywood's haberdashers. Nary a tab. One shop offered to make up a batch from patterns rushed from New York. But the studio couldn't wait nine days. Driving down Wilshire Boulevard that night, Sheldon and Mrs. L. suddenly spotted a tab-collared driver heading the other way. Like a flash Sheldon gave pursuit, finally honked the stranger to the curb. "Please," begged Sheldon, "tell me where you got that collar." Turned out the fellow was a visitor from Manhattan—named Bronson. Sheldon coaxed, cajoled. M-G-M, he insisted, would pay a fat price for a couple of tab-collared shirts. Bronson felt flattered. Graciously he invited the Leonards to his Biltmore hotel room, presented Sheldon with three shirts from his extensive wardrobe. Fortunately, too, for Sheldon, who's a big 'un with a size 16½ neck, they fitted—a little snug, but just the thing for his role in the picture.

HE PULLED OUT APLOMB

Takes an awful lot to ruffle that velvet-smooth British aplomb of Ronald Colman's. But Ronnie's still sweating great big drops over one recent experience. It was the mammoth music fiesta held at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Ronald had been asked to come and thank attendees for their generosity in aiding Britain's war effort. Glad to oblige, he waited backstage while one spectacular number after another unrolled before assembled thousands. Minutes passed. He began to get nervous. The stage manager rushed back to comfort him. "Just one more," he soothed, "and then you go on." Agonizedly Ronnie waited. Suddenly a cannon boomed. Music blared to fever heat. The crowd went crazy as a parachute came floating down with a huge American flag attached to it. "Now!" hissed the stage manager. Ronnie tottered out, met a silence so abrupt and so complete that a pin dropped at the back of the Coliseum would have clattered! P.S. Ronnie didn't blow his lines.

JUST CALL ME "JUDY"

Hollywood's prize name-forgetter is Universal's Director Henry Koster. Though he successively handled all the pictures that built Deanna Durbin to stardom, he still can't remember her name. "You—ah—young lady" was the way he addressed her repeatedly on the set of "Almost An Angel." And Deanna would always demurely reply: "The name is Judy Garland, Mr. Koster." Height of absentmindedness, however, came when Koster asked her if she had ever had a diamond. "Why, yes," grinned Deanna, presenting her third finger, left hand, "I was given this engagement ring not so long ago." Koster peered at it with interest. "Have you announced your engagement, my dear?" he inquired politely!

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Speaking of Deanna, that new English-style farmhouse home she and Vaughn Paul are building out in Brentwood should be ready for a roof by the time you read this. In addition to a swimming pool and two extra bedrooms that might come in handy for nursery space, Deanna's planning a playroom to be papered with the dozens and dozens of giant-sized post cards that came piling in after her wedding. It won't take many, either. Signed by thousands and thousands of fans all over the country, the cards average four by six feet.

GOOD SAMARITAN

Lovely Anne Shirley flashed one of Hollywood's sweetest smiles at us on the set of "Unexpected Uncle." "If you want to bump into some of the most interesting characters in this town," she confided, "drop in at one of the drive-ins about 6:30 in the morning." Anne's been on the usual dawn patrol schedule for her newest picture and makes a habit of breakfasting with the birds at a carhoppery on Sunset Strip near her home. Pulling in for a bite one morning, she was accosted by a friendly, maudlin gentleman who asked politely: "What do you do?" Anne admitted she worked in films. "Ah, yes," said the gent, lifting his hat punctiliously, "—the films." He sighed sympathetically and raised his hat again. "I," he announced in a conspiratorial whisper, "am a bartender!" They shook hands solemnly and Anne reached for her purse to pay her check. Not a penny! Her new-found friend raised his hat again and reached for his wallet. "I am 1-A. The army has called me. I have no use for this stuff now," he proclaimed to an embarrassed Anne and tossed a bill to the boy behind the counter. Says Anne: "It couldn't happen anywhere except in Hollywood at 6:30 A.M."

WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMERO?

If Cesar Romero hasn't done something about that wife problem of his by the time this appears, he'd better get busy, or they'll be calling him "tall, dark and hunted." Ever since that story on his "empty bridal suite" appeared in a fan magazine, Cesar's been inundated by bushels of proposals, applications and plain criticism. Even happily wed couples have written to ask whether there's anything wrong with their idol—why he can't get a wife. Climax came when he let himself into his Brentwood home one night and found a 19-year-old girl hiding on his back porch. Yes—she had read the story. Cesar, who embarrasses easily despite his heavy film polish, left the premises like a frightened deer. A studio rescue party came out, gave the misguided girl $10 and sent her back home.

LOVE OF POWER

Ever wonder what a movie hero goes through while he's watching his own love scenes on the screen? Tyrone Power, acknowledged one of Hollywood's top movie woo-ers, used to cast furtive looks around the audience to see how people were reacting, until he discovered folks giving him equally surreptitious glances to find out how he was taking it. Now he slumps down in his seat and makes himself as inconspicuous as possible. At the preview of "Blood and Sand," Ty sat blushing in the dark, watching his screen self make torrid Technicolor love to smoldering Rita Hayworth. By the time the scene reached its climax—Ty advancing toward négligée-clad Rita for a super-dooper kiss—he just couldn't slump down any farther. On the screen, Rita was about to receive the kiss he'd been building up to for 300 feet of film when there was a loud "R-rr-ring" from the direction of her apartment door. That was all one precocious little brat in the audience was waiting for. Choosing his moment like a veteran wise guy, he let go in a loud voice, "Saved—by the bell!" Ty made a hurried exit five minutes before the picture ended—while the theatre was still dark.

TONE'S TACTICS

Folks who think night clubs are boring should visit Ciro's some Sunday night. The undercurrents of intrigue flowing around give Hollywood most of its cocktail chatter for the rest of the week. Here's the puzzle they're working on this week: John Carroll, stagging it, encountered Franchot Tone in the men's lounge. "Who did you bring, Doc?" queried Carroll. "Lorraine Gettman," replied Tone, "very beautiful and very smart." Ten minutes later, Franchot and his date were munching their way through the meat course when John stalked up to the table, wangled an introduction and asked Tone's permission to dance with Lorraine. An hour later, the two were still dancing and Tone was doing a series of slow burns even Edgar Kennedy couldn't top. When John finally returned Lorraine to "the man what brung her," Tone bid one and all a cool good night and whisked his gal out of the club. Ten minutes later, he was back—alone! Everyone held his breath, and hoped there'd be a fight, but Franchot nonchalantly joined John in the stag line. When the two of them finally left, they were as palsy-walsy as a couple of long-separated brothers.

BABY PHASE

Cesar Romero, Franchot Tone, Bobby Stack and George Montgomery have all gotten turndowns from Cobina Wright, Jr., when they phoned for a date. And the reason's as odd a one as you could possibly imagine—she has to stay in and mind a baby! It's this way. When she and her mother set up Hollywood housekeeping not so long ago, they sent out a call for a couple to cook and garden. Most anxious of applicants were a Jack Melrose, 23 and his wife, 20, who showed up ready for work with a six-months-old baby. The Wright menage has never been the same since. Handyman Jack is taking music courses at U. C. L. A., expects to get an instructorship when he finishes. He plays the violin and cornet. Corbina, Sr., like her daughter, is a singer, and they had to work out a bargain to keep practising hours from conflicting. Now, when Mrs. W. sings, Jack accompanies her. In return, she does the same for his rehearsal sessions. But real stellar attraction is the baby. Wright dinner guests come at 5:30 instead of 7 or 8, if they want to see the infant before he's put to bed, and Cobina, Jr.'s, night life has gone into a voluntary slump. When the Melroses go out for an evening, she's the one who stays in with the baby!

CRAZY OVER HORSES

Ma Joad—Jane Darwell to you—is a heart-warmer, not only on the screen, but off. And part of Hollywood tradition is her fanatical preoccupation with the bangtails, gee-gees—all right, horses. Jane can't be tied down on a day when nervous-ankled thoroughbreds are jibbing before the barrier, and the starter's got his gun cocked. The other day, while prettying her up for shooting, Twentieth Century's make-up man discovered a swelling under one eye. A tear duct had jammed. He advised medical attention. Jane's only concern was whether it would keep her from the races that afternoon! She went to a doctor, had it lanced and bandaged, and darned if she didn't head out for Hollywood Park in a pair of dark glasses.

IT'S STILL GEORGE!

Of such trivialities are gossip items born in this town of mad make-believe: Ann Sheridan swept down the aisle of Los Angeles' Philharmonic Theatre where the curtain was set to go up on a performance of "Cabin in the Sky." You could almost hear the eyes popping. Her hair was a tumbled, vivid mass of copper over the collar of a white ermine coat. But it wasn't the hair or the coat that had theatre-goers rubbernecking. An's escort was Jean Negulesco, dapper Warner Bros. director—not George Brent! Annie swished into the seat right in front of us, then turned to peek at our look of astonishment. She giggled impishly. "George knows! George knows! It's okay." And he really did. While George has been out of town on location, Annie's had to stick around to test for "King's Row" (she's a honey in furbelows!) and a girl's got to have some fun.

STAR SYSTEM

The casting department of one of Hollywood's major studios is offering prizes for the most effective way to blitzkrieg a certain foreign director right off the lot. This c.f.d. guides his life and work by the stars, and chooses players by their birthdates! Which means the casting department has to dub around with astrology charts and figure out whether the actor up for a part is Libra, Gemini or Virgo. Last week they took matters into their own hands and signed up a capable young actor for the same part the director had just assigned to some correctly-vibrating novice. The actor they chose has an identical wardrobe, knows his lines, and is earning his money by hiding on the set out of sight of the director. The first time the guy whose planets are in the right position blows up in his lines, the boy who knows his business will step into the scene and kill two birds with one stone. He'll save the studio thousands of dollars in lost time, and give the temperamental director a big, beautiful fit of apoplexy!

SHORT SHOTS

Despite a list of nitery escorts a mile long, Maria Montez, Universal's sultry Santa Domingan, gets her first kiss in "Raiders of the Desert," her seventh film role. Not much fun for Maria, though. Kisser Lewis Howard wears a mustache and full beard! . . . The San Bernardino fan who sent Republic's Don Terry two uncut rubies worth $75 apiece wrote apologetically: "P.S. I don't want to seem greedy, but would you send me a picture of you, your wife, and your horse" . . . To Bing Crosby, visiting him on the set of Paramount's "Nothing but the Truth," Bob Hope commented: "Nice hat you've got there. What did you do with the crackerjacks?" . . . You can't say Hollywood hasn't had a hand in that boost in the country's birth rate over last year. Approaching motherhood at this writing are Veronica Lake, Ann Morriss, Ann Shirley, Mary Martin, Constance Moore, Mrs. Jack Carson, Mrs. Preston Sturges, Mrs. George Jessel and Mrs. Albert Dekker . . . By the time you read this Ilona Massey's Alan Curtis may be just another army private—unless alimony payments to ex-wife Priscilla Lawson add up to an exemption.

(Continued on page 92)



Franchot Tone's girl friend Lorraine Gettman got her start posing for Coronet. Now she's a member of the "Navy Blues" sextette!



At the time of her wedding to associate-producer Vaughn Paul, Deanna Durbin gifted the British War Relief with 6 mobile canteen units!


SLOW—
UNDER $9

SCHOOL AHEAD

• Left: Light grey wool with silver buttons and felt flowers. Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit.

• Right: Softest cashmere in a pale blue. Nantucket Natural at Franklin Simon, New York.

• Below: A new team—red corduroy skirt and natural jersey blouse. Macy's, New York.



UNDER $2



UNDER $8

BY
ELIZABETH WILLGUS



Date Dress . . .

in royal blue velveteen with snug bodice and full skirt. Bright wool flowers are appliquéd on the pockets and around the neck. Under $9 at Ed. Schuster & Co., Milwaukee.

BLONDE



BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



REDHEAD





Your Lips... make them more alluring with Hollywood's TRU-COLOR Lipstick



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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
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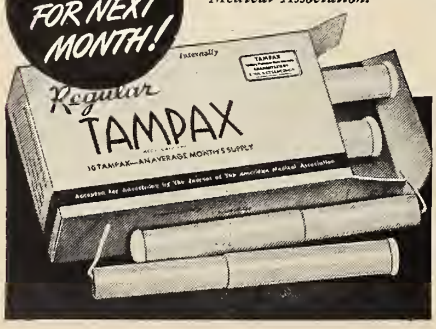
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A YANK IN HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 35*)

friends you happen to be talking to." He keeps them strictly out of the public eye, regards his home as his castle and maintains an office for business transactions.

His manner is affable, his banter easy. A writer phoned from the publicity office to his dressing room. "Slip into something loose," he said, "and come on over." With a multiplicity of interests and a leveling humor, he can get along with anyone he wants to get along with, talk wire-laying to an electrician or international diplomacy to a statesman. He's a sports fan as well as a book lover, keen about music and also about mechanics.

He swims, golfs, shoots, plays tennis and in the spectator field, says he'll watch anything they'll do. He'd enjoy the fights better if they ran better fights in California. He follows the younger American musicians closely and was enchanted with Cato Mendelssohn, great-granddaughter of *the* Mendelssohn and a brilliant pianist, whom he heard at Eddie Horton's house. His own record collection includes all musical forms from Gilbert and Sullivan up and down. He was one of the first to own a miniature airplane, and last Christmas he built a model train for his son.

HE could read in the middle of a boiler factory. Absorbed in a book, he's lost to the outer world. A question repeated six times fails to get an answer, which understandably exasperates his wife and friends. Ordinarily he reads history and biography by choice, but concentrates nowadays on literature dealing with world affairs. However late he gets into bed, he reads for an hour or two before turning off the light. Occasionally, surfeited with horror, he'll pick up a volume of Kipling—poetry or prose—in which he always finds relief. He owns a complete collection of Max Beerbohm firsts; and James Hilton, hunting for the manuscript of "Mr. Chips" which he'd sold in his lean days, ran it to earth in Bob's library.

He shops only when he must, every six months or so, likes his suits in brown or gray, his ties in solid colors, and his shirts white with the balloon jib collars he's been using for twenty years. He had a blue suit once which he wore in so many pictures that Metro suggested he discard it before the lights picked up the shine in his pants. Another treasured garment is a twelve-year-old shooting jacket repaired in so many spots with leather patches that it now lays claim to being a leather jacket.

Bob admits to a variety of conflicting prejudices on the subject of hats. He likes green hats, dislikes new hats and prefers not to wear a hat at all. So when you catch him in one, it's likely to be a green relic which he'll cling to till it crumbles round his ears. His sole piece of jewelry is a signet ring worn on the little finger and engraved with the family crest—a woman holding an anchor in one hand, a man's head in the other. Below is the legend "Garde Bien" in Norman French. He translates it freely as, "Watch out for yourself." The ring was given him by Robert, Jr., at his birth, through the kind offices of his mother.

He prefers Pepsi-Cola and milk to hard liquor, and there's no kind of food—from delicate French to rich Hungarian—which he doesn't enjoy, providing it's prepared by an expert. Given his choice of one dish on a desert island, however, he'd make it hamburger *with,* followed by a cigarette. His daily quota when he works is a pack and a half, otherwise fewer. His shaving habits also vary according to whether or not he's at leisure, his beard being so heavy that he copes with it only on his own time. On a picture he turns it over to the studio barber. If there's one thing he's proud of, it's the barber's chair which graces his dressing room at Metro. Gable swiped it while Bob was away on his last vacation but had to give it back.

He drives his own gray Cadillac, never speeds, and his one accident was caused by a man who rounded a corner on the wrong side of the road and hit him. The doctor took fifteen stitches in Bob's face. The stranger, though unscathed, threatened to sue him. On what grounds Bob doesn't know, except that he's Bob Montgomery. "Which may be reason enough for a lawsuit," he chuckles, "depending on the viewpoint."

Dancing's all right, but he has no time for it now. Among his close friends are Jim Cagney, George Murphy and Elliott Nugent, with whom he talks endlessly. They meet at his home or theirs. He steers wide of night clubs and large parties, maintaining that no group of more than twelve people can be intelligent collectively. "They scream," he says. He was moved to wonder and admiration by Sir Cleuther MacKenzie's one-word impression of the same phenomenon. Sir Cleuther, blinded in World War I, is a board member of the famous St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind. Montgomery attended a reception in his honor and noticed that he winced for a moment under the babble. "Does it affect you that way, too?" he asked. "Yes," smiled the other. "I have an expression for it. I call it blinding."

In rapid succession Montgomery made "Rage in Heaven," "Unfinished Business" with Irene Dunne at Universal and "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town" for Columbia. With these under his belt, he headed East, where he's scheduled to speak for all-out aid to Britain. Sanger's Circus went with him. He feels a special sense of gratitude nowadays in having his children where he can see them. He knows many parents deprived of that privilege and can share their feelings without depending on imagination alone. In the summer of '39 he was making "Earl of Chicago" in London. Premonitory rumblings prompted him and his wife to send the youngsters home. They were on the high seas when war broke out. The Montgomerys haunted the Admiralty. No information was available. After fourteen days of racking suspense they learned that the children were safe. Those were the worst days of Montgomery's life.

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CENSORABLE JANE

(*Continued from page 44*)

I walked over. "How are you getting along on the set?" I asked.

Jane looked as if she'd been waked out of a coma. "The what? Oh—all right." She looked to the lake where Bob was landing a big one. "Isn't Bob a wonderful fisherman?" she sighed.

Now by this time you might be getting the idea that Jane Russell is pretty crazy about this Bob fellow. Also that she's a rather unusual girl. I would say both the above are understatements—particularly that unusual business.

In about every way you can think of, Jane Russell is indeed like nothing in the acting department that has ever hit Hollywood before. Take her beauty.

Some people think she looks like Hepburn. That's because Jane's face is chiseled and her brow is broad, because she's tall and streamlined. But Hepburn never saw the day she could stack up against Jane Russell for looks. In fact there's no duplicate in Hollywood of the slumbering, olive-skinned picture Jane's Polish-Irish mixture presents. Such cherry lips and silken lashes, naturally penciled brows, agate eyes and gleaming teeth—Hollywood just hasn't seen a natural like her for years. She's never been inside a beauty shop—not even for a shampoo; she washes her own hair, gives it a shake and the curls are perfect. She can slip into a size sixteen dress with everything where it should be and not a pad in the place.

Or take Jane's background. She's right off the ranch, unspoiled, unimpressed and as relaxed as a summer day. She grew up with four brothers and eight cousins—all boys—and spent her youth riding, hiking, hunting and fishing. She has romped with dogs, stumbled over cows and chickens all her life. She's toiled through a typical small-town American high school in Van Nuys, California; she's played the piano in church recitals and acted in class plays. She had never bumped up against glamour in her life until she saw seductive poses of herself in the picture magazines. Then she gasped, "Migosh—they've got me looking like a glamour girl and I'm just plain Jane!"

EVEN Jane Russell's fantastic, unbelievable break doesn't make sense by realistic Hollywood standards. No girl yet was ever yanked out of a dentist's reception office and plopped right before a camera that she'd never seen before, to be starred in a million-dollar movie.

But what's even more amazing is the cool, calm, unruffled outlook that Jane Russell maintains today—after all that's happened to her and the suspense that tugs daily at her fairy-tale career. In the face of bans, build-ups and ballyhoo, Jane can sit up and smile at you and say, "What's going to happen is going to happen and getting excited will never make me a star. Anyway, I'd just as soon be a good wife as a good actress." Jane may be censorable—but she's sensible, too. Too sensible to let the vagaries of Hollywood get her down. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she fell asleep at her own preview!

Of course, being in love has something to do with this. A good dose of romantic day-dreaming will cure the career whoops and jingles as well as a box of aspirin. But, too, Jane has always been easing along on the relaxed side of life just by nature. You can dip into her record at almost any given point and find her thumbing her pretty nose at ambition—but getting paid off with the jack pot by the luck machine just the same.

The story-book break, for instance, which eventually made Jane Hollywood's Cinderella Number One of the season, got going certainly through no fault of hers. Jane was modeling fashions and frocks for Tom Kelley, a Hollywood photographer. One day an agent happened by Tom's, spied Jane's lovely face on the wall and cried out, "Jumping screen tests! Who's the dream girl?"

"That," replied Tom Kelley, "is a country gal from Van Nuys. She wants no part of the movies. She is in love."

CAN I have this picture?" asked the agent, undaunted.

"No," said Tom. "It's no use."

So the poor guy had to take it off the wall and hide it under his coat to show around Hollywood casting offices! When he hit Howard Hughes' lot, he caused a mild sensation because they were hunting someone just like Jane, and then—he didn't know who the girl was or how to get in touch with her! And when he finally dug her up, Jane said she'd think it over—maybe!

And another instance, back in high school half of Jane's classmates had dads who worked in some studio or other. Being movie-minded, they put the pressure on Jane time and again to show up at a studio and get her looks on film. Once or twice they practically dragged her there by the topknot, but Jane just yawned in casting directors' faces.

Then when she was through school and unable to go on to college because of family finances, Jane got exposed to Max Reinhardt's Workshop. What she really wanted to be was a fashion designer, but she knew she could first stand a little grace, poise and polish, being the tomboy she was. "The last thing in the world I had in mind was being an actress," Jane protests to this day.

Well, Jane ducked out of there in a couple of months because the divine fire of the drama got a little thick. Her teachers kept calling on her to work in plays and things at night, and as far as Jane was concerned nights were for dates with Bob, which was much more important—at least it was to Jane.

It was the same way at Madame Ouspenskaya's, where she landed next. The Madame, who runs one of the best of all Hollywood dramatic schools, took one look at Jane and enthused, "You've got talent and great promise!" In a few days she was sighing, "Jane—you're the most indifferent and discouraging pupil I've ever had. You won't develop your talents. What *am* I going to do with you?" Jane answered that by quitting school and going to work. She had to anyway because money was running low with the Russells.

You can carry that laissez-faire motif all the way through Jane's Hollywood history so far. There was the time she got talked into trying out for a featured spot in the Earl Carroll chorus. Jane tripped down to the great glorifier's thinking she'd make a few honest dollars with the greatest of ease. Surrounded by the cream of Movieland's beauty, Jane passed through five elimination tryouts and then, with the job practically in her lap, didn't even show up for the finals!

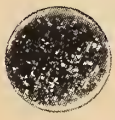
(*Continued on page 72*)



It was Fun---but

It almost cost me the things a girl wants most. I had never spent such a glorious vacation — swimming, golfing, boating — and falling in love with the most wonderful man in the world! But constant exposure to sun, wind, and water played havoc with my hair. I developed dandruff — that arch enemy of romance. Paul began to look disgusted. Then fortunately someone told me about the Fitch money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. Even in the hardest water I found that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo lathers richly and rinses out completely, without the aid of an after-rinse. And not only does it remove every speck of dandruff — but it also brings out all the natural gleaming highlights and rich color in your hair. It actually reconditions as it cleanses. Don't let dandruff spoil your romance this summer. Try Fitch Shampoo today!

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Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All dandruff, germs and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

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"I didn't like the backstage chatter," explains Jane, "and Bob didn't approve of the stage door Johnnies."

Just how much of Jane's recurrent apathy can be tagged on Bob and love, I couldn't say. It's true that Jane and Bob have an understanding and are "practically engaged." They intend to marry when Bob graduates from college some three years hence. It's true also that Bob makes no bones about his disapproval of Hollywood, the movies and a glamour career for the girl he has honorable intentions about.

Whatever the reason, Jane wasn't exactly hysterical with happiness when the Hughes outfit sent for her to try out for the biggest newcomer break of the Hollywood season. She was up at her cousin's ranch in the mountains, and she took her own sweet time about coming back two or three days later. She strolled leisurely into the studio, took her screen test and wandered out without giving it another thought. In fact, instead of sitting home and haunting the telephone, Jane got busy and landed herself a steady job in a Van Nuys dentist's office.

And when they called to tell her she had the part and talked contract, Jane made them do some tall talking, believe me. Why should I listen to honeyed Hollywood promises when I'm working steady and drawing in ten dollars every week? They put it in writing pretty soon, though, and that was different.

Jane has reformed her career outlook a little bit by now. After all, making movies is interesting and, as Jane grins, "It's fun planning how I'm going to spend my millions—if I ever get them!" Then, too, when it looks like you can't have something, that something always becomes more desirable. Jane discovered how that feels pretty soon after she'd patted on her first patch of test make-up. She'd no sooner signed up than she fell downstairs at the ranch and broke her ankle! It looked like good-bye screen chance. Then Hollywood and the movies looked like something pretty nice. Fortunately Jane's bones started knitting like the Bundles for Britain ladies, and a day before "The Outlaw" pushed off for the desert location, Jane showed up without her crutches, ready for work.

Right now she's interested enough in her screen future to take private dramatic tutoring, voice and posture and all that. But she's seeing to it that her private life doesn't take the rap for fame and fortune. On the personal side, Jane likes things just like they are.

She hasn't had a date with a movie glamour boy or showed up for any publicity night-clubbing. Bob and her Van Nuys High School chums can't afford any of the expensive Hollywood night-spots. But they can make the better dance halls now and then. Although the price of fame is beginning to tell.

The other night at the Palladium where Jane and Bob were swinging and swaying (at ninety cents a couple) to Glenn Miller, a strange girl stopped them in the middle of the dance floor. "Say," she inquired, "ain't you the girl who was in the newspaper last Sunday?" Jane was, but she looked blank and said, "Heavens, no!" And Bob just growled.

Ordinarily, though, you can find Jane where I found her—on the public beach in Santa Monica cluttered up with high school cronies of both sexes. Or you can hunt her up on the ranch, where she's already figuring how many cows and horses and chickens she can buy for the family and when she can buy her brothers a new car as soon as some of the "millions" come in. Jane's doing most of the work around the place still (she's crazy about housework—all except cooking which utterly defeats her), and she'll probably be decked out for some time in her same sparse gown selection, most of which she's made herself.

Howard Hughes discovered Jane wallowing in a lavish wardrobe consisting of a pair of slacks, a sweater, a few wash dresses and a pair of scarlet slippers. The minute she was signed he rushed her right down to the swank Hollywood emporiums and dropped a few thousand getting her dressed up for glamour. But those glad rags are still at the studio. All that Jane has new, she swears, is a sports outfit she got to appear at Camp Roberts (near Hollywood) as honorary hostess or something for the draft boys.

Jane's greatest fear at this moment—outside of the fact that Bob might not make the UCLA Varsity this fall—is that her pals will think she's gone Hollywood or high hat. "Sometimes," confesses Jane, "they look at me as if they expect me to grow green fingernails overnight!" She's a little leery, too, that some day a gossip item will get her in a spat with Bob. His college chums have been ribbing him a little lately whenever they see Jane's name linked with any movie male, professionally or otherwise. Just a still picture of her in Jack Buetel's arms brought forth cracks like, "So your girl's still true to you? Uh-huh!" Jane says that sort of thing is dangerous, especially since Bob is indeed her True Love, and they're going to get hitched—even if she turns out to be another Garbo. So she's watching all the angles.

THE other night Jane, minus Bob, went to a dinner party at Director Howard Hawks' house. She went with Jack Buetel, the Cinderella boy who stars with her in "The Outlaw." After dinner, the party moved on to Mocambo. Jane had never set her dainty foot inside a Hollywood night club before. She was curious, of course, but also dismayed. She knew about photographers and columnists who haunt Hollywood's glamour mills and conjure headline romances out of a dancing partner.

So—when she got home to the valley ranch that night—at three o'clock in the morning—she said goodnight to date Jack, hopped right into her new coupé and dashed over to Bob's house, waking him out of a sound sleep.

"I wanted to tell him so he'd understand," explained Jane, "before he read it in the papers."

I doubt very much if the progress and perils of her screen career would ever stir Jane to such anxious activity in the wee, small hours. I doubt if she has tossed or fretted a total of ten seconds through all the Hays office bans. I know she hasn't even seen a rush print of "The Outlaw" as I write this and has no idea whether she's lovely or lousy. I'm not sure that she cares too much.

Right now, of course, she'd just as soon stay in Hollywood. "I'd been wondering," breathes Jane, "just how I'd spend the next three years until Bob gets out of college."

If the prancing white horses turn back into mice, you won't find Jane Russell leaping off the big Hollywoodland sign or ending it all in the blue Pacific. No sir! You'll find her stretched out on terra firma watching Bob do handstands on the parallel bars or snag fish out of a lazy lake.

And she'll be perfectly happy. Why not?

The Hays office can never censor daydreams, can they?

IT'S NO FUN TO BE FUNNY...

(*Continued from page 39*)

"They could have laughed more," he glooms.

"Everybody else liked it," says Mary firmly. "Don't take it so hard."

"We just played to millions of people, that's all," he mutters.

To Jack, nothing short of sensational is good. Mary's approach is more equable. "They can't *all* be tops." Even if she doesn't persuade him, she calms him, restores his perspective. In that respect—as in others—he thinks she's just the right woman for him to be married to.

On Monday the shadows begin to draw in. Jack and his writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, have drawn up a brave platform which includes these planks: we won't get into a stew—even if by Thursday we've raised no idea, we won't yell omigod, it's going to be Sunday—what we've done before we can do again, and to hell with defeatists. The sole weakness of this platform lies in the fact that it doesn't work. Jack's the first to topple off. "He gets that look on his face," grins Morrow. "It's the look of a man who averts his shuddering gaze from a bottomless pit marked, 'No show this week.' The fact that there's always been a show brings no comfort. Next Sunday opens wide its gaping maw, and the cupboard's empty."

BUT suppose the boys show with an idea on Monday. If Jack's on a picture, it's Monday night. He got to the studio at eight for make-up and left at six-thirty. He's already done a normal day's work. He's tired. But that's his own lookout. It's not NBC's fault that he's a movie actor, too. His sense of responsibility's razor-sharp. It's up to him to see that neither job suffers by the other. If the time ever comes when he can't handle both by his own standards, he'll fade himself out.

Sometimes Ed and Bill come in with a piece of junk. They may have labored and brought forth a mouse. Or they may not have labored. Jack doesn't say, "That stinks," or "What the hell have you been doing with yourself?" He knows the writer's temperament and the problems of writing—that ideas don't come ready to hand like bricks, that the creative mind works in its own way its wonders to perform and may be active even while it's loafing.

He has, besides, the disposition of a lamb, which he excuses on practical grounds. "If you holler and scream at them," he says, "you put them in a mood where they can't write." Instead of screaming, he says, "Well, I don't know, let's try something else." Instead of hollering, he nibbles his nails—a habit Mary has tried to break by scolding, George Burns by derisive mimicry, manicurists by appeals to his vanity. Jack hangs his head and goes on biting. Or he chews gum. That's a sign that he's reached the end of his rope. When his eyes stare and he stuffs three sticks of gum into his mouth oblivious of what he's doing, Morrow and Beloin reach for their hats, murmur, "We'll fix this up and see you tomorrow," and beat a retreat.

Only once in the five years they've been working together has there been a blow-up, and that was due to a misunderstanding. Jack thought the boys, sore at something he wasn't responsible

(*Continued on page 75*)

"I wish Gramp didn't live with us . . . so there!"

A young mother learns the best way to solve an old problem



1. I don't believe in spanking my little boy, Stevie. But when the little imp was so rude to his Grandpa, the other day, I could have whaled him! My husband's father is a darling and he's *so* sensitive about having to live with us.



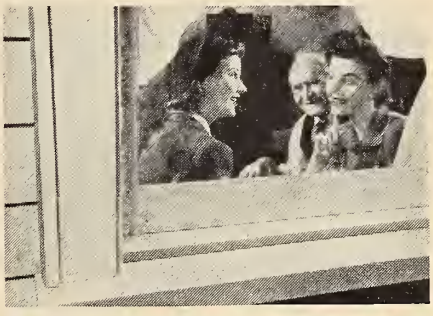
2. The fuss started when I asked Gramp to give Stevie a laxative. Stevie set up a howl. He hated the taste of it and he flatly refused to take it. So Gramp *forced* it down him. Then Stevie yelled he hated Gramp and wished he didn't live with us.



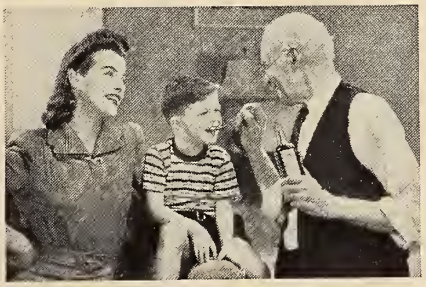
3. I had to punish Stevie for hurting Gramp's feelings. That's why the three of us looked so miserable when my cousin, who's a registered nurse, stopped by. When I told her about it, she looked startled. "Why run the risk of forcing him to take a bad-tasting laxative?"



4. "You can shock a child's delicate nervous system that way," my cousin went on. "Children should get a *nice-tasting laxative*—one made especially for children, not a harsh, adult's laxative. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria? Kids love it and it's *safe* and efficient."



5. "You can really rely on Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "It's thorough, but mild. There isn't a single harsh purging drug in it. Try it . . . I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her down to Main Street and bought a bottle right then and there.



6. Well, the next time Stevie needed a laxative, I let Gramp give him Fletcher's Castoria. And Stevie *did* love the taste. He hugged Gramp and they've been great buddies ever since. Fletcher's Castoria sure solved *my* youngster's laxative problem . . . the *safe* way!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

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If we realized the time and work behind these people's efforts to give us service, we'd marvel even more than ever at the patience, good nature and level headedness they show.

Yes, there's a good reason why we Americans boast the best stores in the world—and the credit goes to the efficient people who serve us.

V-101

for, had gone on strike. His wrath stemmed from the pain of friendship betrayed, and whether he or they were more astonished by his tongue-lashing, they still can't decide. It's safe to say, though, that Jack was the ultimate victim. When the thing was cleared up, he wore sackcloth and ashes for weeks.

Once they have a workable idea, it should be smooth sailing. Not with Jack. He may think it's funny, but that doesn't prove the audience will. He may laugh his head off, but he's not paid to make himself laugh. He's a perfectionist aiming to top his last mark. When he doesn't succeed, it's not for want of trying. The man at the dial sits forever on Jack's shoulder. In the final analysis that's the guy he works for—and to make it harder, he makes the guy tough. "He won't say, 'They can't all be firecrackers.' He'll say, 'Did you hear the Benny show last night? Boy, was it foul!'" So Jack sifts and weighs and explores and rejects and tears apart. "You've got to sell back to him again and again," says Morrow, "what he's already accepted and laughed at. That way we get a refining process that's invaluable."

THE revue, "Pins and Needles," included a sketch called "Cream of Mush." A radio tenor sings a song which the agency hacks to pieces in its high resolve to please all comers. The sun can't be "red" because people don't like the word. It can't set in the West, because Easterners might be offended. Like all good travesties, this one holds a germ of truth. Policy apart, Jack's a softie who can't bear to hurt feelings. He keeps his ears peeled for phrases which might wound the susceptibilities of one group or another. When through all his guards something slips in, he dies. One evening he was supposed to be dining his cast. He told them they ate too much. "What did I invite here, a bunch of starving Armenians?" Letters came protesting the assumption that Armenians don't eat as well as the next race. "It was just a fill-in line," moaned Jack. "We could have skipped it and never felt the difference." That old saw, "He spends money like a drunken sailor," was construed by cranks as an affront to the navy. Even Jack conceded this too preposterous to worry about.

With a secretary taking notes they work all week. A run-through rehearsal is called for Saturday noon, its chief purpose to note cast reaction to the lines. If *they* don't laugh, figures Jack, nobody will. He watches them closely, asks no questions but draws his own conclusions. All through the pleasant Saturday afternoon, while people who have no radio programs play, he and his writers revamp the script. Sometimes they make wholesale changes, sometimes they snip jokes here and add others there. Jack goes home and tries the gags out on Mary. Then he broods in bed and forgets to turn out the lights.

Sunday rehearsal directed by Jack brings its own crop of headaches. He's a stickler for punctuality. Rochester's late. The boys and girls have plenty to tell each other. They won't settle down till Jack gets mad. The expression his madness takes is, "Now really, fellows—" or, "Well, gee, after all, girls, let's get together." The extreme duration of his madness covers two minutes. He decides he's really sore at Rochester. The company watches him when Rochester shows. He knows they're watching. He opens his mouth to bawl and grins instead. "I can't help it," he apologizes. "It's his face."

Which doesn't mean that they don't jump through hoops for him. They know that being funny's a serious business. In the end they give their all for dear old National Broadcasting, Jell-o and Jack. But each is responsible only for himself. They just walk in. Jack's been working all week. He has what they call Sunday-morning jitters. Everything bothers him. He rubs his nose, pulls at his ear, mauls his chin. He's got to shape script and players into a crack performance. Nervous as a jumping bean himself, he's got to avoid making the others nervous, with an eye trained on the idiosyncrasies of each. Mary, for instance, is always bad at rehearsals. If he corrects her too often, she gets mixed up. Dennis Day is best left to read as he pleases. He has his own style. Interfere with it, and you wind up with no style at all. Phil Harris is the champion line-blower. Jack loses patience sometimes. Then he kisses the top of his head and says he's sorry.

They rehearse till shortly before the first broadcast. Three-thirty in summer, four-thirty in winter, to hit the East Coast at half past seven. When Jack steps out for his preliminary breeze with the studio audience, he's the picture of bland self-possession, but the picture lies. The reason he appears so early is to keep from going nuts with suspense.

FROM start to finish of the show, he's tense. No, you'd never guess it. Airy and casual you'd call him, but his eyes are everywhere and his wits work at frantic speed. He ad libs to cover a blown line or a gag that doesn't get a laugh. But timing is of the essence of comedy, and he must decide within a split second whether an ad lib will do more good than harm. In the wrong place, it may bring one laugh and kill the next four or five—which makes for bad arithmetic and worse clowning. If a gag hits unexpectedly, he beams at Morrow in the control room. He's got the kind of mouth whose corners curl naturally up. Mary watches it. When the corners go down, her heart goes with him.

The broadcast over, his face tells the whole story. If he thinks it was bad, he looks like the end of the world. "In one minute," says Morrow, "he's a thousand years old." The boys follow him to the script room. The rest grab a sandwich and return to stand by for rehearsal. There's another show at seven-thirty for the West. "Let's pep it up," says Jack. They throw out the stillborn jokes, rack their fevered brains for sure-fire laughs and in drastic cases have been known to rewrite a whole scene between broadcasts. Jack hates the words "good enough." "Nothing's good enough," he says, "but the best."

That's the principle on which he builds his show. One thing he doesn't worry about is his Crossley rating. Of course it's pleasant to be first, and if he slipped *way* down, he'd take the hint, exit and devote his worrying to golf. But if another show went ahead of his, he'd be listening to it, swelling the Crossley by one. When Bergen and McCarthy topped him, he made fuel of their triumph for his own program. "We can't be better than someone who's better than us," he argues. "The most we can do is to be as good as we can, and let the Crossley rating take care of itself."

He even worried about the testimonial dinner given by NBC to celebrate his ten years in radio. He tried to talk them out of it. The prospect of acting as a butt for verbal bouquets terrified him. Not till Rudy Vallee got up and sounded off with, "Who's this bum Benny with his ten lousy years in radio? I've had fifteen, where's my dinner—?"—not till then did Jack pop into chortles of joy and relax for the evening.

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SCREEN ALMANAC (*Continued from page 10*)









JOHN LITEL
Born John Litel, Albany, Wis., Dec. 10, 1894. Still doesn't know how he got to be an actor. Claims that after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, he just found himself in a company with Grace George, decided acting was fun and has stayed with it ever since. The pride of his heart is Simba, his lion dog. Plays bridge between scenes on the lot. If there is one thing he hates, it is egotistical people. Now plays golf in the 70's—claims he could be pretty fair if he had time to practice.

•

BOB LIVINGSTON
Born Robert Randall, Quincy, Ill., Dec. 8, 1908. Has been a seaman, cowboy, secretary and script writer. Finally joined the Pasadena Community Play House and spent two years there gaining experience, then was signed by M-G-M. Couldn't get the parts he wanted there, so he broke his contract and went to Republic. He loves ultra modern furniture and has indulged this whim to the fullest in his home. Constantly chews on pipe, claims it helps him think. Hasn't seen "Gone With The Wind" or read "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

•

CAROLE LOMBARD
Born Jane Alice Peters, Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 6, 1908. Nickname, the Madame . . . often has to re-write a letter because she has chewed up most of it . . . insults her friends; beware when she is sweetness and light . . . knows all the words a taxi-driver uses and uses them herself . . . wears bright red polish on her finger and toenails . . . red-hot movie fan . . . loves amusement parks . . . wears her sport clothes till they fall apart . . . can't spell a five letter word . . . once gave her director a straight-jacket as a token of her esteem.

•

PETER LORRE
Born Peter Lorre, Rosenberg, Hungary, June 26, 1904. This murderous cinemadman is shy, loves animals, going to concerts and is a student of child psychology. Started his career in a bank, but going to the theatre every night and then making the rounds with his actor friends did not make for accuracy or promptness. Was eventually fired. Turned to the theatre and loved it. He reads himself to sleep to the tune of soft music.

•

ANITA LOUISE
Born Anita Louise Fremalt, New York City, Jan. 9, 1917. She is so fragilely beautiful that she is treated like Dresden china, and does she hate it! Her greatest ambition is to be reincarnated as a lady wrestler. She loves steak and onions, prize-fights, tennis, polo and swimming. She saves money fixing her own hair and nails, and then squanders every cent on cut flowers for her home. Owns a scottie named "Wee Thistle." Her good luck charm is a moose foot. Up on all the current events, as she practically lives at hubby's newsreel theatre.

EDMUND LOWE
Born Edmund Lowe, San José, Cal., March 3, 1895. Achieved an enviable record for himself at Santa Clara, getting his M.A. at the age of 19, as well as being captain of the baseball team. After graduation, he tried stock and then Broadway. Eight flops in one year convinced him that the stage was not his forte, so he tried Hollywood where he has been a successful actor for seventeen years. Is one of the best dressed men in Hollywood, rarely misses a concert, hates radios, likes blue shirts, prize fights and going to the movies.

•

MYRNA LOY
Born Myrna Williams, Helena, Mont., August 2, 1905. She's a magnificent sculptress, whose talent attracted the notice of Rudolph Valentino, and her first movie break was in a picture backed by Mrs. Valentino. When not working, she likes to stay in bed all day and consume quarts of ice cream. Collects paintings, antiques, brasses . . . is the freckle champion of Hollywood . . . loves hot tamales . . . doesn't care for jewelry, but loves perfume, scarves and handkerchiefs . . . she is so glad to be out of her sloe-eyed rut that she hates anything even vaguely oriental . . . won't go near a Chinese restaurant.

•

BELA LUGOSI
Born Bela Lugosi Blasko, Lugos, Hungary, October 20, 1888. Attended the Academy of Theatrical Art in Budapest, and after leaving there became the matinée idol of the Royal National Theatre for ten years. He heartily dislikes horror parts, is an accomplished musician and dancer, has a trained baritone voice and an insatiable love for reading. Liver and onions for breakfast is a daily "must," but he never eats any lunch.

•

PAUL LUKAS
Born Paul Lukas, May 26, 1891, on a train entering Budapest, Hungary. Attended the Academy of Theatrical Art in Budapest and started his film career in Berlin. He was in the Hungarian Air Corps in World War I. Favorite recreations are automobile racing and mechanics. Loves swimming and sailing but hates to get wet in a rainstorm. He would just as soon hibernate when the thermometer goes below freezing.

•

WILLIAM LUNDIGAN
Born William Lundigan, Syracuse, N. Y., June 12, 1914. Came to the screen direct from the airwaves, where he had been an announcer, sound-effects man, script writer and general helper-outer. He still writes radio playlets. Loves steak and doesn't mind saying that no one cooks them as well as he does. Always knocks on wood when he thinks he is getting cocky. Carries a St. Cristopher medal at all times. Is left-handed and firmly convinced that he would stutter if he changed. Nevertheless, he is an expert tennis player and his golf is Gene Sarazen-ish.

SCREEN ALMANAC





IDA LUPINO
Born Ida Lupino, Brixton, Eng., Jan. 1, 1914. Her father built a theatre at the bottom of his London garden, and there Ida and her sister proceeded to learn Shakespeare's major plays by the time they were ten. This early training led to Ida's playing the female lead in "Her First Affair" at the age of fifteen. She would rather dance than eat, plays a smashing game of tennis and plays "at" golf. She likes to disappear between pictures, and nobody yet knows how she does it or where she goes. Collects linen.

•

JEFFREY LYNN
Born Ragnar Godfrey Lind, Auburn, Mass., Feb. 16, 1909. Has four brothers and three sisters . . . used to be a track star and still runs before breakfast . . . loves the color blue and red, red roses . . . ambition is to be a really great actor . . . sings as a hobby . . . writes notebooks full of short stories, essays and beginnings of novels, a hangover from the days when he was editor of his college paper . . . pet aversions are roadside advertising and cats, particularly Persian cats . . . probably can consume twice as much Smorgasbord as anyone else.

•

LENI LYNN
Born Angelina Ciofani, Waterbury, Conn., May 3, 1925. Risked everything on a one night stand at the Troc . . . she arrived there friendless, without influence, and financed by the dimes of her school chums. After hearing her sing three songs, the major studios were fighting for her. She amazed everyone by being able to sing arias in French, Spanish and Italian without a lesson. Learned them from an old victrola playing Lily Pons' and Galli Curci's records.

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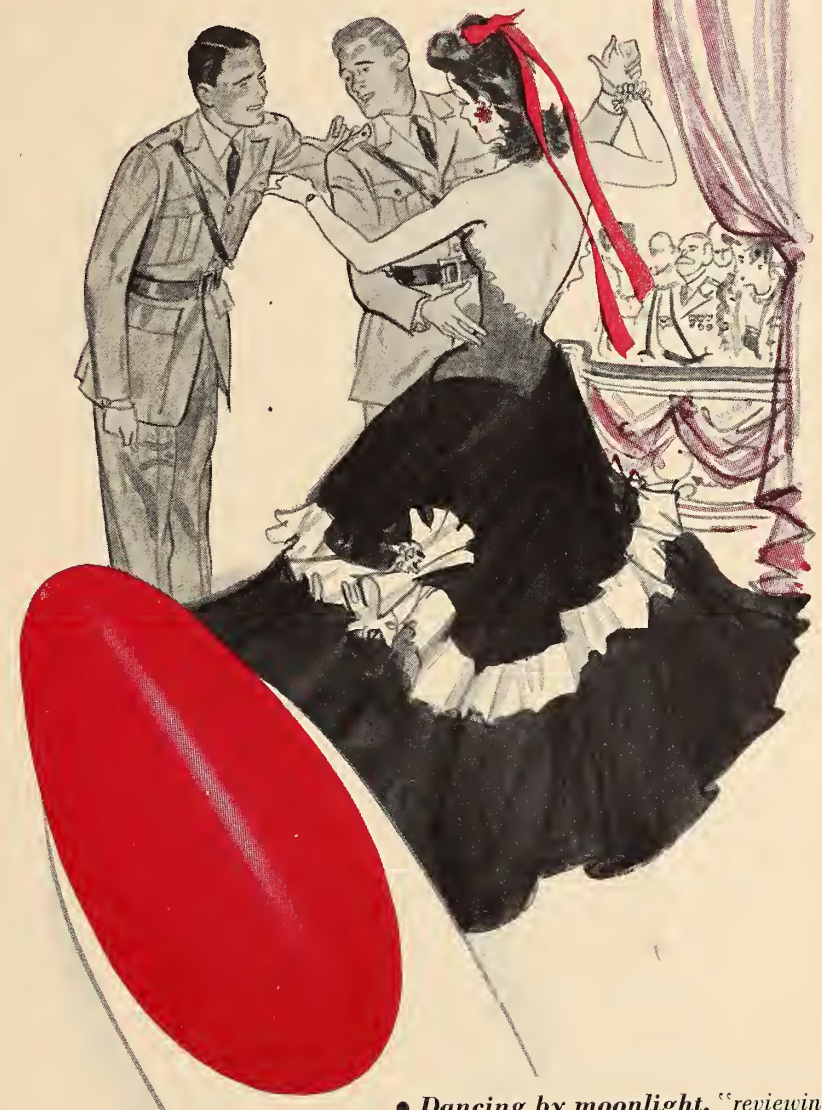
LYA LYS
Born Lya Lys, May 18, 1913, in Berlin, Germany, of Russian parents. Appeared in Spanish, German and French films before coming to Hollywood. Claims she wouldn't go back to Europe for love nor money. Above all things she loves speed—automobiles, speed boats and swift planes. Her favorite diversion is putting on a pair of greasy overalls and retiring to the garage to tinker with her cars.

•

JEANETTE MacDONALD
Born Jeanette MacDonald, Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1907. Started her career as a model, but her love for singing was too great to keep that up long. When not working, she practices several hours a day. Has done more to improve musical culture in this country than anyone else in America. Never touches coffee for breakfast, drinks hot milk. Least extravagant actress in Hollywood. Hates night clubs and staying up late but loves to entertain at home. Nothing makes her happier than stowing away vast quantities of stuffed dates.

DATA ON THE REMAINNG PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)	3★
*Adventure in Washington (Columbia)	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners)	2½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M) C	3★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M) C	2½★
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★
Big Store, The (M-G-M) C	3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M) C	3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia) C	2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox) C	3½★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M)	4★
Buck Privates (Universal) C	2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners)	2½★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount)	3★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO)	4★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO)	3½★
Double Date (Universal)	2★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)	2½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney) C	4★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal)	3½★
Flight Command (M-G-M)	3★
Flight from Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Footlight Fever (RKO)	2★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners)	3★
Four Mothers (Warners)	3★
Free and Easy (M-G-M)	2★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Getaway, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO)	3★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Go West (M-G-M) C	2½★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners)	3½★
Great Mr. Nobody (Warners)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Here Comes Happiness (Warners)	2½★
Her First Beau (Columbia) C	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
High Sierra (Warners)	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal) C	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners)	3★
*Horror Island (Universal)	2★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal) C	3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Happened to One Man (RKO)	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount)	3½★
*Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount)	3½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO)	4★
*Knockout (Warners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners) C	3½★
*Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	4★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount)	3½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal)	3★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic)	3★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)	2★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO)	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount) C	2½★
Little Men (RKO)	2½★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia)	2★
Love Crazy (M-G-M)	3½★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount)	2½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Major Barbara (United Artists) C	3½★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic)	3★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Man Made Monster (Universal)	2★
*Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal)	3★
Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Meet John Doe (Warners)	4★
*Melody for Three (RKO)	2½★
Men of Boys Town (M-G-M) C	3★
Million Dollar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attorney (Republic)	2★
*Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Model Wife (Universal)	3★
*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Nice Girl? (Universal)	3½★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount)	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
No, No, Nanette (RKO)	2½★
One Night in Lisbon (Paramount)	3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	2½★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
*Parson of Panamint (Paramount)	3★
*Penalty, The (M-G-M)	3★
Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
Pot O' Gold (United Artists)	3★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
*Power Dive (Paramount)	2½★
Pride of the Bowery (Monogram) C	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M)	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal) C	2★
Reaching for the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
*Reluctant Dragon (RKO)	3★
*Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Road to Zanzibar (Paramount) C	4★
Road Show (United Artists)	2½★
Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic) C	2½★
Rookies on Parade (Republic) C	2½★
Round-Up, The (Paramount)	3★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sea Wolf, The (Warners)	3½★
Scattergood Baines (RKO)	2½★
Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox)	2★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)	3★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)	3½★
Shining Victory (Warners)	2½★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists)	3½★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal) C	3★
Strange Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Strawberry Blonde (Warners)	3½★
Sunny (RKO)	3★
Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount) C	2½★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
That Hamilton Woman (United Artists)	3½★
That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	3★
There's Magic in Music (Paramount)	2½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia)	2★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M)	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount) C	2½★
Tight Shoes (Universal)	3★
*Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia)	2½★
Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO) C	3★
*Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Topper Returns (United Artists)	3★
Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Underground (Warners)	3½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Voice in the Night, The (Columbia)	3★
Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners)	3★
Washington Melodrama (M-G-M)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists) C	3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
You're The One (Paramount)	2½★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★

BACKGROUND FOR ROMANCE

(Continued from page 37)

room of the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, joined the band (Herbie Kay's), was a night club singer. If that wasn't the typical American girl success story, then his wise blue eyes had never seen one. Dorothy, with her blue-black hair, her throaty singing voice, her oncoming film fame, was the wish-fulfilment of tens of thousands of middle class American girls.

Then why shouldn't she dress the part? That's when the one-piece frocks with the buckled belts, the comfortable slacks, began to vanish from Dottie's wardrobe several years ago. The new Lamour wore white chiffons for evening, cut with an eye to line and eye-appeal . . . fox capes and ermine coats, too; and crimson suede dresses with dripping silver fox scarves and hats whose brims advanced and retreated like a military campaign.

The little Lamour was now a fitting symbol for all the working girls in America who dreamed of things like that happening to them. And all this was the result of shrewd planning by the thirty-ish young man who walked at Dorothy's side as they entered Ciro's that night in May.

And still she wondered whether the fun of being turned out as flawlessly as a Worth mannequin entirely compensated for the other things that she had had to give up. Things like love and domestic happiness. For Dottie, first, last and always, is a devotee of the domestic routine.

Up to that moment she had sacrificed one four-year marriage to orchestra leader Herbie Kay (Herbert Power Kaumeyer) for her career; she had tried to forget the ache in her heart and its emptiness by forcing an interest in other too-willing escorts. The resultant pub-



Warner Brothers' ex-Powers model, Lucia Carroll, wears Harlequin glasses for her active sports life.



"A DARK SUSPICION HAS JUST CROSSED MY MIND!"

"WONDER IF GRANDMA could have forgotten the rubdown after my bath this morning!!!

"I'll admit I was still too worked up about the soap in my eye to worry about powder at the time . . .

"By Jupiter, though, come to think of it—I *didn't* get a rubdown! It was right out of the tub and on with my shirt! Not a particle of that delicious Johnson's Baby Powder did I have! Not even so much as a hasty dusting!

"I remember now—I thought 'This dressing business is going mighty fast'. . . *Fast*—I'll say it was!

"The idea of Grandma thrusting me into a romper without even one little sprinkle of Johnson's! I'd just like to tell her how smooth and slick and comfortable I *haven't* been feeling all day!

"Believe me—this is the last time I go visiting without a can of downy-soft, soothing Johnson's clutched in my fist. A baby can't be too careful!"



"No doubt about it—Johnson's Baby Powder is the loveliest stuff that ever soothed a baby's prickles! Fine for chafes, too. And really very inexpensive."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Why I switched to Meds



—by a model

Even on those "certain days," I have to parade around and smile. I just couldn't do it without *internal* sanitary protection. So when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—I bought a box quick! What a blessing! I never dreamed I could be so gloriously comfortable! Meds make protection so sure, too—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And thrifty? Say, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply—or only 98¢ for a box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators are priced so low!



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Meds

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licity which backfired like an ancient Ford had wearied and hurt her.

There was no doubt that she was the victim of a "bad press." What she said was misconstrued. When she didn't say anything, her silence was misinterpreted. When she decided to stop all nonsensical rumors about her by not giving interviews, reporters declared that she was going "high hat." She was on the Hollywood merry-go-round and there was nothing she could do about it.

All this may make her like a figure in a great tragedy wrapped up in the inevitability of her fate, but that's all wrong, too. True—sometimes she would long for the early days when she was known as "Toozhie"—short for "Toujours" Lamour—when life was practically carefree. But music, laughter could make her brave, make her forget the sleepless questions of the night. "So what is fame?" "So what is all this business?" "So what—are you really happy?"

It may have been that the "so what?" voice was prodding her at the moment she turned to look up into Greg Bautzer's rugged face. Rocamora introduced them. There was mutual recognition of something that wasn't ordinary as Dottie smiled up into Greg's eyes.

Greg Bautzer is that rare Hollywood commodity, an eligible male. With the shortage of men in the film colony due to conscription both martial and marital, many a glamour girl would jilt her career to rate with Mr. Bautzer, whose handsomeness is marked with more virility than most of the Hollywood male pretties.

Without even half trying, Dottie held him willing captive for the evening. Although Greg had come with another party, and he looked over to his table during the evening, he remained as much a part of the Rocamora-Lamour twosome as the carnation in the host's lapel. After that, it was "Greg Bautzer with Dorothy Lamour" or "Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer" in all accounts of the film colony's social doings.

On the surface this may seem like another torrid film romance. But it was more than that. Instead of being the coming together of two libidoes on the loose, as is often the Hollywood case, this was a meeting of two people desperately in need of a companionship that would blot out memories of preceding unhappy romances.

Young Bautzer had also been the victim of a Hollywood blitz attack. He had been left literally "waiting at the church"—for Lana Turner had been reported his fiancée, had lavishly promised the "press boys" that she and Bautzer would have a church wedding when they were married. Instead, on February 14, 1940, she handed him a valentine in the shape of a headline screaming the news that she had eloped and married band leader Artie Shaw in Las Vegas, Nevada.

BEING the gentleman, the attorney and quite a scholar, if all accounts are true, Bautzer swallowed his pride, which must have been dented, and made a statement: "He is a lucky fellow," he said, referring to the groom. "I wish them all the luck in the world." This was a generous remark in view of the fact that he had been Miss Turner's accepted escort for over two years, that she had scarcely taken him into her confidence about her impending elopement, and that on the two nights before the runaway marriage Bautzer had been her escort to film affairs.

Just what was in her mind to prompt this whirlwind marriage—was it pique or was she swept off her feet by a romantic rip tide?—remains the secret of Lana, whose short-lived marriage came to an end in August in the divorce courts. Anyway, her swift move left Bautzer quite Eve-less. But not for long and not in Hollywood. Bautzer, the eligible, was besieged by importuning ladies, and the powder rooms of movie mansions and film cafés buzzed with chatter about him.

To get a clear picture of Bautzer it is necessary to look at his background. After reading the film gossip columns it is too easy to brand him a cinema playboy. He lives the footloose life of a young bachelor who knows what fun is all about. His roommates, law-partner Bentley Ryan and Jack Huber, are epicureans from the same extremely robust mould.

Furthermore, the threesome occupies the home once lived in by that most redoubtable bachelor of them all, Ronald Colman. The little Spanish house, climbing down a hillside, set in tennis courts and pergolas and shade trees, lends itself to legend, which certainly enlarges the glamour surrounding any man-about-town.

But looking deeper into Bautzer's background, other things offset the surface legend. For one thing he is a capable attorney, whose capabilities started and sustained him in his career during the lean late thirties and Depression. He has been a partner of Ryan's for four or five years. Bautzer was born in Los Angeles County, which disproves the old one about a "prophet is without honor in his own—county."

HIS college days at the University of Southern California were marked by an ability to speak out, not out of turn, but in debating teams, and his forensic abilities carried him through thirteen intercollegiate contests. Once he represented USC in its annual tour throughout the Pacific Coast, and when an American debating team went abroad to joust theories and words with Old World teams, Bautzer was Captain of the American crew. The youngster (he is now twenty-nine or thirty) had an opportunity to visit Oxford University in England where his great grandfather Gregson, on his mother's side, once attended school.

Add this information to the stories of how he sold papers on the Los Angeles streets as a lad, and how he never fails, unless he has a fractured leg (as in 1940) or loses an appendix (ditto year), to be chief speaker at the Newsboys Club meetings, and you have all the qualifications of a pretty solid citizen.

It might seem to the outsider that such a team—the film star riding on the crest of the success wave and the well-established, not unworldly young attorney—might well unite for a long-term matrimonial contract. There should be no career conflict. Each is responsible to Hollywood for a livelihood. But in different fields. Each could zoom upward in his career without muscling in on the other's territory.

That may be why, when their vacations coincided, they decided that a month away from Hollywood, a month away from its clamor and diffused issues, would give each a chance to take a long look at their feelings for each other. So, equipped with standard chaperone, they made the excursion to Hawaii on the S.S. Lurline.

As you read this, their decision is known. If it was in the affirmative then Dottie's friends have already wished her all the happiness that she has always set her heart upon finding in marriage. If the decision was in the negative, then they are prepared, as always, to heartily agree that whatever the sarong girl does is all right.

GLORIA THE GLAMOROUS

(*Continued from page 30*)

He bought everything new that came out. He was one of the first to own an early Edison phonograph. And my mother—her kitchen was jammed with time-saving devices. I remember the way it looked. Like a bad dream by Rube Goldberg!"

To fulfill this early ambition, we learned, Miss Swanson quit Hollywood temporarily just after the talkies came in, went to New York, invested wisely and was soon President and General Manager of Multiprises, Incorporated, manufacturers of plastics and hard metal alloys.

In this factory, our glamour girl interviewed wild-eyed inventors. She gave everyone with something to offer a hearing. One gentleman appeared with a new process for making plastic buttons. Another had concocted an alloy to draw wire. Soon, Miss Swanson was turning both products out in her plant!

She even went to Europe before the war in search of new ideas and keen minds. Brought back two foreign inventors, men who had life-saving devices to offer.

"A third gentleman I hoped to bring back had an invention—luminous paint for street signs—which was sensational. But before I could get him out, the Nazis demanded he do business with them. He refused." She frowned. "He's now in a concentration camp."

WE wondered aloud if, now that she was back in the art of picture-making she wouldn't forget about her factory.

"Forget about it?" she cried. "Now? When we're doing important National Defense contracts for the government? Why, my five office assistants (they call me the Little Chief) send me every letter, every contract, every document that's drawn up by the firm!"

We marveled, not alone at the fact that Miss Swanson could handle her firm's urgencies at a distance of 3,000 miles, but at the knowledge that she was capable of doing at least a dozen things at one time and well.

For aside from her pet factory, here she was on the set of RKO's "Father Takes A Wife." Working day and night enacting the role of America's most famous actress who, in the scenario, marries a millionaire shipping magnate portrayed by Adolphe Menjou and gets mildly involved, for the sake of an entertaining plot, with a Latin warbling protégé, Desi Arnaz.

And if the factory and the film weren't enough, here she was maintaining her reputation, intact for seven years, as one of America's best-dressed women. She showed us the little object slated to enhance her reputation. It was a white blouse with tattoo designs. Really clever. Its origin was interesting. For one scene in the picture, Gloria Swanson had to wear something nautical. She didn't want the usual anchors and life preservers. She desired something different. So she consulted Designer Rene Hubert, who has done her clothes for years. He went to a tattoo artist, a specialist with sailors, who tattooed his original salty designs on the blouse, and these designs were then stitched. Miss Swanson was pleased.

But her cleverness with clothes is nothing new. We recalled the sensation she'd once created in New York. Final proof that beauty—plus brains—can do anything. There was to be a big luncheon

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● Don't gnaw at ragged cuticle! Soften and loosen it with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover! All *you* do is wipe the dead cuticle away with a towel! Have your hands admired! Get a bottle today! *It contains no acid.*

Saturday is "Manicure Day." Look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter — Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

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Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

at the Colony Restaurant to determine America's Best Dressed Woman. It was calculated to be a close contest, and Gloria Swanson was anxious to retain her title. Suddenly, in a moment of rare inspiration she got an idea.

The day before the crucial luncheon, Gloria Swanson appeared at the Colony wearing a hat especially designed by Valentina. Inside the hat was a concealed smokepot which sent up tiny clouds of perfumed smoke. This created a furor. The other women present, fearing this might win the contest for Miss Swanson the following day, raced out to have new hats designed. At the luncheon they all appeared—Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mrs. Byron Foy, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. Woolworth Donohue—in odd hats. As a satirist put it, one of the odd hats even played tunes, another spouted flames, a third was topped by a live dove and a fourth flashed a neon light. Everyone waited for Gloria Swanson. They'd show her! Finally she arrived! And she was wearing another new hat! But it was a plain straw bonnet! That's all. Just a plain bonnet. It made the others appear overdressed. It made Gloria Swanson stand out. And thus, by a bit of handy brainwork she retained her unofficial crown of America's Best Dressed Woman!

Listening to Gloria Swanson, observing her, we couldn't help recalling how in many ways she'd changed. During the twenties when she was Hollywood's original First Lady, she was glamorous, too, but in a different way. She was in those years wilder, more hectic, somewhat unrestrained. Today she maintains her colorfulness with greater subtlety.

In the silent days when Gloria Swanson toiled for Cecil B. DeMille and for The Famous Players, she was a great feuder. Actually, those were the days of feuds. She was on the outs, for example, with Pola Negri. And after Pola Negri pulled a trick on her, Gloria Swanson got even. She learned Pola hated cats, so she flooded the entire studio, the set and Pola's dressing room with kittens and toms of every meowing variety! And again, she feuded with Constance Bennett. That was a real bout —and the only thing they had in common was the same ex-husband, the Marquis de la Falaise!

Also, those were days when Miss Swanson, earning as much as $12,000 a week, bathed in a bathtub of onyx and another of gold. And those were the days when she could see a jewel in a shop window at three in the morning, desire it and send ten miles for the owner to open his store in the middle of the night to sell her that jewel!

THOSE were the days, too, when she could confess, as she once did to an English novelist, that she lived by feel rather than by head. Emotion dominated her life. As she stated to the novelist at the time during a private luncheon:

"A woman asked me yesterday to define life. I said that life was emotion. She didn't understand. I corrected myself and said that emotion was the most important thing in life, and I gave her a simple example. I said, 'If you were to discover that a friend whom you had trusted had been stealing from you, which would have the greater effect upon you, the loss of the money or the emotion caused by its loss?'"

Which was extremely intelligent but was also revealing in displaying how Gloria Swanson thought and by what credo she performed socially some twelve or thirteen years ago.

Today, she has become too busy, too immersed in more vital matters, too mature for the hectic and the wild. And today her very maturity has helped make her just as colorful as in the long ago.

During our conversation, Miss Swanson made a remarkable statement. She said:

"I've lived generations, thousands of years in fact, since I was fifteen years old and first broke into films. Why, I'll bet you I've lived more than my mother, my grandmother and my great-grandmother combined!"

For a clue to the present we delved more deeply into the past.

Her father was an army Lieutenant-Colonel. He named her Gloria after the heroine in his favorite book, Hall Caine's "The Christian." The Swanson was an Americanization of the family's Swedish name, Svenson. In fact, when she first reached Hollywood and won a job in pictures, Cecil B. DeMille took her aside and said, "Listen, honey, everything's fine about you except your name. Where in the devil did you ever dream up such a phoney stage name? Gloria Swanson. God! Who'll ever believe that?"

Her father wanted her to be a painter. Even sent her to the Chicago Art Institute. Her mother wanted her to be a musician. Even had her banging the piano. She just wanted to be alone and think. They got her a job at a department store notions counter. She was thrown out on her ear when the manager found her reading "Quo Vadis" instead of waiting on customers.

ONE day she saw a John Bunny comedy. He was the Abbott and Costello, all wrapped up in one, of his time. Mabel Normand was also in the film. So young Gloria Swanson decided she wanted to be an actress like Mabel Normand.

"I remember walking homewards from the theatre," she recalled later, "practicing the sort of faces Mabel had made on the screen. A cop stopped me under a street lamp and asked me if anybody had been bothering me. I blushed and said 'No,' but decided *that* meant I could act!"

Gloria Swanson's aunt took her to New York on a vacation. She tried to become an extra at the old Essanay Studio. While waiting in line, she was spotted by the studio's biggest star. He hired her for a two-reel custard-tossing comedy. It was pure slapstick. In the last scene she was supposed to bend down for a hankie, and the big star was supposed to kick her in the beam-end and send her on her face. She refused to be kicked.

She said to the big star, "I want to be an actress. I don't want to be a clown!"

"Sorry," answered the big star, "but you're talking yourself out of a movie career!"

The big star, whose name was Charlie Chaplin, was wrong. Because, by persistently avoiding being smushed in the face by gooey pies, Gloria Swanson soon became Hollywood's biggest name.

Why, the time even came when she could make her own pictures. Once when on a reading spree she read the life of Napoleon Bonaparte's ex-laundress who rose to nobility, the fabulous Madame Sans-Gene. Gloria Swanson decided to go to France with her own cast and make the picture against the original setting at a cost of $300,000. She expected to use the historic French palaces and parks for her sets. First she had to obtain a permit. So she hired a French interpreter, a charming and handsome nobleman who spoke five languages.

This nobleman took Miss Swanson to a cabinet minister. But there were difficulties about the permit. The interpreter

and the minister chattered endlessly in French.

Finally exasperated, Miss Swanson shouted to her interpreter, "Neither he nor you understands me!"

"He may not," admitted the interpreter, "but I do!"

And to show he did, he married her. He was the much-publicized Marquis de la Falaise. And P.S. he also got her the permit to shoot that picture in France!

Incidentally, the Marquis was Gloria Swanson's third husband. Previously she'd been married to Wallace Beery and to H. K. Somborn, who founded the Brown Derby. And in 1934 she divorced her fourth husband, Michael Farmer, the Irish sportsman. Today there's nothing too serious in the air. She has three children to keep her domestically occupied. Gloria, now twenty, is married. Then there are Joe and Michele.

Today brown-haired, blue-eyed, thoughtful Gloria Swanson insists she has no special ambitions. "I don't like to make plans," was the way she put it. "Sometimes I feel as if my entire life were written ahead, patterned by destiny, and there was no use planning. . . . But when I do work on something, I'm like a horse with blinders on. I can only see straight ahead at my immediate objective. This enables me to concentrate, forsaking all else."

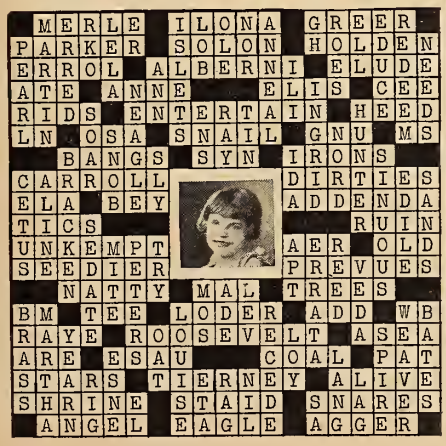
Aside from tennis or long hikes with her dogs, her favorite recreation is to relax at an afternoon tea—"especially with creative people of every type"—and argue and learn.

"Once a writer friend of mine described me as a Mental Vampire. 'You enter a room,' he said, 'and sponge up all the information the best minds have to give you and then discard those minds.' And I suppose that's true. I presume I've been forever trying to compensate for having attended only one year of high school in my life before entering pictures at fifteen, and I've been anxious to catch up on my learning ever since."

Finally, we wondered about Gloria Swanson's tomorrows. Not her ambitions, but her tomorrows. We knew that she would always be glamorous and exciting because, well, her glamour depends not upon rapidly fading human beauty but upon more certain and dependable human brains. We remembered one thing she'd once said about her tomorrow. It was the key to her intellect. She'd said:

"When I grow old, I want to have an old brain as well as an old body. I shall pray for wrinkles in my spirit to match the wrinkles on my face. I shall pray for the fire to die down in my brain just as it dies down in my body. . . ."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 8





Final Score with 509 Softball Players

3 out of every 5

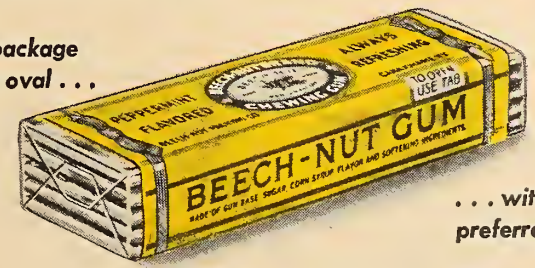
preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

In a test, made by an independent fact-finding organization, 334 out of 509 softball players preferred the delicious flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

Various brands of the same flavor gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. The softball players were each given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and were asked to report which stick they preferred. 3 out of 5 softball players said they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of the other brand.

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CALL ME "DUTCH"

(*Continued from page 47*)

or at sea you would be pretty sure not to hear a thing about it. It is in the records, for example, that in his twenty-seven years to date Reagan has saved the lives of seventy-seven people from drowning. But an astute publicity department generally gives this figure out as seventeen persons. "I guess they figure people wouldn't believe it if you told them a movie star saved seventy-seven lives," is the way Ronnie explains it.

There is hardly a young contract player who is not publicly dunked in a swimming pool the first few weeks he is engaged, but for some reason no one ever thought to do body art for Reagan. Then quite by accident, one of the publicity boys happened to spy Ronnie emerging from the surf at the Santa Monica Beach Club. The publicity lad couldn't help uttering a long, astounded, "Whee!" And the next day there was an order for Ronald Reagan to make some pictures in trunks. Those shots brought oh's and ah's from fans the country over, as well as hundreds of offers for testimonials for everything from breakfast cereals to stretching gadgets for developing the Body Beautiful.

I DIDN'T know what that fellow was talking about that day down at the beach," Ronnie says. "I'd just come down for a swim, and he kept telling me that I should have told him I had a body. Well, what did he think I had anyway? I used to be a four-letter man at college, but I didn't think that that gave me an excuse to stick out my chest and expand my biceps publicly every time someone mentioned the word health."

Today, it must be told, there is more than a little chance that all this will be changed. Ronnie is married to Jane Wyman, and Jane is a little girl with a mind of her own and an aggressive ability that will be certain to leave its mark on friend husband. Besides, there are three Reagans and a fourth one reportedly on the way!

Just the other day something happened that would have been unthinkable last year. Ronnie had been called into Jack Warner's office for an important conference. Mr. Warner, the studio chief and the man whose say-so could rocket him to the top or doom him to another year or two of playing cops-and-robbers in the B's, was in a benign, kindly mood and was outlining his plans for Ronnie's future.

But did Ronnie pay grateful attention? No. All he kept watching was a clock on the boss's desk, eyeing it with increasing dismay as each minute passed. Finally he could stand it no longer. He stood up in the midst of one of Mr. Warner's sentences and said, "You'll have to excuse me, sir, but I can't stay a minute longer—I've got to go. You see, if I don't get home in fifteen minutes I don't get to bathe the baby, and that's my job. So long—I'm very late."

We asked Ronnie point-blank if he didn't think that being married to Jane had changed him a little. "I suppose it has," he offered tentatively, then deciding definitely, "I know it has. I used to be easy-going because I didn't have anybody to think of but myself. But now I always get to thinking about Jane and Maureen and, well, it does make a difference. You hate to let your wife think you're being made a chump of."

Ronnie is not ashamed to tell you that Jane is the first and only girl he has been in love with. "From the time I graduated from college back in 1932, till we got married I was too busy to think much about romance. First I got into radio, and it was a hard grind for five years. I started with a little fresh-water station in Davenport, Iowa, not knowing a thing about sports announcing. Then the station got to growing bigger and bigger, and they towed me along. Then came the national hookups, the big football games, the Joe Louis fights, the World's Series—and I kept telling myself I wasn't good enough and being so worried I didn't have much time for girls.

"Then one spring I came out to California to watch the Chicago Cubs in their spring training and a Warner Brothers' scout screen-tested me, and before I could say boo I was playing in pictures! As my dramatic experience was limited to a couple of plays with the Eureka College Dramatic Society, you can imagine how scared I was. I was afraid that any moment I'd be called before someone, be told it had all been a dreadful mistake and get canned. It wasn't till 'Brother Rat' that I began to be sure of myself. And that's when I sort of started to take real notice of Jane. Oh, I'd seen her around, but I'd never thought much about her. When we were shooting 'Rat' I kept finding myself unconsciously on the lookout for her."

"Did she take to you at once?"

"Heck, no. She thought I was a snob. You see, I've got to wear specs because I'm so darned far-sighted I can't see anything less than a hundred yards away without 'em. Well, a couple of times I'd forgotten my glasses and had walked by Jane without so much as a cool 'hiya,' and for a while I was just plain poison to her.

"Then we both worked late one day, and we bumped into each other going home. I knew she hadn't had dinner so I suggested we have it together. I got to like her at once. So naturally at work the next day I suggested a return engagement and got an immediate booking. Then I found myself dating her every chance I got.

WHEN we finished the picture we were both in the mood for a long spree of dining and dancing and staying up till dawn. We'd both been working hard and needed a little bit of tooting around. I never had a serious thought about it.

"I think I began to realize I was in love when Jane went off to Santa Barbara with friends for a week-end and left me alone. I thought the world had come to an end. When she returned forty-eight hours later, I felt twenty years older. Soon after that we both got a chance to go on a personal appearance tour with Louella Parsons. Those weeks together cinched it. I was crazy in love and didn't care who knew it."

Jane, beside being wife and mother and actress in her own right, is now a combination of agent, business manager and publicity man for Ronnie. Given half a chance she is sure to tell you about her husband. He likes comfortable old things, so periodically Jane has to browbeat him into going to the tailor's and getting new clothes. If Ronnie thinks that nice banker-grey flannel in the corner is just the thing, not ostentatious and just right, Jane will tell the salesman in definite, firm tones that what the husband wants is a Glen Urquhart plaid and draped,

please, to show off that manly chest.

The only thing that is Ronnie's domain without question is a threadbare armchair and ottoman that sits in a corner of the Reagan living room. The room itself is a decorator's item in dubonnet and yellow, and the sight of the faded, decrepit chair is a bit of a shock. But it's Ronnie's chair, and the earnest plea of no decorator is going to get it out, color scheme or no color scheme. As a matter of fact Jane tried once to get it recovered, just recovered—and had to call up to get it back untouched lest the master of the house really get angry.

This display of temperament and stubbornness, this evidence that Ronnie has a very definite mind of his own, is just what Jane is cultivating in her lord and master—and if it means a dirty old chair in the living room, why, so be it.

As we said, the Reagans now have a child, Maureen Elizabeth, eight months old. For the public enlightenment, it might just as well be given out that Maureen is the spittin' image of mother Jane, with the same wide, curved forehead and the same charming nose. Dad just beams at her. If you ask the he-man if he wouldn't have preferred a boy, he gives you an emphatic "no."

"You know, the nice thing about having a girl is that you have a sort of picture of the girl you married, the girl you're in love with as a child and a young girl —you kind of watch her grow up. I know it's silly, but it gives you a kick."

RONNIE doesn't have any old-fashioned prejudices about his wife working. "I think the trouble usually comes from people resenting each other's success," he says. "This is especially true of actors. As for us, I can honestly say we share in one another's success, and we have fun talking about our work to each other."

The Reagans are both crazy about their work. Every so often they will get a yen to do the town, but mostly they spend their evenings in the movie houses. The big problem of their life is trying to find a picture they have not seen. The good ones they see two or three times (they love to watch the technique of a swell job of film-making), and the Bing Crosby pictures they see four or five times. Jane is an ardent fan of Bing's. (She owns every record he ever made.) Ronnie's pet enthusiasm is George Murphy, and at the last telling he had seen "A Girl, A Guy and A Gob" only three times less than Lord Beaverbrook has seen "Destry Rides Again," which, we are told, is thirty-seven.

The Reagans are sensible folk. They live on an allowance, and what they don't actually need goes smack into the bank every week and no nonsense. It makes it a little easier that Jane and Ronnie both work and they admit it. Those weeks when one or the other is on layoff, why, there's just that much less money to go into the bank.

The reason for all this saving is the new home they're building. Right now the Reagans live in a penthouse apartment off the Sunset Strip, but they are waiting for the day when their new house is ready for the moving in. Ronnie broke another precedent when he elected to build in Beverly Hills rather than the Valley where men's men are supposed to live these days. Doing the unexpected gives him a kick.

As for the future, it is right here in pictures. They are in his blood, and he knows of nothing so important or so much fun. The only thing that may get in the way is the United States Cavalry. Ronnie is a Second Lieutenant in the Cavalry Reserves, and he may be called

"I don't care if you never *come home!"*

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES



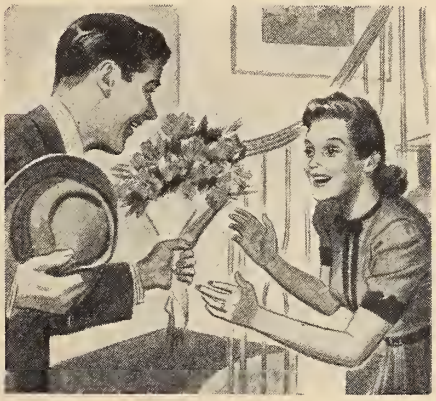
1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.



2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "*You* may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless —or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."



3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."



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WON'T SLIP OUT



up for active service any day. Not that he is grudging in his willingness to go. Anything but. It may give the studio bosses nightmares to picture one of their brighter hopes spending one full year in maneuvers in the gentle way of the cavalry, but if the truth be told, Ronnie would love it if it were not for that year of separation from Jane and Maureen. Ronnie has always soft-pedaled talk of his commission in the cavalry because the studio would get frightened. The cavalry's idea of a ride is not a gentlemanly canter on a smooth bridle-path. What they like is a snorting, spirited charger that cannot stand still and a terrain that is uneven, hilly and full of hidden brooks. The cavalry loves those plunges down practically perpendicular ravines, those lunges across rivers that have swollen dangerously overnight. The cavalry has a way of seeing to it that army post hospitals do not contain too many empty beds!

Some chaps who possess one tired old mare take so many horsey pictures you get the idea they themselves sup on oats and mash. But Ronnie doesn't talk about his riding ability. When he was making "Santa Fe Trail" there was a scene that called for dangerous, tricky riding, and Ronnie was anxious to do it. But when they were ready to shoot it, there was a double ready for the take. Ronnie begged to do the scene himself. "We won't hear of it," he was told. "You might get hurt and hold up production. Besides this calls for really expert riding."

Characteristically, Ronnie said all right and let the matter drop. The next day he had to go to cavalry practice and they had a pretty hectic drill. Seven riders were hospitalized, and the way the troop rode made that scene in "Santa Fe Trail" look like a slow motion study of equitation for a middle-aged ladies' riding class.

But Ronnie is not going to make a fuss because they won't let him ride a horse. If he ever does get temperamental, you can bet that last dollar it will be over something worth getting temperamental about. When you love making movies the way Ronnie does and you plan to spend your life in the industry, you're bound to be a little sensible. "I'll spend my life in pictures whether as an actor or what have you," he says. It looks like he'll have a long time before he gets into the "what have you" class because his future as an actor is brighter and more promising than ever. For his work in "Santa Fe Trail" he got a real part opposite Priscilla Lane in "Million Dollar Baby," and the preview audiences were so enthusiastic that he was given the lead in the picturization of the best-seller, "King's Row," which promises to be one of Warners' extra-specials.

So it begins to look as though, in spite of himself and his modesty, people are beginning to find out about this guy Reagan. He'll never be found tooting his own horn, but from now on a lot of people are going to do it for him.

GAY DIVORCÉE

(*Continued from page 51*)

present. I had a yearning to have all the floors covered in white because I think there's nothing like it to set off a woman's gown. I had white rugs in my apartment in London, but most of the mud on our guests' feet was off by the time they trailed upstairs to our door. Whereas, here they step straight in from the garden and leave the carpet looking as though horses had been led over it! The young men got so inhibited about my white carpets they wouldn't even come inside and took to saying good night to me on the front porch. In fact, we thought some of having paper slippers at the door. Just the other day," Greer laughed, "the tea wagon lost a wheel and dumped tea, cake and cucumber sandwiches all over the snowy rugs. The only person who enjoyed that accident was the local cleaner!

"Everything I do now," said Greer, "seems a pleasure. Even going to Adrian's for a fitting is fun. When I first arrived in Hollywood, I had a trunkful of gloomy black shoes and gowns. Now I go in for brilliant scarlets and jade greens in the daytime, white at night and glass ornaments and frivolous lacy gloves calculated to make a man want to kiss my hand. Believe it or not, I've even designed some of those insane hats I wear!

"I'm using make-up with a wanton hand. The other night as I was going out, Mother stopped me, her eyes bulging as if she had seen a zombie. 'Greer, what's come over you? Look in the mirror.' I looked and beheld something resembling a clown! I'd been so fascinated with the make-up we used for Technicolor that I'd bought some of the blue lights for my own dressing table at home. The blue lights had such a dimming effect on make-up that I put gobs of it on. But when I walked out into the brighter lights, all I needed was a pink satin skirt and a hoop to jump through!

"I've become frightfully hair-conscious, too. I used to part it on the side, give it fifty strokes and let it go at that. Now I try a new hair-do every day. My new picture is responsible for that. It covers a period of thirty-five years, requiring a different hairdress for each era. It sort of got me!

"I take trips to Arrowhead Springs and go back to my girlhood wading in brooks and doing all those crazy things. I get a kick out of going to parties, especially intimate dinner parties and baby showers.

"I'm happy because I'm working myself to the skin and bone. I'm up at dawn and at the studio at eight. I never have more than twenty minutes for lunch and even then, there are bangs to be curled and dresses to be pressed and fitted. During the afternoon I try to call the house and check on dinner and messages, and I always plan to write letters between scenes. Charlotte, my secretary, sits all day with pencil poised ready to take them down, but I never get farther than 'Darling Eva—' My long-distance shopping on the sets is just as unsuccessful. I have things sent out from the Hollywood shops and back they go, unopened! I'm home by nine o'clock but never have time to read murder mysteries or work crossword puzzles. I don't suppose we've had guests for dinner more than a couple of times a year. We just don't have the time! One thing I insist on, and that's spending at least twenty minutes out of every day alone to think things over and completely relax. I guess it's the Oriental in me!

"And in these ways," Greer said, "I have changed. It's because I'm happy that amusing things happen to me; happiness is a magnet for merriment."

SIXTEEN AND UNKISSED

(Continued from page 41)

so, when seven long months rolled by and Joan was still making the weary rounds, running through her repertoire of impersonations. But Director William Wellman finally broke the ice with a part in "Men With Wings."

You may remember seeing Joan after that in "Winter Carnival," "High School," "Two Thoroughbreds," "Nancy Drew, Reporter," "Susan and God"—all small parts, of course, but big enough to intrigue Warner execs. They tested her, signed her for six months, rechristened her Joan Leslie and let her mature slowly but steadily in "High Sierra," "The Wagons Roll at Night," "The Great Mr. Nobody" and "Thirty Days Hath September."

One good boost was all Joan needed at this point to bring stardom. And alert Warner publicity hawks paved the way by grabbing a Heaven-sent chance to match her against Paramount's Veronica Lake in a contest sponsored by Southern California's All-Year Club to find a "Sun Goddess." Joan won hands down, as you know, and the tidal wave of publicity that followed lapped from coast to coast convinced Warners that they had a new star.

NATURAL and unaffected as any normal, well-bred high-schooler, Joan violates Hollywood's tradition of Kleig-dazzled eccentricity by living modestly with her reunited family in a small Burbank home near the Warner studio. Though film roles have schooled her in realistic love-making, she's never been kissed off screen, still has her first date ahead of her. Studio school—the four daily hours that California requires—and dramatic lessons keep Joan's perky nose to the grindstone. And for relaxation, she has a healthy, 16-year-old preference for horseback riding, tennis, ping pong and bowling.

Clothes are not a major problem yet. Joan's mature and lovely 5′ 4″ and 120 pounds permit dress and shoe-swapping with her two pretty sisters, red-haired Mary (also under contract to Warners) and Betty, who wants to sing in radio. Newest additions to her wardrobe are two pinafore dresses, a red party frock and a gold-buttoned military suit on which she's sewn the honorary insignia recently given her by the West Coast Air Corps.

More important to Joan than clothes or the flattering stacks of fan mail that have begun pouring in from all unbombed parts of the world (one came from Australia addressed simply: "Joan Leslie, U. S. A.") is achieving Bette Davis stature as a real actress. And that's more than just a dream shared by a million other embryo Bernhardts. Joan means it—with all the magnificent, sincere fervor of 16. If ambition, real talent and an eager willingness to work hard mean anything, you can expect her to be thanking someone for an Oscar three or four years from now!

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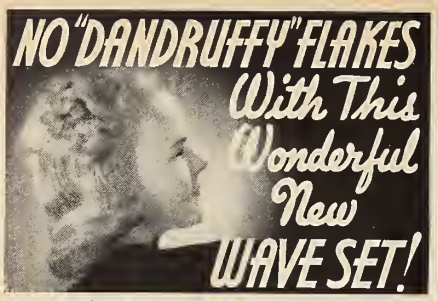




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GLORIFY YOUR HAIR

(*Continued from page 57*)

you may need an additional rinsing and soaping, but generally two latherings are enough. Rinse your hair repeatedly in clear water until every vestige of soap is removed and your hair fairly squeaks as you pull it through your fingers.

You can give your hair added lustre and sheen with a rinse. There are any number of flattering, inexpensive vegetable rinses for you to use whether you have blonde, brunette, red or white hair. They're absolutely harmless and can be washed off with your next shampoo.

The way you dry your hair affects its texture and softness, so don't leave it to dry by itself. First, remove excess moisture by rubbing it with a towel for a few minutes. Then remove all tangles with a coarse-toothed comb and brush it to its length with a firm-bristled brush. Shake it out and dry it in the sunshine or open air, if possible.

If you haven't been blessed with naturally curly locks, you can get the next thing to it with a really good permanent wave. Even if your hair has a slight curl of its own, you'll save many hours of needless fussing with your hair if you get the ends permanented. These take only a few curls which, of course, aren't as expensive as a complete wave.

If you start bargain-hunting for your permanent wave, you may end up with frizzled, dull hair that'll take months to restore to its natural bloom. Go to a beauty operator in whom you have confidence—even if the price is a little higher than those named by cut-rate places. You'll get your money's worth in a long-lasting, natural looking wave because reliable beauty shops use good materials and take extra time and precautions.

Before your hair is waved, insist that a test curl be made so that the operator will know how tightly your hair should be wound and the material and requirements for your particular texture of hair. He or she will also be able to suggest the type of curl that will be more suitable to you—the croquinole type (where the hair is wound from the ends toward the scalp) or the spiral type (where the winding starts at the roots of the hair) or a combination of both. The spiral wave is usually best for long loose waves and the croquinole gives short hair soft springy curls.

Generally a permanent wave is slightly drying, so if you want yours to be successful, be sure that your hair has plenty of elasticity and health before your wave—and that it receives special care afterward. Medium coarse, healthy hair takes to permanent waving like a duck to water, and fine and soft hair can be beautifully waved if it is done with care. But it's almost impossible to insure a good, natural-looking wave with hair that is broken, over-stretched, dry and in generally bad condition.

If your hair is dry and brittle, begin at least three weeks before your permanent to bring it back to normal. Brush vigorously upward and outward every night for at least ten minutes. Then massage your scalp for three minutes with pomade or an oily lotion or tonic that will give your hair elasticity and lubrication. A hot oil treatment before every weekly shampoo will also help to restore your hair to resiliency.

AFTER your wave, your locks need attention if you want them soft and natural. Don't worry about brushing out your wave. It can't be done with a good one, so keep up your 100 hair strokes per night to make your wave lovelier. Apply brilliantine and pomade to the ends to keep them soft. Continue the massage and hot oil treatments to keep your scalp healthy. Use pins, curlers, wave set lotions, hair pins and cream wave sets to train your hair so you'll look like a natural-born curly top!

You can keep fly-away locks smooth and well-groomed when motoring, playing tennis or the like by wearing a net that matches your own hair. Nets are available in either hair or silk and come in every possible shade of natural hair color.

No matter what your hair style or whether you prefer to wear your tresses straight or curly, your hair needs to be clean, healthy and glossy. Many a plain Jane has won herself a reputation of glamour girl because of her beautiful hair resulting from faithful daily care.

No matter how entrancing your new hair style, it won't get the admiration it deserves if your hair is flecked with dandruff particles. You can get rid of this unlovely and dangerous scalp condition by using Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo frequently. It penetrates clogged-up pores and cleanses the scalp healthfully and thoroughly of dead tissue and dirt, giving the natural oil glands a chance to function as they should. Try Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo today for lovelier, dandruff-free hair.

Untidy, straggling locks and hair-dos that won't stay up are decidedly unglamorous, so tuck your rolls, side locks and the like firmly in place with Grip-Tuth combs. The teeth in these unusual combs are elliptical and hollow, specifically designed to grip hair tightly, and the combs themselves are curved to fit the head and come in varying sizes and colors. You can buy Grip-Tuth combs at your local syndicate store.

For waves that are soft, lasting and natural looking, try Lady York Wave Set. It's easy to use and can be applied to either dry or moist hair, leaving your waves with a beautiful lustrous sheen without a trace of flake or dust. Because it dries so quickly, it's just the thing for a rush job of hair setting.

A complexion that is lovely to look at requires frequent and thorough cleansing, so why not try "Hollywood Extra" Theatrical Cold Cream? Made of the purest of ingredients, it spreads easily and liquefies at body temperature to give your skin a thorough yet gentle cleansing, removing every trace of old make-up and dirt. You can use it as lavishly as you wish without feeling extravagant, for it costs only 25 cents for a ½-pound tin.



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THE COUNTESS EXPLAINS . .

(Continued from page 27)

night from a date, somehow I'd find myself on the telephone calling up Oleg to tell him about it. I used to rout him out in the middle of the night. He was always polite, but," grins the Countess most charmingly, "when we moved into this house—it was his, you know—I found a long letter he'd written bawling me out for disturbing his sleep. He hadn't mailed it.

"He's wonderfully poised and polished, he's artistic, and he's terribly intelligent—at least, I think so. But above all, when I talk to him he understands. I've known lots of men I could love—but no one I thought I could both love and talk to and have him understand. He's also my best friend, I can depend on him. That's pretty important to me. Oh, hello, darling, you back?"

Oleg is indeed back and still smiling. He carries scotch and sodas. He is a wiry, well-knit man of twenty-eight with long, thick black hair and a thin aristocratic face. "Did you hear how Gene met the menace from Venice?" he chuckles. It was at a Hollywood party, rather a formal affair, those eight months or so ago. Gene was with one of her current suitors, and Oleg was with an Earl Carroll girl. Just why isn't quite clear, but he infers the Carroll belle was a little out of place. When after dinner she disappeared into the kitchen and returned with a can of beer and a banana which she placidly sipped and gulped among all the guests—well—he wandered. He ran right into Gene.

"I was in a mood," interrupts Gene here. "I was unhappy. I wasn't having a good time. And suddenly this dark man was smiling at me and saying. 'You look like a lady. In fact, you look like the first lady I've seen in Hollywood.'"

Gene said she hoped she was. Whereupon the Count introduced himself, admired her dress, her jewelry, her coiffure and everything in general. Pretty soon the bad mood was a thing of the past. That is technique.

They saw each other the next night, and the next—but Gene had a social calendar at that point which looked like a debutante's time table. All the eager Beau Brummels of movieland stretched out in a long line—Burgess Meredith, John Swope, Tim Durant, Bentley Ryan, Barron Polan—a dozen more.

"I had to write her a letter to tell her I loved her," smiles Oleg.

"And I had to call Oleg up every night to find some one to talk to," confesses Gene. "I broke a date for a New Year's party and a lot of others just to talk to Oleg. But I couldn't break them all."

Now, when love on a telephone and mail-man basis can blossom to the point of elopement in Hollywood, in competition with all the romantic divertissements of that glamorous pleasure trove, that would seem pretty much the real thing. It did just that—one rainy night when both Oleg and Gene thought they were pretty sure about things.

They drove out to the airport in one of those rainstorms that broke a fifty-year record in Hollywood this spring. Paul Mantz, Hollywood's flying Cupid, shook his head. The weather got damper and damper and cooler and cooler.

"So did our courage," smiles Oleg. "Then we had a leetle—what you say?—spat."

Now, perhaps the most healthy sign about all this Cassini-Tierney romance is that it has had its ups-and-downs. The course of true love you know. Theirs didn't run any smoother than the rest. It's not flowing along gently like Sweet Afton at this point, either, if you take in the Tierney clan tantrums.

The "leetle spat" is an understatement. It ended up in one of those never-again things, and the blackest mark against Gene Tierney's professions of love-from-the-start is that she upped and got herself romantically involved with Robert Sterling, a very charming young Hollywood actor. Gene was mad enough, or let us say, Bob was attractive enough to get them to the point of an elopement. At least there were strong rumors, and I eventually prod the Countess into a reluctant statement like this, "I don't know. I didn't know what I wanted. I wasn't sure at all. I was mixed up. And Oleg was already running around with some, some—*gal*!"

"I loved only Gene," states Oleg gallantly. "But she left me; she went to New York."

"I always go to New York when I'm confused," replies Gene.

I don't want to start something. I change the subject.

"Oh," Gene's round face cracks with a beatific smile. "The way we got to-



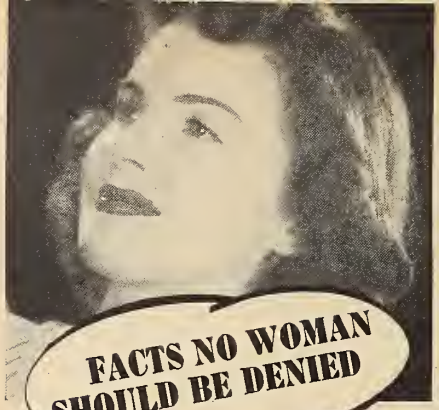
June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

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AT 5c & 10c—DRUG and DEP'T STORES

gether again? It was typical. You see, I got back from New York, and I went right out to a party. Everybody was dancing, and I couldn't think of anything but dancing with Oleg. But he wasn't there. So—" the Countess glances a bit archly at her spouse, "I went right to the telephone and called him up. I said, 'You're such a wonderful dancer. Please come on over and dance with me.' And he said—"

"'—No thanks!'" laughs Oleg. "That's the way, you see? Be indifferent. Only I wasn't."

"He was, too," contradicts Gene consigning another lengthy *billet doux* to the wastebasket.

"I wanted a church wedding." Gene sighs. "I wanted all my friends and my family there. Flowers, bridesmaids, train, champagne and everything. But—then my family started acting up."

Gene was living with her mother in Hollywood. Her father, Brother Butch, a Harvard student, and Sister Pat, in school in Virginia, have never met Oleg to this day. Only Mrs. Tierney has.

"I told Mother I knew I had found the right man," says Gene wistfully. "She always liked Oleg until she thought I was going to marry him. Then—"

"The temperature dropped," smiles the Count.

"I wrote my dad, too. We've always been awfully close. Dad's always been just like a boy friend. I wouldn't dream of putting anything over on my family. But they insisted on treating me like a silly child and—well—I'm not!"

WHAT Mr. Tierney wrote back was a tactful, fatherly letter suggesting that they postpone any rash action until fall. Gene replied that it wasn't rash action; she'd never been surer of herself. And that she could see through their stalling tactics. Then Papa T. wired her to come home at once. The battle was on.

Well, it waxed and waned for a spell. Brother Butch was readied to fly out from Harvard with a family ultimatum. "But I stopped *that*!" says Gene. Mama Tierney sided with her husband, and it was Gene versus the home team. "There is just a family complex about my getting married, that's all," Gene is thinking aloud. "It wasn't Oleg they disapproved of, just the idea of letting any man have me. Of course," she adds, "that's natural, especially since they've always doted pretty much on me. I'm the first child to marry. So I didn't blame them for that. But I do for not getting over it. After all, Mother was engaged three times before she got married. And she was just as young as I am."

Gene had almost a month to think things over after the family fireworks began. She never changed her mind—except about the wedding ceremony itself. With the family state of mind what it was, a wedding with all the trimmings was out of the question. It had to be an elopement or there'd be all sorts of scenes. So they did it as quietly as possible. They simply hopped a regular airliner to Las Vegas. It was in between retakes on Gene's first starring role, "Belle Starr." They sat across the aisle from each other as if they had never met before in their lives. Gene buried her nose in a book, and Oleg stared down at the clouds. "We had an hour and a half in the air for any last minute regrets," Gene is relating, "and the only one that popped up was the slight regret that I had to go and get airsick!"

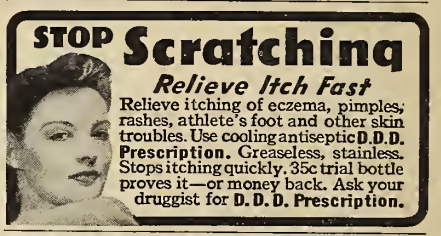
The incognito wasn't quite so successful. When they alighted in Las Vegas, an airline official tipped his cap. "Hello, Miss Tierney," he grinned. Gene said she wasn't any such thing, but the flight





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man just went right on grinning.

"My name's Tierney," he said, "and I've made a point of following your career. You can't fool me. Congratulations." It was about the only congratulations Gene and Oleg got.

A justice of the peace married them. Gene dressed, she says, "like a campfire girl" with a ratty old skirt. Young Lochinvar attired in a gabardine sports suit.

That night Gene made the supreme bid for her mother's good wishes. Instead of going with her husband, she went home to her mother. "I thought it would make her feel better about the whole thing," Gene explains to me, "but when I got home, she wasn't there!"

Now the funny part of all this Tierney family cold shoulder is that at first it wasn't quite that way. According to Gene and the Count, there was no hint of the frigidaire when they sent off the good news to the folks.

Oleg's phone call to Mrs. Tierney was quite a shock, of course, but she rallied, saying that if Gene was happy, she had her blessings. "Gene is a sensible girl," Mrs. T. told her new son-in-law. "I know she must have good reasons for this."

And the note Gene sent on to her Dad in New York got an answer like this:

DARLING YOUR LOVELY LETTER RECEIVED. I THINK YOU WILL AGREE I HAVE NEVER LACKED UNDERSTANDING OF YOU. YOUR HAPPINESS WILL ALWAYS BE MY JOY. WRITING FULLY. LOVE. DAD

What inspired the sudden change of family heart? I gather that it is still something of a mystery to Gene and Oleg. They have not heard from the Tierneys all huddled now in the East.

He says, "There is a complete silence." She says, "All I know is what I read in the papers. But I don't believe half of that."

What Gene, as well as everyone else, reads in the papers, are things various indignant Tierneys have told reporters, or are supposed to have told them. Like: "Gene has gone Hollywood, I'm afraid . . ." and "Gene is just a misguided child . . . she has been carried away by this suave man of the world . . ." Also paternal hints that Nevada wedding laws are being looked into for annulment proceedings.

ABOUT these pretty definite opinions Gene tells me: "I don't think Dad said them. But if he did, he hasn't meant them the way they appeared. My parents had a chip on their shoulder about my coming to Hollywood in the first place. Naturally you can get a lot of support about Horrible Hollywood around New York. There's only one side. I intend to rise above it until everyone has met Oleg and gotten to know him. We're going to Washington later. There are some parties planned there for us. I suppose we'll go on to New York. But that's in such a distant future. Right now, Sir, we're on our honeymoon. How do you like the honeymoon house?"

Well, it's quite a place. It's high up in a Beverly Hills canyon, smothered by oaks and vines. It was Oleg's bachelor heaven before the elopement. The confusion which surrounds us is just bachelordom moving out and matrimony in. Already, though, the woman's touch has produced small miracles. So Gene leads us proudly around the rambling place, which she says she'll do over in Early American antiques with loads and loads of chintz.

"The Connecticut hangover," she grins.

There are a couple of items more which might as well be cleared up before we leave the happy couple. First, before Gene and Oleg flew to the altar, they trotted down to an old beau of Gene's, Attorney Bentley Ryan, and had him draw up an agreement waiving all rights to community property. That was Oleg's idea. Just in case someone cracked (as they have) that he was nothing but a fortune hunter.

Second—about the "Count" business. In two months Count Cassini will get his final U. S. citizenship papers. Then he'll no longer be a Count, and Gene can be plain Mrs. Cassini. That ought to settle pretty definitely any title hunting ideas about her.

As for Gene Tierney and her very flourishing career: She has just wound up "Belle Starr," which should live up to it's title for Gene from all reports. And while we talk, the telephone jingles every ten seconds about her part in "Sundown" coming next at Walter Wanger's. In fact, it rings so much that Oleg sighs— "A fine honeymoon! Serves me right for marrying a movie star!" He's kidding, of course.

But I'm pretty certain the Countess Gene Eliza Tierney Cassini is definitely not, when she bids me good-bye at the door. I have a hunch the family feud will be clearing up, maybe before this gets in print, and say so.

"I hope you're right," replies Gene Tierney, and there's a wistful catch in her voice. But her eyes are pretty steady. "This isn't the way I want it. I love my family, and it hurts me that they won't understand. But there's something they've just got to realize."

She presses her husband's hand.

"They've got to realize," repeats Gene, "that now I've got a family of my own!"

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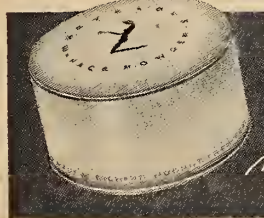
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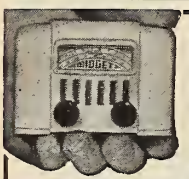


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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 63*)

THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

We aren't going to mention any names, but there are lots of young featured actors who had to leave their juicy weekly salaries to enter military service long before it was absolutely necessary. It was their own fault, though. During the past few years, when these boys were working in pictures with army, navy or air corps backgrounds, they chummed around with the service men on location. After a few beers and listening to glowing descriptions of life in uniform, they signed up as reserve members in everything from the National Guard to the Native Daughters of the Golden West Drill Team. Came the draft, and the boys had their names right up there in front. The only one who can sympathize with them is "Oomphie Annie" Sheridan. She was made an honorary officer in a New Zealand fighting division two years ago and last week was ordered to report for active duty at once!

AGE BEHIND BEAUTY

After nosing about the huge indoor set at Sam Goldwyn's studio where William Wyler is transferring "The Little Foxes" onto celluloid, we can only report that Bette Davis, in the pompadour and velvets of Regina Giddens, has never been lovelier. One of her biggest problems, she admitted to us with plenty of those nervous Davis gestures, has been make-up. "A 40-year-old woman," she explained, "is one of the hardest ages to portray. You don't look old and you don't look young. And you can't pad yourself to add on a few years." (Bette's 32.) To make sure she looks right for the cameras, Bette's been getting up at 5 every morning to dash out to Warners for personal attention from Perc Westmore. It isn't make-up, however, that gives her that middle-aged veneer—it's all done by special lighting effects worked out by cameraman Gregg Toland, who did those miraculous things in "Citizen Kane."

WIG WAG

If Orson Welles never makes another picture, he can still afford caviar and hand-tucked silk shirts for the rest of his life. All he has to do is say "yes" to the offers he's had to turn talent scout. Every one of the actors he introduced to the screen in "Citizen Kane" has been snapped up by studios for future film work, and Everett Sloan rates the honor of being the first member signed to a long term contract. Sloan had to shave his entire head for his part as Kane's manager, so during production he ordered a beautiful, bright-red hair-piece for social use to save wear and tear on his family's aesthetic sense. The first day he went to the beach he caused a sensation. He found that his carrot-colored topper was as eye-compelling as no hair at all, and every time he stood up, he felt like a stand-in for an airport beacon. Finally, the once-in-a-lifetime chance to jolt the gapers out of their skins proved too enticing. Jumping to his feet, he let out a cry that had years of Mercury Theatre experience behind it and ripped the annoying hair-piece from his head in one sweeping gesture! According to lifeguards' reports that day, the "scalping" was responsible for more collapses than sunstroke!

PONY EXPRESS

Gene Autry likes to tell about the time he was driving through the Holland Tunnel on his most recent Eastern rodeo appearance. A police car picked him up on the Jersey side,



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

tailed him for a few blocks, then caught up with him. Worriedly, Gene pulled over as a bull-shouldered individual strolled over and stuck his head in the window. "You're Gene Autry, aren't you?" he demanded. Meekly Gene admitted the charge. "Well," said the officer, "will you tell me when in Heaven's name Shirley Ross is gonna have her baby?" Turned out the chap's name was Patrick Dolan, head of Hudson County's police force —and uncle of Ken Dolan who is, as you know, Shirley's husband! . . . Gene, incidentally, who's busy looking for a spot around Los Angeles to stage that Fall rodeo starring most of Hollywood's outstanding cowboys, hasn't lost any of his b.o. appeal. Not long ago, he started to fly out for a personal appearance at the Detroit News Carriers Convention, was grounded by bad weather. When he didn't show up in Des Moines, delegates stuck his saddle (which had come out ahead by train) onto a horse, put Gene's name on it in big letters and put it right at the head of the convention parade.

PAIR OF JACKS

Picking bona fide topnotch material out of Hollywood's current crop of white hopes is ticklish business at any time. Some swim in like cosmic nebulae under their own talented steam and take up permanent residence in the film galaxy. Others explode in a cloud of cooked-up publicity, end up in somebody's cocktail-hour reminiscences. Definitely in the former category are newcomers John Sutton and Jack Carson. John is deservedly headed for a big build-up after that fine supporting job you'll see him do in Twentieth Century's "Yank in the R.A.F." Though his biogs list John as an Orange, N. J., boy, he was really born in India, son of a British army officer. It was a cautious press agent who persuaded him to give the Garden State as his native locale, advising that American film-goers were surfeit with Thespian John Bullers . . . As for Carson, his stock is booming after stand-outs in "Navy Blues," "Love Crazy" and "New Orleans Blues" now in the making. Talked up as a possible team-mate for Jim Cagney, after that dilly of a job in "Strawberry Blonde," Jack's being considered for a "Male Animal" lead. An ex-vaudevillian, he once worked on a construction gang, sold pants hangers. His Signal Oil radio program, aired over 38 West Coast stations, has a higher rating than Fred Allen's.



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(*from a letter by* A. B., Marshall, Texas)



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(*from a letter by* M. J. W., Gary, Ind.)



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(*from a letter by* L. C. H., Springfield, Mass.)



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(*from a letter by* R. E. K., Los Angeles, Calif.)

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FRED ASTAIRE'S "THREE LETTERS FROM LONDON"

(*Continued from page 29*)

gas and everything else that has been thought of.

Personally, I believe that after a feint attack farther north he will probably go out for Dover, Folkstone and Deal. He has the long range batteries on the French coast for covering fire, then he may use a path between mines and submarines for his fleet transports, thousands of dive bombers may try and keep our heads down and batter the tank traps flat, and parachutists may try and knife us in the back.

He is apparently quite happy to lose a million men trying it, and he may be able to get considerable force loose on the island, and enormous damage may be done before they are rounded up. We, of course, have got quite a number of new tricks to come out of the bag on the day, and our handicap has been coming steadily down since Dunkirk!

It's going to be a pretty little tea party once it starts, but we are all ready for it and can't start too soon for our liking. Once we have given them a first class tricking up here and sent them packing, Hitler will probably try and sit back inside the land he has already conquered and defy anyone to throw him out. We have an answer to that, too!

God! I am so longing to get back to sunny California. If I ever *do*, I shall never again find anything to complain about. Now I come to think of it, it is a marvelous life. Lots of friends, wonderful climate, a good contract, golf, skiing (water and snow) and innumerable flagons of rum at the Beachcombers.

Believe me, I shall be on the first boat (after the mines have all been swept up) after the war, and if war breaks out again, I shall pretend I was never told about it. Fred, suppose I don't get back for a couple of years, do you think I'll have any chance of starting in where I left off? Sometimes, being so far away, the whole thing seems like a dream that never happened.

Because we may finish the actual fighting off in a year, it's going to take a long time to get things running smoothly again, and we shall probably be used as police for a long time after it is all over.

Anyway I hope it won't take too long as all this bombing has aged your old chum quite a bit—C. Aubrey Smith parts if it lasts much longer!!!

We had a troups concert the other night. Typical example of the wit from the Back Chat boys:

1. "I can't, you can't, Hitler can't."
2. "Can't what?"
1. "Milk chocolate."

I get very homesick every time I hear one of your records. Prim and I went to see "Top Hat" some little time back. Gosh, that was a swell picture. I am longing to see the one with Paulette. "The Dictator" is doing sensational business and breaking records everywhere. We have lost almost as many movie houses as we have churches through bombing, which is saying something!

Well, as housemaids say when they finish a letter—"I will close now—hoping this finds you as it leaves me." Best possible love to Phyl. God knows I miss you both terribly.

Yours aye,
DAVID.

LETTER NO. 2—

orchestra going full blast so you won't hear. So Foxie, Dotty, Greig and myself got in a car and middled down to Lansdowne House—where your little Delly (scared silly) lay on the floor in the corridor of Dotty's flat from 12 until the all-clear sound about 5:30 in the morning. Honestly, Fred, it was terrifying. Incendiary bombs fell on this roof, and on Berkeley Square a bomb went off before, and the lights went out. Those screaming bombs are the most maddening things. I have never heard anything like them. You know how I even hate to hear a stage gun go off—

I finally got into bed, being too stunned to venture out (just around the corner to here) where I'm parked. And anyway, it's no fun in a "blitz"—alone—it isn't fun at anytime, but you know how misery loves company. Those lice made a wreck of things in this part, Ritz, St. James, etc.—I guess it was a reprisal for our work in Berlin recently.

The way people in Britain work together in times such as these is too awe-inspiring! They put out incendiaries by the thousands! But to hear the drone of the Nazi bombers for eight hours without ceasing—is nerve-rending. Today all is going on as usual, people going about their work and you hear casual reference to the night's raid as "pretty bad"—"nasty night," etc.

It is peaceful at home but we do hear the Nazi planes flying over us on their way to bomb some poor unfortunate town. Poor Manchester took an awful beating. Passing through it to get to my train from the airport, I saw many saddening sights. The theatre that we played at when we last appeared here was wrecked and it is just a shell. It is rather thrilling being in London again despite the "Blitz." I love seeing everyone. Ann Hunloke lives near here, too, and looks so smart in her uniform. She is a clever girl. And she is so thrilled getting the Nylon stockings that Phyllis has been sending her.

I was supposed to go to the dentist today but I'm too jumpy to sit for teeth. Don't think I'll stay here long—but it has been so quiet for the last few weeks, I thought it would continue. Well so long and will write later—just wanted you to know about my first raid!!! And I hope my last. Love to Phyllis and you.

Your
DELLY.

P. S. Fred darling, mother is still elated over receiving those parcels of dried fruit from California—it is marvelous. Food is going to be scarce here, so it is grand to have such luxuries. Bestest love to all. DELLY.

LETTER NO. 3—

sounded. One fellow looked up and said: "The above have arrived."

I do think you will like this story. A party of children on the railway station waiting to be evacuated from London to Liverpool were very behaved, bar one who was very naughty. They got him on the train with plenty of trouble. Even on the train he was terrible. When they got to Liverpool they sent for a man to take care of him. The man said: "I think you are a most ungrateful child." The answer was: "Please, sir, I'm not a child. I'm a jockey and was on my way to Newmarket." I think that's pretty funny.

Went up to the West End last week to see some of the damage. Am sure if you were to see it now it would break your

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heart. Glass is all over the place. The —— and —— are both hit. Anderson and Shephards don't look very nice. It looked like they flew along every main street dropping bombs as they went. The —— just ain't there. You would not believe the wanton and wicked damage they have done. I can see the only safe place is a military object. —— is as flat as a pancake.

Could go on for weeks writing about different places bombed that you know. Just around the corner in Oxford street in —— road there is a hole in the middle of the road you could put your house in. There are many streets closed and it looks like they will be for some time to come. I can't imagine *our* flying men doing such terrible things and I certainly hope they don't.

We have plenty of guns near here, and what with them firing and bombs dropping, one can't get much sleep. I counted —— bombs coming down in less than five minutes one night. The fires light up the sky. I generally stay up late watching it all. But right now all are getting fed up so go to bed earlier. The streets are busy during the day but believe me at night they seem half empty. He can't make me run. In one way I wish he could.

It's just on three o'clock in the afternoon, and from my window I can see people going to the underground with all their bedding for the night. During the day down there blankets, etc., are there marking out different places that have been booked. Mother and father are very well, thank you. Yesterday they had only left the market when it was machine gunned. That's twice they have been lucky. Think I will close my letter now, wishing that you, Madam and the children are in the best of health. Do hope your mother is safe in California. Would write her a letter if I knew where she is living. Thanking you again, I am,

Yours very truly,
GEORGE.

BE YOUR OWN HAIRDRESSER

(*Continued from page 55*)

feather bangs like Greer Garson's, bangs massed in ringlets and many other variations.

Then there are the new close-cropped hair styles that are casual and easy-to-manage and enchantingly feminine with their flattering ringlets and waves. Carole Landis wears a sleek, flattering coiffure of this type for evening. Una Merkel favors a slightly longer variation with ringlet top curls and a smooth roll behind her ears.

Smart coifs for girls with longish hair or hair that's growing out has always been a problem. Lynn Bari's flattering halo arrangement can be achieved if you have very long hair or a false braid to exactly match your own locks. Another brand-new style for evening is to bring the back hair up into a high coiled bun tied with a ribbon or accented with an ornament or flowers. Your front hair should be thinned and shaped so the coif can be softened with top-notch curls, puffy bangs or a pompadour.

Why not sit down and experiment with Hollywood's hair-dos, trying all the new rolls, curls and twists that make modern hair styles so lovely? They're not hard to do with all the inexpensive aids so

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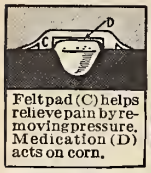
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easily available everywhere—wave set lotions, hair lacquers, brilliantines, bob pins, curlers, tuck combs, hair pins and the like. When you find a style that suits *you*, let a professional hairdresser do the shaping and thinning so your hair will adapt itself more naturally to the coif you've chosen. If you have a thick, heavy bob, your hair will be particularly untractable and hard to arrange, so thin it out and shape it. You can make stubborn locks more obedient to your touch by nightly brushing, frequent shampooing and treatment with the special preparations that make hair softer.

Here are a few simple rules to guide you in selecting a flattering hair style:

If your face is a perfect oval (the ideal shape), be sure to keep your coiffure simple. Choose one that brings your hair off your temples and brows and emphasizes your oval contours.

If your face is round, you can add to its apparent length by building your hair full and soft above the ears with curls and waves following a curving vertical line. Avoid a severe hair style.

If your face is square, keep your hair soft and full at the sides of your face to soften the angle of your jaw. Loose fluffy waves will also offset angularity.

If your face is slender, you can achieve a more oval contour by a side part and by fluffing your hair at the sides to create width. Steer clear of top rolls and top-notch curls as they will accentuate the length of your face. Bangs are a flattering means of minimizing its length.

If you have a narrow forehead and broad jaw, brush your hair cleanly from your temples in an upward sweep and build width with curls or rolls. Keep all hair emphasis above the ears—and try a low side part to narrow your forehead.

But if you have a broad forehead and narrow chin, reverse the procedure. Keep your hair smooth on top, bringing the hair in slightly at the temples to minimize the width of the forehead. Then start your waves and curls just above the ears with fulness near the chin.

If you have a diamond-shaped face (narrow forehead and chin and prominent cheek bones), keep your hair fullness both above and below the ears, dressing the hair close at the cheekline.

If you have a large face with well-defined features, use large waves and curls to give your face better proportion. Don't dress your hair close to your head or your features will appear larger.

If you have a small face with delicate features, wear a soft, fluffy coiffure with small waves and curls and avoid hard, sculptured hair lines. A close hair-do will make your head appear too small.

Why not step out tomorrow in a new hair-do that will do things for you—emphasize your good points and minimize your poor ones? It's a tonic to the spirits, too! Take a tip from Hollywood and reframe your face this fall.

To make your hair really your crowning glory, try Halo Shampoo. Its creamy lather cleanses your hair and scalp thoroughly and removes the dulling film that conceals the natural brilliance of your locks. Halo Shampoo is neither sticky nor greasy, but leaves your hair soft as silk, ready to set beautifully in place. And it's equally good for normal, oily or dry hair of any color.

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THAT MEREDITH MAN

(*Continued from page 43*)

Buzz Meredith was back at Amherst. Though he speaks with pride of attending the place, he has always been publicly resentful of the school. For example, at Amherst young Meredith wanted to get into a fraternity. He was turned down. He was considered too eccentric. And then the final blow. He went out for the dramatic club. He was good, and he was accepted. But at the last minute he was ordered to quit by college authorities because his grades were too low!

That was the end of Amherst. Next our hero spent a semester at Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York, emoting in the fur department.

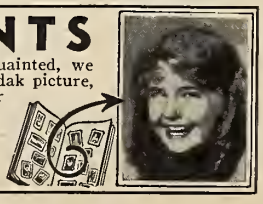
Finally he got around to acting. It happened like much else in Buzz Meredith's life—by inspiration. He was a sailor on a tramp freighter of the Munson Line. When the boat docked in South America, Buzz decided to skip. He was promptly and efficiently arrested, wrapped in irons and placed below. Finding the situation mildly boring, he amused himself by reciting aloud. He also acquired a taste for ham. Which were the proper symptoms. So he vowed to become an actor once and forever.

His apprenticeship may now be found in histories of the theatre. In December of 1929, with a letter of recommendation he wrote for himself, he became an understudy in Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Company. Since he received no pay, he moved in on his married sister. His first official role was in "Romeo and Juliet." He was the lowly servant to Juliet's nurse and he gasped one line. After that his career spiral twisted toward the summit. There was summer stock. Then suddenly there was mental champagne—the lead in Albert Bein's "Little Ol' Boy," wherein Meredith portrayed a reform school outcast. It was a smashing critical success. George Jean Nathan tucked away his arsenic and raved. And Stark Young, the acid, wrote, "Burgess Meredith . . . as near perfection as could be imagined. Worth a hundred performances up and down the town." For this Meredith was paid $225 a week. But the play ran exactly nine days!

IN 1934 our hero took on two jobs at the same time. He appeared on the stage in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." And on the air for a chewing

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gum concern, he enacted Red Davis, typical (and according to Meredith—loathsome) young American boy. This dual employment involved complications. The curtain went up on the play each evening just as the radio show ended. Since the radio paid Buzz $350 per, he hired a private ambulance nightly at $15 to rush him to the footlights.

"In all my life," Meredith told me, "I never had an aversion compared to the healthy hate I had for playing Red Davis on the radio."

In fact, according to the story, one evening before his regular broadcast, Meredith wandered into a cocktail lounge and didn't wander out again. Red Davis didn't appear that night. Millions of American youngster went to sleep unhappy, Meredith retained a hangover—and the sponsor had to spend $60,000 explaining to America that their Red Davis was ill in bed.

And then came "Winterset," written by Maxwell Anderson and produced and directed by Katharine Cornell's brilliant husband, Guthrie McClintic. And staged by Jo Mielziner.

"It all began when I was playing 'Flowers of the Forest,'" explained Meredith. "Maxwell Anderson came backstage. He said he liked my work. He said he would write a play for me. And as it turned out, he wrote three, all prize-winners. The first, of course, was 'Winterset.' To Maxwell Anderson and to Guthrie McClintic, the greatest director in the entire world, I owe almost all my theatrical knowledge and my present position in the profession!"

Today, Meredith considers Mio in "Winterset" the best part he has ever done. But on the stage he said it was really tough. "Poetic lines by a lowly person—difficult to make realistic." He was starred for the first time, and he immediately bought himself a miniature camera, and when he thought no one was looking, photographed his name in front of the theatre!

Meredith's greatest thrill? When the curtain fell on the opening of "Winterset." As he wrote later:

"The shrieking audience, their bravos, the many curtains . . . ecstatic and thrilling and good for the famine of an actor's ego. Then the hysterical dressing room scenes! Judith Anderson, Tallulah Bankhead, McClintic, Anderson, dozens all rushing in, some crying, all moved, all sure of our success! I opened a bottle of brandy and we drank."

The film version of "Winterset" added up to ten weeks of Hollywood at $1,500 a week—ten weeks which have bled into five years.

Since that time much celluloid has gone under the bridge. Today Burgess Meredith is very frank and extremely modest about his cinema accomplishments.

"The first time I saw myself on the screen was in 'Winterset,' and that was a treat because it was a good picture." Meredith smiled. "The second movie was 'There Goes the Groom.' I was the first to enter for the preview, saw two reels and was the first to leave! Other of my pictures, I hasten to add, I have not seen. Nor do I wish to see them. They might discourage me sufficiently to drive me away from Hollywood for good!

"Some people are always saying they want to go back to the stage. I don't say that. I say I want to go where there are good words to speak and good lines to read. It makes no difference if the medium be stage, screen or radio for the artist. The challenge and the choice remains in written words. If you look at a sentence and say, 'Will I be able to do this well enough?'—you have a good line. But if you must say, 'How can I ever do this?'—you have a poor line and something to avoid, no matter the medium.

"Today, perhaps because of the war, I feel there isn't much fine language being written for the actor to read aloud. And if I must do mediocre stuff, I might as well do it where the gold is yellowest, and where I can make the best living. Which would be Hollywood. But there's no sense in being snobbish and saying the stage is better than the screen. Hell, I was just as satisfied with 'Of Mice and Men' on the screen as 'High Tor' on Broadway. So there you are."

During our conversation Meredith mentioned several of his leading ladies. I asked him for his favorite actress. He shook his finger at me.

"Oh, no, you don't. Not that question. Why, how can I possibly name my favorite actress? I'm such a pushover for each lady I play opposite—and I've played opposite so many—that the list would be too long to choose from, and even if I could, it would cause, er, slight complications."

YET for all his leading ladies, Burgess Meredith has never mixed business with pleasure. His two marriages were both outside his immediate circle. Early in 1932, while performing in summer stock at Cape May, N. J., Meredith was married to the late Mrs. Helen Derby Berrien on the stage of the Straw Hat Theatre. He was the star of the show; she took tickets at the entrance. A week before "Winterset" opened in September of 1935, they were divorced.

The second venture took place four months later when Meredith fell in love with Margaret Perry and became her husband at Sneden's Landing in New York.

Having heard that currently he was escorting Olivia de Havilland and other cuties about town, I asked Meredith if he had matrimony in mind again. He emphatically did not!

"You know, of course, I've been married twice already," he said. "Well, obviously, I'm in no hurry for a third try. I have no romantic plans. Look, I've been a bachelor for two solid years now, and while it becomes boring at times, it's safe. Though you never can tell. Sometimes I get frightened when I think I'm too ripe for matrimony, and then I don't see a woman for weeks!"

Aside from entanglements with blondes and brunettes, Meredith has a great passion for flying. He doesn't fly much these days, because RKO doesn't trust his eccentric barrel rolls and loop-the-loops. But he swears he's a corking good pilot, and if he is drafted, as he may be soon, he hopes to go into the Air Corps.

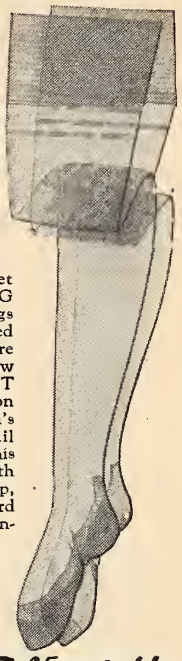
"I also like reading," he confessed. "And I have the best collection of first editions of Yeats in the country.

"However, I'm not at all the pipe, dog and fireside type of person. I like to hang around pubs or clubs or taverns or cocktail bars. It's the people you meet—and gossip with!"

A very candid and a very frank guy, that Buzz Meredith, with a very honest estimate of himself. That's what I told you in the beginning. And now you've seen for yourself. "When I didn't have a dime for a cup of coffee, I knew it wasn't going to last— And now I'm not so sure this is going to last either." That's what he said. Remember? But, of course, now you know that's hooey. You know that Meredith man, like the talkies, is here to stay.

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You August-ites are wonderful fun to know, but being married to you is like living with a barrell of TNT.

You have more moods than Garbo and a temper hotter than a Boyer love scene. What's more, you're a shameless flirt!

Funny thing is, you really adore your spouse, your home and your kids, but you have a horror of being labeled domesticized.

You gloat over a ticket for speeding and other minor run-ins with The Law, for they just confirm your conviction that you're quite a devil. You're endearingly childish and adore getting presents. Here's to a raft of them and a honey of a birthday!

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TODAY— The Choice of Millions from Coast to Coast!

BIG 1/2 LB. TIN
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"When I'm on a set, I remove my make-up many times daily with Hollywood Extra Theatrical Cold Cream. It is kind to my skin and it costs so little, I can use it lavishly."

LOIS RANSON, *lovely young starlet best known for her fine work in "Cheers for Miss Bishop," now appearing in "Angels With Broken Wings."*





"Hollywood Extra Theatrical Cold Cream cleanses so thoroughly and leaves my skin with such a satisfied feeling, soft and fresh. I love its delicate fragrance, too."

LENI LYNN, *golden-voiced starlet appearing in "Babes in Arms" and "Angels With Broken Wings."*



"I find Hollywood Extra Theatrical Cold Cream an ideal make-up remover and skin cleanser. It's so gentle and fragrant. What more could I get from costlier creams?"

CAROL ADAMS, *whose lovely dancing and singing you see in "The Gay Vagabond" and "Sis Hopkins."*

All the fine qualities of a costly cleansing cream!

The big, convenient tin of "Hollywood Extra" isn't for girls who love to pay for fancy packages. It was originally created expressly for studio "Extra" girls, to whom a good complexion is even more important than it is to a star. From the movie studios the great news about "Hollywood Extra" Theatrical Cold Cream spread to hundreds of thousands of women in all walks of life. Now it is sold in every city in the nation, and in most of the smaller towns, too! This generous half-pound tin of *perfect* cleansing cream gives your complexion exquisite care, *without strain on the budget.* Made from the purest ingredients, delicately scented, it liquefies at body temperature to give thorough yet *gentle* cleansing.



"Costs so little, you may use it lavishly"
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THE MAN WHO GAVE THE "EXTRA" GIRLS A BREAK...

Frequent make-up changes in the motion picture studios call for the *lavish* use of cleansing creams. Fancy packages don't count, but *quality* is most important, since a good complexion means *everything* to a film player. Eight years ago Allen Rabin, a leading Hollywood cosmetician, decided to produce a really fine theatrical cold cream that even an "extra girl," living on a slim budget, could afford to use *lavishly*. He gambled that not only Hollywood film folk, but women everywhere would buy a mass-produced, economically distributed tin of "Hollywood Extra" Theatrical Cold Cream, sensibly priced at 25c for a full half-pound. He was right! Today millions of women, who can afford the costliest creams have learned it's *foolish to pay more.*



UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO'S MAKE-UP EXPERT, BILL MADSEN, make-up supervisor for "Of Mice and Men," "Turnabout," "Topper Takes A Trip" and other great United Artists productions, says: "Extra girls must use lots of cleansing cream for frequent make-up changes, and its *got* to be of finest quality. "Hollywood Extra" Theatrical Cold Cream is a real quality product, popular on the lot with all players."



A NEW STAR GOES PLACES WITH *Beautiful Eyes*

Marjorie Woodworth
starring in "Broadway Limited"
Hal Roach-United Artists Production

In Hollywood, one of the first rules of beauty is soft, natural-looking eye make-up. Film "heart-stealers" could tell you, it's easy—with Maybelline! For Maybelline gives your eyes beauty you never even suspected. It gives your face a new personality, vivid and vibrant—inviting "the man in your life" to discover a new, young, irresistible You!

Tear-proof Maybelline Mascara darkens lashes safely, without smarting or smudging—makes them look long and luxuriant. Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil brings grace and character to your brows, while Maybelline Eye Shadow intensifies the color of your eyes.

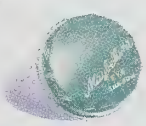
Today, awaken your beauty with Maybelline as so many Hollywood beauties do. Be *sure* you insist on genuine Maybelline . . . dependable, long-lasting, truly natural-looking —the Eye Make-up in Good Taste. All popular harmonizing shades. At drug and department stores, or attractive purse sizes at any 10c counter.



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Solid-form Mascara



Maybelline
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WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MODERN SCREEN

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ENTS



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GENE TIERNEY

Paulette Goddard SAVED MY LIFE!"

WHY *Vic Mature's* MARRIAGE WILL STICK

It's Better Than Good . . . It's Perfect!

America's top musical stage hit is now a fast-stepping song-filled screen musical extravaganza that takes its place alongside of glamorous "Ziegfeld Girl" ...It's a grand story...told to the rhythms of Gershwin, Kern and Freed ...with romance and stars and dancing and spectacle! Good? It's the best!





"Lady Be Good!"

LADY BE GOOD

Starring
ELEANOR POWELL
ANN SOTHERN
ROBERT YOUNG
WITH **LIONEL BARRYMORE**
John Carroll · Red Skelton

Screen Play by Jack McGowan, Kay Van Riper and John McClain. Based on an Original Story by Jack McGowan. Produced by ARTHUR FREED
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



"Lady Be Good!"



Song Hits!
"Your Words And My Music"
"Lady Be Good"
"Fascinating Rhythm"
"The Last Time I Saw Paris"
"You'll Never Know"

Wait till you hear Ann Sothern sing "THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"



Even if you weren't Born to Beauty—

YOU'LL WIN HEARTS.. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is a priceless asset. Help to keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

EVERY attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, 'phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. *And remember,* healthy gums are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. *See your dentist!* His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is specially designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Try Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

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MODERN SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

O sweet and lovely
Lady be good.
O Lady be good
To me.



★ ★ ★ ★

We are in voice today. It's not that hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the pretty compliments we've been receiving from the public about "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

★ ★ ★ ★

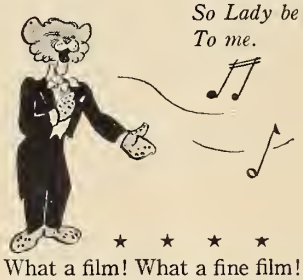
The fact is that we've been vocally hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please pardon our Sothern accent.

★ ★ ★ ★

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did you know she could sing like that? Neither did we. In case you don't get around to the picture, here's the way she does it.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm just a lonesome
Babe in the wood,
So Lady be good
To me.



★ ★ ★ ★

What a film! What a fine film! What a mighty fine film! It has a plot that's hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Eleanor Powell has never been better. Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, torso, arms, shoulders, head. All dance together in real rhythm.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack McGowan wrote an original. Then he and Kay Van Riper and John McClain fashioned a screen play. Then Norman McLeod directed. Result—Oo-la-la!

★ ★ ★ ★

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and Arthur Freed. Then serve.

★ ★ ★ ★

Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a stunning co-starring job. Lionel Barrymore is still the old master. John Carroll is a discovery. Red Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien is a bright flash in the dead pan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fan song: *O Leo be good*
To me.

—*The Maestro*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

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Cover Girl: Gene Tierney, appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Belle Starr" and United Artists' "Sundown"

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Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first sly signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your LUCKY SHADE—find your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!

By *Lady Esther*

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know... everyone wants to look young!

But if you want to look younger, more attractive—why use a shade of powder that may age you—even a tiny bit?

Are you *sure* that the shade you are using is the perfect shade for you? Some shades can hide your loveliness and charm—just as certain harsh, unflattering lights can. But the *right* shade of powder can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

That's why I offer you this gift; I'll send you FREE all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all—let your mirror tell you which is yours!

What is the secret of Lady Esther Face Powder? It's the new way it's made—the first really *different* way in generations. It's blown and buffed by Twin Hurricanes until it is softer and smoother by far than any powder made the ordinary way. You'll love it! It goes on so smoothly and evenly, and clings 4 long hours or more. Women by the thousands say it's as loyal and flattering as any face powder they've ever used!



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

Try All 9 Shades FREE!

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder—without guesswork and without cost. Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail this coupon now, before you forget.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (72)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FLASH! ***Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces ORSON WELLES in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.***

MOVIE *reviews*



Rugged mountaineer Alvin York (Gary Cooper) is rendered speechless by 16-year-old Gracie Williams (Joan Leslie). He fell head over heels in love with her at first sight!



There's three-way rivalry for Ginger Rogers' hand twixt title players in "Tom, Dick and Harry." Burgess Meredith offers dreams; Geo. Murphy, security; Alan Marshal, gayety!

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

SERGEANT YORK ★★★★

Here is high caliber screen entertainment that's a piece of genuine Americana.

Built around the real life story of Alvin C. York during World War 1, this movie's an engrossing and timely drama of the inner struggles of a simple man. Told slowly but convincingly, it's the saga of York's life in the Valley of the Three Forks in Tennessee where with his mother, sister and brother he scratches an indifferent living from the stony soil. He gets religion and along comes the war with the terrible alternative; to kill or not to kill. First he has to stack up his aversion to killing against his conviction that he must kill in order to stop future warfare. He decides on the latter and becomes the greatest individual hero of the war.

Gary Cooper's never been as convincing or as thrilling as he is in the title role. Joan Leslie as his girl, Gracie, is a real surprise. She has the stuff. She is true and real.

There's a very fine supporting cast, which includes Margaret Wycherley, Walter Brennan and Dickie Moore. But the greatest individual honors, aside from Gary Cooper, go to Howard Hawks for steadfast, sure-footed direction, and Jesse Lasky, who had the tenacity to keep after this story for 20 years before he finally got the right to produce it.—*W.B.*

TOM, DICK AND HARRY ★★★★

This is an amusing full-of-fun movie that you'll be bound to enjoy.

The story tells what happens to a romantic telephone operator (Ginger) who is pursued by three different kinds of young men. Some of it gets pretty wild and impossible, but all of it is so unusual that you're grateful to the writer and director for their courage. It's told with tricks and surprises so that the resultant movie is full of laughs, satire and a few genuinely tender moments.

Ginger's more versatile here than ever before, and is perfectly cast as the adolescent girl who can't make up her mind among her swains. Her choice is determined by a series of dreams about each of them.

The cast is better than average. George Murphy is Tom, a rising young businessman; Alan Marshal is Dick, a wealthy playboy; Burgess Meredith is Harry, a poor and lazy young dreamer. It's hard to choose between them for acting honors. There is good background support, too, from Joe Cunningham, Lenore Lonergan and Phil Silvers. All are about as good as they could possibly be.

When you add it all up, the main honors go to Ginger for her acting, Paul Jarrico for the unusual and effective writing and by no means least to Garson Kanin for brilliant directing.—*RKO.* (*Cont'd on page 14*)

JUST LOOK AT THESE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

Here they are! **The Choice of all of Hollywood's offerings for this month and the near future! Better check them off—*you'll want to see every one!***



ON THE SET WITH

"THE LITTLE FOXES"



Lovely, ruthless Regina Giddens (Bette Davis) is wife of Horace Giddens (Herbert Marshall), president of small Southern bank in year 1900. She has a daughter, Alexandra (Teresa Wright).



In lavish style for which he is famed, Goldwyn brought in top-flight portrait photographers George Hurrell (above), Maurine, Paul Hesse, James Doolittle, Charles Kerlee and L. Willinger to make publicity sittings of Stars Davis and Wright. Unit lenser was Bert Six. Since wild life conservationists ban birds an hats, studio had to barrow one fram Louisiana Museum.



Chief trouble maker among authentic Edwardian period gowns designed by Orry-Kelly, this black velvet, bead-trimmed creation necessitated use of flesh-pinching corsets, brought on Davis collapse. Bette's wardrobe also included gawn of black taffeta and lace, and one of white lace, both heirlooms. For stays, designers had no whalebone, used steel instead.



With her avaricious brathers, Ben Hubbard (Charles Dingle, above) and Oscar Hubbard (Carl Benton Reid), Regina plots to buy control of a cotton mill. Each one must put up $75,000.



To interpret morbid psychological nuances of Lillian Hellman's stage smash, Goldwyn gave camera assignment to thin, sensitive-faced Gregg Toland (kneeling), Hollywood's ace cinematographer. Toland lighting wizardry (see "Citizen Kane"), not elaborate make-up, made over-40, hard-faced Regina Giddens of 32-year-old Bette Davis. Candles were electric-lit.



Bitter antagonist of the greedy, arrogant Hubbards is David Hewitt (Richard Carlson), young newspaperman and son of the village dressmaker. Regina discourages his attentions to Alexandra.



Anxious to get the money needed for her share of the mill deal, Regina sends Alexandra to bring home Horace, ailing of a heart condition in Baltimore, treats him with unaccustomed solicitude.



Made up and costumed as Regina Giddens, Star Davis strikingly resembles more voluptuous Tallullah Bankhead, star of stage show. Becoming pompadour hairdress required 48-minute work each morning, helped illusion of middle age. Instead of conventional make-up, Warner artist Perc Westmore (above) depended on plain white base, very little eye shadow.



Nervous Bette smoked incessantly between scenes. Light-provider (above) is Prop Man Irving Sindler, who always sneaks his name into a Goldwyn film. In this one, it appears in newspaper insert. Bette's companion is Herbert Marshall, suave, 51, British—object of her hatred in the film, a warm friend in private. He played chess by mail with a British schoolmate.



Weak, disillusioned, Horace soon realizes her purpose, flatly refuses her demand for the $75,000. Coldly, brutally, Regina drops her mask, tells Horace she hopes he will soon be dead.

(Continued on page 10)

IRRESISTIBLE
Glamour



YOURS WITH
Irresistible
RUBY RED

Jewel-tone lipsticks flash into the limelight. Leading star of this dramatic mode is IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED... a deep, rich, sparkling red which blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. Softer, smoother, longer-lasting, thanks to our secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.
Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

CONTINUED . . .

"THE LITTLE FOXES"



Directar Wyler, 39, blue-eyed, France-born, chucked department stare clerking for films, worked up from prop boy to top megaphonist, fram two-reel harse operas to his latest "The Westerner." For "Little Faxes," he had advantage of an entire, six-house village square built inside a studia sound stage—plus services of original Broadway cast members.



Meanwhile Lea Hubbard, weakling son of Carl and teller in the Giddens Bank, reparts he has access to $90,000 warth of Horace's bands. The Hubbards "borrow" the bonds, scornfully tell Regina that she's now out of the deal.



Regina vents her fury on Horace, induces a heart attack. When he drops his vital medicine bottle, she refuses help, watches him totter vainly upstairs in search of another, then collapse. The horror of her deed leaves Regina unmoved.



Stickler for realism, Wyler braught in Dr. E. Bertrand Woolfan (abave) to akay Herbert Marshall's portrayal of man subject ta heart attacks. Wyler himself found Marshall's wheelchair handy for relaxing between scenes, in one rare maad, prapelled himself araund, tooting like an auta harn. Death of 6-ft., 175-lb. Marshall is film's high point.



Hailed as new find is Teresa Wright, Maplewood, N. J., high-schooler and star of Broadway's "Life With Father, who cuts her movie milk teeth on fat role of Alexandra, Regina Giddens' 17-year-old daughter. A doll-collector, Teresa was not camera-shy, felt nervous only for still shats. Her film romance with Richard Carlson was tacked onto original play.



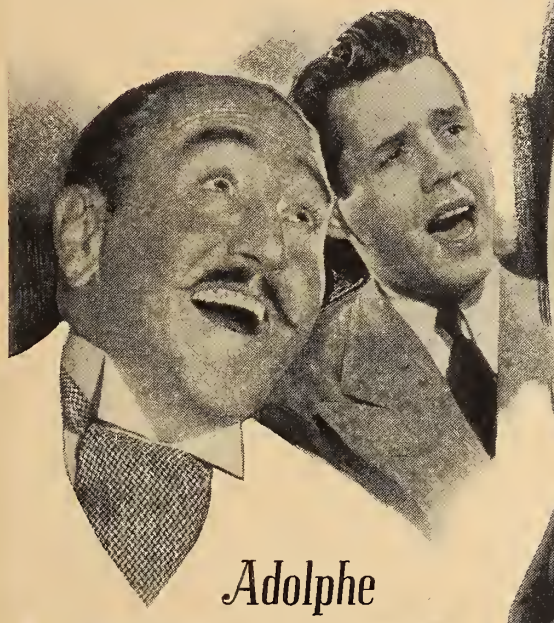
Horace's death brings Alexandra to sudden, bitter maturity. With new-found courage and David Hewett's support, she defies Regina's decision to move to Chicaga. Regina finds herself, at the end, suddenly lonely, bereft.

THERE'S *Glamour* ON THE SCREEN AGAIN

BECAUSE

Gloria's Back!

Star news of the year for every movie fan who's over seven!...You'll see what you've missed when you see what she does to you in this hilariously amorous story of two love-birds who eloped without his children's consent!





Adolphe
MENJOU

Gloria
SWANSON

In A Screaming Comedy

Of Life Among The In-Laws—With Reverse English

"Father Takes A Wife"

with John Howard — *Desi Arnaz · Helen Broderick · Florence Rice*

RKO Radio Picture

Produced by Lee Marcus • Directed by Jack Hively

Original Screen Play by Dorothy and Herbert Fields



Jack Sprat could eat no fat — his wife could eat no lean. So they argued until the neighbors complained. Then one day Jack brought home a package of Dentyne (that delicious and pleasantly chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Sprat.

"A treat for your taste," said Jack. "Just you taste the blended richness of Dentyne's fine flavor."

"Say — it's *good,*" cried Mrs. Sprat, "Dentyne is better than dessert."

"And not so fattening as some desserts," said Jack slyly. "Besides it will help keep your teeth naturally bright and sparkling. Here don't chew *all* six sticks!"

So Jack and Mrs. Sprat no longer argue — they both enjoy Dentyne.

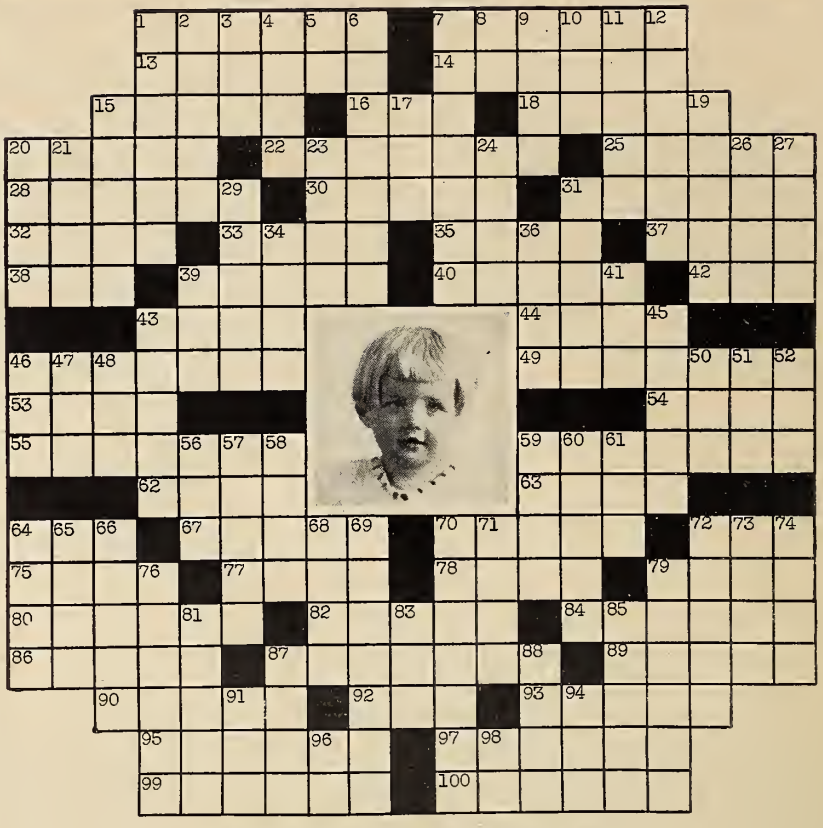
(Moral: You can't argue about Dentyne's fine flavor. You enjoy it instead. And it helps keep your teeth bright and attractive. Dentyne's package is flat, handy, and flavortite.)

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 88

ACROSS

1. Star of "Almost An Angel"
7. Wife of "Sergeant York"
13. He immortalized "Knute Rockne"
14. Bellamy's detective characterization
15. Made history as "Citizen Kane"
16. What James is to Russell Gleason
18. S-shaped moldings
20. Watered silk fabric
22. Lightest
25. Chemical element
28. - - - - - - Judge
30. Ellen Drew's real name: - - - - - Ray
31. Spanish lady
32. Dregs
33. Bahe in "Our Wife"
35. Light tan
37. Femme in 19-Down
38. "Tom, Dick - - - Harry"
39. Hepburn played "Alice - - - - -"
40. Harvests
42. J - - - ie Matthews
43. Arabic letter
44. Allot
46. Any young actress
49. Film's gala first showing
53. Invade
54. A seaweed
55. Trying experiences
59. Femme in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"
62. He's in "Father Takes a Wife"
63. Tree of Java
64. Film producer
67. Top motion picture players
70. Wealth
72. Cry of a sheep
75. Immigration officer in "Hold Back the Dawn"
77. Issue
78. Declare
79. Our star pictured above
80. He's "Love Crazy"
82. Famous director of films
84. Star in "Smilin' Through"
86. Take: var.
87. Kari in "Aloma of the South Seas"
89. Bitter herbs
90. Mickey's film father
92. Curvaceous star
93. Norse god
95. Isolate
97. Singer in "Rookies on Parade"
99. Light, narrow sword
100. Commission

DOWN

1. Miss Bowdon
2. Comic in "Parachute Battalion"
3. C - - - le Landis
4. Universal's Mexican dancer
5. Our star's home state: Min - - sota
6. Singers in "In the Navy"
7. Male lead in "Puddin' Head"
8. Dialect comic
9. Groove
10. Part of the limb
11. Heroine of "Unfinished Business"
12. Scanning
15. Luhricated
17. "Danger on the - - - "
19. "The Big - - - - -"
20. Eskimo actor
21. Priscilla Lane's ex
23. News paragraph
24. Groom of India
26. Natural mineral deposits
27. Negative votes
29. Male lead of "Thieves Fall Out"
31. Above: prefix
34. Lead in "Manpower"
36. Sloping roadway
39. Everything
41. James - - - wart
43. Comedienne in "She Knew All the Answers"
45. Silent day Shirley Temple
46. Standing Room Only: ahhr.
47. Popeye is one
48. Help
50. Dorothy W - - - on
51. Self
52. Gloomy
56. Roman bronze
57. Prominent actor: John - - - - -
58. Bang
59. First name of our star
60. Lily Pons' field
61. Champion's favorite fodder
64. "- - - - At Sea"
65. Musical instrument
66. Mrs. William Powell
68. His sports reels are tops
69. Stutter
70. Star of "Flame of New Orleans"
71. Elliptical
72. Noble
73. Heroines of "West Point Widow"
74. Eons
76. Vicki's last name
79. Margaret Sullavan's husband
81. Girl's name
83. Ingrid Bergman's daughter
85. Aunt Milly of Hardy series
87. Singer in "Father Takes a Wife"
88 Pitcher
91. Pinch
94. Femme lead in "Accent on Love"
96. "Pepe - - Moko"
98. "F - - st Love"


...and this was to have been Lydia's Wedding Night!
Yes, Lydia learned all about love . . . but it took four men to teach her. Vividly, unforgettably, her story is revealed in this, the thrilling drama of a free woman!
Alexander Korda presents
"Lydia"
The Love Drama for which You Will Remember 1941
starring
MERLE OBERON
ALAN MARSHAL · JOSEPH COTTEN
HANS YARAY · GEORGE REEVES
with JOHN HALLIDAY · SARA ALLGOOD
and EDNA MAY OLIVER
Directed by Julien Duvivier · Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete · Screenplay and dialogue by Ben Hecht and Sam Hoffenstein · Released thru United Artists

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

★★★★ Here Comes Mr. Jordan

The only thing wrong with this picture is its title. That phony handle hides one of the most amusing, most original, most entertaining comedies of all times.

Robert Montgomery is the star, and he turns in a very fine performance. James Gleason and Claude Rains are supporting players, who are better here than they've ever been. Evelyn Keyes is the girl, and she isn't as good as she ought to be. But even more important than the acting in "Mr. Jordan" is the writing and production.

The story concerns a mugg prize-fighter named Joe Pendleton, who's killed in an airplane accident. It seems that there's been some mistake in heaven, and he is not supposed to have died for fifty years hence. So he goes back to earth and borrows the body of a very rich socialite. That is one of the funny things—this mugg prize-fighter inside the body of a smug banker! It isn't like anything that was ever screened before. It's swell.

Bows to director Alexander Hall, to writers Seton Miller and Sidney Buchman and to producer Everett Riskin.—*C.*

★★★½ Charley's Aunt

Here is a top-notch movie that you're sure to love. It's as old-fashioned as a museum piece, and no attempt has been made to bring it up to date. All the laughs are based on situations which no longer exist, but it isn't old-time folderol by any means! It's been funny for many, many years and still is.

Jack Benny, who always has played himself in movies, acts the part of an Oxford boy who masquerades as somebody's aunt in a series of inane situations. He makes out elegantly. Just as well as Sidney Chaplin and Charlie Ruggles did years ago!

There's an extra good supporting cast, which helps today's version considerably. Among the male actors, Edmund Gwenn and Laird Cregar are best, and Kay Francis is tops among the femmes. But Benny has to carry most of the script himself—and does. Directed (and very neatly) by Archie Mayo.—*T.C.F.*

★★★½ Sun Valley Serenade

It's a pleasant, fast-paced musical that Sonja appears in this time. The skating stuff is excellent but at a minimum. Surrounding it is an amusing story, some fine music and a much-better-than-average cast. John Payne is the boy, Lynn Bari's the other girl, Milton Berle hands out the laughs, and Glenn Miller attends to the syncopation.

For story purposes, Payne's a bandleader in love with Lynn Bari, a singer with a big reputation. Largely because of her, Johnny gets an important booking at Sun Valley. But his press-agent, Milton Berle, has arranged a publicity stunt whereby Johnny is to adopt a foreign refugee. The kid (Sonja Henie) arrives and tags along with them. The accompanying complications are played at a merry pace.

Johnny and Lynn both sing okay. Milton has never been funnier. Sonja has never been cuter. And the music is way above average. Seven fine tunes, with "The Kiss Polka" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo" best.

For specialty numbers there are the Nicholas Brothers, who have never been topped in their particular kind of dancing; Joan Davis; Dorothy Dandridge—and an extra good skating chorus. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—*TCF.*

★★★½ The Bride Came C.O.D.

Bette Davis and James Cagney are partners here in a splendid light comedy liberally garnished with good, old-fashioned slapstick.

The story is one of those idiotic affairs in which a number of amusing characters are wound around an unusual situation and permitted to go 'round and 'round. If it works, it's swell. This one works.

Bette does a fine job as a spoiled heiress who is about to elope with Jack Carson, an I-love-me bandleader. Cagney is an aviator hired to fly the couple to Las Vegas. Eugene Pallette, Bette's father, is agin it and makes a deal with Cagney to kidnap Bette and deliver her at so much a pound C.O.D. Everything would have worked fine except Kid Cupid delivers a two-way punch during a plane wreck in the desert.

This is one of those rare cases where topnotch writing, direction and acting all help each other rather than getting in each other's way.

Besides the excellent thesping of the



EENIE—MEENIE—MINEY—MO

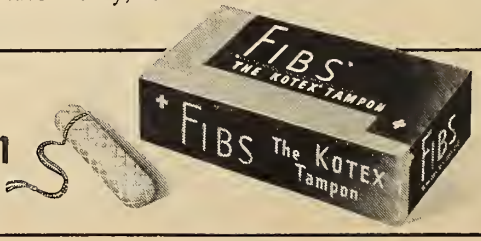
. . . which Tampon should I choose?

I had to be sure which brand of this new *internal* sanitary protection was best (and you can't ask a clerk!). Then I spotted the words: "*The Kotex Tampon*" on a package of Fibs...and that settled it for me! Here was a name I could trust completely! And actually, Fibs cost less...*not 8, not 10, but 12 for 20c.*

A lucky choice . . . with Fibs I can even slip into my playsuit and enjoy life with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs require no pins or belts and are *so easy* to use that no artificial method of insertion is needed. What's more, only Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety. Remember to ask for Fibs . . . enjoy chafe-free comfort and save money, too!



FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon



NOT 8—NOT 10—*BUT* 12 FOR 20¢

★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

two stars, there's an amazingly good performance by Jack Carson. Harry Davenport is outstanding as a ghost town proprietor; Eugene Pallette is good in his standard blustering father role, and comedy support is added by Stuart Erwin, William Frawley, George Tobias, Edward Brophy and Harry Holman. Don't overlook the excellent pacing by Director William Keighley.—*W.B.*

★★★ My Life with Caroline

The trouble with this picture is: too much charm and too little substance. Ronald Colman's married to Anna Lee, who thinks she's in love with Reggie Gardiner until Ronnie convinces her otherwise. The producers and directors manage a few innovations, but too much time is spent in talk, talk, talk.

It's the American début of Anna Lee, who has a lot on the ball but overplays in spots. Colman gives the leading role plenty of savoir faire and charm. He's closer here to the old Colman who used to bowl you gals over than he's been in some years.

Reggie Gardiner is quite good, although you may be surprised by the type of characterization he undertakes. There are a number of pleasing support performances with Charles Winninger, Gilbert Roland and Hugh O'Connell heading the list. Directed by Lewis Milestone.—*RKO.*

★★★ Manpower

Here is rough and tough melodrama, with Edward G. Robinson, Marlene Dietrich and George Raft heading the cast. If you like these players, if you don't object to rough-house humor and dialogue, a bit on the borderline—well, then, you'll have an uproarious time.

Few pictures have moved at a faster pace than this yarn of the power lines and the men who keep them up. Marlene's a hostess in a clip joint. Robinson befriends and marries her, but is a dud around women, and she soon falls for Raft, Eddie's best friend. The triangle is solved by Robinson's falling from a power tower and getting killed while fighting with Raft.

The actors are all as good as they ever were. There is an extra special strong supporting cast, almost all of them of the same virile vintage as the stars: Frank McHugh, Alan Hale, Ward Bond and Joe Crehan.

Raoul Walsh's direction punches each scene home with conviction, and there's a distinct bow due to Ernie Haller for his better-than-average photography.—*W.B.*

★★½ Accent On Love

Familiar in practically every detail, this movie still manages to be pleasant because it's so freshly-handled, well played and neatly directed. Also, it's important because it gives budding-star George Montgomery a big chance.

George is married to a rich gal. Tired of his useless existence, he hires out as a ditch-digger, falls in love with a poor girl, gets a divorce, convinces his ex-father-in-law that something should be done about the awful conditions of tenement buildings and marries the new girl in his life.

Besides Montgomery's performance, there is an A-1 acting job by Osa Massen. J. Carroll Naish is tops as a foreman, Thurston Hall impresses as Pop, but Cobina Wright, Jr., barely manages to get by with her snob socialite portrayal. Directed by Ray McCarey.—*TCF.*

★★½ Barnacle Bill

This picture is over-length and none too original—but it makes you laugh once

Two office bachelors —but no date for Joan!



Popularity and Jobs are Safer if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

TWO attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of *underarm odor* doesn't get or deserve the *breaks.*

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

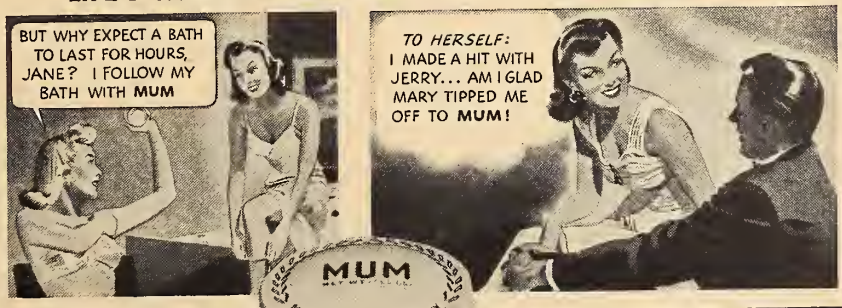
Many smart girls—eager to get ahead in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing... in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins

Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

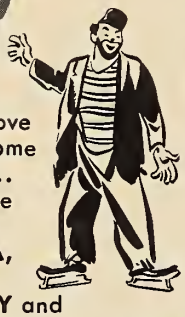
STARGAZING at a BIG PICTURE



WHEN we say "BIG Picture," WE'RE putting it MILDLY... because "ICE-CAPADES OF 1942" is the greatest COMBINATION of STAR-spangled COMEDY, music, ROMANCE and SPECTACLE to reach THE screen in a mighty LONG time... You'll SEE lovely DOROTHY LEWIS, FAMED skating STAR of NEW York's HOTEL St. Regis ICE show, in her SENSATIONAL ROUTINES—and in



A heart-touching love STORY with handsome JAMES ELLISON... YOU'LL howl at the ANTICS of JERRY COLONNA, VERA VAGUE, ALAN MOWBRAY and PHIL SILVERS—and you'll have the ADDED treat of seeing for the first TIME on any screen the renowned TROUPE of "ICE-CAPADES" performers... THE skaters, ice-dancers AND clowns whose CARNIVAL-on-ice THRILLED the entire NATION... You'll see THEM all—





BELITA... LOIS DWORSHAK... MEGAN TAYLOR... VERA HRUBA... ROBIN LEE... JOE JACKSON, JR.... plus all the HOLLYWOOD stars we've ALREADY told you about... ALL in one giant entertainment— "ICE-CAPADES OF 1942"... DON'T miss it! It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

in a while. Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main have the leads and recall the Beery-Dressler pictures of some years back.

Beery goes through his usual paces as a seldom-working fisherman who cadges a living from friends and acquaintances. Virginia Weidler shows up on the scene, a long-absent daughter who is very proud of Wally's sailing ability. To live up to her conception of him, he has to work. This brings about his regeneration.

Beery, Miss Main and the Weidler tot are all topnotch in their own particular ways, and all are permitted considerable leeway in the mugging department. Extra good support is turned in by Barton MacLane, Leo Carrillo and Donald Meek. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—*M-G-M.*

★★½ Blondie in Society

This is one of the best of the Blondie series. More humor than usual, a more adult key, but still retaining its essentially juvenile following.

The motif is dogs. Dagwood brings home a Great Dane which embroils the Bumstead clan with the neighborhood. But don't worry; the Dane doesn't outshine the regular Bumstead pup. Daisy holds her own.

The regular Blondie cast is at regular pace throughout, Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms registering as usual, while neat support is added by Slow-Burn Edgar Kennedy. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.—*Col.*

★★½ Hello Sucker

Unimportant but amusing, this is a Hugh Herbert comedy full of zany carryings-on. None of it makes sense, but most of it is fun.

Tom Brown and Peggy Moran, fresh from the country, are sold a defunct theatrical agency by a couple of sharpers. Hugh Herbert is a magician who feels sorry for them and gets them out of the scrape by helping them make a success of the business.

Lewis Howard and June Storey provide the romantic complications, while Walter Catlett and Robert Emmet Keane are a good comedy support team. Directed by Edward Cline.—*Univ.*

★★½ Cracked Nuts

It's not bad—but a few exciting stars in the cast would have helped.

It seems that Stuart Erwin is a hick who wins a slogan contest and goes to the city to be clipped by Mischa Auer and Bill Frawley. All of them try hard but are too routine; you know just what to expect all the way. And Una Merkel is completely wasted as Stu's girl-friend. She deserves better material than this. Directed by Edward Cline.—*Univ.*

★★½ Hurry, Charlie, Hurry

The story is the kind that reminds you more of two reel comedies than anything else, but it keeps moving. Leon Errol paces the actors and leads them a merry chase. Leon is a bank president who wants to get away from his snooty wife, Cecil Cunningham, in order to do some fishing. So he invents an invitation to Washington to visit the Vice President. The V.P. shows up, and—well, that's about it, plus much ado. It's fun.

Errol is swell, Miss Cunningham is amusing, George Watts is excellent as Leon's fishing companion, and the romance is left to Kenneth Howell and Mildred Coles who don't get enough footage to tell you very much about their acting ability. Directed by Charles Roberts.—*RKO.*

★★½ The Officer and The Lady

This is an average cops and robbers melodrama which deserves space because it introduces a new young actor named Bruce Bennett.

It's one of those completely fictitious yarns full of action and excitement. Bruce Bennett is a young cop who is in love with Rochelle Hudson, a young school teacher. She can't marry him because her father, a former cop, was crippled for life by Sidney Blackmer, brains of a gangster ring. Roger Pryor is Bennett's competition for Rochelle. On the side he is Blackmer's partner in crime. It all ends well, of course. Direction Sam White.—*Col.*

★★½ Two in a Taxi

Here is a pleasant little picture off the beaten trail. It's true and honest and has genuine feeling.

The story has to do with the trials and tribulations of a boy and girl trying to earn $300 for a down payment on a gas station. If they make it, they think they'll have enough security to permit their getting married.

Anita Louise tries hard but is a bit too classy and cultured for her part as the girl. The boy is played by Russell Hayden, who is a youngster to be watched. Noah Beery Jr., Fay Helm, Chick Chandler and Dick Purcell are best among the supporting players. Directed by Robert Florey.—*Col.*

★★½ Forced Landing

Here's a picture you won't remember, but which will give you your money's worth of wild adventure.

The story has to do with enemy agents holding strong government positions in a mythical country. Richard Arlen, an American working for a civilian air transport line there, runs across a plot to wreck construction of defense measures and manages to foil the villains after an hour of exciting aviation thrill stuff. Suspense is the essence of this movie, and there is a lot of it.

Arlen is A-1 as the hero, and Eva Gabor makes her movie début as the girl friend. J. Carroll Naish and Nils Asther are the bad boys, and both are above average. Directed by Gordon Wiles.—*Par.*

★★ Dance Hall

Blame the writers for this miscarriage of drama. The actors and the poor director were helpless.

Carole Landis plays a specialty singer in a dance hall; Cesar Romero is the manager; William Henry is a pianist who is writing the inevitable symphony on the side; June Storey is a gold-digging waitress. You can imagine the rest.

Of the actors, the best performance is turned in by J. Edward Bromberg in an impressive bit role as a salesman. Directed by Irving Pichel.—*TCF.*

★★Sweetheart of the Campus

Talent and material are spread too thin in this slim, little musical. The story has amusing possibilities. It might have held up pleasantly with a stronger cast and production.

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard provide most of the entertainment. They are part of a jobless band whose members enroll in a dying college so they can open a night club on the campus. Well, they don't come through, although there is some very good music. Several of the tunes are right down the groove, best being "Beat it Out."

Besides Ozzie and Harriet, there is some impressive dancing and some unim-

pressive acting by Ruby Keeler. Gordon Oliver is fine as the band manager; Charles Judels gets a lot of laughs as the night club proprietor; and Kathleen Howard is swell as a prissy member of the school-board. Direction, by Edward Dmytryk, is too slow.—*Col.*

★★½ Bad Men of Missouri

This picture is a sort of glorification of the Younger outlaw gang, one of those once-upon-a-time hoodlum bands in the same mold as the Daltons and the Jameses. Dennis Morgan, Wayne Morris and Arthur Kennedy are the leading trio of Youngers. The formula is the same old one. The three Youngers see their father killed by carpetbaggers and turn to a life of crime for revenge, being sort of triple-threat Robin Hoods.

Morgan, Morris and Kennedy are all fine and would be believable if the material they were portraying were possible. Morgan gets a bit the best of it in an acting way. Jane Wyman doesn't get much to do but does that little well. There's extra good support by Victor Jory, Alan Baxter, Walter Catlett and Howard Da Silva.

In spite of pretty poor writing, Richard Enright manages to keep things moving with his fast-paced direction.—*W.B.*

★★½ Ringside Maisie

The newest Maisie picture is not as good as it should be. Maisie just doesn't lend herself to prize-fight pictures and vice versa.

Robert Sterling is the prizefighter with Murphy as his manager. Maisie thinks Murphy is a heel and tries to get him straightened out, until she finds there are no heels named George Murphy. Sterling loses his eyesight for a while via a crooked fight, but everything ends happily for everybody except the audience. Directed by Edwin Marin.—*M-G-M.*

★★ For Beauty's Sake

Here is another instance of a good novel which just doesn't lend itself to screening. It's a comedy which falls flat in almost all departments and isn't helped any by a cast of young and unimportant players.

Ted North is a serious young professor who suddenly finds himself the owner of a beauty shop. According to his aunt's will, he must operate it for two years or lose a fortune.

Marjorie Weaver is swell as a daffy dame who's in love with Ted and tries to help him. She ought to go far some day. North, on the other hand, doesn't show much here. Joan Davis, Tully Marshall, Richard Lane and Ned Sparks help the festivities considerably. Directed by Shepard Traube.—*T.C.F.*



"Charley's Aunt" role is big boost for James Ellison, shown cooing into Arleen Whelan's pretty pink ear.

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

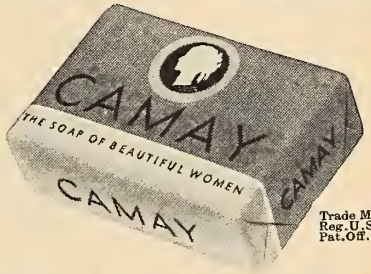
Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.



Watch for "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



Ingrid Bergman

She's never worn a phony eyelash, posed for cheesecake or had a date with Greg Bautzer. She's committed the Hollywood faux pas of being ecstatically married—to a handsome viking of a guy, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. Has a blonde daughter, Pia, who's frankly four and neither precocious nor beautiful. Ingrid has no maid, no car, doesn't own a lipstick. She likes to wash dishes, has a complexion like Shirley Temple and bites her nails. She's a strange one, is Bergman—but what a honey! Hemingway fell for her (insists that she be Maria in his "For Whom the Bell Tolls") and so did Buzz Meredith. Spence Tracy thinks she's marvelous. Ah, but ask the man who owns one. . . . Dr. Lindstrom says she's the most wonderful woman in the world and the most beautiful. She has a million virtues and only one vice—a propensity for $100 trans-Atlantic phone calls. Unpatriotically she doesn't like smorgasbord or the "Hut Sut Song"; shows signs of becoming Yankee-fied —adores corn on the cob and Joe DiMaggio. At 26, Ingrid's starred in fifteen movies (mostly in Sweden), is crazy about her bad girl role in M-G-M's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."



Cary Grant

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Archibald Leach who ran away from home in Bristol, Eng., to join an acrobatic troupe. Well-versed in stilt-walking, acrobatic and clown routines, he trekked all over the British Isles and across the Atlantic to the N. Y. Hippodrome. During an automobile trip to Cal., he casually took a screen test and has been hitting cinematic headlines ever since. Nowadays you'll recognize him as Cary Grant, starring in Columbia Pictures. He has a preference for striped ties and an arch-hate for monogrammed shirts and hankies, but doesn't understand why anyone gives a darn. Claims he's a bungler when it comes to courtin'; then discredits his statement by successfully wooing top-notch heiress Barbara Hutton. Close-mouthed, he won't talk about his fiancée or closest pals, Noel Coward and Randy Scott. He has an aversion to cozy "twosome" shots, consequently goes to previews alone or with a staid, unphotogenic crony. Doesn't mention his enormous donations to B. W. R!

MASTER OF LOVE!....

His Words of Love Set All Women's Hearts on Fire!

"All these years without you, I've dreamed of being in your arms again, my love!"
Paulette

"He made me afraid of myself . . . afraid to see the deep longing he had put in my heart!"
Olivia



Only Boyer, suave, sophisticated . . . only fresh, lovely DeHavilland . . . only sultry, beautiful, Goddard, could bring this hauntingly beautiful love story to you . . . played in the exciting atmosphere of a Mexican border town!

Charles **BOYER**

Olivia **DE HAVILLAND** ★ *Paulette* **GODDARD** in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with **VICTOR FRANCEN** • **WALTER ABEL** • Directed by **MITCHELL LEISEN**

Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • From a Story by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Ginger Rogers

Only beauty secret Ginger Rogers ever observes is a frisky soap and water face-scrubbing thrice a day. She doesn't wear any make-up on the street except lipstick and eyebrow pencil—her brows are invisible without it! She never diets because her dancing keeps her in trim. There's a soda fountain in her playroom, and she's forever gorging ham and eggs and spaghetti with meat sauce (but no wine). She loves to shop for peach-colored lingerie and blue pajamas, her only wardrobe frivolities. Usually she jumps into slacks and low-heeled shoes and lets it go at that. Hates bridge, but is a crackerjack tennis player and swimmer and adores baseball. A stickler for routine, she observes studio hours religiously, then turns around and is late for social engagements. She's a fairy godmother to 4 army officers in Tibet and an honorary admiral in the Texas "Navy." A social gal, she likes to have a crowd at her home to play games. Had the RKO-Radio set of "Tom, Dick and Harry" just jammed with visitors!



Bruce Cabot

It all happened because Bruce Cabot was a first-class romanticist. So convincingly was he as a kiss-tester in would-be actresses' screen tests, he was given a full-time contract! And he's still master of that gentle art in United Artists' "Sundown" and with Liz Whitney, his gal. No one's more surprised at this trend of events than the natives of his home town in Carlsbad, N. M., where young Jean de Bujac (his real name) had them all prepared to cheer a first-class boxer. That idea dissolved with his job as sparring partner when he knocked out his boss! Since he ran away from home at 15, he's worked as cowpuncher, scrubbing freighter decks, drilling oil, hauling in bleached cattle bones from the desert, renting apartment houses and bouncing drunks at a Hollywood café. If he had it all to live over, he'd be a broker. As far as women are concerned, he prefers 'em to wear black or blue and be avid football fans. They score one up if they can cook calves liver and bacon and earnestly admire his horses!



Carol Bruce

It wasn't enough to be the toast of Broadway. She wasn't satisfied wowing 'em in the top show of the town! What Carol Bruce wanted was a pot shot at Hollywood, where other Carols had done such big things! And she was used to getting what she wanted. . . . Born on Nov. 15, 1919, in Great Neck, L. I., she had lived and breathed to be a serious dramatic actress from the moment she saw her first flicker. Elocution lessons and singing scales ended on a blue note during The Depression, when every ounce of energy went into selling hosiery at $7 a week and graduating from night high school at 15. Advancing to the ranks of model, she looked for stage work during lunch hours and was rewarded by a contract with Larry Clinton. People began to notice the svelte 5' 5", 112-pound, dark-eyed beauty, and she was catapulted to fame in "Louisiana Purchase" warbling "The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul." Right now, she's in seventh heaven taking that longed-for pot shot in Universal's "This Woman Is Mine." Living with her mom and sister in a penthouse, she's forever studying her lines; leaving her social life till later.

Why Can't men understand

★ that the past—those memories of romantic moments—cannot be erased by a new love?

It's what every woman knows—and won't tell!



UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents

Irene DUNNE and Robert MONTGOMERY

in

Unfinished Business

with

PRESTON FOSTER

Eugene Pallette Esther Dale

Walter Catlett June Clyde

Dick Foran Samuel S. Hinds

SCREEN PLAY BY EUGENE THACKREY

Produced and Directed by

GREGORY

LA CAVA

With all the grand comedy of his "MY MAN GODFREY"...all the poignant drama of his "STAGE DOOR"...all the heart-lifting romance of his "PRIMROSE PATH"..!



Glenn at 9 months. He was Gwyllyn (pronounced Gwellen) Ford then; lived in Quebec, where he was born.



1929—The Fords had moved to Santa Monica. Glenn was a boy scout, white hope of his school football team and star of the "Colossal Ford Productions" put on in the Ford barn.

WELSH RARE-BIT

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

Glenn Ford has a talisman against swellhead. He was feeling moderately pleased with himself as he drove out to Santa Monica one day. A comparative unknown, he'd been given the part of Ludwig in "So Ends Our Night," one of the acting plums of the year and he'd copped rave notices.

Just back from the Miami première, he'd climbed into his car and was speeding toward the little theatre where he'd trained. His thoughts sped pleasantly ahead. The gang would be proud of him. They weren't the kind to fuss, but there'd be a nice little stir and a few pats on the back. He was looking forward to it. He was even a little embarrassed in advance, as he opened the door and walked in.

They were slapping wallpaper on flats. "Hiya, Ford," they yelled. "Come on, lend us a hand."

"My dome," chuckles Glenn, "shrank to its normal pinhead size. I was back in the groove hanging wallpaper with the crowd. They're my safety valve. If I ever get uppity, they'll haul me down. If I ever won the Academy Award, they'd say, 'So you're lucky, you big stiff. So what are we supposed to do, bow down? There's a hammer and nails, go hit yourself on the head.' "

He's long, eager and cheerfully simple-hearted. Like any rube, he asked the waiter at New York's 21 Club for matchfolders to take home. He's a hero-worshipper, two of his heroes being F.D.R. and Paul Muni. Invited to lunch at the White House, he and the other guests were warned not to pester the President for autographs. Glenn meant to behave, but when the President grinned at him, all he could think was, "Shucks, I want it so badly," and out popped the request.

"You shall have it, Glenn," Mr. Roosevelt promised. Glenn thought, with all his troubles he'll never remember, and I was a dog to ask. But an autographed photo reached the hotel next day, and now stands framed in the Ford living room, opposite Mrs. Roosevelt's framed invitation to lunch.

By some freak, he and Muni bear a striking resemblance to each other. They met at the home of David Loew, the producer. Glenn stammered his admiration. "I've been wanting to meet you, too," smiled the older actor. "Wanted to see what a son of mine might have looked like, if I'd had a son." This bore a special poignancy for Glenn. His father hadn't lived to see "So Ends Our Night."

When Glenn—or to give him his real name, Gwyllyn—was seven, the elder Ford left a lucrative post with the Canadian Pacific Railway, because he felt that the little town of Glenford, Canada—founded by his family—offered inadequate schooling facilities for his only child. Glenn's sweetest memories of that period are bound up with an old French music box, which had lulled to sleep three generations of his Welsh-Canadian forbears. When his generation came along, he alone of a tribe of cousins refused to sleep except to its tinkling strains, and he still remembers the day his grandfather called him and presented him, a five-year-old, with the treasure. He plays it for himself now, and looks forward to winding it up for his first-born.

Having heard of the glories of California and its orange trees, Glenn's father took his wife and son to Santa Monica, where he eventually landed a contracting job. The boy



1940—He'd become a U. S. citizen, had crashed Hollywood and had a mild crush on Susanna Foster. Rarely went night-clubbing; took up badminton, tennis, golf.



1941—New romance with Universal's cute English star, Evelyn Ankers, and a new role in Columbia's "Texas." Still completely unspoiled, smiles constantly. Favorite word: "Golly!"

A visit, friendly as a handclasp, with Glenn—that deluxe model Ford

went to school and throve and developed a stubborn devotion to the theatre. The town supported seven little theatres and, in one capacity or another, he belonged to them all—as carpenter, electrician, stage manager, actor, director. Deep in his mind lurked the dream of acting for a living, but he didn't dare believe in it yet. On quitting high school, he took whatever came along. The Santa Monica merchants knew and liked him. "Sure, Gwyllyn, you can have a job." He clerked, drove cars, sold vacuum cleaners, twirled searchlights at a movie house where he was later to make personal appearances, flung himself into little theatre work at night and found no cure for the actor's itch.

So he mapped a campaign. Homer Curran produced New York hits on the coast. A round trip from Santa Monica to his office in Los Angeles cost sixty cents. Glenn saved up enough to cover the fare for two weeks. Anyone watching him would have had his head examined, for all he did was ride to town, sit in Curran's outer office and ride home again, apparently well-content. The point anyone would have missed was that the producer had to pass him twice a day, on his way to lunch and back. On the fourth day he nodded, on the sixth he said, "Hello, kid," on the eighth he asked what he wanted. "A job," gulped Glenn.

Curran was amused and, after a little parley, interested. "Tell you what, kid. We're doing 'The Children's Hour.' There's a bit in the third act we might give you a shot at. Come around tomorrow."

Wrapped in rosy clouds, he floated to the library, memorized the three lines of the grocery boy, read them next morning and got the job at twenty-five per. His mother thought it was wonderful. So did his father, in a way. Mr. Ford wasn't much of a talker. He looked something like Gary Cooper and had the same kind of bashfulness. A practical man, his son's leanings sometimes troubled him. "Wish the boy would learn a trade," he'd say ruefully now and again to his wife. Never to Glenn.

The show opened in San Francisco, and one paper said that Gwyllyn Ford as the grocery boy was a knockout. Thereafter, when Curran had a bit to hand out, Glenn got it.

Meantime, movie talent scouts had convinced Glenn that the screen was not for him. Covering the little theatres, where he continued to function week after week, they'd be struck by his acting but discouraged by his face. "Not very pretty, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Character juvenile, that's what you are. We need leading men. Stick to the stage, kid."

Only Tom Moore of Twentieth Century-Fox insisted on making a test, which all but cost him his job. After watching Glenn's performance of "Parnell," Moore sent for him. "Wanted to see what you looked like behind the whiskers. Hmm. You're a character juvenile, son."

"Okay, I know it."

"We'll make a test anyway."

They dolled him up, straightened his nose with highlights, stuck him into tails and put him through the romantic works. Tom showed (*Continued on page 89*)

"Paulette Saved My Life!"

GODDARD HAS PLAYED IN COUNTLESS THRILLER-DILLERS—BUT NONE HAS EVER PACKED THE PUNCH OF ONE FANTASTIC REAL LIFE ESCAPADE!

None of Paulette's cinema fiction ever packed the punch of a five minute scene she played on a dank June 1940 night, in a weird spiraling pink-and-blue cement structure four miles outside of Mexico City!

On that night, Paulette Goddard saved a hero from death. In a moment, shrugging at danger, she saved a life. A fine, worth-while life. That of pudgy and colorful Diego Rivera, Mexico's greatest artist.

I went from Hollywood to Mexico City to talk with the genius Paulette Goddard had saved and to learn, exclusively for Modern Screen, the "inside story" of the Mexican adventure. I saw Diego Rivera, and I heard the entire story, piece by piece.

Up until the summer of last year, Paulette Goddard had realized most of her ambitions. She had emerged from Great Neck, Long Island, left high school for a semi-nude chorus stint in "Rio Rita" and gone to Hollywood to do bit work for Hal Roach. Then, as a dazzling platinum blonde, she got a job in an Eddie Cantor film and was finally spotted by Charlie Chaplin. He thought she had everything. He thought only her blonde hair was wrong. He said to her, "Paulette, your face needs the definition of a dark frame. Let your hair grow back to its natural brunette shade. Then wear it brushed off your forehead and shoulder-length." After that, Paulette was physical perfection—and things came to her.

But one ambition remained unrealized. Paulette Goddard had always dreamed of having her portrait painted by the great Mexican muralist, the stormy petrel of the art world, Diego Rivera. Paulette had learned much about Rivera. She remembered when he'd been selected to paint a huge mural in Rockefeller Center, New York. She remembered Rivera worked eight weeks in preparing and six weeks in painting the mural—until officials learned a head of Lenin was in the nearly completed work. Officials ordered Rivera to get rid of the head; Rivera refused, insisting Art could not be dictated to. Finally police threw Rivera out, but not before he took snapshots of it so that later he might reproduce it in Mexico City. The mural was destroyed, an international controversy broiled, and Rivera became notorious.

She knew he'd been panned in San Francisco for choosing to paint Helen Wills as a person representative of California, and she knew he'd been lambasted in Detroit for a painful panel which was said to represent the Holy Family. She knew, too, that all his life he'd been involved in political intrigue, had fought for the underdog and was now hated equally by Fascists, Socialists, Communists and Capitalists.

"I won't be happy until Rivera paints an oil of me," Paulette told friends.

And promptly she set out to fulfill her ambition. She decided to spend a week in Mexico City. Actually, she spent two weeks. Once there, she took a car to Rivera's unusual home—actually a number of separate homes, one for the painter, one for his wife ("to insure domestic peace," he explains), studios, workshops, kitchens, all surrounded by a fence of green cactus plants. In the patio Paulette found workmen building frames for Rivera's paintings and a pet hump-backed monkey and two yelping Dachshunds. She did not find Rivera's third wife, the brilliant half-German and half-Mexican Frieda Kahlo (whom Rivera remarried just a few months ago).

In the second floor room of his pink-and-blue cement-walled studio, attended by his gorgeous brunette Indian model, Nieves, and the attractive Hungarian artist, Irene Borjus, who fell for him while he was separated from his wife, Diego Rivera waited for Paulette Goddard.

"Yes," Diego told me, "that was our first meeting. My opinion of her beauty? Well, my answer is that later when I wanted to paint the type of a beautiful young American girl for my fresco at the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition, I again asked Miss Goddard to pose for me!"

Apparently, Rivera saw in Paulette Goddard what lesser artists had seen before him. Five feet four inches tall and weighing 115 pounds, her measurements a year ago were: bust 34 inches, waist 23, hips 35, thigh 20, ankle 8. All of which had two years earlier inspired six popular American artists to vote Paulette's "The Most Beautiful Body In The World" and caused Chairman Jefferson Machamer to exclaim, "Artists have sought the ideal model through the ages and rarely have found a perfect combination of face and figure in the same person. Miss Goddard has such a combination!"

And, worshipfully, Rivera says, "Her beauty is for me as great as her brilliance of mind!"

Rumor has it there was one minor disagreement between Goddard and her admirer. He wanted her to pose in the nude; Paulette refused. They compromised on a "classical boudoir scene" of her seated on a mat, attired in white shorts and white sheer blouse, with a naked Indian servant girl combing her hair.

Years before, Rivera admitted to Paulette in the course of her sittings, he had been interested in Communism. Now he hated its tyranny, and he fought against Communism in speeches and in actions. As a result, the Reds in Mexico, (*Continued on page 35*)

BY IRVING WALLACE

International News photo



Paulette Goddard and Mexican muralist Diego Rivera arrive safely in Hollywood a few days after their hair-raising encounter with a group of Red assassins in Mexico.



Rumor has it that when Paulette asked Rivera to paint her portrait, he first insisted that she pose nude. She refused, so they compromised on the above outfit.



Mexico City's also the locale of Paulette's latest screen adventure. She's the other womon in Paromount's "Hold Bock the Dawn."

Photo courtesy Look Magozine

Party of the Month

High spot of season at

Hollywood Park Turf

Club is Gold Cup Ball!



"Smilin' Through" is the first picture Jeanette and Gene Raymond have made together since their marriage!



No truth to those rumors thot Cloudette ond Joel Pressmon ore parting! They're blissful in their sumptuous home —complete with tennis courts ond o phone in eoch room.



Shooting gollery mon (he just con't resist 'em) Fronchot Tone's lotest femme is Jeon Wallace. Thot Veronico Loke hoir-do's been sweeping Hollywood brows like mod lotely.



Nearly every columnist on the morket hos o soft spot for Ty Power ond Annobello! They've just returned from the Eost, where they co-emoted in summer stock ot Westport, Conn.

Longest-standing of Mickey Rooney's retinue of girl friends is Linda Darnell, who's forever trying to reform him. His current enthusiasm's figure skating, and his burning ambition's to impersonate Carmen Miranda on the screen.



Lone Wolf Warren William's waxing social with Claire Trevor (Mrs. Clark Andrews). She has an infinitesimal appetite, advises hefty ladies to cut theirs by sipping soup!



Red Skelton gives credit for his best lines to scribe wife Edna Stillwell. Says his act never flourished till he wed in '30, when she was cashiering in theatre where he played!



Phil's a natural in his anti-Nazi role in Warner's "Underground." Shortly after he came to this country, his native Holland was blitzed!

You were probably conscious of him first as the sympathetic young German doctor in "Escape." You may also have noticed him as Hedy Lamarr's violinist-husband in "Ziegfeld Girl." But you will tingle to the discovery that here is a sensation, a star-to-be, when you see him as the martyred, adventurous hero of "Underground."

You will want to know: Who is this Philip Dorn? Where did he come from? What is his story? What is he like in person?

He is six feet two, with a strong, honest, thoughtful face. There is nothing of the swashbuckler about him, yet he has had as many adventures as Errol Flynn. He's the quiet type.

That's partly explained by the fact that he's Dutch. As a race, the Dutch aren't famous for shouting about themselves. They like to live their own lives and let other people live theirs.

He was born in the little seacoast town of Scheveningen, a few miles from The Hague. His father was a small shipbuilder.

As a boy, always around boats, Philip had the ambition to go to sea, to roam the world—and that fever isn't out of his system yet. It helped to bring him to Hollywood just as it took him before to other far places.

To his father and mother, the theatre was a snare of Satan. It was something to be kept out of their



Phil reads three books a week, sometimes sees four movies a day—all to improve his English. He won't be satisfied till he's lost every trace of his accent—which is stronger in person than on the screen.

HERE IS A MAN WHO CAN . . . BECAUSE HE HAS LIVED . . . HAS KNOWN LOVE AND JOY AND . . . WHO HAS DONE MANY THINGS . . .

BY JAMES CARSON

. . . YOU CAN'T BEAT THE

lives and out of their son's life. He was thirteen or fourteen when he saw his first play, a Red Cross performance. He had been forbidden to see it, but the curiosity of youth was so strong it pulled him inside the *verboten* doors.

"I did not know such a world existed," he says today in his careful, heavily-accented English, across a table in a Hollywood studio commissary 6000 miles from Scheveningen. "I was intrigued by it. Immediately I had the ambition to become an actor. It was a way not to be like your neighbor or your brother or sister. That was the original lure, I think. Youth rebels against fitting into molds."

With blunt Dutch determination, he announced his new ambition at home. His father thundered that no son of his would ever go on the stage. His mother used better psychology. She took him aside and told him that she hoped some day he would create beauty for the world—that he would be a painter or writer or musician. An actor, she said, was only an interpreter of other men's thoughts, not a creator.

He listened to his mother and consented to be sent to a school of fine arts in The Hague. But his heart wasn't in his studies. To put it tersely, he flunked out.

Ashamed to go home, he felt as if he might as well make his disgrace complete, even though his father might disown him for it. He made up his mind to find out whether he had the makings of an actor or not.

"I had found out that I could never be what my parents hoped," he says, with a self-deprecating smile. "But how did people get on the stage? I had no idea. Knowing no better, I used the direct approach. I went to a theatre manager in The Hague and asked for a job as an apprentice actor. And—he gave me a job. It was as simple as that . . . I don't know what the manager saw in me. Earnestness, perhaps."

He was only 15 but got away with claiming to be older. His voice had changed and was under control. Also, he was tall, well-proportioned and serious beyond his years. (His failure in school weighed heavily upon him.)

"Two weeks I had been playing a bit part in this theatre when a fellow collapsed on a stage in Amsterdam, and they sent for the juvenile lead of our company to replace him. I was promoted to juvenile lead! That was something that could happen only once in a lifetime. It was not ability that made me an actor. It was opportunity."

But did he say that to himself then? Didn't such sudden success go to his head—a little?

He shakes his well-shaped head now, leaning back in his chair, amused at the question. "No. That was something that couldn't happen. Never have I been able to pound my chest and say, 'I am an actor.' Furthermore, I can't understand all those actors who do. Perhaps that is my mother's fault."(*Continued on page 81*)

INTERPRET LIFE DRAMATICALLY

DRAMATICALLY—A MAN WHO

SORROW AND DANGER—A MAN

IN MANY PLACES—PHIL DORN!

DUTCH



His hobbies are candid photography and collecting East Indian antiques.

Telltale

YOU WON'T TALK? WELL, YOU DON'T



GENE TIERNEY

Thanks a lot for dropping in. Come again - won't you?



ORSON WELLES

Will I ever be a Purple Cow



SONJA HENIE

Sometimes it is important to forget. Happiness depends on this.

Take up your pencil and write, and you are identifying your personality as surely as a fingerprint tickets your person! This is the credo of graphology (handwriting analysis)—as exemplified by Dr. Arthur Holz.

Several months ago, LIFE magazine, hard-headed and factual, put Dr. Holz's powers through a tough test, printed the results on its pages, found no flaws.

From MODERN SCREEN Dr. Holz received unsigned samples of the handwriting of eleven stars. In each case, he was informed of the sex and age of the author. Graphology built up the rest . . . enabled him to make the astonishing analyses below.

We hope you readers will be intelligently skeptical. And we have asked Howard Dietz, M-G-M's brilliant publicity head, to vouch for the good faith of the Holz analyses. His own hand is analyzed on page 98, and he has this to say about Dr. Holz's work:

"As far as I can judge, the technique of this analysis by Dr. Holz was on the level. Needless to say, I'll settle for the build-up he gives me, and it's a bit drippy to return personal praise. But with some detachment I read his copy on the others in the test and, since I am assured that the distinguished Viennese did no peeking or snooping, I must say that he's a remarkable and frightening fellow."

GENE TIERNEY . . .

The writer has a strong power of influencing others. Her glance works directly on the senses of her spectators. Moreover, she is endowed with a particularly flowing and graceful body, and she has a way of emphasizing the magic of her eyes with appropriate bodily gestures. She has an indomitable will and is terribly ambitious. She is very bold, has something catlike about her, and she has an almost cruel tendency to make gratuitous use of her wiles.

She's particularly suited to vamp roles and to the presentation of types a little soiled by life's temptations. She has lightning perception and puts her finger with unfailing accuracy on the essential in any role entrusted to her. Her life path is laid along a straight line, and she hates to get lost in non-essential detail. She craves love, and because of her abundant temperament she can easily evoke love in others. She is extravagant in her dealings, and in love affairs is inclined to be domineering and guard her independence jealously.

ORSON WELLES . . .

The writer is highly intelligent, aesthetic—a man with a high power of imagination. This imagination springs from a healthy source, and he doesn't lose himself in planless fantasies. He has a great gift for describing situations, knows how to highlight them dramatically. His facets are many; he is rich in ideas and shows this in the pursuit of his calling. He is always seeking after a living expression. In all his dealings, you can watch his need for harmony and clarity come to life. And yet he has in every respect a warrior's nature—constantly struggling to improve himself, constantly battling forward. He possesses extraordinary powers of creation.

There is no trace of the stuffed shirt about him. But when it comes to his job, he's always deadly earnest, puts his whole self behind the realization of his inspiration. He is the terribly high-strung type that's subject to occasional explosions, and at such times he can be hard and tyrannical.

There are times when he craves strictest solitude. But when he's with people, he is animating and stimulating, has lots of humor and can take his audience by storm. This is the essence of his success, which would be as great in the field of letters as it is in the theatre.

Scrawl

HAVE TO. YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS ALL!



CHARLES BOYER

To Miss Ida Zeitlin
With all best wishes
& continuous success

SONJA HENIE . . .

The writer is a simple, natural, good-natured, harmless person. She is definitely not the vamp type . . . instead substantial and comradely. This is not to say that she lacks the feminine qualities of tenderness and motherliness. On the contrary, she is very dependent on any person she likes and very dependable.

She is upright to the extent that any lie or intrigue is quite foreign to her. What impresses you most about her is her vitality, the steam with which she puts through anything she's begun. She is highly disciplined and has iron control over her mind and her body.

She's graceful and yet her body is tough as steel. She loves sport and has special athletic gifts. She's no born actress, and I should say she was better suited to home life. She's made for marriage but can't be happy with a husband who doesn't share her interests.

CHARLES BOYER . . .

This is the handwriting of a man whose charm simply overwhelms any audience. He makes a show of being weary, disinterested, sometimes actually blasé. And this delectable passivity charms women. He is a distinguished actor, and he carries his ability over into real life—can twist most people around his little finger.

He has an air of youthful forthrightness, so convincing that you believe anything he tells you. He knows how to look after his own advantage. Completely irresistible, he fascinates you the way bacon fascinates a mouse. What with his graceful carriage, his expressive glances, brimming with warmth and love, he's predestined for the role of a lover.

The interesting thing about his acting is that he can play the tough guy with the same facility that he brings to his upper-crust roles. At heart, he's a homebody, needs a wife who can give him a comfortable home. But woe to his wife if she is jealous, for the magic of his personality stamps him a ladies' man.



BETTE DAVIS

Glad Marlene is
not taking my place
in your affections

BETTE DAVIS . . .

The author is intelligent, has keen powers of observation, is charming and lovable. She is more or less a slave to her moods—but doesn't show it. This inner chafing, restlessly striving against a strong will, gives her a distinctive air. Her intellect has declared war on her emotions, she is nervously tense, seeks peace, yet she is terribly anxious to present a serene front to the world.

She is at her best portraying stubborn conflict roles, stubborn people who fight on even if they lose. She plays the naive, sweet type or the fallen woman. Yet she is never what you would call a vamp type and never thoroughly debauched. She brings to such roles a certain inviolable integrity. You feel always that life has kicked her around—bruised her—but not really soiled her. By subtle shading she can leave you with a deeply sympathetic impression of a thoroughly unsympathetic person.

Offstage, she is pleasant, doesn't make unnecessary demands on others. But in spite of all the efforts of Lady Luck, in spite of her outward happiness, she is inwardly a lonely person; she suffers much; she can buy peace of mind only at great cost.



CONRAD VEIDT

Now you birthday present
pledges it shall be a bigsie!
But promise me to be careful!

CONRAD VEIDT . . .

Here is a man of great drive. There is in him a mixture of the continental *bon vivant* and the Broadway bluffer. It confuses you—so that you never quite know whether he's (*Continued on page 92*)

BY DR. ARTHUR HOLZ



Carole looks and acts older than 22; has a wonderful figure but says she's slightly bow-legged. Has deep tan, expressive hands, hour-glass waist. No polish on her 3-in. nails.



She's studying the piano now. Has taken 8 lessons and can play "Clair de Lune." Has written several unpublished popular songs.

IT'S OUT-LANDIS!

BY HENRY P. MALMGREEN

AN INTIMATE CLOSE-UP OF THAT GENTLEMEN-PREFERRED BLONDE



Is a whiz at tennis and mad about flying. Caught the fever from the Bob Cummings. Managed 3-point landing after 2 lessons.



Her two floppy-eared spaniels will movie-début in "Wild Geese Calling." Glenn Ford wants one of her pups (there were originally 7), but she can't part with them.



Carole lives with her mom in a 10-room house. Wardrobe includes 10 evening gowns, 19 street dresses, 3 suits, 10 prs. slacks, 9 blouses, 17 prs. shoes, 5 sport coats, an ermine, silver fox and skunk coat.

"Just call me a free-lance artist!" parries blonde, blue-eyed Carole Landis, with that husky, bubbling laugh of hers, when you try prying into her love life. Charles Chaplin, Gene Markey, Matty Fox, Kenny Morgan, Cedric Gibbons, George Montgomery, Bill Marshall—they've all developed flash-bulb squints playing the casual Landis swain. And Hollywood's legion of gossip-vendors chorus one question weakly: "Who's next?"

Like the smart girl she is, Carole, who began her current climb to glory in the Stone Age sarong of "One Million 'B.C.," won't say. In the tastefully-furnished bedroom of her new (rented) Brentwood home, there's only one male photo—of Franchot Tone—cryptically autographed "Yours without protest." And even he, insists Carole, "is just a friend."

Rather than the new-escort-a-night hot-spotting that's hung a title of "Hollywood's most-dated starlet" around her pretty neck, this restless, exuberant 22-year-old prefers to talk about her passion for flying or her five dogs or the 18 x 24 living room that's being redecorated Chinese style—or the ambitious, unabashed way a San Bernardino school girl battered a hole through Hollywood's closely-guarded walls.

Born Frances Lillian Mary Ridste in Fairchild, Wis., Carole moved with her family to California, grew up a reluctant grade-schooler, within brief hitch-hiking distance of filmland—her ultimate goal. At 7, she sang brashly, untunefully before a bored amateur night theatre audience. At 12, she had curved out precociously enough to walk off with stockings and an electric heater in two beauty contests. Three years later, she eloped to Yuma with a 19-year-old school chum, then snarled in a tangle of annulment proceedings, broke the tie herself in a month's time.

School, of course, was tame stuff after that, but Carole stuck it out for another year. Then, thumbing through a phone book, she changed Ridste to Landis, hit the trail for Frisco and a night club singing job. Cannier than most movie-struck youngsters, she realized that experience helps grease the way past casting office secretaries. And engagements that followed at Frisco's swank St. Francis Hotel and the ultra-ultra Rio Del Mar country club gave her that.

Three weeks after arriving in Hollywood, her next stop, Carole, who had never taken a dancing lesson in her life, wiggled and stomped her way into the chorus of Warners' "Varsity Show." (*Continued on page 96*)



Is gradually acquiring a library and favorite author is Hemingway. She also collects records (mostly popular songs), figurines, miniature animals and colorful swear words.



Bedroom is 20 feet square, has modernistic furniture and 2 huge white bearskins on floor. Bed is medium-sized; dressing table colossal. Off the bedroom there's a dressing room and bath.

he who got SLAPPED

THE STRANGER-THAN-FICTION ROMANCE OF VIC MATURE AND MARTHA STEPHENSON KEMP

The whole business was nobody's fault. Nobody could have dreamed up the tragic mess that was cooking that day. Nobody could have prevented it. There's no villain in this piece. Just two high-minded, super-sensitive young fools.

There was Martha with a diamond wedding band on her finger and something dead in her eyes. There was Victor with a 6 foot 2½ inch, 204 pound tapered body that was getting him several thousand fan mail letters a week. With a serious, young passionate face that was attracting attention from women named Vanderbilt and Garbo, as well as the 20,000 named Smith and Jones and Zabldowsky. (Literally, I mean. Mrs. Cornelius V. and Greta G. were among the fans who fought their way backstage to tell Victor Mature how special extra he was opposite Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's super-psychological offering, "Lady in the Dark.")

But it hadn't always been that way.

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, where his father was a knife grinder and poor. Vic grew up a good-natured, friendly and astonishingly handsome young man, and it came to pass one day that he was invited to a Society dance.

It was painless enough for the first hour or so. And then he asked a certain young lady to dance. She glared at him a moment, then enthusiastically slapped his face.

"How dare you—you dirty son of a common knife grinder?"

Something happened to Victor Mature that moment. Something violent that began at the pit of his stomach, going upward till it flooded his brain.

And it didn't stop—not that night, nor the next year. Nor during the next three years when he was crashing Hollywood. His fan mail became a source of wonder and joy to his studio. He acquired dozens of friends among Hollywood's great and near great, but grim things still went on in his heart.

The matinée idol period came next. Victor had been playing Randy Curtiss in "Lady in the Dark" for four months when he met Martha Kemp. In those months he'd covered the hotspot circuit nightly with some eighteen or twenty different girls. It would have been interesting if anyone had cared to notice that not one of their names appeared in a social register. And that wasn't because Park Avenue didn't try! It was because Victor Mature was a funny guy by then, with a deep, hidden, defensive anger in him and a hot, bitter memory of a Louisville dance.

He wouldn't have asked Martha out, if he'd known what he was doing. That's just to begin with. But it all begins, rightly, with Martha's clothes.

They were black—and so painfully simple. They made her look, in that Bergdorf-Goodman crowd at the British War Relief Benefit where he first spied her, like the children's governess sent down to watch the show. Little and scared and shadowy. She hadn't planned it that way, of course—Martha hadn't planned her clothes in a good many gloomy months. But that's how it was. And Victor started right off, thinking crazy:

"A guy could lift her in one hand . . . and she wouldn't break . . . because she's got strength in her, for all her littleness . . . strength and guts . . . and sweetness . . . now what could a girl like that be doing in this crowd?"

She was introduced as Mrs. Something. He missed the name in all the noise and confusion, but he saw the diamond band on her finger, and his heart shriveled up. Victor Mature was surprised. You don't feel that way because a girl you don't know (*Continued on page 68*)



He got 60,000 fan letters after his first film. Never wears a hat, hates to dance—though Betty Grable says he's an ace conga-er.



Maureen O'Hara and Anna Lee fell madly in love with 11-year-old Roddy McDowall. He's a British evacuee. crossed the Atlantic pursued by Stukas and submarines.



John Loder, who was the youngest English officer to serve in the last war, talked current events between scenes and learned Welsh from the singers.

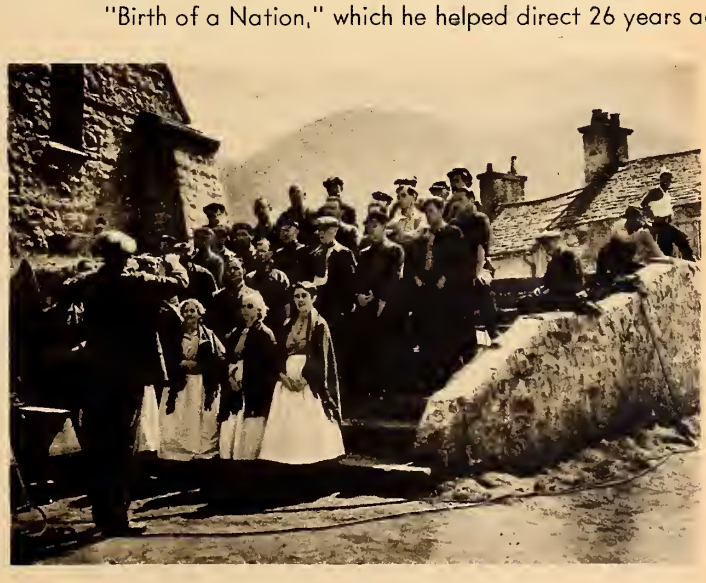
WAS MY VALLEY"



Mae Marsh, an extra in the film, and Donald Crisp met for the first time since she was the star of "Birth of a Nation," which he helped direct 26 years ago!



Walter Pidgeon, who used to sing in light opera with Elsie Janis, has never sung in the movies till now. He's cast as a minister who sings with his flock.



To achieve realism and keep these novice actors relaxed, Ford had their singing recorded on location, instead of on the studio's sound stage, as has always been the custom.

My Sister and I

BY ROSEMARY LANE as told to John Franchey

THAT LANE DUO MAY PUT ON A SOLID SISTERLY FRONT —BUT THEY'RE RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS AT HEART!

Back home in Indianola (Iowa) life had a wonderful simplicity to it.

If I rolled a hoop down Main Street on Sunday, and a startled stranger wanted to know who the little dear was, there would always be someone around handy to say: "Her? Oh, that's Rosemary Lane. No telling what she'll do next."

That, of course, was before Fred Waring poked his head into a cubicle of a music-publishing house where Priscilla and I were trying out a ditty called "Fit As a Fiddle," made a two-piece choral society out of us and put us in front of his band. The next stop was Hollywood and pictures.

The movies made a sister act out of us—one-two-three. So that what had formerly been a rugged individualist, meaning Rosemary, became overnight one-half a duet which in the public mind ought to dress alike, think alike and behave alike. Hence, if Priscilla happened to be fond of licorice candy (which, by the way, she isn't) it was a dead cinch that I was mad about the stuff. If Priscilla loved kittens (which, by the way, she does) it was perfectly safe to put me down as a sponsor for any cat enterprise that reared its pretty feline head. Likewise, if Priscilla liked her hair combed back nonchalantly in schoolgirl fashion, a hairdresser would automatically start rigging me up in the same coiffure the minute I sat down in his chair.

It worked the other way, too. When I started taking French lessons, my tutor corralled Priscilla and inquired when Pat would be ready to begin her lessons. Let Priscilla start to order her dessert at some restaurant, and a waiter with a memory (and brain) like an elephant is almost sure to come prancing up with a raspberry sherbet which he knew she would adore because I did. Once there was a shoe salesman who almost swooned away out of shock when he found that the slipper Cinderella Rosemary wears was a size too small for Pat's little tootsie.

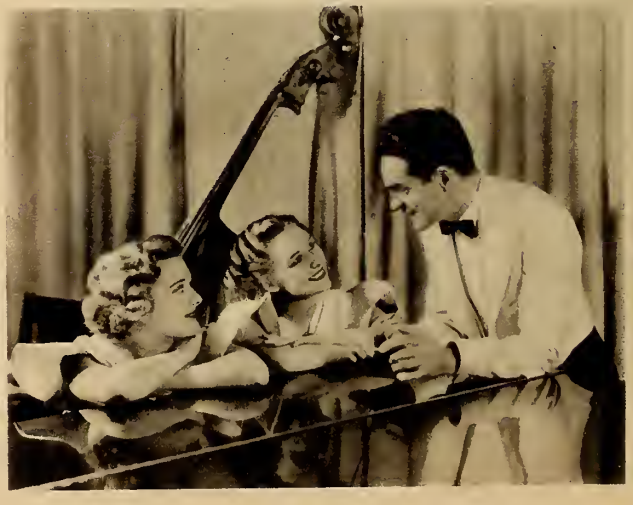
The point I am trying to make is that my sister and I—we're different.

To begin with, we are not two peas in a pod—even to look at.

Priscilla is the blonde one with large, striking features and a dark complexion. I'm the redhead with small, features and a freckled com- (*Continued on page 74*)



This is the way Rosemary and Pat looked when they stormed New York with their mom. Shortly after, their parents divorced and Mrs. Lane became mgr. & agent.



When the sisters came East at the ages of 14 and 16, they débuted with Fred Waring and orch. at Roxy's. Of Fred they both say, "He's still the best friend we have."

Priscilla, the baby of the family, is engaged to John Barry, but no date's been set on account of the draft. After 3 years' dating with Bud Westmore, Rosemary's still casual.



Mrs. Lane took in boarders to finance their early piano, dancing and singing lessons!

HOLLYWOOD'S UNDECLARED WAR

Since the movies began, stars and their directors have waged—beneath suave smiles and honeyed words—a sort of undeclared thirty years' war which today stacks them up as natural enemies like cats and dogs or cops and robbers. But strangely enough, the professional rabbit punches which daily illuminate relations between stars and their Svengalis are not often widely publicized. Take the Bette Davis-Willie Wyler tiff . . .

A few weeks ago, Bette walked off the set of "The Little Foxes" in a huff, whereupon the production folded like a paper cup. It was tactfully explained by Sam Goldwyn's press agents that Bette's art had handed her a nervous breakdown. She'd been working too hard . . . the weather was hot . . . etc. But it was also rumored persistently that Bette had been feuding a little too furiously with her director, William Wyler. The skirmish had begun on the set of "The Letter" and simply moved over to "The Little Foxes," where it warmed up and exploded.

Some folks say that Willie Wyler, ace director though he is, just has to have one whipping boy on each of his sets. On this actor he dumps a daily load of sarcasm and disapproval of every word spoken and move made. In "The Letter," Bette's protégé, Jimmy Stephenson, took that uncomfortable rap. After one particularly hectic session, he told Bette that as far as he was concerned, Mr. Wyler could take his "Letter" and eat it. Bette, wise in Wyler's ways, gave Jim a fight talk. Promised him that if he could stick it out, he'd find it worth the effort. Always, for some odd reason, Wyler's whipping boys turn in the performances of their lives—and Jimmy was no exception. As for Bette—she was handy giving out advice, but she had a harder time following it. When it came her turn, she couldn't take it. But "The Little Foxes," all finished now, might very well hand Bette her next Academy "Oscar." If only for the reason that Willie Wyler bent his baneful eye in her direction!

It's funny, but practically every time you land upon a Grade A spat, you stumble across a knockout performance. There's the case of Claudette Colbert, for instance.



In "The Informer" Director John Ford gave Victor McLaglen down to a mumbling frazzle, a performance which capped 1934-35 Acad. Award.



Gable's a headache to directors because of his yen for realism. He won't let his screen partners pull their punches; often gets knocked out cold!



Garson Kanin reassuringly gripped Ginger Rogers' hand for all close-ups of emotional stress 'n' strain during filming of "Tom, Dick and Harry."



Some stars resent being treated like kids by their director. None such is Joan Crawford, who Trilby-ed for Geo. Cukor in "A Woman's Face."

EXPOSING THAT HUSHED-UP SUBJECT —THE UNDERCOVER KNUCKLE WORK BETWEEN STARS AND DIRECTORS!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Wesley Ruggles used to be one of her favorite directors. They were as chummy as two bugs in a ruggles—then up came a certain picture. The script locale was a mountain ski resort, and Wesley wanted to shoot it at Sun Valley. He figured it would take six or seven weeks on location. Now Claudette Colbert is notably allergic to locations; besides, she was then the recent and blushing bride of Dr. Joel Pressman. "What's wrong," she demanded, "with the Los Angeles Ice House?" That's where most winter epics are filmed in Hollywood, with frosty breath and everything.

Well, there was a story conference, and Mr. Ruggles got his way. They went to Sun Valley—but not for six weeks. When they got there, there was no snow, and the location trip stretched into three months. They returned not speaking, and that's more or less the way it's been ever since. Ruggles has never directed Claudette again, which is too bad. Because the picture—"She Met Him in Paris"—was a sparkling hit and did more to boost Claudette's stock than any since "It Happened One Night."

Incidentally, "She Met Him in Paris" wound up shooting most snow scenes in the Los Angeles Ice House after all, which handed Claudette a slightly bitter last laugh.

It's not always the director who comes out on top in the eternal scuffle. There's Sidney Lanfield, for instance, a handsome, smooth and self-confident gentleman who used to operate around Twentieth Century-Fox. Tyrone Power was just a raw kid from the East then and had just landed a spot in "Sing, Baby, Sing." After baby had been singing one week, Ty Power looked like a green piece of cheese to Mr. Lanfield, and he told his boss, Darryl Zanuck, that he was certain to gum up the picture. So Ty was replaced by Michael Whalen. And Mr. Lanfield has ever since been trying to live that wrong guess down, like the man who turned down the Vitaphone.

But the little play which scored most heavily for the star team against Sidney Lanfield was put across by Sonja Henie, another green-as- (*Continued on page 97*)



Raz calls Bill Powell "the father-confessor type."

THE MEN IN HER LIFE



Montgomery rates "becouse he's a wit. Capitol W."



She dates on "Baam Iawn" Gable's magnificent insults.



"Cary's dynamite to work with and a very funny man."



Jimmy's exciting because he's completely

BY JAMES REID

WHO BUT ROZ THE IRREPRESSIBLE WOULD DARE TO NAME THE NINE MOST EXCITING MEN IN HOLLYWOOD!

Rosalind Russell gave away, free, one of those baleful glares that studios pay her a fortune to register on the screen. "What do you mean," she screamed, "—you want me to talk about The Most Exciting Men I've Known? Don't tell me there's a rabid public interest in my love-life." As an afterthought, she raised her eyebrows and added, "—if any."

"I've discussed a million times in exhausting detail, how I live alone and don't like it, and how I can't do anything about it until I fall in love. The customers must be asking, 'Can't Russell talk about anything else?' "

That was just the point. She could tell the customers about The Exciting Men She Has Known.

"Oh," she said craftily, as if she suddenly understood this suggestion aright, "you mean—I could give the lowdown about the men I've been supporting all these years? In fact, the story might be called: 'The Men I've Supported.' Of course, it's a steal on a Cary Grant idea—he says he's going to give a story some day called, 'The Women I've Been Supporting.' But if he opens his mouth at the wrong time, people *ought* to steal his ideas. . . . Sure, I'll tell you about Grant and Gable and Stewart —and others. I'll tell you what it's like to be around them, day after day. People might be surprised."

This wasn't exactly what we meant. We didn't want to limit the discussion to the men she met during working hours.

"But," she protested, with elaborate innocence, "the men I've worked with are the most exciting men I've known."

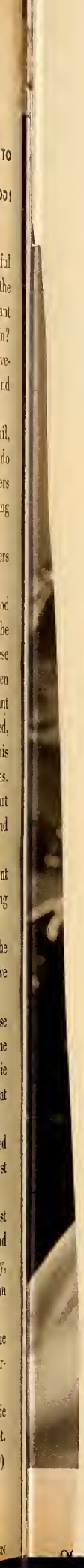
She wouldn't have it any other way. Besides, those brown eyes of hers had a definite gleam in them. She saw prospects of having fun with the topic of her movie loves. And she wasn't going to be cheated out of that fun.

She began by pointing out: "You can't say I wasted any time getting in with the best men. The very first one, for example, was William Powell.

"The occasion of our first get-together was my first picture, 'Evelyn Prentice'—in which I played the second feminine lead. And I might not be on the screen today, if it weren't for Bill. I learned more from him than from anyone else I've encountered in Hollywood.

"I have him catalogued in my little black book as the understanding, sympathetic type. The amused father-confessor.

"I was a hopeless novice—I had never been on a movie set before, and I just didn't know what it was all about. He took time out to give me (*Continued on page 79*)







Biggest splash at Jimmie Fidler's shindig was made by Jackie Cooper, who left Bonita to home and brought Phyllis Ruth. They double-dated with Bud Westmore and Rosemary Lane.



All those elegant Billy Conn-Jean Parker clinches have to be cut from Republic's "Pittsburgh Kid," because Billy's manager doesn't think the public wants him Clark Gable-ized.



Dan Topping and Sonja denied stork rumors right and left until Mrs. Henie crossed 'em up. She inadvertently disclosed that they're expecting a little Topping for Xmas!



It's an event when Anita Louise and hubby Buddy Adler tear themselves away from their beloved newsreel theatre. Run by Adler, Anita patronizes it constantly, occasionally collects tickets!



Betty Grable's playing chauffeur to George Raft these days. She adores driving and has complete confidence—nevertheless insured her legs for $100,000, just in case!

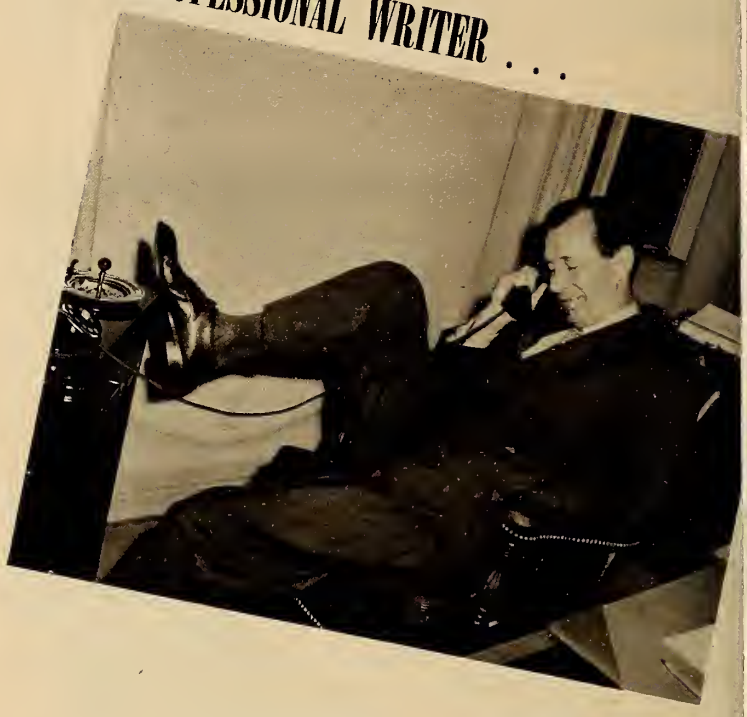


Martha Raye and Neal Lang played right along with the guests at their beach party celebrating Neal's birthday and housewarming their new home. Guests were requested to wear their oldest!

SCREEN SPECIALISTS . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

PROFESSIONAL WRITER . . .



NUNNALLY JOHNSON looked at the movies and concluded that, if this was all they wanted, his child Nora could do as well, and he could improve on Nora. The inquiry was pursued in no spirit of bumptiousness, but with the impersonal logic of a scientist and in the interests of a flattened pocketbook. Now that he's turned out such bell-ringers as "House of Rothschild," "Chad Hanna" and "Grapes of Wrath," he still considers scenario writing a pipe and sings hallelujahs for the invention of celluloid.

At eight he decided to be a journalist because he'd read a book about Richard Harding Davis and didn't want to work as hard as his father, a railroad man in Columbus, Georgia. His first job on a Savannah paper was interrupted by the war. His last order as a lieutenant to one Corporal Steese, assistant city editor of the New York Tribune, was to get him a spot on that sheet. After years as reporter and columnist on various New York papers, he quit to write short stories on the theory that they'd give him more leisure and freedom to work where he pleased.

He says there are two kinds of writers, amateurs and professional. An amateur may be brilliant like James Thurber, but circumscribed to his own field. The mark of a professional is adaptability. Give him a charade or an epic, he'll study its basic structure and grind out a reasonable facsimile. Johnson's a professional. He adapted himself successively to the formulas of True Confessions, Smart Set and The Saturday Evening Post. In '29 his bankbook shrank with the story market. That's when he began dissecting movies. Evidently Paramount made him a grudging offer which he translates roughly as: "If you'll pound at the gate on a certain Monday morning, we may let you in." He had to borrow sixty dollars for fare. Three years later Zanuck took and hung on to him.

He's been associate producer on his own picture for five years and considers it the ideal arrangement for a writer. Zanuck gives him an assignment, they talk it over and don't see each other again till the script is finished. He regards conferences as so much waste motion and staggers his set and fashion designers by admitting they know their stuff better than he does. He says the best producer is one who leaves his writer alone, and the best writer one who asks his producer no questions. If he has a favorite among his own scripts, it's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Currently he's working on "Chicago." As opposed to those who wait for inspiration, he's strictly a businessman writer who comes in at ten, hangs up his hat, works till the five o'clock whistle blows, puts on his hat and goes home.

He's tall, trim, faintly faunish-looking and retains his Geo'gia drawl. His close friends range back to newspaper days, and his idea of a pleasant evening is to sit, read, talk and have a few drinks. He used to exercise under protest till he managed to dig up a doctor in good standing who said it was wrong to exercise after forty. His sports activities are now confined to dabbling a toe in the pool once a week to see if it's wet.

His wife is Dorris Bowdon, who played Rosasharn in "Grapes of Wrath" and is mildly interested in returning to work, if she ever gets their Holmby Hill house thoroughly furnished. Of two daughters by a former marriage, Marjorie's a recent bride, Nora's bringing her dog to spend the summer. Nunnally maintains that dogs are a nuisance and that he'd gladly pay a man to bring one around twice a week, so that he could discharge his obligation by patting it. When he makes such statements, he carefully avoids the eyes of his own two pooches.

WOMAN MAKES THE CLOTHES . . .



THE SWANK DRESSMAKER designs from thirty to fifty dresses for a season's collection. Edith Head, top fashion designer at Paramount, does as many for a single picture and has six pictures going at once. What saves her from the strait jacket is that she loves to draw, and ideas come to her with ease. She thinks—cheerfully—that all studio designers will eventually go crazy, but meantime they have fun.

Except for the extras, she dresses all the women in Paramount pictures, from star to bit player. Each dress must be not merely a dress, but a unit fitting smoothly into the pattern of the picture. She avoids the bizarre to concentrate on gayety and freshness. To ensure originality, she designs her own fabrics and has them woven, appliquéd or embroidered.

She was teaching French, Spanish and art in a private school in Hollywood, attended by the De Mille and other picture children. With them she visited the studio, whose atmosphere she found as exciting as school was boring. So she took an armful of sketches to Howard Greer, then head designer at Paramount, talked herself into a job and was heartbroken when they didn't send her right out to dress Gloria Swanson. From designing scales for mermaids and butterflies' wings, she was graduated into Westerns, then became junior designer under Travis Banton—a feat unique in the annals of her profession.

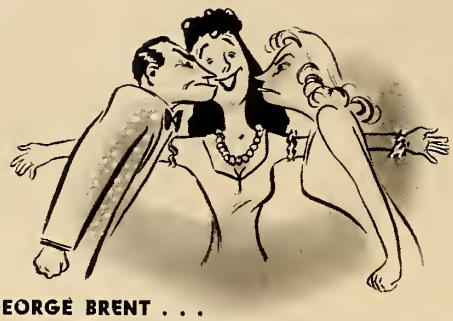
Her first big star was an elephant, for whom she designed the bellyband that supports a palanquin. Her second was Pola Negri. A staff of drapers, cutters, finishers, embroiderers, rising at times to three hundred, carry out her ideas, but she does the designing alone and unprotected. It works like this: She reads the script, confers with producer, director and star, makes her sketches, presents them for approval to producer, director, star, art director, cameraman and—if the picture is in color—to the Technicolor expert. The workroom takes over, preliminary fittings are made on the dummy of the player and at least two fittings on the player herself. Then the clothes are finally tested on the screen.

Miss Head wears bangs, tinted glasses and an air of serenity, and her talk is threaded with humor as lively as the colors she loves. Her principal headache is the necessity for dressing a girl dowdily or in bad taste to meet story requirements. That hurts. Her principal pleasure, apart from the work itself, lies in contact with a variety of stimulating people. She says the most fun she ever had was with Mae West and Charles Laughton, whom she dressed as Nero.

She's married to Wiard Ihnen, art director at Fox. When she wearies of designing clothes for pictures, she'll sketch for the wardrobe of a friend. "For the very same reason," she says, "as sailors buy rowboats."

STYLES IN WILES

THIRTEEN MEN TELL GLADYS HALL WHAT THEY LIKE ABOUT WOMEN!



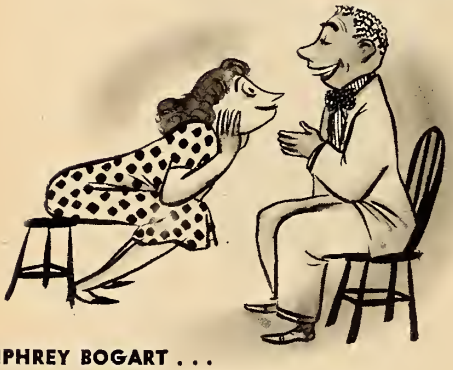
GEORGE BRENT . . .

"For my money, the woman who can say the right thing at the right time, relieve tight domestic situations—she is Venus' fly-trap. Men hate being embarrassed. Therefore, the woman who spares them embarrassment is the winnah! Besides, if a woman hasn't got a feminine, intuitive mind, she can't have feminine appeal."



JOHN SUTTON . . .

"To be, or seem to be, completely feminine is the most delightful of all woman's wiles. They must wear feminine clothes, speak in soft voices, achieve a slightly timid manner. It may well be more wile than Nature nowadays, but if that be true, give us this day our daily wiles!"



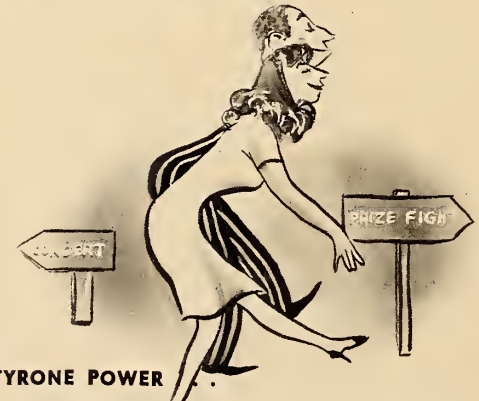
HUMPHREY BOGART . . .

"There's one particular feminine come-on that I appreciate the most. It's the girl who is a good listener—or pretends she is. The wiliest woman ever made of sugar and spice is the one who flatters a man with her full and undivided attention. The pay-off usually is that she gets *his*—for the duration."



CARY GRANT . . .

"A woman's hands get me every time. More than her face, figure, clothes, anything. The girl who, when she smokes, makes the cigarette seem a part of her hand. The girl who, when she kisses you, touches your face with her hands. That always gets me down for the count!"



TYRONE POWER . . .

"The feminine art of giving in gracefully is as appealing a wile as I can think of . . . and as clever a one. If more women would practice it, they'd find more men being equally gallant. It's ladies who insist on having their own way who get it with the least frequency!"



ROBERT STACK . . .

"I guess I'd say that change of temperament is the super-feminine wile to win me. Men get a pack of entertainment watching a woman leap from one mood to another. A poor fellow becomes absolutely dazzled trying to anticipate a chameleon girl's next mood! The unpredictable—that's for me."



GEORGE SANDERS . . .

"I love it when a woman wears an elusive perfume . . . I'm not quite sure where it comes from, what it is . . . want to follow it . . . I love it when a woman knows how to play the piano beautifully . . . so that she can play for me softly in the twilight. . . ."



ERROL FLYNN . . .

"I most admire the wile that enables woman to get her own way, as follows: She tells you what she'd like to do, then makes a brave show of trying to enforce *your* desires. Being a push-over for unselfishness, you stick out your chest, give in to her, are a sucker—and love it."



JIMMY ELLISON . . .

"I go for the girl who doesn't smoke, doesn't want a career, gets frightened at mice, clings to your arm when you're walking together. It makes a man feel like a *man*. I love it—and when a girl makes a man feel this way, he'll *always* love her. . . ."



OTTO KRUGER . . .

"The woman's wile that intrigues me the most? Flattery, *with* the syrup! The woman who says she hasn't seen you for years but you look 'just the same.' And all the time you're thinking 'Don't give me that stuff.' Actually, what you say—and mean—is 'Really? Tell me more!'"



PHILIP DORN . . .

"The girl who makes a point of knowing a man's mother is the wise and wily lady. A man is searching for his mother's qualities in all other women, and the girl who can make herself most like the mother is the girl he's most liable to love."



CHARLES BOYER . . .

"The charm of woman lies, I think, in her mystery. Perhaps it's the way she dresses. frequently wearing a veil . . . she must make her rendezvous with you in extraordinary places . . . she must not answer questions fully but leave you constantly wondering."



LOUIS HAYWARD . . .

"Wiles? Absolutely none of them. Feminine wiles are painfully obvious. If they weren't, how would you be able to recognize them as wiles? If a man is terribly intrigued with a woman, he'll forgive her her wiles—he'll adore them in fact. He'll be flattered, he'll fall, but—he won't be fooled!"

ACADEMY AWARD AUNT

She takes the cake domestically as well as professionally — that Oscar-winning actress Jane Darwell!

BY JEANNE KARR

To the public at large she's Jane Darwell, this year's Academy Award winner for her heart-warming performance of Ma Joad in "Grapes of Wrath." To Mary and Daphne Ogden, the grandnieces who live with her, she's Aunt Pat. Her real name is Patti Woodard. Her father, who had made the name Woodard important in railroad circles, wasn't too keen about having it transferred to the more spectacular world of the footlights. So a friend said, "Why don't you borrow my maiden name for luck?" Which is what she did.

If you want to see her eyes shine, ask her about the girls. Her speech will be matter-of-fact, even detached, but privately she thinks they're as fine a pair as ever stepped foot into life.

Mary's nineteen—tall, willowy, sweet-faced with dark blue eyes and masses of light brown hair, which she wears in a long bob. Daphne, a year younger, is shorter and thinks she has to diet. Her eyes are like her sister's, but her hair is a glorious mop of burnt copper that people turn to look at when it comes down the street. "It's all right," she admits grudgingly. "But what could be worse than freckles, a turned-up nose and Daphne for a name?"

She's a deadpan Puck, demure amid the hilarity she creates. A couple of years ago her driving ambition was to marry and have a lot of babies. Now she wants to be an actress like Aunt Pat, who's going to send her to the Pasadena Community Playhouse for two years of training after she graduates from North Hollywood High School this summer.

As a model in the school fashion show, she's already won her first notice. "Above all things, remember to walk slowly," Aunt Pat had told her. Daphne paced across the stage, removed the cape of her costume, laid it over her arm, paused smiling before the vice-principal, turned shoulder and hip like the Vyvyan Donner girls in the newsreel and sauntered off. "Daphne Ogden," said the school paper, "was a perfect picture of poise and grace."

She laid it beside Aunt Pat's plate at dinner that night. "A star is born," she announced.

Mary's the dreamer, head in the clouds, dedicated from childhood to the arts. She stares at strangers, murmuring, "That girl has a Botticelli face," spends all her money on Cézanne prints and books about Michelangelo, goes to the Chinouard School and plans to draw for a living. She's not so good at practical things like spelling. "Don't be mizzled," she read thoughtfully from an ad. "Funny. I never heard that word before." The word was misled. "She paralyzes me," says Aunt Pat.

Her second passion is for music. "Do we have to listen to another symphony?" moans Daphne. Or she'll improvise at the piano, while her sister's trying to get to sleep. "That's a daisy pushing up through the grass," she'll call loud enough to be heard through the bedroom door. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Simply beautiful," yells Daphne, to whom it sounds more like a time-bomb. "Better quit now before you spoil it."

She doesn't care for sports, at which Daphne excels, but dances like a dream. "Only by herself, though," adds the irrepressible redhead. "Because she goes out with such arty people, they think dancing's beneath them." To which Mary responds with the indulgent, superior smile one keeps for children.

The fourth member of the household is Uncle Bill, Miss Darwell's older brother. He regards his family with the benevolent humor of a St. Bernard watching puppies at play. He refuses to "go racketing with the girls"—which term includes his sister—and allows himself to be lured out only to the races, where they're all two-dollar plungers. For the (*Continued on page 86*)



When Jane was a kid, her ambitian to act was nipped in the bud by her socially consciaus parents. Naw she's very careful ta give nieces Daphne and Mary free rein!

Camera Make-up



Above. Too-heavy make-up conceals the freshness of Gene Tierney's complexion, and her lips appear indistinct and dry.



Left. Gene Tierney of 20th Century-Fox with expertly applied make-up. Here her eyes, lips and skin look young and natural.

BY CAROL CARTER

YOUR PICTURE IS A RECORD OF YOUR BEAUTY, SO MAKE IT DO YOU JUSTICE

It's important to be photogenic these days, what with candid camera fiends lurking around every corner and best beaus offing to camp with your picture!

To get yourself in condition for a planned or "surprise" photograph take a tip from the experts. The principle of photography, you know, is based on the contrasting of light and shadow, and you can assure yourself of a picture you're proud to have in circulation by using contrasting make-up to bring out your good features.

In making up, always use a foundation base. If your features are irregular, use two, the darker to shadow a too-full jaw or to make a prominent nose, chin or forehead less noticeable. Your regular base is ideal for snapshots and the like, but for portrait photographs, there are special camera foundations that are excellent. However, some of these are too noticeable for street wear. Whatever you choose, begin low at the neckline and pat your base on evenly, carrying it well up to your hairline. Be sure to include those too-often-neglected areas—under the chin, behind the ears, back of the neck and around the eyes.

Unless you use a special powder-type foundation, spread powder on evenly over your base, and here again, it's desirable to use two shades. Be sure that they blend softly into each other so that there is no tattle-tale line of demarcation. Then dust off the excess with a piece of tissue or a special brush to give your face a soft, matlike finish.

Rouge creates shadows, you know, and like foundation, can play down prominent cheekbones or a too-full face, if applied expertly. A careless job, however, will give your face hollows where you least want them. For a planned photograph where special camera make-up is used, rouge is generally omitted.

Your lips will be lovely and natural looking in your finished photograph if you use a deep, clear red lipstick. Model your lips carefully, making them wider or shorter, fuller or thinner, to give your face better proportion. If they're too heavy, use a medium (*Continued on page 84*)

BY CAROL CARTER



Mary Martin, dainty star of Paramount's forthcoming "New York Town," uses a natural-colored lipstick with her attractive new blonde locks

LIP TIPS ON LOVELINESS



A lip pencil or speciol brush moy be used to outline or reshope lips. Lipstick is then filled in and shorp edges rubbed off.

"Dear Miss Carter: I'm fifteen years old, and I want to use lipstick. My girl friends do, and I look so unattractive without it—but my family objects. Won't you please help me?" "Dear Miss Carter: When should a girl begin to wear lipstick? I live in a small town and am fourteen years of age. Please advise me." "What shade of lipstick should I choose for my very first?" writes a sixteenster from Fort Worth. "Please tell me when I should and should not use lipstick. I am seventeen and live in the suburbs of a big city," writes another little sub-deb friend of ours.

Dear teensters, sub-debs and all you in-betweensters, you have our heartfelt sympathy for those quandaries of yours! We *know!* Big sisters, brothers, parents, girl and boy friends all take pains to advise you of their own particular attitude about lipstick. When they're through, you just don't know where you're at!

One reason for all the confusion is that there aren't any universal rules set up for teen-age girls. There are so many factors involved—general appearance, social habits, size and type of community—that make-up habits are of necessity highly individualized.

If you're poised and sophisticated for your age and live in a city for example, the answer will be altogether different from the counsel we'd give to girls who are decidedly youthful in appearance, lead a sheltered rural life where social life is extremely conservative.

One rule which does apply to all of you, though, is putting on lipstick artistically and with finesse *before* you risk your first public appearance. You'll save embarassing moments this way. Lipstick colors range from natural or changeable shades through pale, rosy tints, clear, true reds and on into a variety of blue-reds and orange-reds right down to the deeper, heavier brown-reds.

There's more of a knack to applying lipstick than creams, powders and all the other cosmetics put together. Consequently a girl's got to develop a technique if she's going to avoid that torrent of criticism from friends and relatives.

We're more concerned about *how* you wear your lipstick than on which mouth make-up you decide. For cosmetics of all kinds are practically foolproof these days what with the U. S. Government bureaus of standards and research fine-combing every product that gets near cosmetic counters. The government controls the colors used, and the manufacturers spend actual fortunes on research to make sure that no color or perfume can in any way conflict with little pet allergies or idiosyncrasies you may have.

In applying lipstick, always start and finish with a clean face. Almost all lipsticks have an under-tint which makes them lasting, but which, left on the lips, will interfere with the next coat. If possible, wash and cold cream your lips before applying lip make-up. At least wipe them well with a tissue. If you have difficulty removing color which has extended beyond the lip line, try a bit of peroxide on a tissue or puff of cotton.

There are two methods of applying lipstick. No. 1: Start in the center of your upper lip and work out to the corners. No. 2: Begin at the corners and color toward the center. While you're doing the job, keep your mouth open with a slightly smiling expression so you'll completely cover the inside edges as well as the outside. Now press your lips together and transfer any excess color to the lower one. Then blot (*Continued on page 91*)



After pressing both lips together to transfer any excess, blot lips with tissue. This assures a neat, natural look.



Powdering lightly over the finished job sets lip rouge and gives that soft mat-like finish so becoming to young girls for daytime wear.

WITH ACCENT ON YOUTH

MODERN SCREEN'S

HOW TO APPLY LIPSTICK AND ROUGE FOR DIFFERENT FACES

OVAL	ROUND	LONG
		
Make up lips full, fallawing their natural autline. Begin rauge on cheek under each eye and blend back toward temples in triangle.	Make up mouth as wide as becaming, bringing calar aut ta end af lips. Use darkest rauge that is becaming. Blend toward temples, then dawn alang jawline.	Fallaw natural lip cantours, making lawer ane full at carners, but dan't extend length. Use light tane rauge and keep ta center af cheeks.

HOW TO APPLY ROUGE TO GIVE BETTER PROPORTION TO EYES

NORMAL	ROUND	CIRCLED
		
ntensify natural cheek calaring slightly. Keep rauge away from area near eyes.	Blend rauge fram a paint well beneath each eye and carry it lightly taward temples.	Caver circle edges with faundation and pawder, blend rauge faintly over these.

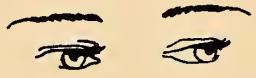
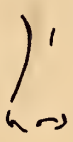
HOW TO APPLY LIPSTICK TO GIVE BETTER PROPORTION TO NOSE

SHAPELY	SHORT	LONG
		
Apply your lipstick, fallawing natural autline. Avoid heavy or bright lip make-up which will make nose seem too small.	Emphasize upper lip with deeper, brighter lipstick and make it slightly wider and fuller than lower lip.	Cancentrate calar an lawer lip, making it slightly wider and squarer than upper lip.

WHICH OF THESE STARS REPRESENTS YOUR TYPE?

		
Hedy Lamarr, M-G-M	Olympe Bradna, Warner Brothers	Dorothy Lamour, Paramount

Lipstick and Rouge Chart...

SQUARE	HEART-SHAPED	TRIANGULAR	DIAMOND-SHAPED
	(Brood brow, norrow chin) 	(Narrow brow—broad chin) 	
Bring lip moke-up out to full length of mouth, softly curving upper lip. Start rouge under eyes, blend toword temples, then shade downword over jowline.	Keep lips slightly heort-shoped, though noturol, ond foirly smoll. Begin rouge on highest point of cheekbone ond blend toword temples.	Moke up lips wide, orching them slightly. Begin rouge beneath eyes ond shode toward temples, then down over jawline.	Follow noturol lip contours, keeping lips foirly smoll ond gently curved. Apply rouge on crest of cheekbones, blending outword in oll directions.
WITH GLASSES 	**DEEP-SET** 	**PROMINENT** 	**SMALL** 
Blend rouge high on cheek just under each eye. Rouge lips vividly and carefully.	Apply rouge well beneoth eyes, ovoiding hollows, and blending toword temples.	Blend rouge delicately well up to point just below eyes.	Apply rouge on cheekbones well below eyes, ond use it sporingly. To emphosize brown eyes, use oronge-red rouge. For blue eyes, use blue-red.
LARGE 	**FLAT** 	**WIDE** 	**UPTURNED** 
Emphasize color on lower lip and make slightly wider and fuller than upper lip.	Follow natural lip curves, keeping lips wide. Blend lighter foundation down length of nose. Use vivid lipstick.	Make up lips following natural contours but fairly wide. Use darker foundation to shadow sides of nose.	Concentrate color on upper lip, making it slightly brighter than lower lip.
 ■ Ann Sheridon, Worner Brothers	 ♥ Vivien Leigh, United Artists	 ▲ Ann Sothern, M-G-M	 ♦ Merle Oberon, United Artists

GOOD NEWS



At recent USO benefit, Janie Withers did a swing version of the "Hut Sut Song" (arranged by the very smitten Buddy Pepper). Gene Autry (in one of his 65 sombreros) sang "Mexicali Rose."

WE APOLOGIZE!

There appeared in the February, 1941, issue of Modern Screen an item by Sylvia Kahn, Hollywood reporter of said magazine, as follows:

ERROL SKINFLYNNT?

An ancient mining engineer, recently returned from the far-away Indies, reports a revolution fomenting in romantic British Guiana. The cause of the trouble, he tells us, is Hollywood's own Errol Flynn who vagabonded through that country before becoming a famous movie star. Our engineer asserts Errol borrowed dough from practically every explorer, miner and native on the island, used his gleanings to pay his steamship fare to America—and, to date, hasn't kicked back a cent! The boys in Guiana didn't mind for the first few years, but they've run into lean times of late and could use the money. They claim they've written Errol on several occasions and asked for it, but they've had no response. This department is fond of Errol and wouldn't want to see anything happen to him. That's why we're tipping him off, here and now, the gang is planning to finance a trip for one among them who will come to these shores and personally put the bee on his neglectful old-time pal!"

This publication hereby desires to correct the misstatements made about Mr. Flynn in said article. As a matter of fact, the story is entirely without foundation, nor was Mr. Flynn ever in British Guiana. Thus, the entire report was inadvertently based upon misinformation.

Short Shots

Pittsburgh Billy Conn felt proudest about his first picture-making assignment for Republic when someone pointed out that he was earning more than Clark Gable. Latter nets $7,500 a week. Billy got $20,000 for 15 days work! . . . Surest way to start charming Michele Morgan glowing is to compliment her on her lack of French accent. She'll display her amazing English opposite Paul Henry (nee Hernreid) in "Joan of Paris" . . . It wasn't once-wed Brenda Marshall who kept her nerve when she eloped with Bill Holden to Nevada. Brenda cried and cried from the moment they routed out a clergyman at 3 in the morning until the final "I do." It was Bill who carried through like a veteran . . . Sad-eyed Leonid Kinsky's taking swimming lessons every morning now to build up lank chest and shoulders. Spotting John Payne's magnificent pectoral development on the set of Twentieth Century's "Weekend in Havana" one morning, Leonid begged to have his elevator boy's uniform padded to fill. The studio said nix. They wanted



Evening's funniest skit was one in which Irene Dunne and Roz Russell read the same lines simultaneously and ditto for Cary Grant and Charles Boyer. Double talk de luxe!



30,000 Hollywood-ites packed the Hollywood Bowl for the show put on by dozens of stars. Evening's high spot was a skit by Rudy Vallee and the brothers Barrymore.

their Kinsky lean and funny. So Leonid queried Payne on how to become a Strongfort overnight, was advised to swim. Results are not yet discernible . . . Tearfully once-overing the results of the fire that gutted her bedroom not long ago, Ann Sothern was handed a special delivery letter. It was a message of sympathy from the lad being held for trial at the county jail for having rifled her home of valuables several weeks earlier! . . . Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are having final touches put on a 20-foot steel and concrete bombproof shelter in the basement of their new home out in Brentwood . . . Jane Clayton, Twentieth Century newcomer, and Husband Russell Hayden introduced Daughter Sandra to Hollywood's lollipop set on her first birthday. Bill Boyd and his wife wanted to come, but had no baby, so they brought Bill's horse instead. The kids loved it . . . It's costing Roy Rogers $1,500 to put his beautiful sky blue trailer back into shape. He came back to Republic from a personal appearance tour with 560 fan names scratched, gouged or scribbled on the sides with penknife, lipstick and pencil. We hear that in one town, super-enthusiastic fans dispersed a whole platoon of coppers who tried to stop them.

Bank Knight

For Warner's young Mr. William Justus, the big time should have been years away. And it would have been if Bette Davis hadn't wandered into a movie house on Hollywood Boulevard. Who she wondered, was that wonderful young man in the "short"? Next day Bette reported to her bosses all a-bubble. Her discovery *must* have a screen test. She couldn't remember his name. But that didn't matter. Okay, said the studio, mindful of Davis discoveries of the past. And the rest must have seemed like a dream to young William. Pleasant-faced, deep-voiced, he's Richard Travis now, and you'll see him in a big fat introductory role: the newspaperman in the much-discussed "The Man Who Came to Dinner"—all because Bette Davis went to a movie one day.

Broncho Bust-up

It's usually the svelte-profiled leading man who takes it on the chin and other places when the script calls for a bit of horse-wrangling. But not so with strapping 190-pound George Montgomery! Born the youngest of a family of 15 children on a ranch near Brady, Mont., in 1916, he's been bringing home rodeo trophies since he was knee high to a jack rabbit. Forking a bronco for a scene in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Riders of the Purple Sage," he found the animal spiritless, gave him a healthy clip to wake him up. It did. In the resultant explosion of horse flesh, Cameraman Lucien Andriot knocked himself out o
his camera hood, Director Jim Tinling tripped on a reflector, r
Assistant Charles Hall took a nose dive clambering over a
The very worst part of the whole thing was that it to
ages to get any medical assistance, for the studio d
pened to be on duty that day at a "more dangerous" lo



Huge contributors were
and her advertising exec
Bette Davis, Fannie Bric

Didja Know?

That a technicolor home movie hobby would be the unkindest cut of all to your bankroll? Camera alone costs $25,000! . . . That Lucille Ball, who's paid nearly $1,000 a week by RKO, carries little cash with her intentionally? Like many a soft-hearted big name, she gets nicked for between $30 and $50 in unreturned "touches" weekly . . . That Metro's Tom Conway (Bad Man) looks and acts like George Sanders with good reason? He's George's brother. . . . That British-born Binnie Barnes drove a milk truck for the health of it at 15?. . . . That Maria Montez, pining for her RAFiancé, was cruelly jolted by a recent cablegram from the young flyer? The cable company interpreted "darling" as "sailing," had Maria in a fever of hope for a while. . . . That any Universal employee who thinks up a usable picture title can tuck a $25 bonus into his or her penny bank? . . . That Bob Hope, now, among other things, a partner in Cleveland's Hope Metal Products Co., once tempted haymakers with that lantern jaw as "Packy" East, prizefighter? . . . That Ann Rutherford and Bob Stack come into their own this month? They get their first star billing together in "Badlands of Dakota." . . . That A-1 Actor Marc Lawrence seems to have climbed for keeps from that "gangster" rut? Hot on the heels of his pungent half-wit role in "Shepherd of the Hills," Marc's being tested for Fernando in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." . . . That Fred MacMurray developed those shoulders building up and tearing down stage sets before the studios trained a camera on him eight years later? . . . That George Montgomery is still puzzled over that Cocoanut Grove mystery? Invited to a party for the "Badlands of Dakota" cast, he brought along Ann Rutherford. They arrived, found a table set for 12, no one present. After rattling around alone for an hour, they finally gave up, went on home
That Jane Withers has a neat way of reproving discour
hogs who honk impatiently behind her? To the ba
her red Buick convertible, Janie has fastened
When someone following gets unpleasant, s
under the dashboard, and the gadget st

Womaneuvers

Add Linda Darnell
a tour of Calif
up the lads
—only to
came
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GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

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Continued . . .



Dennis and
Burns' and
Ronnie.

Disa and Data

"An Obliging Young Lady" is a tailor-made title for Ruth (Mrs. Citizen Kane) Warrick. Right off the bat she meets her leading man, goes into a love scene with him. "Did you mind?" we asked her on the RKO set. "No," grinned Ruth, "the same thing happened when I met my husband" . . . Sea-loving Stirling Hayden chafed so at his 7-year Paramount contract bonds that the studio's advancing $15,000-$20,000 to help him buy a boat. At this writing, Stirling's got his eye on something 120 feet long! . . . Metro producer Carey Wilson has piled up an amazingly complete collection of high school text books. He keeps it to make sure that Andy Hardy doesn't toss out any cultural quips that an actual high-schooler wouldn't be expected to know . . . Rare bird but smart boy that Richard Whorf. When Warner publiciteasers begged him for intimate life tips for a build-up, Dick warned wisely: "Wait until the fans see me in 'New Orleans Blues.' If they like me, then go ahead." . . . It took three deep-dyed exec conferences to figure out every possible way of quick-changing Humphrey Bogart from villain to good guy for "The Maltese Falcon." For the first time, he wears pressed pants and a necktie in every scene, had two hair-pieces added to his own slick locks to make him look as respectable as possible . . . That little iron door-knob Ida Lupino's been sporting around town on every possible ensemble was designed by Marjorie Cummings, wife of M-G-M Producer Jack Cummings. There's a little gold padlock on the thing, and guess who has the key? Louis Hayward, of course—on a watch fob . . . That stranger M. C. Bob Hope had to hand a prize to as Calcutta Sweepstakes winner at the Hollywood Park Turf Club Gold Cup Ball (Britain benefit) was Alfred Wright, the lad who wrote that nasty piece about Bob in Time magazine . . . We stopped Mother-to-be Veronica Lake in a Paramount hallway. Grinning prettily from under that hank of blonde hair, she announced: "John (Dellie) and I are going off in a car somewhere about a month after the baby comes. Don't ask me where—we're just going for a whole month." . . . Michele Morgan named herself after "J.P.," wanted to prefix an American-sounding "Mike" to it but was persuaded to use the Gallic feminine equivalent . . . Life isn't always a bed of roses for celluloid's lovelies. Dorothy g-Lamour got up at 4, returned at 8, for 45 solid days during location shooting of "Her Jungle Mate" . . . Just a few days after Claudette Colbert rented a house at Santa Monica for peace and quiet, workmen began banging out a home-stead for Jack Warner right next door . . . Take no stock in that bambino-to-be of the Robert Prestons. Like everyone else, rumor-starter Jimmie Fidler mistook Bob for Preston Sturges. Preston Foster, also a top Paramounter, complicates the name situation even further . . . If and when Glenn Ford marries, it will probably be Chile-born, star-in-the-making Evelyn Ankers. She'd made a name for herself in England before Universal nabbed her.

Hollywood Legend

rocadero is part of Hollywood legend. Dozens and dozens of kered dimly in quiet corners, came again and again as their med to incandescence. Here Mary Martin, her hair three ed, once sang nightly for convivial producers without get- Lana Turner made her boy friends take her there met Greg Bautzer, who had haunted the place hoping the Troc orchestra played "Melancholy Baby," it s cue to step up to a mike and sing her favorite met his wife Marjorie Lane while she was er young entertainer was a pretty little girl . . That was the Trocadero when Billy e he opened Ciro's, before the Mocambo am. Now the word goes 'round that the gain. Nostalgic news for many who the flavor of a certain period in film- r-to-be-forgotten period in their own

us and seductive, they're seldom akes something like a tempera- ar hall of NBC to send Charles' incredible triangular eyebrows. For a nickel, a paper cup ap- a small spout from which flows oadcast recently, Mr. Boyer fed s than a penny's worth of re- l sport that he is, inserted an- red sudden pangs of remorse ddenly the sparkly stuff began of the contraption and cascad- ars worth had splashed by the rceful page boys could get the it's the first time in Hollywood r's eyeballs have been exposed.

Three Rings

The Powder Room Prophets have three new Hollywood marriages to work on. Between lipstick daubings, they'll tell you anything you want to know about the Gene Tierney-Oleg Cassini, Kathryn Grayson-John Shelton and Brenda Marshall-Bill Holden alliances. The same gal who predicted divorce for Lana Turner and Artie Shaw the minute she heard they were married, regretfully announces to anyone who will listen that she feels the same way about the Tierney-Cassini hitching and bases her opinion on "circumstantial evidence." Didn't she see Gene spend more than $50 in small coins calling her parents in the East from the phone booth at Mocambo? And weren't Gene's allergic-to-chocolate eyes turned reproachfully on her husband during the entire conversation? . . . The Grayson-Shelton tie-up is a little tougher to tab. Kathryn has been kept out of the public eye while M-G-M built up the "sweet young thing" angle, but 19-year-old Zelma Hedrick (her real name) has a mind of her own. She realizes all the studio has done for her in preparing her for stardom, but if they're determined to make another Durbin of her, she doesn't see why she can't successfully pattern her private life after Deanna's, too . . . The Marshall-Holden marriage is the only one of the three that gets the "blessings on you, my children" routine from the local gossips. Hollywood, for all of its streamlined glamour and quick romances, is still an old-fashioned town in lots of ways. It beams benignly on long engagements, forgets that they *are* long in most cases because either person concerned is waiting for his final divorce decree from another!

R. I. P.

The gloom around the Flynn ménage was thicker than a Yorkshire pudding the day Errol's beloved Schnauzer, Arno, was found dead on a California beach. Errol and Arno were two of a kind: Arno was often called the "Errol Flynn of the canine world." The pooch took orders from no one but his lord and master, came and went as he pleased and was the only dog allowed on the Warner Bros. lot. Death stepped in the night he jumped off Flynn's yacht for a swim, and there was no way back for the dog who once jumped from a moving train and delayed a première-going party an entire hour while Flynn hunted for him.

Red Skelton

Red's the only guy in Hollywood who can mix comedy with sex appeal in equal doses. He débuted as a comedian at the age of 10 in a medicine show . . . Has been a minstrel man on a river-plowing showboat, clown with the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus, master of ceremonies at walkathons, night club entertainer, radio comedian, vaudeville funnyman . . . Won't answer a telephone, 'cause the sound of a voice coming over the wire makes him break out in a red rash . . . Always carries expensive cigars and collects pipes but has never smoked . . . Does a perfect imitation of a drunk but has yet to taste liquor . . . Acts like an extrovert, thinks like an introvert . . . Is 6' 2½", weighs 190 lbs., has copper-red hair, dark brown eyes and dimples . . . Once ate half a dozen doughnuts six times a day during a vaudeville tour that lasted weeks (as part of his act) . . . Still likes 'em . . . Loves prize fights, swimming, home-made movies . . . Hired a tutor to work with him between acts when he was on tour, so he could catch up on his education . . . Likes to buy broken-down homes and remodel them.

Death of a Heroine

Three men in shirt sleeves sat huddled around a battered table. The shades were drawn, the air hot and heavy with smoke. A pile of cigarette butts rose from one to three inches before anyone spoke. "We can't just murder a sweet kid like that!" growled one. "Honest, she's grown on me like a sister or something." "We've got to," grumbled a guy with a two day's growth of beard. "She's getting too big for her own shoes." Another silence. Then the third man spoke. His eyes were half-closed in dreamy speculation. "Maybe we could do it a nice way. How about accidental carbon monoxide poisoning? Or we could slit her throat while she's sleeping." Somewhere a clock chimed twelve. The man with the beard pushed back his chair with a noise that made the others jump. "Let's talk about this after lunch, boys." He yawned and stretched. "Laraine Day may be getting too important for that job as Dr. Kildare's nurse. But the fans like her. Maybe we'll have to leave her in the story after all."

Ballyhoo's Who

Let Garbo stub her toe, let Lana Turner's hair-do go into an upsweep . . . if it happens in Hollywood, it's news—and even if it doesn't happen, local Winchells aren't above dreaming up something to titillate the public. All they need is a shred of a rumor. A recent issue of The Hollywood Reporter, filmland bible that graces every breakfast table and soda fountain in town, ran this case in point: "Ellington Joins Welles," said the headline. "Orson Welles," the story continued, "has made a deal with Duke Ellington to collaborate with him on an original. First half of the action in the projected work deals entirely with colored people; latter half with whites." We were intrigued. Here was a rare combination of genius. We checked further. Sure enough, the boys had been dreaming again. The facts: Messrs. Welles and Ellington had met one night for the first time. Said the Duke: "Mr. Welles, I think you're a hot fella." Orson beamed. "I think you're a hot fella, too. We'll have to make a picture together some time." Of such scraps is filmland news fashioned! . . . While on the same subject: a local columnist with space to fill announced in one startling line that Corporal Jimmy Stewart had left his plane in Olivia de Havilland's safe-keeping when he went off to the army. The reaction left Olivia gasping. His agent, (*Continued on page 102*)



Now that the Johnny Paynes are three, and reportedly going on four, they're moving from their 5-room love nest into a house in Brentwood near the Gary Coopers.



Just when the matchmakers had Olivia de Havilland practically middle-aisling with Bob Stack, didn't we catch her conga-ing with Gene Markey—two nights in a row!



SUSAN HAYWARD, APPEARING IN PARAMOUNT'S "REAP THE WILD WIND"

Smart ways to

I always envy the beauty editor because each month she gives you so many helpful suggestions on how to make the most of yourself. How to keep your skin smooth, make your eyes sparkle, your hair lustrous and all the rest, which is very fine!

Meanwhile, I show you what we all like to see—*new clothes*. But in between beauty and the dress, there are various little things for you to do and use which will help you to look as well-groomed as attractive, young stars like Susan Hayward or Gene Tierney.

Did you ever stop to think how many times in a year you put on a new dress? Not many, actually. Even if money is no object, you usually have certain favorites which you wear and wear. And unless you are getting married or have lost everything in a fire, your clothes are seldom brand new from head to toe.

Yet people look at you every day in the year and what they see and remember is *you as a whole*, not just the bright new sweater, a felt bag, a feather hat or even the pretty face that goes with it. All right, then, let's take time out from fashions and briefly run through what you can do—and easily—to make you look the way you want others to see you.

Do you have a mirror? I mean a really good, full-length mirror placed where you can face yourself in a strong, clear light? If you have, fine; otherwise invest. You probably can find one in a second-hand shop and paint it yourself to match your room. Just be sure it is not wavy!

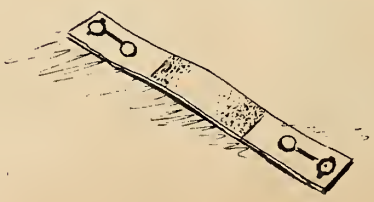
You love suits, of course, and that means blouses and sweaters. Do you have trouble keeping your blouse down inside your skirt? Your tucking-in days are over if you insert a Kleinert garment gripper in the waistband of your skirt. The strip of rubber stretches as you place it, then on contracting, it grips the blouse and the most strenuous moving about will not lift the blouse from where it belongs. In other words, you will no longer appear to be coming apart.

Do you have your own clothes brush and suede shoe brush? Not just family ones that never can be found? Be fastidious about them, keep them clean and use them even more often than seems necessary.

You know that whatever is attractive as well as handy has a way of getting used often. Well, why not buy, or more fun, make a fancy box like the one shown here and put in it all the gadgets you need for cleaning—shoe polish, cleaning powder and cleaning fluid for removing those little spots. Incidentally, remember what was spilled, don't wait long to clean the spot, and read the directions carefully so you won't ruin your dress. There is much you can do at home to keep your clothes in order, but when a dress really needs professional cleaning, don't hang onto it—go ahead



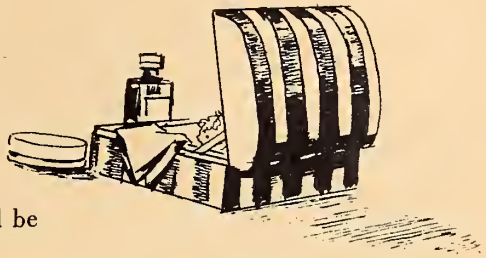






BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS

good grooming



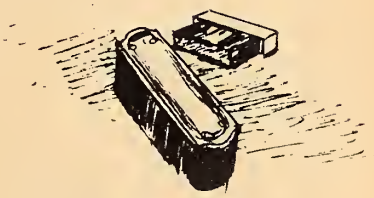
and send it to the cleaner. The money is well spent, and the dress will be back, clean and fresh, in three or four days at the most.

What about an electric iron? Yes, you have one, but is it handy so you press your dress or is it such an effort to untangle from the kitchen cupboard that you decide the dress can go another day? Sometimes, you know, all the difference between looking really well-groomed and looking so-so, is a creased neckline, a wrinkled sleeve or pleats that are not quite pleated. For pleated skirts or plain ones, Kleinert's skirt shields are invaluable for resisting skirt wrinkles.



While it seems as unnecessary these days to mention dress shields as to tell you to brush your teeth, the Kleinert Nu-Pin shields are an important aid to good grooming—so easily removed for washing and so easily pinned in again. With your new woolen dresses this fall, you have to be even more careful about your fresh dress shields than with washable summer clothes.

How is your sewing kit? So complete that you have every possible color of thread in case a shoulder strap breaks, a seam rips or a hem catches? You just don't pin up a hem if you really want to be well-groomed! All right, forgive me for that one. Do all your dresses have zippers? If not, go buy some in the right colors and sew them in. It isn't difficult and makes all the difference in your appearance. You probably use the old but effective trick of collecting attractive buttons to replace the ones that came on the dress. If a snap or hook and eye is needed at the collar or waist to make a better fit, do you bother to put it there? If your dress droops at the shoulder, do you fix it with the right shape shoulder pads?*

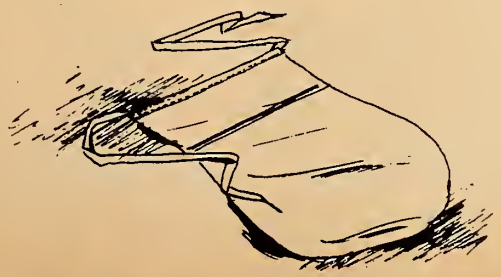


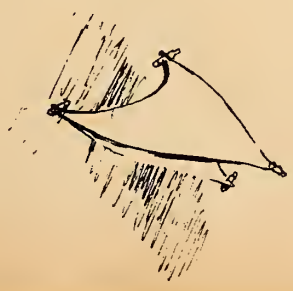
And now, if you make your own clothes, do you see to it that they really fit *you*? You've seen pictures of dress forms for Bette Davis and other stars. You, too, can have a dress form. Made at your sewing center of a wonderful thermoplastic material, the form is quickly molded on you like a second skin. Then when it hardens, the form keeps its shape, your shape rather, and your clothes can be fitted in a truly custom-made manner.

When you wear hats, remember to keep them brushed and their veils pressed and when you go hatless, keep your locks in place with a pretty barrette, a Grip-Tuth retainer which holds your curls, or if you're young enough, a ribbon bow. In fact, have a collection of ribbon bows in every color.

What else? Now that you are well-groomed, it's time to take a last look in that long mirror. Your stocking seams are straight, your slip doesn't show, and you like what you see . . . so off you go to meet the people!







* ALL OF THESE AIDS YOU WILL FIND IN YOUR LOCAL FIVE AND TEN

HEAD TO TOE . . .



A



B



C



MARGARET HAYES, APPEARING IN PARAMOUNT'S "SULLIVAN TRAVELS"



D



E

MARGARET HAYES, LOOKING AT THE NEW HATS, WEARS PARIS FASHION PUMPS. AT RIGHT, OTHER PARIS FASHION SHOES.

E. Monk slip-on with walled toe, keg heel, in brown maracain.

F. Bow knot pump in elasticized suede with slim faille bows.

G. Slip-on pump in elasticized softee calf with whisker bow.

H. Walled-toe bow pump in antique tan elasticized calf.



F



G



H

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1



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2



RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL

3



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9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP



HE WHO GOT SLAPPED

(*Continued from page 38*)

wears a wedding ring.

Victor glanced at the man sitting next to Martha.

"Your husband, I presume?"

It wasn't subtle. But it worked. Martha's green-blue eyes widened slightly, and she said, without expression:

"My husband is dead."

Victor Mature said, "I'm sorry," and the girl said it was all right. She had a voice, he decided dizzily, like one angel asking another angel the time of day.

After a while he asked her what she did for a living. She said she modeled hats. Victor Mature said:

"I knew you worked. I'm not a ball of fire at sizing people up. But you—I could tell you worked. I mean—you don't belong in this crowd.

MARTHA KEMP looked at Victor Mature very carefully. She really saw him. It was the first time she'd really seen anything—anything real, outside of herself—for—*how many months was it now*?

She said: "So you can tell?"

"Yes. I mean—that's nothing against the Park Avenue element. Some of my best friends and so on. But they don't have much grip on things, do they?

"Yes."

When he asked her to have dinner with him, she said she would.

Going out with Martha wasn't like anything that had ever happened to Victor Mature before.

As he followed her through the swinging glass door at the Stork Club that same night, he knew quite suddenly what heaven would be. It would begin as the Stork Club did—with a flash of many mirrors and Martha in them, smiling, tilting up her face to him. It would be a loud, crowded room with a discreetly restrained decor and a less restrained crowd. A crowd of writers, linoleum manufacturers, playboys, big name bandleaders, politicians, playgirls, columnists, Hollywood moguls, advertising executives and auto men from Detroit. All looking as much alike as the extras in a Chinese mob scene. Only Martha wearing a real face, a real smile and saying real things. . . .

But Martha, in heaven, would be a little different than she was that night! She would never, for one thing, forget you were there. She'd never stare somberly into her drink and forget to answer you. She'd laugh—the same way—oftener.

Funny, how many people knew her. Victor had never been jealous in his twenty-eight years. He'd thought of jealousy, always, as a pretty comic state.

They went to the El Morocco later. And Fefe's Monte Carlo after that. Victor had made the same rounds nightly for months. It was good business. With a Broadway hit on your hands and a flock of movies coming up, it's a good idea to be seen . . . and an easier way to get your name in the papers than getting hit by a street car.

For months then, he'd been doing it. But not with a green-eyed, white-faced, sad-faced, sweet-faced girl. Not in a state of daze with his mind like a dead motor and his heart like a fire engine.

Victor talked a lot about himself that night. It was screwy (everyone knows that now), but the way he figured, she had to know everything there was about him. But all he had to know about her was what she looked like. And the way she listened, while the pupils of her eyes got big and dark. . . .

Victor talked about Louisville—grinding knives and jerking sodas and simonizing cars. There was a story he could have told about a dance—but he didn't. Because that was nobody's business but his—not even Martha's.

Victor, as he'll be the first to tell you, wasn't too bright about it. He might as well have told about the dance—because he made her know, even that first night—so exactly what he felt about "the Park Avenue element." He got on that fascinating subject at 2:00 o'clock at El Morocco, and she was still listening, with the pupils of her eyes very large and dark and her face very pink when they came out of Monte Carlo about 3:40 A. M.

She wouldn't let him take her home. That was a funny thing when you come to think of it. But if she was ashamed of the dinky two rooms that she lived in, well, Victor could understand that, too.

He put her in a cab and asked huskily: "Tomorrow night, maybe?"

"No. Not tomorrow night."

"Wednesday then? Thursday?"

Thursday, maybe. He could meet her at Sally Victor's where she worked. And what was her name again? "Martha Kemp," she told him. That should have done it. That should have rung a bell. But it never occurred to Victor to connect her with a handsome bandleader and sudden death and screaming headlines. He didn't connect her with anything. She was just Martha and no questions asked.

VICTOR MATURE did a matinée Thursday. And thirty stenographers came backstage in a delegation that his press agent had organized, and he kissed ten of them for cameras, and it was supposed to be good publicity. It got, for some reason, on his nerves. . . .

Thursday night Martha talked more. Victor found out that she'd loved her husband rather extravagantly. And that the night he died it was like "looking at a red brick wall without any windows that would be there for good. I don't know if that makes much sense. . . ."

He found out that she'd been left with a ten-month-old child.

It only went on for two weeks in all. But it happened so darn fast. And he thought she liked him. He thought that when she started to say things like:

"What do you really know about me, Victor? You've built up something you like—but what makes you think it's got anything at all to do with me?"

She was terribly shy. Though you might not guess it if you saw her cool friendly manner in the niteries—and all the people who knew her . . . and her greeting them . . . you wouldn't know unless she tried to talk about herself and got scarlet and inarticulate instead, and gave it up.

She must have known that he wanted to marry her when it happened. He'd pulled his punches, of course, because two weeks is no time at all, and there was still the ghost of a dead happiness in her eyes for any fool to see. . . .

But she must have known. The way Victor figured it afterwards, comparing her to the Louisville girl, he'd already asked Martha to dance when she slapped his face.

It happened on a Friday morning.

She'd been unusually silent the night before. But what did that mean?

The letter came special delivery, Friday, June 6th. It said, in essence, thanks for a lot of fun, Victor, but this is goodbye. I'm leaving for a visit to Chicago. It was all there in black and white. Everything he should have known about her if he'd had any sense. She was Martha Stephenson Kemp of Park Avenue. Post-débutante, alumna of Miss Porter's and Miss Spence's. Hal Kemp's widow. She'd modeled hats for fun. It was all there. And then at the end in her small, well-bred hand, "All this should show you that I'm not the kind of person you imagined me or the kind you want. And so goodbye."

"You dirty son of a common knife-grinder—how dare you?"

That's what Victor saw in that letter. Say he was whacky. Or say that he was simply a very proud and sensitive young man. Anyway, remember that for Martha he'd let himself feel what some men never feel for a woman—and most men not more than once in their lives. And he had, after all, been banged in the nose pretty hard—and Martha had made it pretty plain that the bang was not unconnected with her social position.

They tell stories about how Victor blew up. About his not recognizing people—about the night he ran amuck and tried to cancel his contracts with United Artists and RKO for two new

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flickers. They say the screwiest thing was the way his face changed.

But people didn't know Victor Mature. Even his best friends were a little too civilized to be able to understand exactly what he had felt for Martha Kemp, and even they had never known what fundamentally Victor was like.

When pieces of the story leaked out afterwards, they said he went to Chicago to make it up with her.

That's not true.

He went to Chicago to administer a slap.

By asking around a little he found out the name of Martha's Chicago friends. It wasn't what you'd call hard, finding out about Martha. If he'd asked before—if he hadn't been walking in a blindness and a fever—well, the whole thing needn't have been.

It struck Victor Mature forcibly that the child playing on the sunporch looked like Martha Kemp. Hair, eyes, complexion—just the same. There was one big difference. Baby Kemp was a gurgling, an almost ecstatically happy creature. Whereas Martha—Martha with her haunted eyes . . . but Victor didn't want to think about that. He had his performance to think of.

He didn't stand when she came in. He merely grinned and asked just as he'd rehearsed it:

"H'yah, honeybunch—surprised?"

"Yes," said Martha Kemp faintly. Her face was pink. "What are you doing in town?"

"Family ties, sugar. My brother from Louisville is here, and I came over to meet him. So I thought I'd drop in and say hello."

"Oh."

He was pulling the letter out of his pocket.

"Also, I thought I'd see if you could decode this for me! It's a little over my head."

Martha was no longer pink. She was white.

"I thought it was—plain enough."

There are critics who don't appreciate Victor Mature as a serious actor. They should have seen him then.

"Honey, I'm a dope, and I admit it. But just what is all the shooting about. I mean—*say, Martha, you didn't think I was playing for keeps, did you?*"

It was perfect.

Martha had been sitting with one foot under her in an immense wicker chair. As she stood up, slowly, she seemed suddenly very tall. Victor had to remind himself that the top of her head didn't reach his shoulder.

"You were playing for keeps," Martha said slowly. "Oh, yes, you were! And this corny act of yours isn't fooling me. You're saying all this to hurt me."

Victor felt cold—in his hands and feet, especially. He didn't feel up to moving or answering. Or taking his eyes from that straight black and white figure with the shining, furious eyes.

"You think you've got the right to despise me, don't you, Victor? Because I'm myself—and not the girl you thought up and wanted me to be. Oh, I could feel you trying to force me to be somebody else—all the time we were together!"

"Listen, you—" Victor began. His deep and slightly ragged voice didn't sound like his. Martha didn't let him finish.

"*You* listen! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I wouldn't marry anyone now—I wouldn't do that to Hal's memory—that's why I came away. But now—*now* I'm telling you, even if it weren't for Hal, I wouldn't marry a rotten snob who came a thousand miles to hurt me. Yes—that got you, didn't it?" she added, with a gloating fury as she watched him whiten, "you don't think of yourself as a snob, do you? But you are! In reverse. And a bully. And I'm ashamed of myself that I ever—that I ever—that I ever—*get out of here, will you?*"

And then Victor stood up. He crossed the room and took her by the elbows—

"That you ever *what?*" he asked.

But Martha Kemp was crying. Silently, with big tears that spilled helplessly over each other and tasted salt when Victor kissed her.

* * * *

The wedding was at 957 Park Avenue, Martha's mother's home. It was planned originally for City Hall, because the bride thought that the groom would prefer it there. But Victor said that 957 was her home, wasn't it? And was she ashamed of her home, or what? And Martha cried again.

All of which is the strange, and not very gay story of how Victor Mature married the girl he loved. And the only thing that anyone knows, now, about Victor and Martha is the way they look, when they're together. Which is something to make the most hardened characters, like this writer, feel like sneaking off for a good long cry. . . .



They *should* be happy! Vic's got a 5-year contract with 2 companies!

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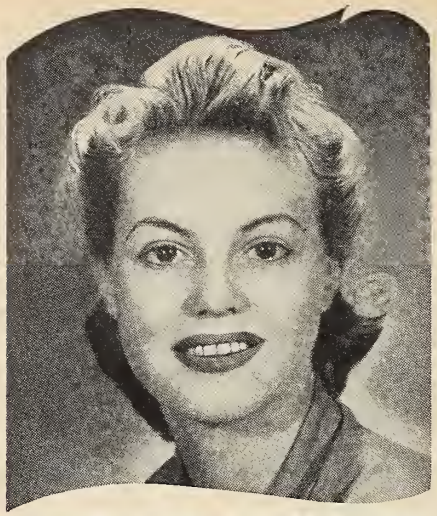
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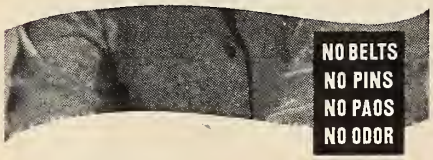
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Adam Had Faur Sans (Calumbia)	3★
Adventure in Washingtan (Columbia)	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners)	2½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)	C 3★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Stare, The (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M)	C 3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia)	C 2½★
*Blandie in Saciety (Calumbia)	2½★
Blaad and Sand (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Blassoms in the Dust (M-G-M)	4★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Buck Privates (Universal)	C 2½★
Case of the Black Parrat (Warners)	2½★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Cheers far Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramaunt)	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO)	4★
Came Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Camin' Raund the Mountain (Paramaunt)	2★
Cawbay and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Devil and Miss Janes, The (RKO)	3½★
Double Date (Universal)	2★
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal)	3½★
Flight from Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Footlight Fever (RKO)	2★
Faatsteps in the Dark (Warners)	3★
*Farced Landing (Paramaunt)	2½★
Free and Easy (M-G-M)	2★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Getaway, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO)	3★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Galden Haafs (20th Century-Fax)	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Ga West (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Great American Braadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Great Dictatar, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners)	3½★
Great Mr. Nabady (Warners)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Hella Sucker (Universal)	2½★
Here Cames Happiness (Warners)	2½★
*Here Cames Mr. Jardan (Columbia)	4★
Her First Beau (Calumbia)	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Calumbia)	2½★
High Sierra (Warners)	3½★
Hit the Raad (Universal)	C 2½★
Honeymaan Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Haneymaan far Three (Warners)	3★
Harrar Island (Universal)	2★
Hullabalaa (M-G-M)	2★
*Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I'll Wait Far You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
Invisible Waman, The (Universal)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Happened ta One Man (RKO)	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramaunt)	3½★
*Kiss the Bays Gaadbye (Paramaunt)	3½★
Knackaut (Warners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
*Lady Be Gaad (M-G-M)	4★
Lady Eve, The (Paramaunt)	3½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal)	3★
Lady fram Lauisiana, The (Republic)	3★
Lady in Questian, The (Columbia)	3★
Land af Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)	2★
Letter, The (Warners)	4★
Life With Henry (Paramaunt)	C 2½★
Lane Walf Takes a Chance (Columbia)	2★
Love Crazy (M-G-M)	3½★
Lave Thy Neighbar (Paramaunt)	3½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Major Barbara (United Artists)	C 3½★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic)	3★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fax)	3½★
Man Made Manster (Universal)	2★
Manpawer (Warners)	3★
Man Who Last Himself, The (Universal)	3★
Meet Baston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Meet Jahn Doe (Warners)	4★
*Melody far Three (RKO)	2½★
Men of Boys Tawn (M-G-M)	C 3★
Millian Dollar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attarney (Republic)	2★
*Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Model Wife (Universal)	3★
*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramaunt)	2½★
Maan Over Burma (Paramaunt)	2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Murder Amang Friends (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*My Life with Caraline (RKO)	3★
Nice Girl? (Universal)	3½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
*Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★
One Night in Lisbon (Paramount)	3★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
*Parson of Panamint (Paramount)	3★
*Penalty, The (M-G-M)	3★
Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
Peaple vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
Pat O' Gald (United Artists)	3★
*Power Dive (Paramaunt)	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Queen af the Mab (Paramount)	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M)	3★
Ragtime Cawboy Jae (Universal)	C 2★
Reaching far the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
Reluctant Dragan (RKO)	3★
*Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ride an Vaquera (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Raad ta Zanzibar (Paramaunt)	C 4★
Road Show (United Artists)	2½★
Rookies on Parade (Republic)	C 2½★
Raund-Up, The (Paramount)	3★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Dauble Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sea Wolf, The (Warners)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Scattergaad Baines (RKO)	2½★
Scattergaad Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fax)	2★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)	3★
Shepherd af the Hills (Paramaunt)	3½★
Shining Victary (Warners)	2½★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
Six Lessans From Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists)	3½★
South of Pago Paga (United Artists)	2½★
Spirit af Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Strange Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Strawberry Blonde (Warners)	3½★
Sunny (RKO)	3★
*Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia)	2★
Tall, Dark and Handsame (20th Century-Fax)	3★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
That Hamiltan Waman (United Artists)	3½★
That Night in Ria (20th Century-Fax)	3★
There's Magic in Music (Paramount)	2½★
They Dare Nat Love (Columbia)	2★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M)	3★
Thase Were the Days (Paramaunt)	C 2½★
Tight Shaes (Universal)	3★
*Time Out For Rhythm (Calumbia)	2½★
Tabacco Raad (20th Century-Fax)	4★
Tom Brawn's Schaal Days (RKO)	C 3★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO)	4★
*Taa Many Blandes (Universal)	2★
Topper Returns (United Artists)	3★
Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Tugbaat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
*Twa in a Taxi (Calumbia)	2½★
Undergraund (Warners)	3½★
Victary (Paramaunt)	3★
Voice in the Night, The (Columbia)	3★
Wagans Roll At Night, The (Warners)	3★
Washingtan Meladrama (M-G-M)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Young As Yaur Feel (20th Century-Fax)	2★
You're The One (Paramaunt)	2½★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★



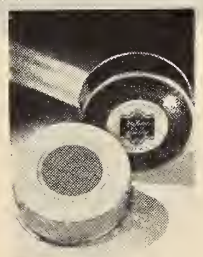
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Co-Starring in Columbia's
"YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH"



YOUR SKIN will look lovelier the very first time you make up with face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood.* You'll like it because . . .

...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
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Blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there's a color harmony shade to accent the beauty of your type. One dollar.

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Send Purse Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*.....FREE. 24-10-69

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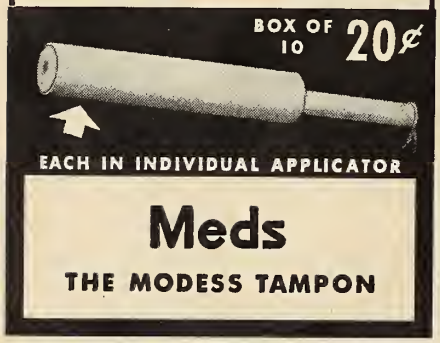
COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE ☐	

Why I switched to Meds



—by a doctor's wife

As a doctor's wife, I've known about *internal* sanitary protection for a long time—and used it. Then, I recently heard that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon! I tried Meds—and believe me, they are a discovery! Such comfort! Meds make you feel as free as on any other day. And such grand protection—because Meds are the only tampons, with the "safety center." And best of all, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—only 98¢ a bargain box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little!



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MY SISTER AND I

(*Continued from page 43*)

plexion. Priscilla has the boyish figure. Mine is the feminine model. I admire her hair. She pretends to envy what I call with maidenly modesty my limbs.

In disposition and temperament we go our own way pretty much. Priscilla is the one who knows exactly what she wants. I'm the one who's undecided but searching. Priscilla is full of imagination and creativeness: she writes poems, for instance. I'm not quite so full of imagination or not nearly brimming over with creativeness: I write letters, for instance. They do not sound as clever as those written by Dorothy Parker. Priscilla's a lass who loves to be alone. I'm a somebody who prefers being around people and in the middle of excitement. Priscilla wouldn't cross the street to see a bullfight. Me—I'd hop over the hedge and scale an 18-foot fence. Priscilla's the insomniac. I sleep until hit on the head with a baseball bat.

OUR tastes, naturally, do not follow parallel lines. Take the matter of clothes. In this department we have been the despair of fans and well-wishers who have nursed the frail hope that some fine day we would dress like a sister act ought to dress, which, I suppose, means like identical twins.

And yet . . .

Back in Indianola when Priscilla was in grade school (and Rosemary, too) she was a miniature Lady Mendl. Count that day lost when she didn't affect three changes of costume daily, from hair ribbon to shoes, including slip.

How times have changed!

Today the subject of clothes leaves Priscilla cold, so cold, as a matter of fact, that biennially she has to be dragooned into making a shopping tour and picking up some new items. Even at that, a good many of her numbers never get to see the light of day. At home, more than not, she lolls around in blue jeans. But with gusto!

Me, I'm a dress-designer's best friend and the mortal foe of my budget. If I'm not held in check when I pass I. Magnin's in Hollywood or Bergdorf Goodman's in New York, I'm apt to go berserk and try to buy the establishment. Sometimes I wonder if even my feeble efforts aren't futile. Priscilla is sure to end up by "borrowing" the favorite items in my wardrobe anyhow—especially when I want to wear them.

When it comes to behavior as a sister team, we would baffle a grade-A psychologist. Priscilla is the even-tempered one who takes life in her stride, makes decisions and never looks back. I'm the mademoiselle who's always asking Tom, Dick and Harry for advice and winding up all mixed up, at which sorry point I play a hunch and land right side up, mostly. Priscilla is always Priscilla, which means that a picture of her last year, today and a year from now will look like the same girl. I'm the one who's always changing my make-up, my hairdo or what have you. Last year I was a raven-haired brunette. This year of grace 1941 I'm a redhead, as you may have gathered by now.

Emotionally Pat is the deep and silent type who stores up pent feelings inside of her until she treks to the desert at Yucco Loma as a sort of escape valve. Mine are apt to come out in a mild rage or a crying fit.

Pat is the one who's hard to make friends with. But once you do, you have a friend for life. Whom she loves she loves mightily, so that her friends are few and her acquaintances non-existent. I tend to like people quickly and numerously. Pat doesn't care for small talk. I seem to be forever making trifling conversation.

Maybe you're getting the idea that Pat lives in a world all her own. Maybe she does. But she is quite alive to what this world is all about. With her it's a matter of selection. She knows what she likes and lets the rest go by the board. With Pat there are no acquired tastes, no learning how to like or to do something that she doesn't like or can't do almost automatically.

She could be wonderful in sports if she wanted to. If I happen to be able to beat her in an event or two, it's only because I'm always taking lessons so as to improve my game. Pat wouldn't dream of going about it that way. A natural-born swimmer, she's easily my better. I can trim her just barely in tennis. The differential can be traced to the coaching I've received in the game. In ping pong we're about even. We wouldn't be, though, if I weren't always practicing. I'm a better bowler than Pat is. You guessed it: I've taken lessons.

Pat's indifference to things that aren't second nature with her goes back to the time we were kids. Mother had turned us over to a piano teacher and sat back, I suppose, waiting for us to become piano prodigies. Mother's dream vanished into vapor before the first season was over, when the teacher dropped by to see mother and admitted that paying out good money for Pat's lessons was a waste of money. Naturally, her lessons ended. I managed to stick it out for a few years. Which proves nothing except that Priscilla is allergic to lessons, and I'm not.

PRISCILLA didn't quite finish high school. I did and succeeded in finishing one year of Simpson College, Indianola's pride, where I studied music. Priscilla made fair grades. Mine were disgustingly super. So much so that once when I got an A in a course—science, I think—the rest of the class protested to the professor that he was showing favoritism. Whereupon the good man gave me an oral examination right there before everyone. And I kept my A.

For all this, Priscilla is the wise one, the deep one. I'm the voracious reader. Priscilla is the thinker. I'm the talker. Priscilla is the listener and the spectator.

At the risk of bringing Priscilla's wrath down on me, let me make clear that Pat is no ivory tower dreamer. She can be a miniature saber-toothed tiger when the mood hits her which, glory be, isn't often.

She usually prefers to issue an ultimatum and hope that my natural caution will prevent bloodshed. The sleep situation is a good case in point.

I was born, seems like, one of those imperfect slumberers who need an acre and a half of sleeping space. Unfortunately, this was not even remotely possible during my childhood if for no other reason than that Priscilla and I shared a double-bed. Well, for a while Priscilla put up with my roving bed manners. One night about midnight she shook me good, woke me up.

"Rosemary," she said solemnly, "you are making sleep impossible for me. So what I have decided to do is to draw an

imaginary line down this bed so that each of us has her half. Every time you shove any part of yourself over this line, I am going to conk you on the head with a pillow. If that does no good, I'm going to use a shoe."

I hurry to point out that I got religion overnight and became a model sleeper.

Priscilla is not demonstrative. I am. Priscilla, nonetheless, has a fierce family loyalty about her that she has proved at every turn. Beginning with the Fred Waring era when she would go up to Fred and tell him that I ought to be paid more money because there was nobody quite like me (whereas it was actually Priscilla who was the unusual one of the two) and continuing right up to the time I was put under contract by Warners', Priscilla has always been getting in her licks for me. She does it quietly, calmly, where it will do the most good. I'm the opposite. I yip about Priscilla to anyone who will listen, including my mother, who ought to know Pat by now.

Priscilla is not fundamentally a career girl. She wants a husband, a home and a posse of moppets. I'm the optimist who is dead sure she could juggle a career and a home very neatly.

The romantic situation at this writing stacks up as follows: Pat is engaged to John Barry, a country editor, gentleman cowboy and all-around good scout. Description: tall, dark and handsome. I don't know when the marriage will be. I don't think Pat does. As for me, I'm footloose but en garde.

Secret desires? I think that Pat is in secret a stymied poet. She has always been clever at verse-writing. Once I entered one of her poems as my own in a poetry contest and won a prize. I couldn't write a poem to save my soul. My secret desire is to become a success on Broadway if only to prove that I can do it.

Our differences are not without their little ironies. Priscilla hates night clubs but is the niftiest little dancer on the floor when she chooses to cut a rug, as they say. I like the boites occasionally. My dancing I would class as wretched. Priscilla, who hates crowds, always ends up as the life of the party whenever the Lanes entertain. Rosemary, the vivid thing and the one who loves human beings en masse, is swallowed up in the to-do. Priscilla, the nonchalant, reads a lyric over once and remembers it. Rosemary the try-hard works like fury to learn words and forgets them overnight. And so it goes.

A little while back I remember dropping the remark that Priscilla and I were not exactly two peas in a pod. Does anyone dare to doubt me now?

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"When I have a baby I'll be different!"



1. My kid sister's cute. Engaged exactly a month and already she's telling me how to raise my baby! "*My* baby won't be fussed over like yours," she said the other day. "*I'll* treat *my* baby like a *person*—not like a hothouse flower!"



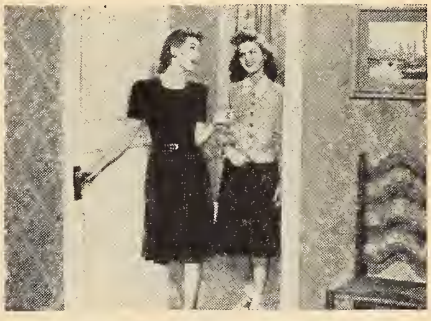
2. "And what," I asked, "makes you think *I* treat Patsy like a hothouse flower?" "Golly," Sis answered, "look at this row of baby stuff! Special soap, special powder, special oil, and I hear you've even got a special *laxative* for that little chip!"



3. "Indeed I have a special laxative for Patsy," I retorted. "And I bet you dollars to doughnuts that *you'll* have a special laxative for *your* baby, too! I don't *spoil* Patsy, Sis. I'm bringing her up exactly as the doctor told me to!"



4. "He says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies need things especially designed for them—especially the things that go into their little stomachs. *That's why they need a special laxative,* too. The *doctor* recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "The doctor said I'd find Fletcher's Castoria thorough—yet it's always mild and *safe.* It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. Patsy's crazy about the taste of it, too. I'm going to give her some now. Watch."



6. Patsy took her Fletcher's Castoria like she always does... licking the spoon. Sis grinned and said, "Gee, maybe you've got something there." "You bet I have," I answered. "Patsy's *never* had a laxative problem, because she always gets Fletcher's Castoria."

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children



After a hard day's wark an "Week-end in Havana," Cesar picks up at dinner with his favarite Latin dish, "Paella."



Cesar's chaice American menu is chicken craquettes with mush-raam sauce—a pièce de résistance an every gaurmet's list!



Handsome —BUT CAN HE COOK?

By Nancy Archibald

"Emphatically no," says Cesar Romero, but that doesn't keep him from enjoying good food!

Cesar Romero views with alarm the new trend among Hollywood's prettiest career girls. It is said these streamlined darlings now not only expect their escorts to dance divinely and have a smooth line—but they want them to be culinary experts, too! "Today girls go for guys who can swing a mean casserole and toss up a delectable salad while you watch," Romero sighs, "and I'm allergic to kitchen utensils."

Although the handsome star of 20th Century-Fox's "Week-end in Havana" fails as a master chef, when it comes to dining, he's a real epicure. Because his parents are from Cuba and Cesar was born and brought up in New York, his taste is Pan-American. He likes the piquant seasoning of a Latin dish like "Paella" (a combination of fish and rice with a tart Spanish sauce), and equally enjoys the bland flavor of chicken croquettes with creamy mushroom sauce.

SACRED SALAD BOWLS: In Hollywood homes the stars have put salads on a pedestal. Not only because crisp greens contain vitamins, but the ceremony of mixing the salad course at table symbolizes a gracious way of living. The "props" for this feature of the meal have their attraction. Styles in salad bowls are many. Movietown's select favor the old-fashioned wooden chopping bowl. To clean this kind of bowl, wipe it out with a drop or two of oil on a paper napkin—then rub thoroughly with a slice of lemon. Best news—you can find these bowls at the five and ten!

CASSEROLES TO THE FORE: The Good Neighbor Policy has taken Hollywood by storm. Central and South American dishes are the thing—cooked, true Latin style, in casserole. Earthenware vies with Pyrex in popularity among Hollywood's hostesses. And how a casserole does simplify the preparation of a meal!

CESAR ROMERO'S "PAELLA"

To serve 4 to 6:

Spanish sauce
4 tablespoons cooking oil
3 fresh tomatoes or 1 can tomato soup

2 green peppers sliced in rings
3 onions, cut fine
1 clove garlic, minced
2 ample cups rice, carefully washed
2 pinches saffron, pressed
(ingredients to be added if desired)
2 spring chickens, about 2 lbs. each
½ lb. pork meat, braised
1 can shrimps, drained

1. Using earthenware casserole allow oil to heat and add garlic and onions, permitting them to brown. Then add peppers, tomatoes and saffron. Season to taste by stirring in salt, pepper, etc. Simmer over slow heat.

2. If chickens are included braise and parboil them after they have been washed and quartered. Add chicken to sauce followed by chicken broth. Allow them to boil for 5 minutes. Then add rice—a little at a time so as not to interrupt the boiling. Cover, turn heat low and simmer 2 or 3 minutes.

3. Add as many other ingredients as you wish. Mix well and cover. Heavy brown wrapping paper cut to fit the casserole seems to preserve the flavor better than a metal cover. Allow rice to cook up into mixture. Baste with a cup of water and place in the oven for 18 or 20 minutes. Serve with green peas and pimentos.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

To serve 4:

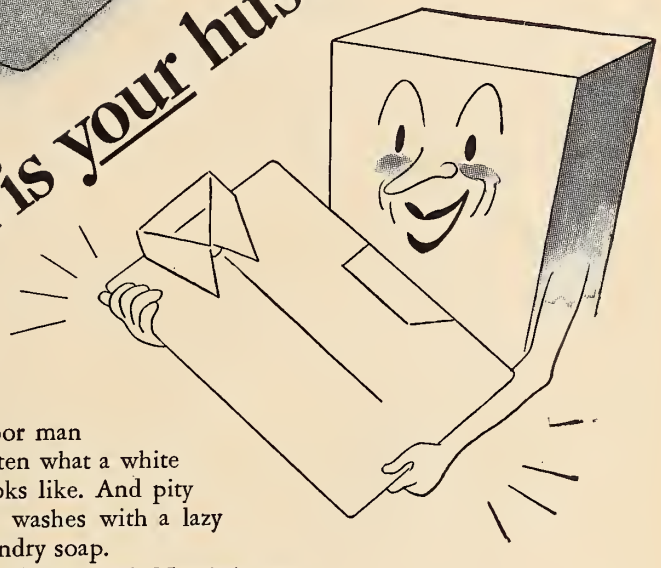
½ can condensed cream of mushroom soup
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1½ cups chicken, ground fine
1 cup bread crumbs, corn meal or cracker crumbs
1 egg, well-beaten with 2 tablespoons water
3 tablespoons milk

1. Mix ground chicken, lemon juice and ½ can mushroom soup. Set in refrigerator to chill. Then shape into cylinders, balls or cutlets.

2. Cover the croquettes with crumbs or corn meal, then dip in egg mixture and dip in crumbs again. Fry in hot deep fat (365°-385°) for 2-5 minutes, or until browned. (If you are averse to fried foods, add mayonnaise to crumb and egg mixture and pan-broil the croquettes.) Mix milk and cream of mushroom soup, heat and serve as sauce over croquettes.



Which is your husband's shirt?



Pity the poor man who's forgotten what a white shirt really looks like. And pity the wife who washes with a lazy 'half-way' laundry soap.

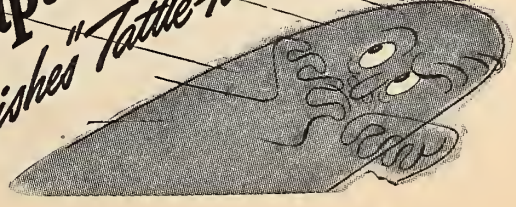
What a difference Fels-Naptha's *two* thorough cleaners make in homes like this! No grease or grime can be ground in too deep for gentle naptha and *golden* soap to reach and loosen. No garments need be ruined by rubbing when this 'team' is there to whisk the dirt away.

If you've been struggling through washday with weak, 'half-way' soap, it's high time you changed to *golden* Fels-Naptha. Then you'll see clothes completely clean and sweet. Shirts and linens gloriously white. No more aching arms and back . . . . . and, if you use husky Fels-Naptha Chips, no sneezing—*positively!*

—Next washday
do your wash
the Fels-Naptha way.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Here's the way I help my skin deal with that *Summer hangover*



RARE is the skin that comes home from a summer vacation without a hangover of sunburn, windburn, skyshine, and a general weather-beaten look.

Now's the time to get after that summer skin hangover. Put Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams to work on it!

And also give these special creams a chance to help if you are bothered with such blemishes as rough scaly dryness, oily shine, and enlarged pore openings.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM
(Formerly Texture Cream)

Get the full benefit of this cream by using both as a night treatment and as a day foundation. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. It also contains cholesterol which by retaining moisture acts to keep your skin more supple and pliant.

As a foundation women agree that Phillips' Skin Cream "does something extra." It removes excess oiliness and softens dry rough skin so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere for hours.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM

A new experience awaits you in the way this different cream cleanses! You see it not only loosens and rolls away the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the outer pore openings and cleanses away the accumulations which daily lodge there. Leaves your skin clean, softened, and refreshed!

SKIN CREAM
(FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
30c and 60c

CLEANSING CREAM
30c, 60c and $1.00



PHILLIPS' *milk of Magnesia* **CREAMS**

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

(*Continued from page 41*)

"Stagecoach," Ward Bond in "Tobacco Road." Wayne offered Ford $1,000 for the hunk of cloth, but was spurned.

For first time in any film, a new camera technique, on which studio technicians have been working three years, is used to give third dimensional reproduction. Said to be most revolutionary departure in ten years, its details are secret, involve theory of 100% universal focus. . . . Patric Knowles left Hollywood to join up with RCAF as flying instructor at the outbreak of the war. A few months ago he took up a tyro who froze onto the controls. Knowles managed to land with a minimum of damage, but found, after a physical check-up, that the shock had spoiled his eyesight for flying. Mustered out, he returned to Hollywood. . . . Roddy McDowall has the part of the young Huw. Was chosen for it on account of his wonderful English accent (he's a British evacuee). Unfortunately, between casting time and the time he was to appear before the mike, he buddied with Stanley Clements (miniature toughie in "Tall, Dark and Handsome"), began talking with a Tenderloin accent. The studio had to part them. . . . Roddy is an elf. He's Puckish, with unruly hair, an angel's smile, and a strong leaning for baseball, for sliding down banisters, a dead-shot with a pea-shooter, a passion for declaiming Shakespeare. But only when adults aren't on hand. . . . Sara Allgood spent time between scenes knitting a pair of socks for John Ford. Anna Lee knitted helmets for British soliders. Widely traveled she swapped her smattering of Japanese, Arabic and Russian for lessons in Welsh from obliging singers. . . . This cast, like all his others, is devoted to Ford. On studio sets he served tea every day at 4, provided biscuits and sweets. . . . Patient with everyone, he seldom shot more than two takes of any scene, seemed to coax great acting out of his players. In this, as in other of his big pictures, he uses gangs of 10 or 12 perennial Ford extras. Said one: "In 'The Long Voyage Home,' Ford asked me if my rent was paid. I said no. So he pushed me into the water in one scene. I got $35 extra—stunt man's pay."

Maureen O'Hara got into lively discussions of politics, war, world situations with Welsh singers. She loves to go to the movies, especially previews. Dying to go to New York. Crazy about gin rummy, which George Raft and Al Ritz taught her flying out to Hollywood by plane, but insists it must be for fun only. Spent lots of time on the set collecting autographs to send back to her brothers and sisters in Ireland. . . . John Loder and Anna Lee starred in plays together in England years ago. Director Bob Stephenson first discovered her looking over screen tests, happened to ask Loder if he knew anything about her. Loder's response was enthusiastic. Stephenson was so smitten he married her two weeks later. . . . This picture cost more than "Grapes of Wrath" and Tobacco Road" combined. . . . Normally to save time and expense, all studio scenes are shot at one time, all location scenes at another, but Ford shot this one in its correct sequence. Felt that this would preserve the atmosphere and mood of the story. It's the way John Ford does things—part of the magic that makes his pictures *great* when others are just *good.*

THE MEN IN HER LIFE

(*Continued from page 47*)

some tips." She underlined that last sentence with an ironic smile.

"I'll never forget one scene in which I was on the witness stand, and he was cross-examining me. 'Where were you on the night of August 15th?' he thundered. 'Why, I was at home,' I said. Several more lines flew back and forth. After the take, I told Bill, 'You nearly threw me in that scene. You never looked at me.' He laughed again. 'I was too busy, looking at the camera,' he said. 'You'll learn, you'll learn'. . . . And I *did* learn, thanks to him.

"I was very lucky, getting with Willie the Pooh in my first picture. I might have gotten with some so-and-so, who would have said, '*Really*, I cahn't take time to teach these stage actresses how to get by in the movies!'

"Bill was the complete opposite of what I, as an actress from The Theatre"—her intonation indicated that she was jibing at her earlier self—"expected a movie actor to be. I expected all movie actors to talk only about themselves and The Cinema. And here, the first movie actor I encountered was a man who was thoroughly real, completely natural, amusing and mentally stimulating. Far from being an egotist, he constantly made himself the butt of jokes. He was a Jack Benny with sophistication.

"I ran into him again six months later when Myrna Loy and the studio had a little disagreement, and I was sent in to pinch-hit for her in a picture with Bill. That was my first lead. The day I walked on the set, Bill came all the way across the sound-stage to greet me. 'Roz,' he said, 'I'm so glad you're doing this picture.' I knew very well that he would have preferred Myrna, but he made the effort of trying to make me feel that *I* was the one he wanted. . . . A woman can't help liking a man like that. And finding him exciting.

"In my second picture, 'Forsaking All Others,' I met up with Gable and Montgomery, which was no hardship. My principal recollection of Clark on that first set is of playing poker with him. (That was in the good old days before gin-rummy.) They were always yelling for him, and he was always pretending not to hear. 'I've got three 5's,' he'd say. 'What have you got?' . . . He was one of the crowd, mixed with everybody, talked everybody's language. It was a cinch to get along with Gable.

"I came to know him better when we made 'China Seas' together.

"I remember, at the time, when a cer-

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(from a letter by O. E. D., Girvin, Tex.)

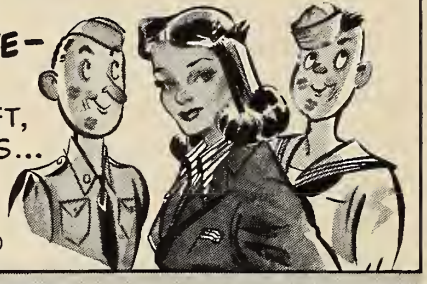


I HAVE A LITTLE PUPPY. YOU KNOW THEY'RE LOTS OF CARE. SO I KEEP KLEENEX HANDY TO WIPE UP HERE AND THERE.

(from a letter by G. K., Portland, Ore.)

KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE— AND THEN WIPE AWAY THE LIPSTICK TRACES WITH SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES... 100% PERFECT FOR REMOVING COSMETICS.

(from a letter by J. B., Portland, Ore.)



ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

tain girl friend of mine heard that I was making a picture with Clark Gable—who was getting ballyhooed all over the place as The Great Lover—she asked me: 'Does he go into an act between scenes?'

"And that," said Roz, nodding her head sagely, "brings up an interesting point.

"People seem to labor under the delusion that actors and actresses can't help trying out their far-famed glamour on each other between scenes. Maybe it happens, but I've never seen it, and I've been around and kept my eyes open. The reason it doesn't happen is that acting is exhausting work. If you didn't relax between scenes, you'd get old ahead of your time."

But she was talking about Mr. G.

"You mean, Vitamin G. That's what my beauty operator calls him. I nearly cracked my mud pack the other day, when she pulled that one on me.

"There's always some great elemental reason why people succeed, regardless of the boosts and pushes they get, and that's as true of Gable as of anyone else. I have my own pet theory about the explanation for his success.

"With Clark, I'd say that the elemental thing is that he doesn't mouth his words. He doesn't speak from his throat; he speaks from his stomach. Don't laugh. I'm serious. I don't know whether it's natural or whether he learned it, the way a singer learns to *think* high notes. But it's there, and it's a great attribute. It's what gives you the feeling of intense power about The Big Moose—it's what makes him exciting."

Roz paused to demonstrate what she meant. She said from the throat, "My dear, I fully intend to shoot you before dawn"—and the line sounded shallow and affected. Then, with the same identical intonation, she said the same line "from the stomach"—and it sounded intense with suppressed emotion. It seemed completely possible that, in that enormous handbag of hers, she had a submachine gun concealed.

"Between 'China Seas' and 'They Met in Bombay,'" continued Roz, "there was a lapse of six years, during which I didn't work with The Big Orange-and-Alfalfa Man from Encino. And being of a naturally suspicious nature, I had my doubts that he'd still be the same guy. After all, he had been a box-office champ for ten years, he had been Rhett Butler, he had married Carole Lombard, and he had taken up gentleman-ranching. I expected he would have gone a little stratospheric. He threw me off-balance when I came on the set by giving me an all-out welcome, as if he remembered me. But I recovered fast. 'Uh-huh,' I said to myself, 'he's still smart—smart enough to make you think he's a pal of yours, when you know very well he'll want 90 per cent of the close-ups.' Right after that, there was a big story conference. I kept waiting for Boom Town to clear his throat and state that he thought his part needed some expansion. He cleared his throat all right, but what he said was: 'You'll have a stronger story if you build up Rosalind's part more'. . . . When a man can take his kind of success and still keep a perspective like *that*, he's a man worth knowing.

"AFTER six years, the only change I can see in him is that he wears his hair farther out over his ears. He isn't out to impress anybody. Do you know what his favorite greeting to *me* was? 'You look terrible today—why don't you stay home nights?' He kept me busy thinking up insulting retorts.

"Then," she went on, "there was Bob Montgomery. I've done four pictures with him, and don't ask me the names of all of them, because I couldn't tell you. But each one of them was an experience, largely because Mr. Montgomery is a Wit. Capital W. Around him you have to think of your answers fast, or you're a dead pigeon.

"We fought constantly—but all in fun Everybody didn't understand that. Every time we worked together, we had to deny rumors we were feuding. He called me Razz Russell, and I called him Robbei Montgomery. We'd get in front of the camera, and I'd say, 'For heaven's sake, get in your marks,' and he'd say, 'I'm only out of them because I'm trying to protect myself. You're upstaging me again.' There was never a serious word between us, though we dead-panned everything we said to each other. The gags never stopped. . . . Any man who can make life amusing is, to my mind, exciting. So Bob goes on my list.

"And so does that nice little Cockney boy, Cary Grant—and for the same reason. You *never* know what he's going to say or do next. He's dynamite to work with. And a very funny man.

"To date, the picture I've enjoyed most, is 'His Girl Friday'—and the main reason is: I had to try to keep up with that human dynamo named Grant. He hits a terrific pace. When he isn't using his eyes or his mouth or his hands to get a reaction, he's using his feet. He's a *terrific* ham, but—he gets results no one else gets. For my money that makes him a genius. He'll try anything to be entertaining. And that's as true off the screen as on. Any time, any place, he's exciting company."

Roz helped herself to a refill from the teapot.

"Then there's Jimmy Stewart," she said. "People have asked me if *I'd* call him shy. My answer is yes, definitely. I think he is sincerely and genuinely shy. But—I also think that, much to his amazement, he found out that shyness pays, and he decided not to abandon it. It's a permanent part of him now.

"I can't imagine Jimmy ever being flashy. That, however, is not only forgivable but laudable. It gives him a solidity that's rare nowadays. It sets him apart from the mob."

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE DUTCH

(*Continued from page 33*)

Nodding toward a colorful painting of a California landscape, hanging on the nearby wall, he explains, "If I had painted that, I could say, 'I bought that canvas and those oils—they were mine. And it was my hands that put those oils on that canvas in just that way. I could be proud. It is something I alone created.' But anything I accomplish as an actor is in the hands of other people. It depends on them. I say words written by a playwright, not by me; my actions are governed by a director. Sometimes things I want to do turn out badly, and other things I do with objections turn out well. Either way, I am not alone responsible."

That's unexpected talk from an actor. Most actors, even in their modest moments, don't take any credit away from themselves. But this Dutchman blithely confesses:

"I BECAME an actor by a stroke of luck, and I stayed one because I was just lazy. Conceitness"—his version of the word conceit—"did not enter into it. The life was easy, so it was attractive. I worked at night for three hours. In the daytime, I could be a gentleman, a man of leisure, a sporting man."

After that first lead, he never played Hollywood. He became a fixture of the best theatre in The Hague, staying there nearly seven years. Then in 1928, he started seeing the world.

Every year before World War II, several leading Dutch players, both men and women, were invited to form an acting company and go out to the theatre-starved Dutch colonies on tour. It was an honor, and a very profitable one, to be invited—as Phil was in 1928. Aged 22, he was asked to head the company, whose repertory consisted mainly of Ibsen and Molnar plays. On later trips he also did such plays as "Journey's End" and "Men in White."

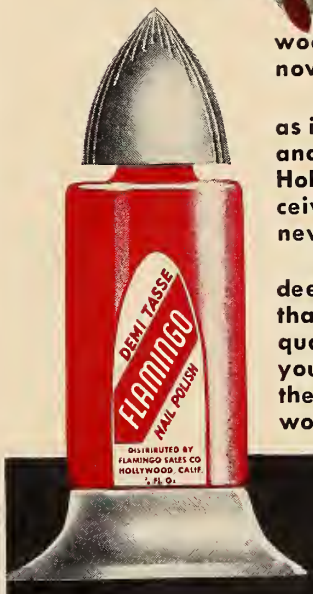
That first trip was to the distant Dutch East Indies—Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Bali, Dutch New Guinea. To him, an incredible tropical paradise.

"When the others went home, I stayed," he relates. "To myself, I said, 'It would be a pity to go home before I know if I'm waking or dreaming.' I stayed two and a half years. I had a little money saved, and it is possible to live very cheaply there. I studied parts, but mostly I studied the country. Three or four months at a time I would spend in the jungle hunting. I would go to the police and ask for a prisoner who had hidden in the jungle to be my guide. But I was particular what kind of prisoner I asked for. I didn't want a thief. I preferred a murderer.

"That makes me sound like a strange person, but let me explain. Once I attended a dinner party given by the warden of a prison camp there. During the dinner, the warden confided that the native prisoner waiting on us was a murderer. The women gasped. 'But how can you let him walk around free?' everyone asked. The warden said, 'He is not a killer at heart. No native is. His crime was a crime of passion. He can be trusted the rest of his life. It is the same with my gardener and my cook. They both are murderers. But I wouldn't trust a man who had stolen five cents. A thief is a criminal at heart.'



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He admits that he had some bad moments on those jungle expeditions, but he won't elaborate on them nor dramatize himself as an adventurer. "It was not adventure, it was sport," he insists.

It was a money shortage, not career ambition, that finally took him back to Holland and acting. He kept returning to the East Indies on tour, and he went on tour to Dutch Guiana (which also has jungles) and to Curacao in the West Indies. But on none of those voyages West across the Atlantic did he think of going on to Hollywood and having a look around. He wasn't interested in films.

"By that time," he explains, "I had a stage reputation, and always good roles came my way—because I was 'hard to get.'" He smiles in reminiscence of that polite skullduggery. "There were offers from Warners in England—offers that promised to make me rich, if I would learn English—but I turned them down.

"Then in 1935 Holland started its own film industry—you didn't know about that, no?—and in 1936 I signed as a star. There was no star system, however, as here. The stars were not the only famous ones in the pictures. I made a picture called 'Rubber,' for example, in which the man who played the second lead was my first director. He was a man fifteen times the actor I was, a man always the top; I was just a bum, by comparison. I was so grateful to him for his support I always had him with me. If he had had a flair for learning languages, I would have brought him with me here."

In one of the Dutch films Phil made, he was directed by Henry Koster. And that changed his life a few years later.

"Bobby"—his nickname for Koster—"went on to America and became famous, directing Deanna Durbin to stardom. He kept writing to me: 'Study English. I'll be sending for you. This is the place to be.' I kept writing back that I wouldn't be coming. I was scared to death of Hollywood. So many good people went there, and after a few months Hollywood said, 'Goodbye, it's nice to have met you, but we have to drop you.' They came home, and people said, 'They weren't good enough for Hollywood. They *had* to come back.' And their reputations were shot to pieces. I didn't want that to happen to me. I was going to stay in Europe.

"I made pictures in Holland until the idealists in the industry got in trouble with the business men—or perhaps the other way around. Then I went to Vienna. Altogether, I made fifteen pictures, although only three or four were good. I was in Vienna the day the Germans marched in. After that, it was not fun any more. . . . It was then that I listened to an offer I had from Universal in Paris.

"They gave me seven weeks to make up my mind. I went to London and in six weeks saw two hundred movies and thirty plays. By that time, I could understand the language, at least. I had hopes of learning it. I signed and sailed for America.

"I'll never forget my first day in Hollywood. I had lunch at Universal with Bobby Koster, Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Stewart—they were making 'Destry Rides Again.' They asked me if there was going to be war. I said, 'No, there will be no war. Both sides are bluffing. I'm sure of that. Otherwise, I wouldn't have come here'. . . . Just three days later," he adds ironically, "the war started.

"Right away, Universal gave me the lead in a picture called 'Ski Patrol,' and right away I gave Universal a headache. They had to put every word in my mouth. I didn't know what I was talking about. They tried me in two more pictures, both B's—then they sold my contract. I can't blame them for that. I am only grateful to Universal. They made it possible for me to learn the language. I hope to go back and do pictures there. I would like some day to do one with Koster. He couldn't take the chance when I was there. Our friendship could not go that far even though he felt responsible for my being in Hollywood. My accent was still too thick."

The fact that the studio that brought him to Hollywood didn't want him after three pictures had little effect on him emotionally. His emotions had all been spent a few weeks before with the in-



In "You'll Never Get Rich," Fred Astoire's o chorine-hoting donce-director, and Rito's o donce-director-loving chorine. Being engaged to another guy, plus the foct thot Fred's boss is Bob Benchley (he has his eye on Rita) meons nothing to her. By the end of the picture, Fred's actuolly chosing Rito Hoyworth. And, of oll places, they get hitched in a draft camp!

vasion of Holland.

"The day that happened, despite all my wishful thinking that it couldn't happen, I rushed down to the Dutch consul and signed as a volunteer in the Queen's Guard. Then I became a crazy man. For four and a half days, I had the radio going night and day. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, I couldn't think of anything but the horror Over There. Then came the end. I still wake up in the night, from dreams of Holland . . . I say I won't talk about the war. But I can't help talking about it. I'm thinking about it all the time. I know from letters I get, from veiled words, how the Dutch people feel."

UNIVERSAL sold Dorn's contract to M-G-M. And the reason why M-G-M was interested was that, after "Escape" had been in production three weeks, with the part of the doctor still uncast, someone suggested testing "that new Dutch actor at Universal." The test proved that he was the man not only for that part, but for future important parts. (He put everything he had into that test.)

He wasn't sorry when M-G-M loaned him to Warners for "Underground," which is probably the most dramatic anti-Nazi picture yet. "The story was good, the director was good, and the part was good. I couldn't be sorry about that."

He doesn't know what's next in the cards for him. He has had an offer to play opposite a famous stage actress on Broadway and would like to accept, if only for the speaking-English-in-public practice that it would give him—but the studio is turning thumbs down, because if the play should be a hit, he would be away from Hollywood at least a year. And he is becoming a valuable screen asset.

"I don't care what kind of role I play," he says, "as long as it is not too sweet and as long as it is different from the one before."

In other words, he's capable of thinking for himself.

He has signified his intention of becoming an American citizen. Some of his fellow-countrymen can't understand that. He explains by saying: "A man loves the woman who is his mother, but then he goes out in the world and meets a woman he wants for a lifetime companion. He still loves his mother—but in a different way he also loves the woman he marries. Holland is my mother, and America is my wife."

The girl who answers to the name of "Mrs. Dorn" also answers to the name of Marianne. She is an actress—"and a good one, too," Phil testifies, "though she will work only on the stage. She was one of the finest actresses in Holland."

They live in a little house high up in Laurel Canyon, where they get a distant view of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which in winter "look like Switzerland." They bought the little house, and Phil is going all-out for gardening "after being cooped up ten years in apartments." It is the first plot of ground he has ever owned. "I get a thrill thinking that it is all mine clear to the center of the earth."

He loves to pile into the car (they have a bag, packed with changes of clothes, constantly in the trunk) and set out on a trip for some destination unknown. "We went down to the beach for a swim a few weeks ago and ended up in San Francisco."

Well, that's typical of him. He started out in Hollywood doing B's, but he's certainly headed straight toward stardom in A's. He's the only one of his particular kind.

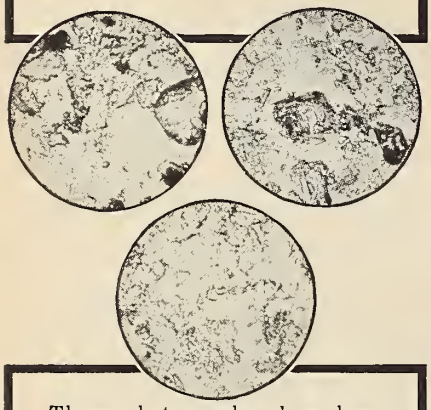
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(Continued from page 55)

or rose lip rouge to make them less noticeable. Always remove excess lipstick by pressing a piece of tissue between your lips. Moisten your lips just before your picture is snapped.

Eyes need special emphasis, too. Dark lashes and brows will make your eyes seem brighter, and curled lashes increase their apparent size, so go to work with the mascara, brow pencil and curler! If your eyes are quite deep set, use only a light shade of shadow. Or if they're prominent, give them better proportion with a dark shade. If they're set close together, shadow them more heavily on the outer lids and use more mascara on the outer lashes. If they're set far apart, place the emphasis on the inner half of the lids and lashes. You can add sparkle to your eyes by touching a bit of lash cream to your lids and lashes.

IT'S wise to shampoo a couple of days before photographing if possible. A too-recent set holds the hair too close to the head, and the camera doesn't catch the highlights. Camera-wise stars give their locks extra life and sheen by brushing them vigorously just before the picture is taken. Brilliantines, too, add a yummy lustre.

Bonnet off—when you're having your picture taken—unless you're so fond of the hat, you don't mind dating the photograph to the very year and season. A deep-brimmed hat will throw a shadow over the upper part of your face unless you hold your head up in an unnatural position.

Photography, you know, makes every one seem broader and heavier, so take special care in selecting your clothes. If you have an average figure, choose a simple frock with slenderizing lines and omit all distracting details. Velvets, silks and satins are all very photogenic, and black, ice blue and off-white are excellent colors. For that extra-special picture on your best beau's desk or bureau, wear black if you're a blonde, for it'll dramatize your fair complexion and hair. If you're a brunette, a touch of white near your face will give a flattering contrast.

Your posture is important, so be sure that it's easy and natural—but naturally good. Keep your back straight and take care that your chinline and neck aren't hidden by your shoulder.

The camera's a regular old maid in picking up and magnifying flaws, so watch your grooming to the last detail. And let that next snap do you justice!

Your smile is always lovelier and more spontaneous when your mouth feels fresh and clean. The daily chewing of gum refreshes your mouth, pretties up your lip and cheek muscles by keeping them mobile and feminine-looking, and also helps to make your teeth brighter and more attractive. If you keep your favorite flavor always on hand, you'll be assured of a smile that draws people to you.

Match your lips to the season's brightest, clearest crimsons this fall with Tangee's new Red Red Lipstick. It's the perfect foil for all other fashion shades too, blends with all complexions and makes lips provocatively lovely. Or, if you have fragile, delicate coloring and prefer softer make-up, you'll adore Tangee Natural Lipstick. It's orange in the stick, but when applied to your lips, changes to your own most becoming natural coloring. Each shade has a harmonizing rouge, of course. Try both types.

Grand for kissing the boys "hello" is Princess Pat Liquid Liptone, for it not only makes your lips alluringly red and natural, but it won't rub off on anyone or anything. It's available in nine shades, so find the one that suits you best. It's easy to apply with a handy applicator that helps you draw your lips to their most flattering outline. To prepare your lips for new make-up, you can remove it any time you like with Princess Pat Liquid Liptone Remover.

For that perfectly smooth, sophisticated make-up job, use Hampden's Powd'r Base. It comes in a handy wedge-shaped stick and goes on smooth as satin, giving your skin a clear, natural-looking finish. Not only does it conceal minor blemishes, but you can improve facial contours by using two shades—a light to emphasize good features, and a dark to play down poor ones. Hampden's Powd'r Base is available in natural skin tones to match every complexion.



Cocktail party hostess Bette Davis introduced Richard Travis to Ann Sheridan and Monty Woolley. They're all in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

"PAULETTE SAVED MY LIFE!"

(*Continued from page 29*)

backed by money from Moscow and headed by a gaunt-faced, big-eared labor leader named Toledano, were after Rivera.

At the time Paulette was having her portrait painted, Toledano, who had trained a quarter of a million laborers with broomsticks for his private Red army, decided to wipe out the enemies of Communism.

The killers first went after a personal enemy of Stalin's, Leon Trotsky. Twenty men, one dark night, all disguised as police, broke into Trotsky's Coyoacan villa, raced up to his bedroom and blasted 300 rounds of bullets into the room from their chattering Tommy guns. They missed Trotsky. He was hiding under the bed. However, they kidnapped Trotsky's secretary, a New York boy, a Duke University graduate named Sheldon Harte . . . A week later the boy's mutilated body, beaten and bruised, was found under the kitchen floor of a nearby farmhouse.

Rivera was No. 2 on the list. One very warm June night during Paulette's stay in Mexico City, she was in Rivera's studio while he worked overtime on her portrait.

Suddenly, the sound of automobiles and the screeching of brakes was heard.

LET Diego Rivera himself tell you in his own simple and undramatic way what happened next.

"That evening at the end of the sitting, Miss Goddard saw around my studio several cars with suspicious looking men inside," Rivera explained. "She investigated, then telephoned me saying, 'If I know my pictures, you're on the spot!'

"I inquired through my driver-assistant, and there was no doubt that they were after me. With a friend, Irene Borjus, I succeeded in leaving the place hidden inside the car. A few minutes later twenty men broke into my house!"

Since Rivera wouldn't reveal every detail, I took it upon myself to learn what actually happened. When the autos drew up around Rivera's house, Paulette heard them, peeked outside and suspected something fishy. She told Rivera so. He laughed.

Chin up, her knees doing the La Conga, Paulette marched down the twisting iron stairs of the studio into the darkened patio. She opened the cactus door and walked outside.

All was silence. Five cars full of men. All staring at her. Poised, she walked toward them, past them, but out of the corner of her eye she spotted one of their guns. The minute she got around the corner and out of sight, she began running, caught a cab, sped to the nearest phone booth and frantically called Diego Rivera.

His line was busy. Suspense grew. Death hovered. She called again and again. Finally he answered.

And that's when she hoarsely whispered that classic sentence, "If I know my pictures, Mr. Rivera, you're on the spot!"

Promptly, before the Red assassins broke in, he had an aide hide him on the floor of the family station wagon. Then he ordered the aide to drive out, while he lay perspiring on the floor.

The killers, duped by the light still bright in his studio, let the auto pass!



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☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
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And thus, thanks to Paulette Goddard's courage, Diego Rivera made his escape from the murderers who, a few minutes later, broke into his studio to find him gone!

"After leaving my studio," Rivera told me, "I hid for several days in the house of a friend. After that I went by plane to Brownsville, was admitted to the United States with a five hundred dollar bond to go to paint my mural in San Francisco."

Incidentally, when Diego Rivera got safely across the border, he emerged from his place at San Antonio and, disheveled, without tie or coat, began shouting, "Where is Paulette Goddard? Where is that girl?" He wanted to thank her again and again for saving his life. In a few moments she appeared. She'd driven up from Mexico City at breakneck speed to meet him and fly with him to Hollywood.

During my conversation with the pudgy painter in his bizarre studio—a studio lightened only by an entire wall of special glass—I asked Rivera if he detected more than mere beauty in the actress. He did. "In spite of the fact that I had only a professional acquaintance with her," he said. "I found her extremely intelligent and very liberal-minded!"

"I have heard Miss Goddard say, 'I am not an actress, I am a girl.' On the screen she has the same qualities that she has always in life—alertness, beauty and intelligence.

"Charlie Chaplin? Yes, I had the honor to meet him at his home in Beverly Hills. You know, more than twenty-five years ago I was one of a group of writers and artists in Paris, who called themselves 'The Friends of Charlie Chaplin.' I consider him perhaps the greatest living artist of our time. He is as great as Molière or any other great master of tragedy and comedy and as great an author as an actor."

* * *

The action was brief. The lines were short. But the best performance by any motion picture actress during the past year has not been performed in Hollywood. It was played on a hot night in a lonely spot outside of Mexico City by an actress the Gods of Art will not soon forget!

ACADEMY AWARD AUNT

(*Continued from page 54*)

rest, he reads, listens to the radio and bosses things generally. He considers it his special function in life to spoil Mary and Daphne. "Why don't you leave them alone?" he growls when their Aunt Pat finds it necessary to correct them.

A couple of years ago Miss Darwell bought an old stucco farmhouse on two acres of tree-shaded ground in the valley. There they live with ten dogs, twenty-five cats, one rabbit and innumerable fowl. The turkeys and ducks, the geese and chicken are for home consumption. Before long they expect to be milking their own cow. The owners of a Norwalk dairy have presented Miss Darwell with a Guernsey heifer, "in return for the pleasure you have given us." She's buying a third acre behind the house, on which to build a barn to house the cow.

Cats ramble at will, peeking from behind bushes and lifting their pussy-faces from the kitchen doorstep. Four small dogs are given the run of the house. Two sleep on Uncle Bill's bed. There are kennels for the rest, whose number varies with their needs. All strays are welcomed, cleaned up and kept till a home can be found for them. Not any home. No orphanage matron is fussier than Jane Darwell. "Are you sure you love dogs? Do you have a fence 'round your house? If it doesn't work out, will you bring him straight back to me?"

One of her friends offered Daphne a blonde cocker spaniel. "May I keep him, Aunt Pat?"

"Not if he's already taken care of."

Daphne lifted a brow. "Wait'll I show you." Never was capitulation more sudden. One look from Sad-eyes in the bend of Daphne's arm, and he'd hooked himself an adoring Aunt Pat of his own.

The farmhouse with its small, low-ceilinged rooms needs plenty of remodeling. "But I'm strictly a cash-and-carry woman," says Miss Darwell, "so we're doing it slowly." Thus far, they've concentrated on the dining-room built between the old house and garage, overlooking the rose-garden. They go downtown together, pick things out, argue over them. "Being an art student, Mary thinks she knows just what's right." The room, in any case, is just right—large, beautifully proportioned, an exquisite crystal chandelier and wall sconces reflected in the burnished mahogany of family heirlooms. The room, like a friend, receives holiday gifts. "We bought it, the andirons and the fire screen for Easter."

They live their personal life outside the movie world. Miss Darwell has kept close to many friends of her youth. The girls have their own school companions. For the rest, their days are filled with work and play and a lively interest in one another's concerns. Most of their evenings are spent at home. The girls must report on what happened at school, Aunt Pat on what happened at the studio. "Who was in the scene with you? Was he cute? What did he say? What did she wear?"

"It's a tossup," says Uncle Bill, "as to which of the three gabbles faster."

When Edith and Summy, who work for them are off, the girls—out of their high regard for Aunt Pat—prepare dinner. Like the master violinist in the story, who fiddled for thirty years but hated music, Aunt Pat's an expert cook who doesn't like cooking. Driven to it, she'll turn out fried chicken and creamy gravy that are gustatory poems. But she'd much rather not.

So the girls take over. They set up two card tables before the fireplace in Aunt Pat's bed-sitting-room upstairs. The menu generally features one surprise, which is sometimes good, sometimes a lemon, but manfully praised in either case.

Aunt Pat sometimes talks about the elegant new apartment she's going to build for herself some day. "Might as well stay where you are," says Uncle Bill. "Your elegant apartment'll still be our sitting-room." She concedes that this one is nice, if mongrel. The fire blazes. A dog or two lies curled at Uncle Bill's feet. Above the mantel hangs an array of family photographs in oval walnut frames. There's one of Grandfather Woodard, a stern-looking

old gentleman in a long white beard. "Stern!" hoots Aunt Pat. "I used to braid that beard and tie it up with pink hair ribbons."

They listen to their favorite broadcasts. To hear Uncle Bill tell it—anything bloodthirsty. "When people are killing each other one a minute, you can bet they're tuned in." They mark up their own I.Q.'s by private competition on the quiz programs. They never miss Jack Benny—or if they do, it's a minor calamity.

"Of course," says Mary, "when Aunt Pat gets hold of a crossword puzzle, everything else stops. Especially the cockeyed ones. She bellows with pain when Liberty doesn't have one. Says she's going to sue 'em."

Or somebody suggests a picture, and the three girls tear out.

"And first thing Aunt Pat says, 'I'm thirsty, let's have a soda.'"

"And the doorman at the Chinese says, 'I'll get your tickets for you, Miss Darwell,' at which Daphne and I burst with pride."

"And on the way home, Aunt Pat says, 'I'm thirsty, let's have a soda.'"

And when they get back, "How was the picture?" inquires Uncle Bill.

"Mm—all right—"

"What's the matter? Didn't they shoot more than six or seven people?"

On Sundays they drive to Agua Caliente for the races or to Santa Barbara for lunch. Or they go to the beach.

FOR obvious reasons, the girls enjoy shopping expeditions with their aunt. Especially Mary, who knows how to wear clothes. Daphne, supplied with the full quota of sweaters required by school etiquette, counts herself the well-dressed woman.

At the shop it goes something like this. The girls are trying on coats. Aunt Pat's eye roams and lights. "Darling, this little dress would look lovely with that coat. Slip into it and let's see. Mm—I thought so."

"We never hint," says Daphne gravely. "We don't have to. Once she gets started, we're set."

Mary observes that she'll never forget the time Aunt Pat said no. "She'd bought me a whole new outfit down at Martha Dean's. Well, then, there was this lovely woven dress that I didn't need at all, but the salespeople know what she's like, and one of them said, 'Let your Aunt Pat see you in this.' So I tried it on, and she said, 'I don't think so.' About a week later she tells me to go look in my closet. There's the woven dress."

"They look so well in the darn things," Aunt Pat defends herself, "that you feel like a dog if you don't buy 'em."

They get a good deal of simple pleasure out of poking fun at one another's foibles. Aunt Pat's dieting, for example. "Which lasts about a week. Then she says, 'Heavens, at my age what difference does it make, let's have a soda.'

"Or when she suddenly decides, 'It's terrible the way I bring you girls up not to knit or sew. That's settled now. You're going to make a sweater.'

"It's her guilty conscience. Because she's unhandy with the needle herself.

"She thinks she's living under false pretenses. On the screen she's supposed to be motherly. How can a person be motherly, she says, who hates to cook and can't sew or knit or crochet?

"So one day she brought home these balls and balls of twine, sat herself down in the patio, crocheted a square and then forgot the stitch. Know anyone who can use a ton of twine?"

"Give me a break, girls," she pleads.

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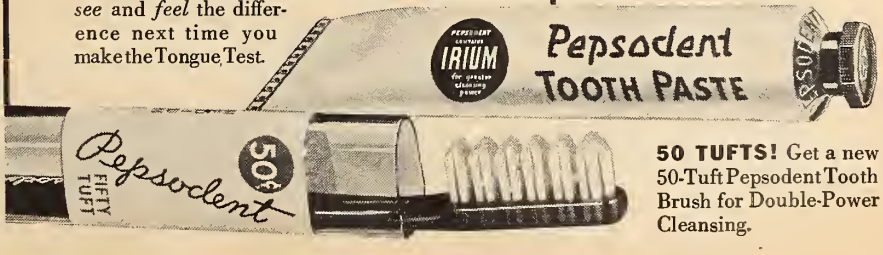
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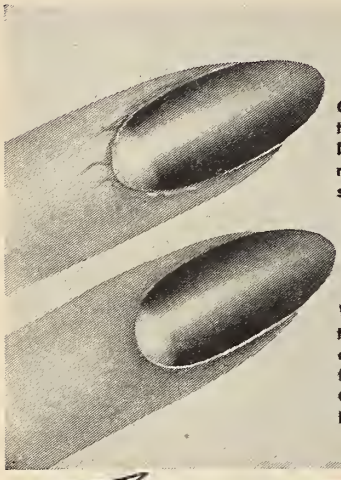
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"Give me a break."

The girls are generous. "Now you can tell about us."

On those rare occasions when she's really annoyed with them, Daphne's likely to melt into tears. Mary comes up with what she calls a "fancy reason" for whatever it is she's done or left undone. "At least, it's a reason to me. Aunt Pat calls it an alibi."

"I'm one of these peremptory people," Aunt Pat admits, "—fly off the handle, say whatever pops into my head. I can't stand beating about the bush. If you did it, say you did it, nobody's going to shoot you at sunrise."

"That's right," Daphne muses. "When Aunt Pat says a thing, it sure stays said." For her it does. She dates events by the calendar of her aunt's displeasure. "Don't you remember?" she'll inquire, limpid-eyed. "It was when you were having that spell about so-and-so." And Uncle Bill chortles with glee.

The big thrill of the year was of course the Academy Award. Aunt Pat got tickets for the girls. Uncle Bill wouldn't go. "Too much excitement. I'll tune in on the radio." That was all right with his sister. The less fuss, the better. She wouldn't even buy a new dress. "Fiddle!" she said, "I go out so little," and had an old one dyed.

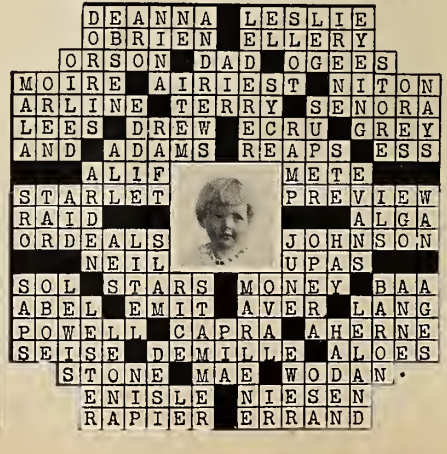
She couldn't sit with the girls, having been invited to the banquet as Darryl Zanuck's guest. "Don't be too disappointed, Jane," he warned, "if you don't get it."

"If I do, I'll be overwhelmed. If I don't, the honor of having been nominated will be plenty."

Presently she heard Lynn Fontanne say "Jane—." That was all she heard. There was no other Jane on the list. Mr. Zanuck said, "There you are," but she didn't hear him. As he headed her toward the podium, she caught a glimpse of the girls jumping up and down like crazy. Between her and the goal stretched an endless length of parquet. How'll I ever get there? I have no knees. Bet I'll catch my heel and fall flat. What'll I say? I always talk too much, and now that I need a couple of words, they're gone. Grief! Other people know what to say; something'll come to me. "It didn't though," she insists. "I just grinned and bowed and scraped like an idiot."

Whatever she said or left unsaid didn't matter. The long rounds of sustained applause proved that. Woman and actress, she was the people's choice. They broke out afresh when the girls, laughing and crying, hugged her as she passed their table. They got home late to be greeted by an imperturbable Uncle Bill, still at the radio. "I knew you'd get it," he said.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12



WELSH RARE-BIT

(*Continued from page 27*)

Glenn the report, candid to the point of violence. "Some day we'll make another," he said grimly. Glenn said, okay, less in agreement than because Moore had suffered enough for one day.

For himself he didn't care. Curran had just cast him for a bit in "Golden Boy" and raised him to forty bucks. He went on the road with it, landing eventually in New York, where he understudied John Beal in something called "Soliloquy," which opened gloriously at the Empire and closed next night. Then followed that interval, without which no actor's life is complete—shabby stairs, snooty office boys, shrinking stomach, silent telephone, little man what now?

But, more fortunate than others, he didn't have to drain that cup to the dregs. Suddenly everything happened at once. He was offered the role of Leo in "The Little Foxes." A wire from Curran summoned him to the coast to play George in "Our Town." Torn between the two, he finally plumped for George. "The Little Foxes" was an unknown quantity, "Our Town" an established success. Besides, he owed Curran something. Besides, he wanted to go home. A week after he got there, George was cut from under him by Jed Harris's decision to take the New York company to the coast. Before he had time to gnash his teeth, he found himself playing Irene Rich's son in "A Broom for the Bride."

He felt fine the morning after the opening. The papers had run good notices. They were going to play Frisco, Santa Barbara, San Diego. The sun felt good on his back as he puttered with the car. "Telephone, Gwyllyn," called his mother.

It was Tom Moore. "I want you to make a test—"

"You're a glutton for punishment, Tom. Not me—" But he went, and it turned out to be the model test of the year, the test everyone was taken to look at. Executives wanted to know where this boy had been. Moore's judgment was vindicated. Expecting nothing, Glenn had clowned and ad libbed his way through the scene and come out natural. They signed him for "Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence" and changed Gwyllyn to Glenn. For the first and last time, his father saw him on the screen. Glenn knew that, like it or not, he wouldn't say much. You had to watch his face. As they left the preview, it was one large grin. His son likes to remember that. A few months later Mr. Ford died of a heart condition no one had suspected.

GLENN'S plans to return to New York were intercepted by Zeppo, the fourth Marx brother turned agent. "Give me ten days. If I haven't got something lined up for you by then, go to New York." It took him three days. Glenn was put under contract by Columbia, trained through a series of B's and graduated into A's with "The Lady in Question."

Zeppo phoned one day. "Dave Loew and Al Lewin saw your Fox test. They're considering you for Ludwig in the Remarque story." On Sunday Zeppo phoned again. "Dress up. A car's coming to take you to Lewin's. That's all I can tell you because that's all I know. You're on your own, and God help you."

A limousine drove up. In state Mr. Ford was driven to Mr. Lewin's beach home. The chauffeur delivered him to a butler. The butler ushered him to a landing, from which a short flight of steps led to a beautiful room below. Six pairs of eyes were focussed on him. They belonged to Al Lewin and David Loew, producers, to John Cromwell, director, Erich Remarque, author of "Flotsam" from which "So Ends Our Night" was made, Talbot Jennings, screen writer, and a man from the Leland Hayward office to represent Maggie Sullavan, who was to play opposite Ludwig.

Glenn's stomach began to act as if he were in an elevator, going down. Like a squirrel in a cage, one imbecile phrase kept racing round his head. "This isn't for nothing on a Sunday, this isn't for nothing on a Sunday, this isn't for nothing on a Sunday."

"How do you do?" Mr. Lewin said at last and moved toward Glenn, who managed to negotiate the stairs. "I'll introduce you to these people later. Now I'd like you to do me a favor. We have the script of 'Flotsam' here. Will you read a couple of scenes for us?"

"Sure," Glenn said or tried to say. The sound that came out was like nothing human. He was shown to a large soft chair, into whose depths he seemed to sink endlessly. "My God," he thought for one wild second, "it doesn't stop."

"Will you have a drink?"



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Name
Address

"Well—uh—maybe a root beer, if you've got it—"

A root beer was produced, they gave him the script, told him to turn to page so-and-so and commence. The familiar look and feel of typed pages between blue covers comforted Glenn.

When he'd finished, he felt better. Now it was up to them. Now they'd have to say something. Maybe they'd invite him to dinner. What they said through spokesman Lewin was: "Thank you very much. It was kind of you to come. The car will take you back."

"Good news," Zeppo phoned next day. "You got it."

WITH the fanfare which attended his performance in the Remarque story, Columbia scheduled him for fewer and better pictures. He's just finished "Texas" with Bill Holden, and plays next in "Go West, Young Lady," a big musical, opposite Penny Singleton. Loew and Lewin have signed him to an outside contract for one year.

He's twenty-five and untouched by Hollywood sophistication. His legs twine for comfort when he sits, his words come in a rush, his smile is shy. He says shucks and heck and golly and doesn't patronize Ciro's, figuring that for the cover charge you can buy two books or two records. Since he likes books and records better than night clubs, that's how he spends his spare cash. He drinks no hard liquor and has been an American citizen for almost two years.

He and his gentle English mother live in a house they've just rented on the Pacific Palisades. She helps him with his fan mail and plays the piano accompaniments to his violin.

He owns a hundred and forty pipes and has smoked them all. Loud clothes, loud laughter and loud people irritate him. He doesn't like girls who rattle paper at shows, and if you're late for an appointment, he won't wait. He wears a large signet ring engraved with his initials, GSNF—Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford. His maternal grandmother, who died five years ago, had it made of the gold melted from her wedding ring. Glenn never takes it off.

His close friends, the boys and girls who drop in for supper on Sunday nights, belong to his school and little theatre crowd. There's one special girl who doesn't. Seven months ago, he and Evelyn Ankers discovered each other. She's the blonde English actress under contract to Universal, whom you saw in "Bachelor Daddy" and will see in Abbott and Costello's "Hold That Ghost."

They share the same quiet tastes and spend their evenings at his home or hers, playing gin rummy, listening to records or talking endlessly in front of the fire. They've never been to a night club together. Instead they'll roll up the living-room rugs and dance to their favorite records, reveling in the absence of swing bands and jostling jitterbugs. Glenn made one statement which is open to your own interpretation. "People say you shouldn't marry in the profession. Shucks, it's the person who matters, not what she does." Then, lest he'd revealed himself too far—"I'll probably get married in a couple of years."

His more immediate quest is for a couple of cocker spaniels. He feels funny about buying them. "It's like buying a son or daughter," he explains and thinks maybe he'll pick them up at the pound.

Through the branches of a tree, the sun chequered his face with light and shadow as he waved goodby at the gate, a brush in one hand, a can of paint dangling from the other. Then, whistling, he began to paint the mail-box.

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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

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LIP TIPS ON LOVELINESS

(Continued from page 57)

both with a piece of clean facial tissue. Now, apply another coat to even all edges, press and blot again as before.

There are two schools of thought on the subject of color—one favoring the vivid, hit-you-between-the-eyes type of lipstick and the other defending the modest, natural-looking, more subdued seducers. If you are the striking type, you just may get away with the first-mentioned kind. But for young girls and beginners in general, we recommend for your serious consideration the gentler and less flamboyant method of approach. For you there are two decided advantages in these less conspicuous colors. First, your mistakes—until you become expert—will be much less glaringly noticeable; second, the very spirit of the milder colors is much more in keeping with your youthful complexion, clothes and coiffures. Besides, these nice, mild shades will be much less apt to put your over-solicitous family into a useless dither. If the natural and pale rosy lip tints simply don't do anything for you, then try the clear, true red-reds that are so popular now. Fact is, these particular reds are always good in lipsticks and are the shades that sell most heavily all year 'round, winter, summer, spring or fall. Orange-reds and purplish reds really are much more difficult to wear and besides aren't half as youthful looking as the others we've just mentioned.

We can't set definite age limits on any girl's lip make-up. It just fits naturally into the picture when a girl has reached the stage when she pays attention to details like clean, shining, well-groomed hair, a good complexion, straight stocking seams and fresh, crisp collars and cuffs. All of the aforementioned niceties, together with lipstick, give a girl a poise and self-assurance not to be gained in any other way.

Time is another element to be taken by the forelock in regard to lipsticks. Make-up looks much softer under artificial lights than it does in the glaring light of day—so let your first be worn with evening things or after-dark dates. Then gradually work up to its use in daytime. School isn't the best place for a girl to start wearing any kind of make-up, neither are church suppers or Red Cross relief society meetings! If you have the good judgment to know the proper time and place for everything you do—we'll give you the green light to go ahead at will. If you haven't this sixth sense of the fitness of things—well, you'd better concentrate right now on developing it—it's going to be *that* important all the rest of your life.

Some communities are just definitely more conservative than others. And while you can always, with safety and good taste, keep within the unwritten law, woe to you if you have the bad

(Continued on page 93)

INFORMATION DESK
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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Telltale Scrawl

CONTINUED *from page 35*

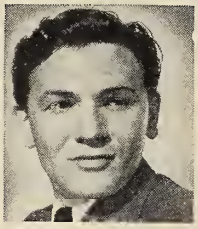
cold or warm, bad or good.

Basically, he is the melancholy type who withdraws into himself. But he has his share of vanity. Artistic recognition is terribly important to him. And so he's developed his own particular type of charm, which hides this deep inner reticence.

To a psychologist, the interesting thing about this man is that there are moments when he is activated by a diabolic force. It appears suddenly, like a shadow, vanishes and lends a terrifying individualism to his screen performances. His love-making is inescapably tinged with sadism. He is of that species of lover who can suddenly overwhelm his loved one with anguished doubts.

As a husband, he is a problem. He doesn't try to camouflage his moods, and they would prey heavily on his wife. Add to this that he's jealous, and that in matters of the heart he has no sense of humor. And beyond a doubt, he must be the dominant partner.

As an actor, he merely suggests—leaves it to the spectator to sense the stormy drama of his troubled soul.



JOHN GARFIELD . . .

As you know, I'm in the dog-house again (for not wanting to do a pan story

The writer is fickle in his moods. There are moments when he is very irresponsible and undisciplined—even with regard to his profession. He is impatient, not easily satisfied, can be sarcastic just to let off steam. But he's putty in the hands of anyone who genuinely understands him. Nevertheless, he's not too easy for a wife to get along with, because he's so uncontrolled. He can only play a role if it interests him. He has the desire to play roles that set the machinery of his own personality in motion. He seeks sensations—nay, needs them in order to relax. For that reason he's suited to gangster roles, because they provide him with climaxes that do justice to his temperament. However, he can also portray sympathetic characters.



. . . RONALD COLMAN

Went to France with original British Expeditionary Force with London Scottish Regiment in Sept. 1914 Wounded in Battle of Ypres

The interesting thing about this writer is that manly as he may be in appearance, he has many feminine qualities. And his confident and energetic exterior masks a shy and reluctant nature. You think of him as a go-getter. He isn't. He is intelligent, and he experiences life much more deeply than you can possibly give him credit for. For that reason, he is an actor of great versatility. He can do as fine a job with the hard, inconsiderate go-getter as with the cautious, withdrawing type, so weighed down with conflicts that he forges of them a chain of troubles for himself and his intimates.

Basically, the writer is a realist, but is nevertheless always striving toward something higher, something ideal. That protects him from getting fed-up and blasé, and signifies that he has lots of chances for further development ahead.



MERLE OBERON . . .

The name of the bath essence is Schenck (Paris)

The writer is a person who thinks quickly and has lots of creative ability at her command. She is a born actress, has absolutely no trouble in playing the most widely varied roles. She has taste and a sense of beauty and both these traits are reflected in her work. She acts with charm and zest.

She can play wild west roles in which she portrays a tempting, half Apache seductress, yet she can play the bold society woman with alluring undertones of the demimondaine. In private life she has a dominant nature, employs radical methods if she doesn't get what she wants. In her relations with people, she subtly compounds feminine wiles with a nice wholesome comradeliness. She's a master at hiding her true motives.

(*Continued on page 98*)

(Continued from page 91)

judgment to overstep it. Don't expect your neighbors in Podunk to approve the same kind of make-up that passes unnoticed in New York or Hollywood. They have a true sense of the fitness of things—a whole lot truer than yours if you are foolish enough to try to buck them. Wear conservative colors in conservative places, brighter ones in gayer places—and you'll have a sympathetic public.

And what do boys think about lipstick on their girl friends? They like it—if it's applied with care, restraint and at the proper times and places. Jimmy Lydon, who's playing the leading role in Paramount's "Henry Aldrich for President," had this to say on the subject just the other day: "We fellows don't care how much lip rouge our girl friends wear—just so we don't have to watch the repair work out in public. Why can't girls do their make-up jobs somewhere besides at tables, picnics, on dance floors or standing on street corners!" Take your cue, girls. Jimmy is pretty typical of all the boys we questioned. Freddie Bartholomew chimed in enthusiastically, "Yes, that goes for me, too, 100%"—so don't say we never warned you, my pretties.

As for what you should spend on lip make-up, we have only this to say—real economy is getting what *you* need for the amount *you* want to spend. And with the variety of lovely lipsticks everywhere available at chain and variety stores all over the country, keeping within your budget will be a perfect cinch. You can even have a set of several shades and types for various times and places and still earn the approval of your budget-conscious elders. Take our tips on the hows and whens and whys—and we'll bet you a lipstick there'll be no more to-do with the "conscientious objectors."

Did you ever try choosing your lipstick by the color of your eyes? Sounds funny, but looks wonderful! With Hudnut's Marvelous Matched Make-up you blue-eyed girls wear Dresden type Lipstick; brown eyes, Parisian Lipstick; gray eyes, Patrician Lipstick; and hazel eyes, Continental Lipstick. Part of the secret of these Marvelous Lipsticks is their smoothness and the way they go on, but their big charm is their becomingness to your face and the color of your eyes. The price? 55 cents.

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start, and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse op'ries!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below, and your chart is as good as tossed!

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149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

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V. S., Marietta, N. Y. Bob Preston's a thorough-going Yankee, born in Newton Highlands, Mass., in 1918. When he was only two, his family moved to Los Angeles and Bob was providentially plunked right in the middle of the movie industry. During high school he played in many amateur Shakespeare productions and upon his graduation joined the Shakespearean Repertory Company and trouped through Cal. Some time later, a Paramount lawyer saw him perform and persuaded his studio to give Preston a test. Two or three "B" pictures broke him in, and in "Union Pacific" he had a chance to strut his stuff. He's married to Kay Feltus, is six feet one inch tall, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and brilliant grey eyes. You can reach him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal., where he's working on "New York Town."

Joyce Marcus, Los Angeles, Cal. Cammie King, the daughter of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind," is the six-year-old daughter of a Los Angeles Public School elocution teacher. Her real name is Cammack King, after her father. Her only other movie part was furnishing the voice for one of Walt Disney's characters some time ago. She happened to get the part in "Gone With the Wind" when her older sister was turned down for the part because she was too old and suggested Cammie. The studio consented to try her out and took her practically on sight.

Usa Castro, Brazil, S. A. Bad news to their fans, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are not going to do another picture together. Jeanette's working on "Smilin' Through" with Ian Hunter, and Nelson's playing opposite Rise Stevens (opera star) in "The Chocolate Soldier."

Anna Mary Doyle, Buffalo, N. Y. Nope, Cesar Romero's not making any Cisco Kid pictures at the present moment. He's currently appearing in "Dance Hall" and working in "Week-end in Havana" for 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal. You can get an autographed picture by sending 25c in coin or stamps to him at that address.

Shirley Gray, Muskegan, Mich. Born in New York City on February 2, 1923, Bonita Granville's five feet tall and weighs a scant 102 pounds . . . Dick Greene's pictures are distributed by 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, California, at 25c apiece.

Autry Fan, Van Dyke, Mich. Gene Autry put in his first appearance near Tioga, Texas, on Sept. 29, 1907. He's 5' 11" tall, weighs 170 pounds, has sandy-brown hair and blue eyes. He hasn't a business suit in his wardrobe but it's chock-full of gay cowboy outfits (numbering about sixty)! He's been riding ever since he began to walk. His horse is Champ, who goes everywhere with Gene from an airplane trip to a barber shop! When Gene was ten years old, a traveling medicine show came along and he became the fourth member of a quartet attached to the show. With his money, he bought a second-hand guitar and taught himself to play it. At 18, he left home and became a telegraph operator in Oklahoma. Encouraged by Will Rogers who happened to hear him singing to himself, he went to New York but was advised to get more experience back West. After attaining considerable fame as the headliner on the Barn Dance radio program, he went into movies. "Down Mexico Way" is his next. He's happily wed to Ina Mae Spivey, who is almost as much a cowgirl as he is a cowboy!

Ann Leibowitz, York, Pa. Your friend Larry Nunn was born in Marshfield, Ore., 14 years ago. He's five feet four inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has light brown hair and blue-green eyes. He's completely athletic-minded. Plays soccer and football; boxes, fences and bowls. His career started modestly enough when he was given a role in Irene Rich's weekly radio program after almost six years of continuous radio and stage performances in Seattle and Tacoma. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio officials heard him and asked him to make a screen test. The results of this was beyond all expectations, and he was immediately cast as Judy Garland's admirer in "Strike Up the Band." Since coming to Hollywood, he's continued schooling in the Hollywood Professional School's junior high division. In addition to his ability to emote, he's a clever cartoonist and drew pictures of Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland on the set. He lives with his mother in a small Hollywood bungalow, and has just completed work on "The Bride Wore Crutches." Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Donat have always been his favorite stars.

Sheila Gibbons, Pelham Manor, N. Y. Whoever told you Joan Bennett had a 16-year-old daughter was sadly misinformed! Her eldest child, Diana, is only 10. . . . You can get an autographed photo of Ann Sheridan at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal.; of Joan Bennett at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.; of Clark Gable at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.; of Stirling Hayden at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. They all cost 25c except Clark Gable's at M-G-M's which is 10c.

A reader, Toledo, Ohio. Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., gave more than Rip Van Winkle to the world! On Dec. 30th, 1904, it produced George Duryea who was to grow up into nationally-known heart-flutterer Tom Keene. Left an orphan at six, he lived with his aunt and uncle until he was eleven when he ran away out West and picked up a living working on ranches and driving stagecoaches. After one year of dramatics at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, he came to New York and was such a success on the stage that in a very short time he was playing the lead in "Abie's Irish Rose" on a world tour. Hollywood beckoned, and now he's in the movies. He's six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His favorite sports are horseback riding, tennis and swimming, and his leading off-screen lady is Grace Stafford, his wife.

E. Morgan, Baltimore, Md. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal., would be glad to send you Ray Whitley's picture for 25c in coin or stamps. Born in Atlanta, Ga., on Dec. 5, he's five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 185 pounds, has dark curly hair and gray-green eyes. Yes, he's married, as yet has no kids.

Beatrice Cohen, Manville, N. J. The young man who played Fred Sheplock in "Chad Hanna," was Ted North, 24-year-old Topeka, Kansas, boy. His family were stage people, and he had the theatre in his blood. He tried a career at law, but gave it up to join his father's stock company. When he went to Hollywood, Warner Baxter, an old family friend, helped him get a test. He was enormously successful and signed to a long term contract. His one and only ambition is to hit the top; his greatest fear is that he won't. He likes all sports (basketball's his favorite) and Shakespeare's plays. Ted's six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

A fan, Regina, Saskatchewan. Here are the leading ladies you asked about—Sally Eilers starred in "Lady Behave," Ann Sothern in "Smartest Girl in Town" and Anita Louise in "The Go-Getter."

Theresa Nobert, Glen Falls, N. Y. If you'll send 25c in coin or stamps to 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., you'll get a slick autographed photo of George Sanders.

Larry De Simone, Brooklyn, N. Y. Bouquets to William Henry for his superb acting in "Operator 13," "The Thin Man," "A Wicked Woman," "Society Doctor," "China Seas," "Double or Nothing," "Madame X," "Yellow Jack," "Ambush," "Persons in Hiding" and "Jennie."

Betty Anderson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Your tall, dark 'n' handsome friend Russell Hayden comes from Chico, Cal., and is 28 years old. He's wed to Jane Clayton and has a bouncing baby daughter, Sandra . . . Tim Holt has brown hair and eyes, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is only 22 years old. You can write to him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

E. D. Ruccio, New Haven, Conn. Yes, "King Solomon's Mines" was a picture produced in England in 1937, with the following actors in the cast: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson, Roland Young, John Loder, Anna Lee, Arthur Sinclair, Sydney Fairbrother, Robert Adams, Frederick Leister, Alf Goddard and Arthur Goullett . . . Mary Martin's now playing opposite Bing Crosby and Brian Donlevy in "Birth of the Blues" due in November.

Wanda Atkin, Portland, Ore. Just send in your 25c to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and they'll be glad to send you an autographed picture of Sheppard Strudwick.

Jeanne Hulme, Stoneham, Mass. Dennis Morgan's thirty years old and has been in the movies for four years. Eddie Albert's thirty-two and has had two years of film experience. Both of them welcome mail at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California.

Glenwood L. Jordan, Fredericksburg, Va. You'll probably be surprised but—Edna May Oliver's considerably the jolly soul off-screen and is famous for her uproarious sense of humor! You can get her photo at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lois Goodwin, South Bend, Ind. Claire Trevor was born one March 8th in New York City and attended school in nearby Larchmont. Later attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York more for the lark than because she had acting ambitions. However, before she graduated, she'd become so intrigued with the theatre that she went right into a stock company, played for several seasons and loved every minute of it. Movie shorts in New York followed, then the New York stage and finally Hollywood.

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On comparing — the irritant quality in the smoke of the four other leading brands was found to average more than *three times* that of the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris . . . and the irritation *lasts more than five times as long!*

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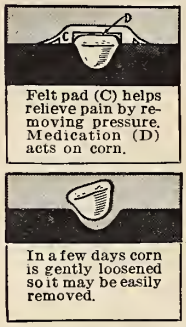


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more absorbent! They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.

IT'S OUT - LANDIS

(Continued from page 37)

But even a choice bit of footage in the finale with Star Dick Powell was no special break. For weeks she knocked on studio doors, finally cracked the lead in a horse opera opposite John Wayne, then in "Daredevils of the Red Circle," a 15-chapter thriller.

The next four months pinched Carole's 25-inch waistline and her pocketbook alike until Hal Roach decided he wanted her for "One Million B.C." And it was a hungry, if sensational, starlet who went on to intrigue Twentieth Century-Fox with her work in "Turnabout," "Topper Returns" and "Road Show."

From that point, any movie-goer can bring the Landis life saga up to date. "Dance Hall" and "Moon Over Miami" have polished her up for solo stardom. In her next, "Cadet Girl," she'll turn loose a husky soprano on four new songs. On her marital scoreboard, she's marked up another error: last year's elopement with Stockbroker Willis Hunt, Jr., that fizzled into good-tempered friendship after four months.

LAST January tall (5'5¾"), chesty (36½"), athletic (118 lbs.) Carole rented a lovely, rambling 10-room home in Brentwood that once belonged to Edna Mae Oliver, brought Mother Ridste from San Bernardino to live with her and went into a huddle with Twentieth Century's Dick Smith on a redecoration program that should be winding up about this time. Only other occupants of this new dwelling are a maid, three Malemute Huskies—Mother Lucky and her two rubber-legged offspring, Jinx and Skeezix—and the two famous black Landis spaniels, Sensible and Foolish.

A faithful blueprint of what movie-going America considers a glamour queen to be, Carole finds outlet for an amazing physical vitality; swimming, horseback riding, flying, playing Sunday morning tennis with neighbors Gary and "Rocky" Cooper and roaring around town in her new Cadillac convertible. Her walking pace is a half-run, and music makes her feet twitch, although some of her tastes contradict her personality: André Kostelanetz' music, Hemingway, white fox furs and the Scheherazade "because it's one night spot where you don't have to scream to be heard."

For Carole, the girl whom discerning American bee-keepers nominated "American Honey Girl," as for many another starlet, Bette Davis is tops among dramactresses. Unlike Bette, however, Carole will have to make producers and public alike forget that she's just another slim-legged, svelte-figured ornament to a sound stage before they'll add meat to her film diet. And she'll do it, too. Judging by her record to date, anything can happen if Carole really wants it to. It may seem out-Landis when you hear about it, but it will probably be true!

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HOLLYWOOD'S UNDECLARED WAR

(Continued from page 45)

grass star who did not appeal to him as prospective box-office bait. Furthermore, he was inclined to treat her like a little girl. He did not consider her very S-M-A-R-T. Sonja noted this, and her Norse blood boiled.

Her chance came one evening when she was leaving the rink at the studio. She'd been spinning around all day, and in some spots the ice was littered with wiggly curls. Lanfield noted these and said, "What are those things?"

"Ice worms," replied Sonja calmly. "It's all right as long as the lights are on, but the minute it gets dark, they eat the ice. I wouldn't be surprised," she added, "if the rink is riddled in the morning." Then she smiled sweetly and glided off to her dressing room, noting with satisfaction a slight change in Mr. Lanfield's healthy complexion.

That night he ordered the big lights left on, and I'd hate to tell you how much it cost. Anyway, the front office called him on the carpet next day, and when he explained about the ice worms the caustic comments he collected were Sonja's sweet revenge.

Of course, not all stars resent being treated like little kiddies in the interest of art. George Cukor and John Ford have been known to get away with it beautifully. George, for example, verbally spanked Roz Russell in "The Women" by saying, "Oh, for God's sake, Rosalind, forget the Plaza crowd and try to make sense in Hoboken." As for Joan Crawford, he tamed her over-dramatics in "A Woman's Face" by methods not too flattering to a dignified artiste of the drama. He had her chanting, "One and one make two—two and two make four—four and four make eight—" and so on for hours on end to help her acquire those tragic, dispirited tones that made her performance so powerful.

THERE are a dozen variations of the technique John Ford used to get that climactic scene of Vic McLaglen's in "The Informer"—the one where Vic gets grilled by the Sinn Feiners he has betrayed. The straight of it is that John simply threw big Vic into the scene without any preparation, wore him to desperation by rapid unrelenting takes, and when he broke down in a blur of exasperated fatigue and moaned, "I don't know what I'm doin'—I don't know what I'm sayin' "—the camera rolled right on as he pawed his harassed face like a tired kid. And Vic collected a statuette.

But mighty few directors are wise enough to pull stunts like that and keep their friends. Still fewer stars have sense enough to take it and keep their tempers. Most Hollywood directors have to skirt hostilities cautiously by playing to the opposition.

Lana Turner, for example, from the start has been skittish about criticism and purry as a cat about praise. Her allure can wilt like a winter strawberry at the tiniest reprimand. And when she turns her anger inwards—(she's always more mad at herself than the director)—the company might as well stop shooting. Director Sylvan Simon found a way out of this by bawling out his crew when Lana faltered. Suffering grips and cameramen hung heads and said, "Yes sir, I'm sorry," when Lana blew a line. But she never saw them wink.

Hedy Lamarr's dismal starts at M-G-M, on the other hand, are traced by some canny kibitzers to a lack of just such set tact and her bad luck in drawing Woody Van Dyke, M-G-M's rush captain, for her Hollywood début. Van Dyke, a hurry-up legend in Hollywood, like another director, Lloyd Bacon, seldom rehearses a scene. Instead, he bounces right into it with unceremonious vigor. Most stars adore this, likewise Woody's glib, chummy setside manner, which gets by with calling Garbo "Kid" and Shearer "Baby." But to Hedy, still mentally in old Vienna or somewhere, it all added up to confusion. A lot of people said Lamarr simply wouldn't take direction. The other side is, she simply never caught up with it.

When "I Take This Woman" was on the fire with Van Dyke pumping the bellows, Hedy was perched on Tracy's lap in one scene, and he was asking her if she'd ever played hooky as a kid. Hedy's face remained beautifully blank for that scene when it should have turned tender. It was not until weeks after the picture was over that Lamarr uttered a remark which explained why. The word hooky came up, and Hedy

(Continued on page 99)

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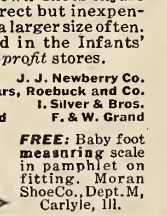
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CONTINUED from page 92



The readiness is all, since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

. . . ALBERT BASSERMAN

The writer is exceptionally intelligent, has a sharp, critical power of observation. When he presents a role, it is only after he has penetrated the finest nuances of the personality. He is an actor who can unleash tremendous energy with an inflection—a glance. Yet he never stoops to tricks. He is a many-sided performer, but he doesn't care much for shallow roles. He demands in each part a challenge to his deep understanding of mankind. He likes unusual types, brings them to the stage or the screen intensely portrayed. There is something classic in his mode of presentation.

In private life, he is modest and unassuming—and though he is by no means unaware of his worth as an artist and as a man, he is not the least bit demanding. He is a battler who champions an idea and never sacrifices an inch of ground. He is fearfully skeptical, a man difficult to convince of anything. And because he has a strong will and personality of his own, he cannot be cast into a mould of someone else's making.

I went to a few dances and also to Judy Garland's Party that she gave for Rose.



JANE WITHERS . . .

Just at present this girl is suffering through a very trying period of adolescence. She is spiritually oppressed, sensitive and easily excited. However, she is the type to know exactly what she wants, and she has both feet planted firmly on the ground.

She has lots of physical temperament and, though she is still a bit childlike, there are times when she is a woman, ripe, mature. At such times, she will say astonishing things.

There is no doubt about her great gift for the stage. And if it were only that she is natural, never forced, never abandoned by her mother-wit, she would still be dynamite to any audience. She has that facility of identifying herself with any roles she plays.

Beyond that, she's very independent, plucky and energetic. Already she knows how to dodge people who bore her. She's shrewd and knows how to detour around tough situations. If she marries later on, she must pick a husband who shares her abundance of temperament, who is emotional, and yet strong enough to assert himself. She has a strong will and would crush a softie. But don't assume from that that she's wild and headstrong. Good commonsense always gets the upper hand.

She's up to the most strenuous physical and mental exercise, therefore able to make a fine showing in the theater. At the moment, she's particularly suited to those roles which combine childhood and maturity.



Millions for Defense and not one cent for tribute. A slight distortion of a phrase by C. C. Pinckney

. . . HOWARD DIETZ

The author has many-sided intellectual interests. He is possessed, moreover, of a high degree of creative energy. Once he has conceived a goal, he goes after it like an express train. Coupled with this unflagging drive is a richness of imagination. He is the temperamental type of idea man, doesn't produce by the sweat of his brow—gets his inspiration spontaneously.

In spite of his imaginative gifts, he is a realist. Businesslike, he can skillfully exploit his ideas. He has a knack for combining art and commerce. It fascinates him to create something important out of apparent trifles. He is perenially modern—shows keen interest in any new idea.

No one could deny that this man has a weakness for women and that they have played a great role in his life. All in all, he is quite an epicurean who has mastered the art of making life pleasant for himself and others.

(*Continued from page 97*)

inquired, "What is 'hooky'? It's a game, isn't it?"

Such once-over-lightly-and-no-hot-towel treatment is perfectly okay with some stars. Bill Powell and Myrna Loy have been romping through the same screwball situations with each other for so long that all they need is a nod from Van Dyke to set them off.

Bawdy, bored John Barrymore takes evil delight in driving his set bosses crazy with a dozen delicious flavors of ham before he does a scene in a printable fashion.

When John was knee deep in his own screwy saga, "The Great Profile," he was called upon for a dying scene. John has expired in his billboard years more times than a carload of cats. So he proceeded to reminisce with gestures, rolling eyes, drooling tongue, chesty sighs and guttural rattles until finally Director Walter Lang called time out.

"All right, John," he implored. "You've died twenty times for yourself. Now—please—die just once for me!"

Clark Gable is one star who is relaxed and pleasantly manageable with his camera coaches in spite of his virility, and if Gary Cooper's director will shoot skeet with him, Gary will do practically anything. You can get opinions at Warner's that the reason Gary was so terrific in "Sergeant York" is because Director Howard Hawks lugged a shotgun around from set to set and banged away with his star between takes.

Of course, easy-going guys like Gary and Clark and a few others wouldn't have trouble with the meanest man who ever hoisted a megaphone. Give them a he-man to hustle them around, and they're like contented cows. Clark is so pliable before a camera that they still tell about the "$50,000 poke" at M-G-M. Jack Conway was directing a fight between Gable and Spencer Tracy in "Boom Town." It was on the tail end of the picture, and about the only scenes left were Clark's. Conway hired a double to sock Clark, thinking he could do it deftly and not dreaming Gable would be other than

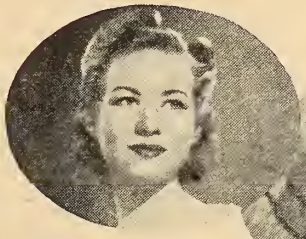


Hell hath no fury like "Hellzapoppin'" . . . or, for that matter, like Olsen and Johnson. Universal has cast its latest screwball accretions as two Cupids whose efforts to strew love's bed with roses get bloodied in the thorns. By way of a happy ending, the picture closes with Olsen and Johnson slowly sinking from sight in a pool of wet cement.

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movie sock-wise after all these rough and tumble years.

Well, he made the mistake of yelling, "Take it like it hurts, Clark!" right before the action, and the next thing he saw to his horror was Gable stretched out in the mud, bleeding like a stuck pig. He'd stepped obediently right into the punch. It took an expensive week for his split lip to settle down again.

Cary Grant is almost as gentle and easy-going stacked up against the right director. His only temperamental requirement is a piano to peck on between scenes, and his only nuisance value (from his director's standpoint) is a a Baby Snooks complex. Cary wants to know "Why?" about everything—not because he's cagey but because he's interested. As Director Leo McCarey once said about Irene Dunne and Cary, "Put those two in a picture—and they'll direct each other!"

That miracle man Preston Sturges always has breakfast, lunch and dinner with his cast at what Paramount commissary kibitzers term "Sturges' Training Table." If he can, he takes them home with him and sits around all evening, bedding the males down on handy cots. One star, we'd better not mention, cracked the other day, "When I have to leave Preston's set, I feel like I ought to raise my hand and ask to be excused!"

Such familiarity does not always ripen into star-director friendships—but there have been some instances of that, too. Henry Hathaway is a top-flight director today pretty much because Gary Cooper, a hunting pal, laid down the law at Paramount when "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was about to roll. Hathaway, an ex-assistant, was swarmed under by B westerns at that point. "He'll do 'Bengal Lancer,' or I won't!" stated Coop. Then there's the story of Harry Buquet, who does all the Kildares these days at Metro. In the old days when Lionel Barrymore was a director, Harry was his assistant. His chance at a canvas chair arrived after fifteen long years. But his first assignment loomed as a turkey because he couldn't rustle up a cast. Lionel was seriously crippled with arthritis at that point. But when he heard of Harry's dilemma, he stormed, "I'll do the part for Harry if I have to do it in a wheel chair!" Which is just what he did and has been doing ever since in the Kildares.

Some directors have married stars and made a glorious go of it. But most of these aren't directors to the Hollywood hilt.

That is, they don't consult astrologers about when to start a picture *à la* William Dieterle. They don't swoon and get carried off the set in a trance—as Gregory Ratoff did periodically through "Intermezzo" to the amazement of Ingrid Bergman. They don't stalk around like Imperial Caesar in the DeMille manner. They don't dress up in Prussian officer's uniforms and play Teutonic tyrants as the eccentric James Whale did making "The Road Back." They don't brood swami-fashion like Joe Von Sternberg.

Most happy couples molded from this enemy clay are very normal numbers—on both sides of the fence—and what's more, one or the other usually retires for harmony's sake after wedding bells.

John Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan kept right on going after their nuptial idyll, it's true, as director and star, until the Canadian Navy beckoned to John. But they steered clear of each other on sets and maintained separately the professional hostilities we've been talking about. Maureen's Irish spunk has popped up in directors' faces in many places, and as for John on his farewell picture, "Bill of Divorcement," he did everything but



The American consul of the squalid Mexican border town is telling George Iscovescu (Boyer) he must wait five years for his U.S.A. quota number. Iscovescu is a dancer, a high liver. Five more years in Mexico. A jail sentence!

Today is the 4th of July. Tourists have spilled over the frontier. George, alone, sees a girl who used to be . . . Yes, Anita (Goddard)—his former dancing partner. "Darling," she says. But he is looking at the wedding ring. She laughs. "Yes, married," she says, "and divorced. He was a citizen. So am I now." George chuckles low. "So that is the game?"

The tourists are gone—except for Emmy Brown (de Havilland)—stranded, with a school-bus and a gang of pupils. Boyer begins his campaign. It takes a few hours. Emmy says yes, her eyes drunk with sudden love.

Back in Bordertown from his honeymoon, George has changed. Overwhelmingly, he loves his wife. Anita "understands." Her partner has gone *soft*!

And so she takes the new life that love has forged for George Iscovescu and smashes it, tells Emmy the whole cruel story of George's deception.

This is "Hold Back the Dawn"—all but the bitter end—or, just maybe, the sweet end?



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take to daggers with Maureen O'Hara.

That pair cordially detested each other. The fireworks flew from dawn till dusk most disgracefully. Adolphe Menjou remembers one little episode to his painful sorrow.

It was the scene where the daughter pops her father one to snap him out of his fog. Katie Hepburn did it originally to John Barrymore. Maureen wasn't giving out the same smacking good job on Adolphe. "Good Heavens!" yelped John Farrow at last. "Slap the man! I'll tell you, Miss O'Hara," he added, with a happy inspiration, "just pretend you're slapping *me!*"

So the next time Maureen knocked Menjou for such a loop his face swelled, and he couldn't come to work the next day!

That's the attitude that's normal and healthy on a Hollywood set. Like Director Archie Mayo chasing Connie Bennett into her dressing room and tossing a stink bomb in after her. Like Bette Davis hissing Frank Capra every time he eats on the Warner Lot. Like William Dieterle donning white gloves on his set in case he has to contaminate himself by touching a star.

Only, if he did, I'm afraid Mr. Hitchcock would have to forego the pleasures of his whispering campaigns which manage to shatter the nerves of most unhappy stars he directs. Jolly Alf quakes his three hundred pounds in perverse glee as he spreads ominous fibs and disturbing stories around his sets, playing every star against the other. His favorite method is to pat stars on the back and tell them how good they are. Then to whisper confidentially to another star how awful they *really* are. Of course it gets back right, and no one knows which side is up or what time it is. Poor Joan Fontaine was a nervous wreck all through "Before The Fact."



Underneath the curls and decolletage it's glamorous Johnny Downs, lighting up a cigar between scenes of Hal Roach's "All American Co-ed."

Like the old song . . . "Sometimes I love you, sometimes I hate you. But when I hate you, it's 'cause I love you. . . " That's Hitchcock.

Malicious Al in this manner has scored many points for the directors since he floated over from England. But stars have their innings, too, and I would like to wind up on a retributive note by relating what befell one wise-cracking directing gent named Wild Bill Wellman.

Wild Bill is the type of set boss who makes gag love to all his feminine stars. On this particular picture he was in exceptional form with a certain beauty of spirit, whose identity you'll have to guess. After each take, Bill would chortle, "That's my sweetheart! What has So-and-So (her husband) got that I haven't got?" and so forth. He extolled the merits of the star's face and figure, the charms of her personality with extravagant and florid prose. He sighed for romance, panted for passion in his ribbing vein. The lady took it all in grimly.

Came the last scene and with it the usual Wellman nifty, a sigh for romance.

"Okay," said the star. "Now that the picture's over." She faced him with a twinkle in her eye, and as the whole company watched, launched boldly into a strip-tease. The costume was an old fashioned rig, and there were plenty of articles to remove. Before she got down to the final unmentionable, there were beads of sweat on Mr. Wellman's panicked brow, and he was swallowing hard.

When the beauty yanked this off dramatically, the company gasped.

Underneath the last dainty, of course, was a bathing suit. But Wild Bill never saw it. He had made hasty tracks out of there, a sober and chastened director.

Exciting New Beauty in Three Minutes

FOR 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS

Richard Hudnut offers a new and exciting idea in cosmetics—"matched makeup"—designed to give the added glamour of harmony in makeup!



● Beauty experts say your powder, lipstick and rouge must "go together." Yet recent studies reveal that 5 out of 7 girls use makeup that lacks this color harmony—the secret of natural beauty.

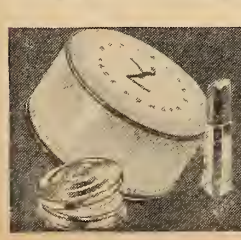
Richard Hudnut has solved this problem by developing a new idea in cosmetics—"matched makeup." And based on this idea, has created *Marvelous Matched Makeup.* Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in beautifully *harmonizing* shades!

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*The color of my eyes is*_____ *hair*_____ *skin*_____

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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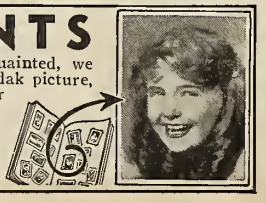


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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 63)

her agent, his studio, her studio, an insurance company and half a dozen other worried souls phone. The plane was registered in Jimmy's name. She couldn't use it, mustn't use it. It took a whole day for an exhausted Olivia to convince everyone that she was no airplane guardian.

PERSONALITIES

W. C. Fields: Laurel-copper in a field where screwball-ism has been raised to a fine art, he wrote the script for his newest Universal effort "The Great Man" (formerly "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"), though screen credits modestly go to "Otis Crible Coblis." On preceding "Bank Dick," Fields signed himself "Mahatma K. Jeeves." Gloria Jean, 13, who plays with him in this one, was scared of the maestro until she discovered the courteous gent he really is. High spot is a soda-drinking episode that will leave you aching. Add note: name of 62-year-old Fields' pretty secretary really *is* Belinda Boss. That's not a gag . . . Jean Gabin: This brand new menace confesses, in still badly broken English, that he loves Hollywood, thinks American women are wonderful, but wishes they could talk French! So far, he's squired Michele Morgan, Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich.

LONG VOYAGE HOME

Long John Carradine, they're calling him now. And all because he picked up "The Bali," a trim, 65-ft. schooner, on one of those flukes that all would-be navigators dream of. Seems that the chap who owned it loved it with that passion only a seafarer can understand. Down on his luck, he lost the craft to creditors, but still couldn't bear to part with his beauty. One night he approached the night watchman stationed on the craft, begged "one last party for his friends." Unsuspecting, the watchman went ashore to be out of the way. The ex-owner promptly dug out a cache of provisions he had been hoarding in a nearby garage, set sail, and slipped out of harbor under cover of darkness. Many days later police in Ecuador nailed him, accused him of having murdered his crew. Actually, he had sailed his big, 5-crew craft all the way by himself! Cleared of that charge, he was finally booked for embezzlement, and the boat was brought back to San Pedro where it was knocked down for a song—to Carradine.

HAMBURGERS FOR THREE

Philip Reed does a scene in RKO's "Weekend for Three" that requires a long stretch of puttering around with pots and pans in a kitchen. Watching him wrestle in this unaccustomed milieu, co-players Dennis O'Keefe and Jane Wyatt scoffed the suggestion that Phil probably couldn't even boil water! Indignantly he bet them $5 on the spot that he could whip together a tasty lunch for that day. So all morning, while the cameras ground, Phil sweated—and his hecklers feasted at noon on the tastiest $5 worth of hamburgers and French fried potatoes they'd ever eaten!

HE OTTO BE ASHAMED!

A sun-tanned chunk of 20th Century's "Swamp Water" company is back from location at Georgia's grimly beautiful Okefenokee Swamp, bubbling with stories of adventures and mishaps. Choicest was Dana Andrews' rueful account of how Assistant Director Otto Brower had gotten back at him for heckling the former's swimming ability. On one hectic day, a boat overturned. Principals and crew were mystified over Brower's near-drowning struggle to keep afloat until they discovered that he'd been clutching a script and expensive little camera in one hand over his head to keep them dry! The ribbing was unmerciful, but Brower took it manfully, a "bide-my-time" look in his eye. A few days later Andrews and the boys were ready to push off for a day's shooting, when a lovely stranger approached, asked prettily if she could go along to watch. Gallant Dana, all hospitable smiles, invited her to come, spent the day, between scenes, explaining intricacies of picture making. Came quitting time, and the group set out for home. Just as their boat was putting in at the studio's camp dock, two truculent bruisers came rowing up. "What the blankety blank are you doing with my wife!" grated one of them furiously, fingering a heavy revolver at his belt. Dana blenched, began sputtering apologies. One of the prop men begged to be allowed to go for a piece of artillery. The situation had gotten tense as any celluloid melodrama, with Dana sweating big wet drops. Suddenly the "irate husband" and his "wife" broke out laughing. They had been hired by Brower to toss a scare into his chief heckler!

POWER'S MUDDLE

The pooch-fanciers among you might like to bring your records up to date on Tyrone Power's assorted collection of dogs. Bringing the total to five is a black cocker spaniel pup given him just before he and Annabella left for that "Liliom" stint in Westport, Conn., by Flossie Friedman, Annabella's European dramatic coach, now working out on the Twentieth Century lot. Ty labelled it "Julie" after his wife's "Liliom" role. Other Power purps: "Lady," a mongrel police dog; "T.A.P.," (Tyrone Annabella Power), one of Lady's offspring; "A.P.," (Annabella Power), a French poodle; and "Princess," a strange black unidentifiable item.

VIEWS ON PREVIEWS

One California 'quake not registering on local seismographs is the current fuss rocking Hollywood over picture previews. Since September 1, new films are being shown upon completion only to the trade press, and the rest of the Fourth Estate has to wait until close to actual release date. Reason given by studio moguls: reviews, often unfavorable, prejudice exhibitors and public when published a couple of months in advance. This line of dubious reasoning got its most solid and pungent blasting from Manhattan's Ed Sullivan who commented acidly: "I think that of all the asinine things to which the master minds of Hollywood have resorted, this action is a new low in community stupidity." No review could hurt a good picture, Mr. Sullivan argued. By barring some 300 filmland scribes and correspondents from first showings, studio pundits have not only questioned their journalistic honesty, but have muzzled a publicity force that spread reams of valuable advance ballyhoo throughout the nation. At the root of all this hulla-

baloo, according to Columnist Sullivan, was plain buck-passing on the part of the producers. Accused by exhibitors of turning out bad pictures and thus causing the current slump in movie attendance, the latter had to find a goat—and so picked on local Fourth Estaters, blamed poor business on the nasty things they'd been saying.

KISS THE BUCKS GOODBYE

Trust Jane Withers to figure out a brand new way to keep those nickels and dimes trickling into U. S. O. coffers. She wouldn't let anyone, whether big shot producer or visiting fireman, put foot on the set of "Small Town Deb" without first kicking in something for national defense. And to squeeze out a few extra pengos, she fined herself and co-players for blow-ups, muffing lines, etc. One scene called for Jackie Searl to make an entrance with his face heavily marked up with lip-stick. Janie offered to fix him up the pleasant way, by kissing him—but her fee would be $1 per kiss for the U. S. O. Jackie was only too happy to accept—especially when it took six good smackeroos to do a good job—only too happy to dig out the six bucks . . . Speaking of Jane, she got an unusual fan request the other day. Frances Sadowski, 15, of Wilmington, Del., wrote offering to design her some shorts in exchange for the dress that "had given Jane her biggest thrill." Jane sent along a red velvet evening gown—her first—got back four lovely pairs of shorts.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

It was on the set of "He Married the Boss' Daughter." Bruce Edwards got ready for his first love scene with Brenda Joyce. But one take followed another, and Bruce's nervousness spoiled each one. Finally Director Thornton Freeland took him aside and wanted to know how come. Edwards pointed surreptitiously to a figure standing on the sidelines watching. It was Brenda's husband! "Would you take him aside, so as not to embarrass him, and ask him to go away?" asked Bruce. Freeland nodded grimly and walked up to a mike. "Will Mr. Owen Ward get off the set," he bellowed, "so my leading man can make love to your wife properly!" . . . Brenda, by the way, refutes the notion that film actresses are all hothouse luxury-lovers. On a recent mule-back trip through the High Sierras with Husband Owen, she slept for five nights in a row with nothing between her and cold, clammy snow but a sleeping bag. On the sixth night, there was nothing but an ice field available for camp, and the shivering pair had to mush on to bunk at a ranger's cabin in Inyo National Park.



Merle made "Lydia" for Husband Korda; worked on her birthday to economize on the high cost of shooting!

ALL PASSION SPENT

A tough moment: When Eddie O'Brien had to go on making love to Nancy Kelly in RKO's "Parachute Battalion." Just before the picture started, they wound up a quivering romance offscreen by getting married. Before the film was three quarters through, they had squabbled, were ready to call the whole thing off!

BAREFOOT BOY

Robert Benchley can be forgiven an occasional memory lapse. He's been almost too much in demand by studios during the past few months. On the set of Columbia's "Three Girls About Town," came time for one of Bob's scenes. He came within camera range, rattled off his lines perfectly. But Director Leigh Jason groaned, clutched his brow. "That was swell, Bob, but *why* did you keep your head down the whole time?" "I was just looking to see if I was wearing

What HAPPENS to Hollywood's EX-WIVES?

In the spotlight today—rich and famous. Forgotten tomorrow—alone and bitter. Another of SCREEN GUIDE'S remarkable inside stories of the real life of Hollywood. Filled with romance, pathos, laughter—the story of women who dared to marry famous men. Women whose mistakes or good sense caused them to lose or willingly discard the love of men other women wanted!

Other Great October Screen Guide Features:

Claudette Colbert Tells the Truth About Herself! With the most remarkable pictures ever published of this great star.

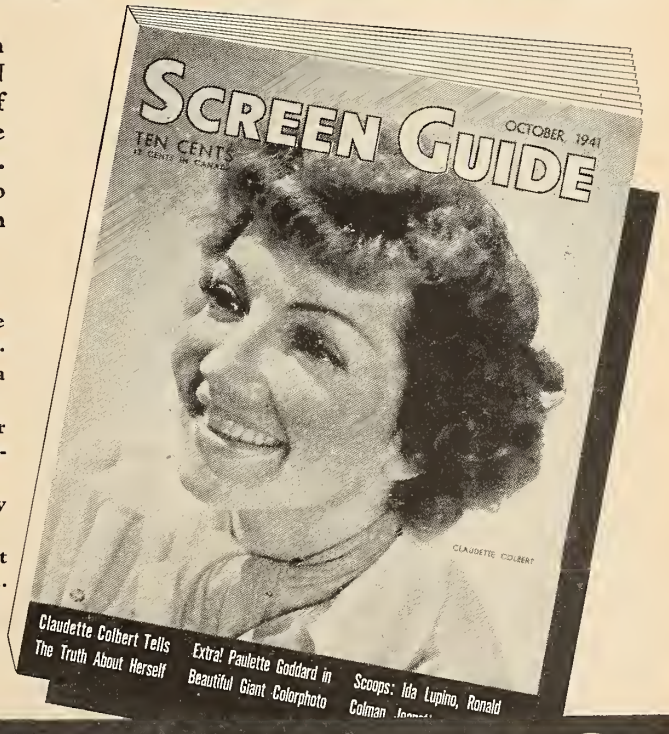
Can **Madeleine Carroll** Win Stirling Hayden?: Romance on a movie set. Then comes the other woman!

The Inside on **Vic Mature's** Marriage: Why did the bachelor who had dozens of Glamour Girls to choose from marry a comparative unknown? The answer is startling!

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EXPECTANT?

Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Accumulation of poisons, dizziness, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

any shoes," admitted Bob meekly . . . Mr. B., incidentally, always does a slow burn when visitors come up and ask him how it feels to be in pictures. He made his first trip to Hollywood in 1925, worked in the first talking picture ever made! There's little chance now, he confesses, that he'll go back to New Yorker dramreviewing. Hollywood is home.

BITING REMARKS

One of the least known nuisances of a glamour girl's career is the braces she sometimes must wear to make her teeth absolutely straight. One molar out of line, magnified on the screen, can make a cutie's pearly smile look like an uneven stone fence. Joan Leslie's wearing 'em right now. Loretta Young's beautiful teeth are one of her most important assets, so she guards their perfect alignment by wearing a "retainer"—a wire band across the teeth in front, held in place by a piece of composition material that fits across the roof of the mouth. Alice Faye's teeth were too widely spaced when she first arrived in Hollywood, but she was shot into a picture so fast, there was no time to do anything but fill the gaps with cement. Later, when she had more time, she had them corrected. Dottie Lamour, who everyone thought had perfect teeth, surprised the town by appearing with a platinum wire brace designed to close a heretofore unnoticed gap between her two front teeth. The gap had gone unnoticed because she had always worn removable caps to hide it, but decided to have it fixed permanently because the darn caps used to fall off everytime she took a bite out of anything.

GLAMOUR, TOUJOURS, GLAMOUR

Wonder if Rosalind Russell noticed that famous glamour gal watching her every move at Ciro's a couple of nights ago? Roz breezed into the club with three handsome men in tow, bon mots, wisecracks and puns leaving a verbal trail behind her. Directly across from her table sat one of the most important feminine stars in Hollywood with an unspectacular gent, obviously a business acquaintance. From the time Roz parked her silken-swathed torso at the table until she gathered her furs and men about her and swept into the night, the gal across the aisle kept her eyes trained on Russell's every gesture. The watchful one has no romance in her life at the moment and we happen to know she's the kind of gal who isn't happy unless surrounded by lots of attention. So maybe she was trying to figure out where along the way her technique for attracting every man in sight has weakened.

POSTSCRIPTS

Though stars receive enough fan mail to keep the U. S. Post Office Department out of the red, their personal mail, says the postman on our beat, is embarrassingly skimpy. Wayne Morris, for example, receives only two missives a month, and one is generally a bill . . . Ian Hunter must be content opening his wife's mail because he seldom gets any himself . . . Brod Crawford and Dick Foran, who share a swank penthouse, have pitched their letter opener into the trash basket. They receive one letter apiece, each week. Whenever they feel slighted, however, they borrow their colored valet's mail. He, Florida Hinton by name, receives a half dozen letters daily, much to the amazement and envy—of his employers.



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We are giving away 500 autographed portraits of motion picture stars. You will receive one of these autographed pictures if you send in the questionnaire below properly filled out. Act now, while the supply lasts!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write *1, 2, 3* at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choice.

Welsh Rare-bit (Ford) ☐
You Can't Beat the Dutch (Dorn) ☐
Telltale Scrawl (Handwriting) ☐
He Who Got Slapped (Mature) ☐
My Sister & I (Lane Sisters) ☐
Hollywood's Undeclared War (Between Stars and Directors) ☐
Screen Specialists ☐
Academy Award Aunt (Darwell) ☐
"Paulette Saved My Life!" ☐
It's Out-Landis! ☐
"How Green Was My Valley" ☐
The Men in Her Life (Russell) ☐
Styles in Wiles (How to Trap a Man) ☐
Good News (Gossip) ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like least? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read stories about in future issues?

List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

List your 3 favorite radio entertainers 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

Do you want MODERN SCREEN to feature a story on your favorite radio entertainer? **Yes** ☐ **No** ☐

List your 3 favorite bands 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

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Do you want MODERN SCREEN to feature a story on your favorite band leader? **Yes** ☐ **No** ☐

Should MODERN SCREEN feature a story on a Western personality every issue? **Yes** ☐ **No** ☐
Every 2nd issue? **Yes** ☐ **No** ☐

★ Name the star whose autographed portrait you want .....

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FASHION'S NEWEST RAVE

English Tint

The Englishwoman's Complexion Secret

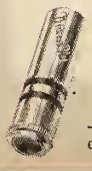


POEMS have been written about it—and pages of prose—the Englishwoman's complexion is rightly the envy of us all. Beautifully different from others—prominent because of its exquisiteness—breathtaking when first you see it—those delicate, hedge-rose tones create a fragile cameo loveliness not found in American skin. But now Princess Pat has successfully made a true English Tint rouge—a very exciting cosmetic which actually brings to the American skin the Englishwoman's soft hedge-rose cheeks. Someone who used it said, "*It's astonishing—I would never have believed that tones so frail, could make such a difference in one's appearance.*" Any American skin can wear English Tint and be more adorable for it. Ask for Princess Pat English Tint in either compact Rouge 50c or creamy Cheektone $1 at any good cosmetic counter.



PRINCESS PAT

Rouge



— AND LIPS TO MATCH! HARMONIZE YOUR LIPS A
CHEEKS . . GET PRINCESS PAT LIPSTICK. LATEST SHAD

That Garland gal's a full-fledged matron these days! Here's the inside story on her sudden elopement with bandman Dave Rose!

SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW!

Hollywood's back on its heels, fanning a helpless brow. The elopements have been coming that fast. First Tierney, then Grayson—then Garland.

Judy's overnight dash to Las Vegas to become Mrs. David Rose, of course, wasn't too much of a shock. The two of them had been advertising something like that ever since they met at a party two years ago—holding hands, talking music, building, out of friendship and mutual respect, the kind of a romance that soon shamed gossip-mongers into silence.

But after Judy's engagement announcement at her 19th birthday party, Hollywood was looking forward to something big and splashy in the way of a Fall wedding—the kind of a prospect that makes shy, soft-spoken Dave Rose panicky. Then one Sunday night as they sat beaming at each other across a quiet corner table at Mike Romanoff's, waiting suddenly became intolerable. Thick steaks had just been served them, but neither could eat. Dave called for a check. The waiter became alarmed. Was there something wrong with the food? Worried, he called the maitre d'hotel. Judy grew impatient. "We just want to get out of here and get married!" she announced to the flabbergasted man. And off they went to the airport. No time to buy a ring. But Judy had her mother's with her.

They made plans as they flew toward Nevada. A quick, simple ceremony, then off somewhere for a week of honeymooning—where no one could find them, where they could be alone.

The first part of it worked like a charm. But a phone call came to the hotel where they were staying next day. M-G-M would like their perky-nosed, golden-throated runaway to report back immediately for work in "Babes on Broadway." Mickey Rooney and an M-G-M production schedule never wait on honeymooners. But Judy and Dave, the two happiest people in the world, didn't mind. "This is no ordinary Hollywood Marriage," Judy told newshawks who met their returning plane. "It's the result of a wonderful romance of two years, and it's the real thing."

Dave said nothing—just grinned approval, his brown hair wind-mussed. Naturally retiring, he's still embarrassed by the spotlight that follows Judy wherever she goes, still a little sensitive, perhaps, over some of the things Hollywood has had to say about the troubles that broke up his first marriage with Martha Raye.

In a place like filmland, where reputation-shredding is a 24-hour pastime, people say amazingly nice things about the man Judy Garland picked for a husband. English-born, though now a citizen, he's average height and at least 12 years older than Judy, though you'd never guess such an age gap watching them together. In his own quieter, quizzical way he shares her enthusiasm for all the more strenuous sports but is bothered by typical shy man's inhibitions on a dance floor.

Though executive blood pressures at Metro would reach a new high at the mere thought of it, Judy would probably chuck movies for housekeeping if Dave said the word. And if she did, he could support her comfortably on his salary as musical director of the Mutual Don Lee network. Though people have insinuated nastily that Dave has capitalized commercially on his courtship of a star, it's really the most fantastic accusation that could be leveled at him. A brilliant musician, he's reached a position comparable to Judy's in his own field, just recently earned a handsome plaque from grateful Hollywood merchants for "Hollywood Boulevard," one of three original tone poems.



Strongest Rose-Garland bond, in fact, is music. It brought them together originally, gave them a common language from the start. Now Judy's writing lyrics for some original theme songs that Dave plans to have published. She believes that some day he will be a great man in the music world, that his success will far overshadow hers. That alone tells you a lot about their relationship.

Right now the David Daniel Roses are living in an Ambassador Hotel suite in Hollywood—until the house they're planning is built. And it's Judy who's doing most of the figuring. What she likes and wants, Dave will, too. All he cares about is a flat spot big enough to set up tracks for the 700-pound locomotive and five freight cars that take up so much of his spare time—and a bit of room for Liebchen, his Schnauzer—and most of all, of course, Mrs. Judy Garland Rose.

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

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The *light ale* preferred by millions of beer drinkers

MODERN AMERICA—like Early America—counts Ballantine Ale a treasure among drinks for 2 reasons . . .

(1) A *lightness* surprising in ale.

(2) A *flavor* found in no other brew . . . flavor which could come only from the finest of ale yeasts.

Call for Ballantine Ale today. Compare it with your favorite beer—for lightness—for flavor. And chances are it's Ballantine from now on! Look for the 3 RINGS standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR—and call for Ballantine Ale. Costs no more than the better beers. Sold coast to coast.

BALLANTINE ALE

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America's largest selling Ale

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1 Clare Potter is a great American designer. And she looks the part. Note her distinctive pill-box hair-do, sloping shirt-waist. She excels in designs that suit the needs of American living—sportswear, street suits, simple dinner clothes. For inspiration, she turns to fabrics... has prints and colors made to order.



Clare Potter

AMERICAN DESIGNER—

"Camels give me what I want in a cigarette... real smoking mildness plus fine taste"

2 Unlike most designers, Clare Potter works on a living model... cuts her original pattern out of the fabric itself. At right, she rests... smokes a Camel... critically eyes pyjamas-to-be, as an assistant pins and measures. Says Clare Potter: "I like Camels best. They're *milder*—they contain less nicotine in the smoke, you know!"



3 *"Persian Bouquet"*—striking dinner-at-home pyjamas of printed sharkskin, a Clare Potter original. Here the finished design is being modeled for her approval while she enjoys another Camel. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "They're the finest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

Clare Potter is outstanding among designers who are making America the center of fashion. A hard worker, she spends week-days at the shop... week-ends at her farm. "My friends prefer Camel cigarettes, too," she adds. "So I buy Camels by the carton. More convenient!"

The smoke of *slower-burning* Camels contains

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than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself.*



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BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

MODERN SCREEN

VEMBER
0

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PERIODICAL DIVISION



321
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COPY

Brenda Marshall:

"WHY I SAID YES TO BILL HOLDEN"

I HATE HER

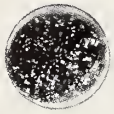


SHE stole him from me! That's my place, congratulating Tim first! She sat in my seat on the fifty yard line during the game, and she'll be there where I should be, in his arms at the dance tonight. Why did Tim drop me so suddenly? What's she got that I haven't got?

Nothing—you've got something she hasn't got. *Dandruff!* No man can be romantic about a girl with dandruff. But it's not too late. Hurry to your drug-store—buy a bottle of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. It penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings on the scalp . . . lathers and rinses out equally well in hard or soft water without an after-rinse. Economical . . . use regularly each week. Ordinary soap shampoos often leave hair coated with a dull film, marred by dandruff. Don't trust them! Fitch Shampoo brings out every sparkling highlight, leaves hair antiseptically clean and free from dandruff. Fitch Shampoo actually reconditions as it cleanses! Try it today!

WRITE TODAY to the F. W. Fitch Company, Dept. M98, Des Moines, Iowa, for a generous FREE sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All dandruff, germs and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphotoshows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Men

After and between Fitch Shampoos, use Fitch's Ideal for the Hair. It stimulates the scalp, and keeps the hair neat and good looking!



Fitch's

TRADE MARK

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO



You can be Plain and still be Appealing

LUCKY, LUCKY YOU.. if your Smile is Right!

Let your smile win you admiration. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

BEAUTY editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a *bright, sparkling, appealing smile.*"

Take hope, plain Sue, and take heart. Even if you weren't born to beauty, you can win beauty's rewards. Help your *gums* to health and bring out your smile's sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today's soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!

We are about to usher in a most usherable morsel. It is called "Smilin' Through", that timeless classic of American theatre annals written dramatically by Janes (Cowl and Murfin) and screenatically by Donald (Ogden Stewart) and John (Balderston).

★ ★ ★ ★

Those who have bathed their eyes in the romance of Moonyean Clare will be interested to know that in this moon-drenched incarnation, the director, Frank Borzage, has rendered us a musical version.



Starring the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald. And co-starring the logical choice—Brian Aherne as Sir John Carteret.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter must be emphasized, for they are major curves in a rounded cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the theatre darkens and the travelling curtains part, leaving an afterimage of the main title, the strains of "Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through" pleasantly massage our hearts and a lovely wistful story of honor and chivalry unfolds.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of us are in love with the spirit of "Smilin' Through". Many more of us will be when we see and hear Jeanette's Moonyean in perfected Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are songs that no one can deny. All of us will react soulfully to Miss MacDonald singing "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Just A Little Love, A Little Kiss".

★ ★ ★ ★

And to the more rousing, gayer melodies that throng through this visit to Nostalgia.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, reducing ourselves to show parlance, "Smilin' Through" has everything.

★ ★ ★

That includes



—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

MODERN SCREEN

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SYLVIA WALLACE, Hollywood Editor
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Cover: Stirling Hayden, appearing in Paramount's "Bahama Passage"

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Clark Lana

GABLE ★ TURNER

IN

"HONKY TONK"

When these two kiss it's a thrill that will be felt around the world.

She loved the toughest gent in the toughest place on earth! If you thought "Boom Town" packed a wallop, wait till you see Clark and Lana meet for the first time!



with

FRANK MORGAN • CLAIRE TREVOR
MARJORIE MAIN • ALBERT DEKKER
HENRY O'NEILL • CHILL WILLS

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and John Sanford • Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS



IT STARTED WITH ADAM—AA-1*

Other actresses are equally pretty, can sing as sweetly and act even better, but no other actress, with all of these accomplishments, can keep getting herself into such persistently good pictures as Deanna Durbin. How she does it is her own trade secret; but as a result, even an actor like Charles Laughton can gratefully accept second billing in her current production, and what's more—possibly because his part is one long, luxurious death-bed scene, an inducement no actor could resist—obviously *like* his subsidiary role. "It Started With Adam" is a home run for Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, and those boys are still as hot as Babe Ruth at the top of his batting form.

This time Deanna has grown up sufficiently to learn something about life: at least, as much as a pretty hat-check girl in a big hotel can pick up in a nice way. To her comes distressed multimillion-heir Robert Cummings with an honorable proposition: his dying father can't go peacefully without first getting a look at his son's prospective wife, and his son's prospective wife (Margaret Tallichet), a guest in the hotel, can't be located. Deanna, an ambitious voice student, accepts a $50 gratuity and proves such an effective fiancée-substitute at the deathbed that the old gentleman recovers, causing endless complications among undertakers, newspaper people and friends who have marked him down as dead. Mr. Cummings has to retain Deanna on a long-term basis, and when she begins doing vocal solos and obliging with encores, we don't like to tell you what happens to Miss Tallichet and her matrimonial designs.

"It Started With Adam" is an expertly constructed comedy with a wealth of light gags and neatly executed drolleries of situation. We don't know where Mr. Pasternak got his script (there is no writer credit), but it's all pretty wonderful. (Universal.)

P. S.

Hollywood's most beautiful, but most unpublicized chassis belongs to Deanna Durbin. Proof: height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 115 pounds; buzoom, 35 inches; waist, 25 inches; hips, 35 inches; calf, 12 inches; ankle, 7½ inches . . . Bob Cummings had to consult his production schedule before combing his hair in the morning. Working in two pictures at the same time, he wore his locks parted on the right and tousled for one role; parted on the left and combed smooth for the other . . . Charlie Laughton spent five weeks lolling around in Universal's specially made 14 x 10-foot bed, built of California redwood, with posters 9 feet high . . . He hates cigars, but the script called for him to puff endlessly on dollar stogies. Set workers who can't afford more than the two bit variety were crushed by the irony of it all . . . No more orchestras will blare out from nowhere when Deanna is supposed to be singing alone in a garden or any other place. Universal's top money maker plays her own piano accompaniment in this one. Studio executives want to build her as a dramatic star, placing less and less emphasis on her singing ability . . . Charles Laughton says Deanna and Edgar Bergen have the best sense of comedy timing of any stars he's ever worked with . . . Director Henry Koster is to Universal what Director Mike Curtiz is to Warner Bros. when it comes to instructing actors. When he wants 'em to act more confidential, he'll plead, "Please! More FBI!" He always refers to dialect comedy roles as "alien corn" . . . Instead of a loud bell or a small boy being used to summon her to the set from her dressing room at the opposite end of the sound stage, Deanna decided that a light flashed on the wall would be less trouble for everyone concerned . . . "Other woman" Margaret Tallichet, ex-studio secretary discovered by Carole Lombard, is married to "Little Foxes" director, Willie Wyler . . . Guy Kibbee climbs out of the comedian groove to play a bishop . . . Walter Catlett, for the first time in his years of show business, had his hair bleached for his role . . . Photographer Rudolph Mate, who had never worked on a Durbin production before this one, prepped for his job by disappearing into a projection room, completely equipped with lunch and dinner, to watch all nine of Deanna's previous pictures. (*Continued on page 10*)

*Temporary rating. Owing to the necessity of going to press far in advance of picture release dates, our reviewer has been unable to see these films in completed form.

Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!



"ELBOW TEST"

shows instantly how new kind of powder makes skin look smoother, fresher.



By *Lady Esther*

Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much *younger* your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?

You can—so simply and so easily—and without cost! Make the test that is thrilling women everywhere... the Lady Esther ELBOW TEST!

You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Powder FREE. Just take a little on a puff and pat it gently on your elbow...



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind

See what happens! See how the coarse skin of your elbow suddenly looks soft and smooth—how the lines and roughness seem to ease away.

If my powder can do that to the abused skin of your elbow—just imagine what it can do for the skin of your face! Imagine how it can hide tired lines—skin-faults and imperfections—big pores!

You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary powder. It goes on a new, *smoother* way—more flattering to the skin than words alone can describe! You must see it with your own eyes—that's why I ask you to make the interesting Elbow Test.

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Try All 9 Shades FREE

Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. You not only can make the interesting Elbow Test—you can also try all 9 shades on your own skin, before your own mirror, and see which one is your best shade—your Lucky Shade. Mail the coupon NOW.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

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7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



Roy's horse "Trigger" has a phenomenal repertoire of tricks. Can, among other things, sit up, smile, add, subtract and multiply.

BY JAMES REID

Roy Rogers hasn't yet discovered a couple of high school girls under his bed, as Robert Taylor once did in New York. But he has seen other demonstrations of fanatic feminine worship.

When he set out on his last personal appearance tour, he had a shiny, brand-new, two-horse trailer. But you should see the trailer he brought home. Everything removable had been removed from it by demon fans. Every square inch of the paint job was scratched with feminine names and feminine protestations of love. And that wasn't all. His handsome trick horse, Trigger, came back minus a foot of tail. Women had torn out that much of the horse's hair to have something that belonged to Roy!

After he appeared in person in Carnegie, Pa., a Carnegie girl trailed him to McKees Rocks and then on to Washington, Pa., with one purpose in mind—namely, to get within kissing range of Roy. Every time she thought she had managed it, she leaped at him. For three days running, she smeared his face, neck and best cowboy shirts with indelible lipstick.

She embarrassed him almost as much as that Arizona girl who was so smitten that she followed him in a car borrowed without the owner's permission. He never talked so fast as he talked that time, persuading her to get back home before the sheriff organized a posse.

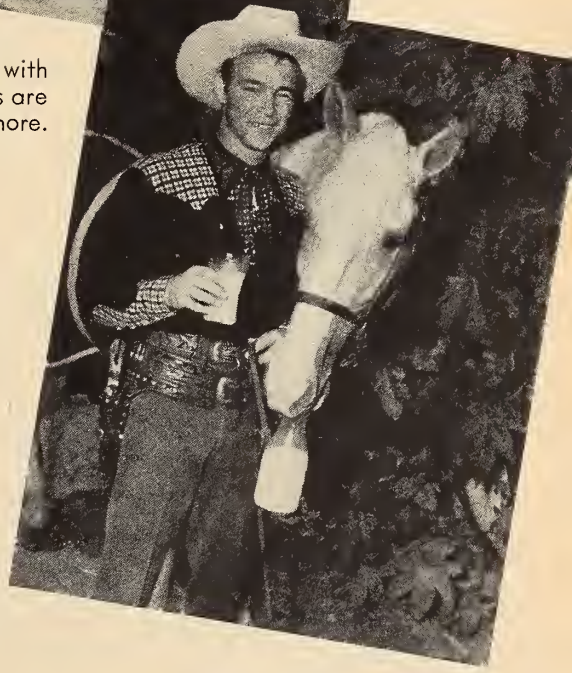
Roy was only 20 then, completely unknown and so poor that he owned just one pair of pants, which were two sizes too snug for him. But even in those lean days, apparently, he had some

from hillbilly to HERO

HE'S TALL, BLONDE AND NOT TOO HANDSOME—BUT WOMEN CAN'T HELP LOVING HIM! JUST WHAT'S ROY ROGERS GOT?



Cheryl Darlene, aged 1½, steps out with her adopted mom and dad. The Rogers are mad about kids; plan to adopt lots more.



Roy, who used to have a lone pair of pants, now has so many he's lost count. Wears them inside his boots; Autry wears his outside.

special brand of allure for the female of the species.

Now there's no doubt about it. In three short years, he has climbed from total obscurity to the position of Cowboy Star No. 3, and he's giving Gene Autry and Bill Boyd—both long-established favorites—a hard run for their money. He appeals to kids as all cowboy stars do. But he appeals even more to women, if his fan mail is any index. Ninety-five per cent of those thousands of letters a week come from females, from 16 on up.

He can't explain why, and neither can anyone else. He's no Valentino on horseback. Women don't get a vicarious thrill from seeing Roy take the heroine in his arms and smother her with a passionate, he-man kiss—because kissing scenes are carefully omitted from all Rogers scripts. Neither can his appeal to women be traced to the subtlety of his acting, because when he's in front of that camera, he's just trying to be himself as much as possible. Nor does his singing voice, pleasant though it is, have the emotion-rousing qualities of Caruso's—or even Bing Crosby's. And he isn't exceptional in appearance. He's five feet eleven, well-built, athletic-looking, with a young face, blue eyes, sandy hair and an easygoing, playful smile. He talks with a slight drawl and is apt to drop his "g's."

Except that his all-cowboy wardrobe is a little snappier than most, he's the type of unspoiled, unaffected, happy-go-lucky young Westerner you might meet on any colorful ranch. Maybe *that's* the secret of his appeal.

Whatever his appeal on the screen (*Continued on page 91*)

"I'm living my whole life over again!"



WATCHING MY DAUGHTER make-up for the first time brought back memories of *my* first lipstick. How thrilled I was when Tangee Natural changed as I applied it—producing a rich, warm rose shade—even though it was orange in the stick.



I THOUGHT OF MY marriage day. Wore mother's wedding gown and, as always, Tangee Natural Make-up. The pure cream base kept my lips soft and smooth all through the ceremony and the reception. The matching rouge harmonized perfectly, glowing softly through Tangee's clinging, un-powdery, Face Powder.



MY DAUGHTER is 15 today—and the proud owner of *her* first Tangee Natural Lipstick. Her excitement and pleasure took me back over the years since I first entrusted my make-up to Tangee. And I know that she will depend on Tangee as I have...for *natural loveliness.*



TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Tan

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City _____ State _____ MM111

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

YANK IN R.A.F.—AB-1*

It seems that Tyrone Power was the real hero of Dunkirk, and the real reason the British came through so admirably on that occasion was Betty Grable—a new Betty, with Serious Interests as well as those legs—who was serving at home as a morale-booster; dancing for the R.A.F. by night, mothering their wounded by day. This film contains more aerial action than story, which is all to the good. With the help of James Basevi, whose specialty is the reproduction of large-scale maritime events in a bathtub, Mr. Zanuck is in a fair way to lift your scalp with this opportunistic opus.

The story, on the other hand, just goes along for the aeronautical ride. Seems that Tyrone, a girl-chasing American pilot, ferries a bomber from Canada to England for a sizable cash consideration. He decides to join the R.A.F., not only to please his old Dallas, Texas, girl-friend, Betty—who is as ardently pro-British as the newspaper PM—but because a couple of Messerschmitts attack him when he is testing an unarmed American plane and make him personally mad, which is just too bad for Germany. Meanwhile, back in the elegant London pub where Betty is dancing, he encounters considerable competition for her favors with Wing Commander John Sutton well in the lead.

You knew all along, of course, that in spite of Dunkirk and a few minor misunderstandings, Tyrone would ultimately grab Grable. First, though, he gets into a fight with Commander Sutton; is saved from German anti-aircraft fire by the death of heroic Reginald Gardiner, (also a Grable fan); is grounded with Morley in Holland but escapes via the channel, and so on. The less interesting parts of the story, the non-combatant parts, take place in London. But, as we all know, London can take it.—*TCF.*

P. S.

Evacuation of Dunkirk took the British three days . . . 20th Century-Fox spent 27 days and $190,000 completing a 15-minute film version . . . First shots were taken along the Pacific coast, but the waves were too treacherous. "Dunkirk" was moved to the studio back lot so the water could be controlled by pressure . . . "Extras" who had to retreat into the water wore light tennis shoes instead of heavy boots, received $16.00 instead of the usual $11.00 daily stipend, and were plied with hot coffee after every take . . . Scenes requiring shots of German Messerschmitts blasting away at English Spitfires were made at Mojave desert. Studio execs figured that in a lonely spot like that, there'd be the least possibility of anyone starting a panic by reporting the Luftwaffe in action . . . After years of forbidding Tyrone Power to fly, the studio did an about-face and urged him to get all the practice he could, so his flying scenes would be the McCoy. During production, he bounced out of bed at 5:30 every morning, rushed to a nearby airport and took a plane up for a couple of hours before reporting for work . . . Lord Beaverbrook, no less, approved the story, said he was glad it had so much comedy and romance in it and gave the studios the complete co-operation of the Air Ministry . . . Cameraman Otto Kanturek and Jack Parry were killed filming actual dogfights over England. (Kanturek photographed "Night Train.") . . . English war regulations forbid women in auxiliary services the use of bright red lipstick or nail polish, so Betty Grable went without both during filming of the picture . . . Production halted for four days while she had her impacted wisdom teeth yanked . . . John Sutton, 6-foot-2-inch, 170-pound protégé of Bette Davis, was born in Rawalpindi, India. The first studio that signed him changed his birthplace to Orange, New Jersey, because they wanted to build him up as a "typical American" . . . Ronald Colman warned Reginald Gardiner that Director Henry King was a stickler for realism. Reggie read the script and began biting his nails. Story called for him to plunge to earth in a flaming plane. Sure enough, King planted him in a cockpit, gave him an asbestos suit to wear, surrounded him with leaping flame (from gas jets) and spent an entire afternoon shooting close-ups of Reggie grimacing horribly. Mr. G. emerged with singed cheeks and a bad case of jitters.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—AB-1*

Evidently Paramount has at last decided to take a chance and go "all-out" on Bob Hope, a comedian who has earned this belated vote of company confidence by turning out a succession of solid hits. Here, surrounded by an expensive supporting cast and a story which has been filmed successfully twice before, Bob may be regarded as virtually surefire box-office. Sophisticated patrons may snicker at the quaint spectacle of stock-brokers lolling on yachts and tossing $10,000 bets around, but once they accept this out-of-date plot premise they'll probably have as much fun as the yokels.

The aforementioned betting involves the farcical proposition that Bob, an impecunious junior partner, can't get through 24 hours of social and professional life without telling a single lie. His partners, Edward Arnold, Glen Anders, Leif Erikson, do all they can to sabotage Bob's manly efforts in this truth marathon, while Paulette Goddard, his romantic interest, works even harder to outwit and frustrate his tormentors. Between them Bob is reduced to that state of wild-eyed dishevelment in which he seems to operate with maximum comical efficiency.

Without substantially altering the story from its early-1929 version and genially ignoring all that has happened to Wall Street in the interim, Paramount has altered its locale all the way to Miami. There is no reason, of course, why Paramount shouldn't shanghai its plots to the tropical zone if it feels like it; we merely mention it in passing so you won't forget to bring along your quinine and mosquito netting. Helen Vinson, Grant Mitchell and Rose Hobart are others prominently concerned in the cast.—*Par.*

P. S.

950 temperamental anchovies made their cinema debut in this one. Dumped into a tank of sea water with Bob Hope, they were supposed to cavort and splash around Bob's lightly clad torso. Instead they dived straight to the bottom and

(Continued on page 12)



HEADS UP!



HEARTS UP!



THUMBS UP!

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It's the role that zooms Ronnie to the heights of stardom!

RONALD REAGAN

OLYMPE BRADNA • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • JOAN PERRY
REGINALD DENNY • Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Barry Trivers & Kenneth Gamet • Suggested by a Play by Frank Wead

THEIR COUNTRIES CONQUERED, BUT NOT THEIR COURAGE



Jacques, of **BELGIUM** the never-say-die ace!



Nick, of **GREECE** striking back with relentless fury!



Michele, of **FRANCE** fighting-mad, fighting for freedom!



Josef, of **POLAND** avenging his home 5 miles high!



Olaf, of **NORWAY** flying hero of a heroic land!



Jan, the **CZECH** settling a score in the sky!

The 'Foreign Legion' of the RAF

WARNER BROS.' THRILLING NEW TRIUMPH!

wouldn't move. Experts solved the problem by smearing Hope's body with sardine oil to lure the finny creatures from the depths. Bob's hoping the anchovies name a sandwich after him, in recognition of all he's done for their race . . . The gold compact Paulette Goddard totes around in the film is her own. It was insured by the studio for $3,500. Only duplicate of it belongs to the Duchess of Windsor. Paulette dropped it so many times, she finally had the mirror replaced with a disc of highly polished steel . . . Leif Erickson made the trip to Hollywood for this picture on a motorcycle. Ran into a herd of cows en route, and was laid up in a hospital for days . . . Glenn Anders recites mottoes from Chinese rice cookies just before stepping in front of the camera. Says it gives him confidence . . . Hope showed up for work one day with a portable radio, so he could listen to a special broadcast. When he invited the crew members to listen with him, they all flashed similar radios, presented to them half an hour before by Paulette. "Look, fellows," Bob cracked, "don't drive to work tomorrow. I'm buying you all new convertible coupes!" . . . Salt water taffy proved a little rough on the cast's dental fillings, so an imaginative prop man substituted flat slabs of stale marshmallow . . . "Nothing But The Truth" was made by Paramount as a silent picture, too. In 1929. Richard Dix and Helen Kane played the Hope-Goddard roles . . . Cameraman Charles Lang is handsome enough to be in pictures himself . . . Paulette crashes to the floor so many times during the picture, she took tumbling lessons to prevent wear and tear on her valuable chassis . . . Helen Vinson operated her 150-acre peach farm in Virginia from the set, by means of daily long-distance telephone calls . . . Hope loses his clothes again. The script calls for him to grab the first thing at hand that'll cover his exposed epidermis, and of course it's a woman's negligée. The first day Bob strolled onto the set wearing his swishy chiffon costume, his brother Jack turned to a friend, shuddered, and whispered, "Thank heaven we never had a sister!"

APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE —AB-2*

Although we have here a fine specimen of elegant, upper-professional class domestic comedy, some folks may leave the theater thinking wistfully how nice it would be to see a movie some time where the principal characters wouldn't all be rich, handsome, gorgeously attired, their behavior constricted by Emily Post; their conversation affected with dialogue-writer's cramp. At the same time, we have to be grateful for a picture like "Appointment for Love," which, after all, is lightly amusing, competently written and ends with a rough-and-tumble brawl between Margaret Sullavan and Rita Johnson during which Charles Boyer is narrowly missed by a hurled lamp.

The story: Miss Sullavan is a lady doctor who piques the interest of spoiled-playwright, Boyer, by going to sleep during one of his plays, and also, of course, just by being Margaret Sullavan. When she turns down his invitation to dinner, Mr. Boyer puts in an ambulance call, since that seems to be the only way to woo her from her work. He's cute that way. Though Doc Sullavan has more emergency calls than Dr. Kildare, and no wonder, she and Charles find time to get married. They would have had a honeymoon except for one of Charles' old flames and another emergency call, to which the doc rushes off protesting that she is too modern to feel anything as uncivilized as jealousy.

The rest of the story is concerned with this formidable couple's touching efforts to fit their instincts together without renouncing either their streamlined principles or their respective professions. The final solution, worked out in the incident of the hurled lamp, is calculated to gratify masculine vanity and a strictly feminine sense of logic. It's all pretty cute. (*Universal*).

P. S.

Charles Boyer had to force himself to march right by the cigarette counter for a couple of weeks. His vocal chords were getting too husky from smoking to record well. Usually a chain smoker, he carries two different brands all the time. Uses one kind in the morning, then switches to the other after noon . . . Four-year-old Brooke, Maggie Sullavan's oldest daughter, visited the set during production and met Joseph Valentine, chief cinematographer. Couldn't wait till she was alone with mummy to ask if Mr. V. was the "man who cuts out the hearts" . . . Familiar faces from silent picture days: Aileen Pringle, Jack Mulhall, Charles Ray and Reginald Denny. Denny's miniature plane business takes up most of this time. Started a few years ago to supply youngsters with model planes and parts for 'em, the business took on more serious aspects when the government discovered that his large sized robot-controlled toy planes were valuable to the army as moving

SECRETS of Stars' ELOPEMENTS

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COLOR PORTRAITS of Clark Gable, Ann Sheridan, Joan Blondell, Gene Tierney, Linda Darnell. Also pages of intimate gossip, fashion news, beauty hints, movie reviews!



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practice targets . . . Boyer had to tone down his heavy French accent for his role as a playwright. Asked Margaret to correct his pronunciation whenever it leaned too far over the Gallic side . . . Universal bought $15,000 worth of the most modern streamlined furniture for use in the picture. High spots of the collection are the new types of plastics, and lavish use of blond wood and curved glass . . . During lulls in production, La Sullavan brushed up on her flying technique, piling up hours of air time for her pilot's license. Husband Leland Hayward, top-notch actors' agent, owns an interest in T.W.A. airlines and a training school for pilots in Arizona . . . Monsieur Boyer got the desirable photographic quality for a close-up of his tongue by giving a red raspberry lollypop a couple of quick licks before the scene was shot . . . In a more serious moment, the Dean of Hollywood Screen Lovers had this to say about romance: "Hand-kissing is passé. Delicacy of approach has nothing to do with modern greeting. Today it's results that count—quick results—in the minds of modern romancers. There's no parrying for advantage, no deception or suspense in the modern approach to the inevitable clinch!"

THE MEN IN HER LIFE—AB-2*

Under an unfortunately commonplace title and with Loretta Young not altogether at ease in the role of a ballet dancer, the screen version of the novel "Ballerina" turns out to be a touchingly sad tribute to the iron self-discipline essential to the creation of a great solo dancer. Thanks mainly to the screen play by Frederick Kohner, Michael Wilson and Paul Trivers it achieves some measure of realism. It should not, however, be mistaken for a conventional love story; the only real passion involved is Loretta's for the art of the dance.

Almost all the way, romance is resolutely pushed aside. When it appears at all it is incidental, accepted only with the reservation that art is long and love is fleeting. Though smitten with a handsome young English Lord, John Shepperd (formerly Shepperd Strudwick) this consecrated ballerina marries her aging teacher (Conrad Veidt), and after his death her amorous relationships, even with the father of her daughter, Rose, are secondary to the dance. Finally there is the implication that true happiness for her lies in training Rose to follow the same stoical ideal of self-dedication to beauty.

Well, sir, as we said before, this is pretty deep stuff for Loretta and a bit high-falutin' for the average movie fan in the bargain. But the character of the ballerina lives in its own right, and the incidents involving her illuminate the necessary path of her destiny. "The Men in Her Life," on the whole, is a picture worthy in aim and by no means negligible in achievement. (*Col.*)

P. S.

The film was produced and directed for Columbia by Gregory Ratoff through his newly organized independent unit, Gregory Ratoff Productions . . . His wife, Eugenie Leontovich makes her second dramatic screen appearance. She was so afraid that the studio caterers wouldn't tickle her husband's palate sufficiently, she cooked him all his meals in her tiny studio bungalow . . . Cherished dream of Loretta Young's has always been to be a dancer. She studied dancing extensively as a youngster and adored it. Six months before the start of this film, she



went into active daily training with her ballet instructor, Sergei Temoff . . . She had 32 changes of costume, most of them of the voluminous hoopskirt type—some nine feet in diameter. All the costumes were designed in New York by LeMaire, and when they were air-expressed to Hollywood, it was discovered that they weighed half a ton . . . The picture is a record-breaker, since "Gone With The Wind," in number of sets employed. There are sixty of them . . . Lilly Daché designed all the millinery in the film . . . Loretta Young, who has a terrific fear of horses, had to ride bareback in one part of the film, and in another she takes a frightening ride through a forest on a galloping steed . . . Intrigued by the ballet slippers she wore as a ballerina in the picture, Loretta has ordered several pairs of shoes patterned after them. Black suede street shoes, with rather low heels, are tied across the instep and ankle with strips of suede. Another pair, designed to wear with slacks, is in colored suede with cork soles.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—AB-2*

It was very odd of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at this particular time to think of remaking "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Odder still was their decision to cast Spencer Tracy in that classic dual role previously essayed by two of the screen's most romantic profiles, John Barrymore and Fredric March. The result is quite the oddest picture of the year: a picture which is funniest when apparently it is trying to be most serious and never so routine as when it is trying hardest to be different.

Of course, Mr. Tracy personally does bring something original to the characterization: his various transformations from Jekyll to Hyde seem to affect his dentistry less than they did Barrymore's and March's, which—as you may possibly recall—were a series of orthodontic nightmares. But the mechanics of the personality change remain unchanged; when he feels like going out and snapping a few garters, he mixes himself a diabolical smoke cocktail and downs it with a shudder; when he wants to be respectably Victorian again, he throws together an ethical highball and tosses it off with a suitably wry expression.

In two noteworthy respects, Tracy is luckier than his eminent predecessors. With Lana Turner for his good angel, and Ingrid Bergman for his bad angel, it is hard to see how any man could really go wrong. Miss Turner's dramatic talents do not appear to best advantage in the late 19th century, sweaterless styles required by her role. But Miss Bergman, though incongruously cast as a free and easy barmaid, again reveals that she has the most interesting and incidentally the most gratifying camera-proof face since Garbo. It anything in the world would justify such arrant pseudo-Stevensonian nonsense, Miss Bergman's presence would do it.

P. S.

Ingrid Bergman's sexy love scenes with Spencer Tracy had the set workers muttering to themselves. Censors viewed the filmed results, tut-tutted, my-my-ed, took another look, and finally okayed the scenes. . . . Tracy was physically and mentally exhausted by the time the picture was finished. . . . He began working on his characterization three weeks before actual filming began so he'd have the sanity-to-madness transition down pat before he stepped in front of the cameras. . . . No advance ganders at Tracy's make-up as Mr. Hyde were allowed, but word leaked out that it wouldn't be half so scary as Fredric March's hairy-ape facade in an earlier film version. . . . Ann Rutherford, who's not in the picture, offered to loan Tracy the fangs used by her cousin, Richard Mansfield, as part of his make-up when he played "Dr. J. and Mr. H." on the stage. . . . There was no clowning on the set. No chummy chatter. . . . Only visitor allowed was Author Somerset Maugham. Introduced to Spencer for the first time, Maugham said, "Tell me, Mr. Tracy, are you made up for Jekyll or Hyde?" . . . Director Victor Fleming and Tracy have been wanting to do this picture together for years. Fleming jolted high-salaried executives out of their upper-bracket composure by insisting on casting against type, a risky step. Wholesome, innocent-looking Ingrid plays the part of a wenchy bar-maid, saucy Lana is a demure English maiden, and M-G-M's "Father Flanagan" does a complete about-face as the maniacal Dr. Jekyll. . . . Lana had a tough time with the long trains on her period costumes and never did get the hang of maneuvering her bustle. . . . She and Bergman aren't in a single scene together, and met only once, by accident. . . . Longest close-up in the history of the movies—250 feet—shows Tracy's expression slowly changing from Jekyll's to Hyde's as he walks down a hospital corridor. . . For the biggest scene in the picture, the dessert course of a dinner, the players ate pastry and fruit smothered in wine sauce for three consecutive days, staggering out each noon for plain hamburger and coffee. . . .

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All the beef trust dancers had to be padded here'n there. Hollywood doesn't grow 'em hefty any more.

SUSPICION—AB-2*

An Alfred Hitchcock thriller full of *unconfirmed* suspicions is news, and that's the cute twist in the present exhibit. Seems that Joan Fontaine (like Eadie) is a lady—and very English about it—a lady sufficiently fascinated by a strange, handsome, amorously aggressive gent to marry him without knowing much about his background or economic status. By a series of carefully Hitchcocked circumtances, an obsession is built up in Joan's naturally cringing mind that the man means to do her in (he has taken an insurance policy on her life, it seems) although to the naked eye he is just our big, familiar friend Cary Grant who *we* know wouldn't harm a fly. But it's amazing how one of those obsessions can grow, especially when old "Hitch" begins sneaking around it with camera angles, close-ups, enigmatic fadeouts, etc. This one becomes terrific before it finally explodes in relieved and slightly hysterical laughter.

Unfortunately, this film, which begins on a pleasantly racy note, ends in an unpardonable British muddle of sentiment, patriotism, and propaganda.

Cary's and Joan's supporting cast is a distinguished one, including as it does those pillars of the conservative British dramatic structure, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce, Dame May Whitty and Heather Angel. Except for a definite thumbs down on the thumbs up and cheerio ending, we cheerfully recommend it.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Joan Fontaine has had eight hours instruction in flying and is ready to solo . . . Dame May Whitty has been in show business since she was sixteen, starring in London and New York stage productions and just recently in films . . . Alfred Hitchcock has made films in four languages, all with equal success . . . His hobby is tracing name origins of famous English pubs . . . Hitchcock's prize sealyham, Johnnie, is playing an important role in "Suspicion." It is his first film venture. Johnnie is the first dog in film history with a set-companion. Hitchcock's other dog, Edward, accompanied him to the set daily . . . With the single exception of Joan Fontaine, who was born in the cosmopolitan International Settlement of Tokyo, the large cast of the picture hails 100 percent from the British Isles . . . Both Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Bruce have featured parts in RKO's "Suspicion." Mrs. Bruce, former London star under the name of Lelia Campbell, is better known in Hollywood film circles as Violet Shelton . . . Pax Walker, young English actress blown into the sea when the Athenia was torpedoed at the start of the war, makes her American film debut in "Suspicion."

* Modern Screen's New Way of Rating Films

Point 1—According to its production value: Expensiveness of cast, settings, etc. Rating, A, B, or C.

Point 2—According to artistic value: Taste, screen play, direction. Rating, A, B, or C.

Point 3—According to entertainment value. Rating, 1, 2, or 3.

In the review section of this issue of Modern Screen, only the first seven films have been reviewed and rated. Following them, the editors present a brief synopsis of every other picture to be released during the current month, leaving each reader the option of judging them on the basis of his or her own tastes and preferences.

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SMILIN' THROUGH

The murder of his fiancée by a disappointed suitor has shadowed Englishman Brian Aherne's life for 30 years. His only solace is her orphaned niece, Jeanette MacDonald, whom he brings up from childhood. When she falls in love with Gene Raymond, the American son of the murderer, Brian flies into a rage and forbids the match. Not until he realizes that he has lost both the love of Jeanette and his dream-bride by his hatred, does he unbend and condone their marriage. His reward comes soon after when he is reunited with his bride in heaven.—*M-G-M.*

CADET GIRL

George Montgomery and John Shepperd are brothers whom their father, leader of an army band, always wanted to be West Pointers. George is in the Academy; John, unable to enter because of slightly defective eyesight, is leader of a swing band in New York. The girl soloist, Carole Landis, is in love with John, but he's not aware of it.

George gets a summer furlough, goes to New York and John gives him a job singing in his band. Carole is told by John to help George see the town. Before the summer's gone, he's madly in love with her and begs her to marry him. She doesn't give him any answer.

The boys quarrel over George's hitting the high spots of the town, and George leaves to form his own orchestra, taking Carole with him. His orchestra is a sensation, while John's—lacking Carole—skids. George insists he's going to leave the Academy and that Carole is going to marry him. There are a few tense moments, but a happy ending is effected when George goes back to the Academy and Carole returns to John.—*TCF.*

WEEK-END IN HAVANA

John Payne is being fitted for his wedding suit—preparatory to an altar-trek with Cobina Wright, Jr.,—when his boss rushes in with the news that one of the company's steamers has piled up on a Florida reef. Nothing will do but for John to rush to the scene (missing his wedding rehearsal) and straighten out potential legal difficulties with the passengers. All the passengers are willing to settle for future passage, except Alice Faye, a Macy's salesgirl. This is her vacation, she won't be able to get away again, and the steamship company has killed her one big chance for glamour and romance. To pacify her, John's boss tells him to escort her to Havana and do his best to give her a gorgeous time.

Everything is far from rosy in Havana. Alice loses fabulous money at the roulette wheel, which John must make good, and also gets herself mildly embroiled with Cesar Romero, Carmen Miranda's no-good manager. Cobina further livens things up by flying to the scene to see what's going on. Everything gets straightened out beautifully, however, with John and Alice inevitably discovering that they're made for each other.—*TCF.*

HARMON OF MICHIGAN

After graduating from college, Tom Harmon (in person) turns to coaching football where he concentrates on earning money with a winning team rather than good sportsmanship. In a moment of stress, he initiates an illegal play to his team and wins the game of the season. In so doing, however, he loses the respect of everyone, including that of his wife, Anita Louise, who leaves him. The severe injury of one of his players sobers him up, and he decides to turn over a new leaf. When she sees that he's going straight, his wife returns to the fold.—*Col.*

INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON

Ronald Reagan flies a bomber to England and on his arrival meets two of his old flying cronies, James Stephenson and Bill Lundigan, now members of the International Squadron. He's no sooner introduced to the rest of the Squadron when he goes on the make for one of the members' girl, Olympe Branda. He takes her to dinner, and she's obviously infatuated. During the evening, there's an air-raid in which they see a little girl killed. Infuriated at the Jerries, Ronnie joins the Squadron. He's a crack pilot, but a playboy and he's constantly in and out of scrapes. A hero one minute, in disgrace the next. It isn't until the dramatic finale that we see him in his true colors—magnificently gallant and totally unafraid.—*W.B.*

LAW OF THE TROPICS

This one involves much intrigue and romance on a South American rubber plantation. Jeffrey Lynn is jilted by his American fiancée practically on his wedding day. The native workers would lose all respect for him if they learned the truth, so Jeff strikes a bargain with night club singer Constance Bennett. She'll masquerade as the fiancée and marry him if he'll give her $500. She turns out to be a fugitive from justice, but Jeff is in no position to be choosy.

There is a sub-plot concerning a rubber process Jeff has invented and for which the president of the company is trying to take full credit. Both themes work out eventually, and the fadeout shows Connie going back to Brooklyn to prove her innocence of an alleged murder with Jeff standing beside her.—*W. B.*

HENRY FOR PRESIDENT

Jimmy Lydon (as Henry) gets in more trouble than ever when he decides to run for the presidency of his high school student body. His adversary, Kenneth Howell, school's No. 1 heel, gives him plenty of opposition by way of ice-cream-soda-bought votes, crooked ballots and vampish June Preisser who lures Henry into one pitfall after another. Pulling for our hero are Mary Anderson, who's madly in love with him, and his campaign manager Charles Smith. With their help he's elected president—after kissing a multitude of babies and innocently reading a stolen campaign speech. He's no sooner accepted the office, than he's called to the principal's office and accused of stuffing the ballot box and expelled from school. After a series of ingenious detective work and a wild airplane flight, he returns, shows up Kenneth as the rightful crook and becomes town hero—with Mary at his side.—*Par.*

TEXAS

Fortune seekers Bill Holden and Glenn Ford get all the blood and thunder they can take the moment they start adventuring through Texas in 1866. After a series of hold-ups and near-hangings, they meet up with a bunch of cattle rustlers, headed by George Bancroft, Addison Richards and Edgar Buchanan, father of cowgirl Claire Trevor. At the same time they realize they've both fallen

in love with Claire, trouble starts with the crooks. Relations become strained all around, Ford is shot, Holden is accused and flees town. In the meantime, Ford comes to, testifies to Holden's innocence in the shooting and seeks revenge from Buchanan who double-crossed him. In killing him, Glenn loses his own life. Picture ends on a fadeout of Holden and Claire, reunited.—*Col.*

BUY ME THAT TOWN

Sheldon Leonard, mob leader, is caught in the draft. Before leaving for camp, he warns his henchmen that he'll be back in a year and not to get any big ideas about who's running the show. However, the gang wants Lloyd Nolan for their new leader. Lloyd refuses; tells them that he and his pal Albert Dekker are taking a vacation. The pair go off in their expensive car, and while driving through unincorporated Middle Village, are arrested and fined $42.

It develops they haven't been speeding or anything, but the town is bankrupt and fining prosperous-looking car owners is their sole source of revenue. After paying their fine, they learn that the town's for sale. They buy it and get the rest of the gang to help them run it.

After a number of lucrative but crooked schemes, Lloyd, smitten with the constable's daughter, Constance Moore, persuades them all to go straight. Complications arise when Sheldon returns from camp. There's a near-fire, a slugfest and eventually a double knot-tying—Lloyd and Connie, and Albert and Barbara Jo Allen, (radio's Vera Vague).—*Par.*

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY

This is Stephen Vincent Benet's tale of a debt-ridden farmer (James Craig) who sells his soul to the devil in exchange for seven years of prosperity. All good things begin to come to James and his wife Anne Shirley. They find a lot of gold pieces, their crops flourish and a lovely son Daniel (named after their friend Daniel Webster) is born to them.

The night he's born, Simone Simon, a strangely attractive, out-of-this-world creature appears and announces she's come to be the baby's nursemaid. Time passes and wealth changes James terribly. He spends most of his time with Simone, ignores Anne completely. When the seven years of prosperity is almost up, the devil's mediator (Walter Huston) comes to remind him of the pact. James runs to Daniel Webster for help.

Daniel prevails upon Walter to hold a jury trial. Then, although the jury is composed of such arch villains as Benedict Arnold and Simon Girty, Daniel sways them in James favor. His soul is once more his own, and he returns to Anne and little Daniel to live happily ever after.—*RKO.*

SWAMP WATER

When Dana Andrews' hound, Trouble, gets lost in the slimy, green Okefenokee swamp of Georgia, Dana sets out to find him—strictly against his father's (Walter Huston) orders. Walter tells him never to return home if he goes after the dog. The first night in the dangerous alligator-infested swamp, Dana runs into Walter Brennan, who'd been sentenced to hang for murder, but who'd escaped from the Sheriff. The two become friends, and Brennan begs Dana to look after his daughter, Anne Baxter, and to return

(*Continued on page 64*)

Find your way to new Loveliness Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Allen F. Wilson of Detroit, Mich., says: "I'm thrilled by what the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for me. It's simply wonderful! I'm telling all my friends about this wonderful way to help keep their complexions beautiful."

Try this exciting idea in beauty care—based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier—you can attain a fresher, more natural-looking beauty by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

How often a woman lets improper cleansing cloud the natural beauty of her skin...and how often she uses a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps tested. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Be constant—it's the day to day care that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to see a lovelier, more appealing skin!



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

ROMANCE! GAIETY! MUSIC! COLOR!



Week-End in Havana

IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring

ALICE FAYE
... looking for romance!

•

JOHN PAYNE
...accommodating fellow!

•

CARMEN MIRANDA
... looking for Romero!

•

CESAR ROMERO
... looking for an out!



And there's "that kind" of music!
"THE MAN WITH THE LOLLYPOP SONG"
"A WEEK-END IN HAVANA"
"TROPICAL MAGIC"
"WHEN I LOVE I LOVE"
"THE NANGO"
"ROMANCE AND RHUMBA"

Cobina Wright, Jr. • George Barbier • Sheldon Leonard
Leonid Kinskey • Chris-Pin Martin • Billy Gilbert

Directed by **WALTER LANG** • *Produced by* **WILLIAM LeBARON**

Original Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware • Music and Lyrics by Mack Gordan, Harry Warren and James V. Monaco

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



JINX FALKENBURG

She loves champagne, Noel Coward, black dresses and Tabu perfume—which makes her sound very Tallulah Bankhead, but she isn't. No long cigarette holders for this gal (she doesn't smoke), and no zombie-ish make-up (she's perennially suntanned). Furthermore, her name's Jinx and she has a million freckles, both of which items cramp her style if she ever tries to put on the heavy glamour. A couple of thousand college boys recently voted her the ideal date, on the strength of her cute puss—but they didn't know how indescribably ideal she really is. She loves men in loud sports jackets, is an Artie Shaw fan, goes mad at a football game and doesn't gold-dig. What's more, she adores beer—and for good reason! Got $2000 for endorsing one brand last year. Jinx, who was born in Spain and spent most of her life in Chile, has been trying to crash the movies for five years. Managed to pick up a Chilean tennis and swimming championship en route, to say nothing of slues of modeling jobs (she's been on 60 magazine covers, posed for hundreds of ads). In her opinion, though, she hadn't really arrived till she'd snagged that fat and glamorous role in Columbia's gay new opus, "Two Latins From Manhattan."



HENRY FONDA

Paradoxical guy, this Hank Fonda. He looks like a malnutrition case, but he's always eating. Likes every food in the world except apples. . . . Always preferred brunettes, but married two blondes. His pre-Hollywood, love-in-a-garret merger with Maggie Sullavan cracked up because he was chronically unemployed; his 5-year marriage to New York socialite Frances Brokaw remains idyllic. . . . Ultra-modern in most ways (he loves flying, Nylon socks and Dali art), he still uses a straight-edge razor; prefers tubs to showers. Paradoxical but sweet is Hank. He's incredibly generous. Got attached to a family of Okies while making "The Grapes of Wrath" and gave them a job taking care of his 325-acre ranch. Semi-supports a mob of chaps he knew when he was Theater Guilding in New York and rooming with Jimmy Stewart. Hank's beloved by Hollywood hostesses because he's an Arthur Murray-ish dancer, in demand for stag parties because he plays beautiful poker and adored by fans because he's so endearingly natural—and never more so than in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Wild Geese Calling."

LORETTA YOUNG

Chief of the Tastienenos tribe in Mexico offered $26 to purchase Loretta Young for his wife, but the studios said no sale! Among the bigger and better plans in store for her was the choice role ballerina-ing in Columbia's "The Men in Her Life." Besides, she was already wed—to Tom Lewis, big East-West coast commuting advertising exec! He's fast gaining weight on her fatty food menus (creamed potatoes, beans and chili) because she's hell-bent on adding pounds to her scant 107! Her willowy 5' 3" figger looks twice its height, and she claims her legs are much too skinny for cheesecake art. Born Gretchen Young in Salt Lake City in 1913, she was as homely as a hedge fence until she went into movies in her teens. She's always had a soft spot in her heart for dancing and would probably be kicking in a ballet nowadays if she hadn't been such a swell actress. She's scared to death of fires. Goes to movies religiously and pastes every item written about herself in a giant scrapbook. Likes blue and white in her clothes and interiors. Picks out her own togs and designs a goodly number of them herself!



A. L. WHITEY SCHAFER

GARY COOPER

Playing the reticent mountaineer role in Warner Bros.' "Sergeant York" is right up Gary Cooper's alley. All he has to do is relax and be himself! A crack shot, he's learned the art of taxidermy to preserve his more exciting bull's eyes. That singing (for the first time in 14 years of songless movie-making) is the real McCoy, too! He's a hillbilly from way back, plays the guitar and horn and constantly hums "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." Never much of a hand at conversation, he's reputed to have uttered a total of 16 words during a 4-day hunting trip! Only subjects on which he'll wax lyrical are his 4-year-old daughter Maria and his wife. She's N. Y. deb Veronica Balfe, who fell for him via fan magazine pictures while she was in finishing school. He likes to wear old togs, shapeless hats, garterless socks and no undershirt. Hates to shave! When not working in a scene, he lounges around in old slippers and sketches, more often falls dead asleep. He has a true mountaineer's relish for pipe and food! For breakfast he's been known to devour 6 eggs, ½ pound bacon, 5 slices of toast, orange juice and coffee!



WELBOURNE



BONITA GRANVILLE

If it's autographs you're after, Bonita Granville's your ticket! She's been giving 'em out ever since she was a starlet of 7 and still loves it! Wherever there's a crowd, you'll find her headed straight for it! She adores her mom, Timmy, goes everywhere with her (when Jackie Cooper isn't around), eats with her at the studio commissary, wears her togs and vice versa. She won't even buy a dress unless it looks okay on both of 'em! She's never without her knitting and last year netted a total of 18 mostly blue sweaters. Her after-party coffee's famous among her chums, who creep in on tip-toe to have a sip in the wee small hours. One night a week they get all dressed up and dine and dance. The rest of the time they roller-coaster, munch hot dogs and romance in the Tunnel of Love. She steers clear of politics and prefers to relax to T. Dorsey discs. If and when she does get mad, she slams things around, then forgets the whole thing in a split second. Her hair's naturally blonde and curly, and she's never once been beauty-shopping! You'll be seeing her soon in M-G-M's "Down in Santiago."



"It was an impulsive little girl trick," confesses Maureen in this exclusive exposé of her marriage and divorce



Maureen and director Will Price have known each other 3 years and reportedly will merge when she gets her final decree.

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

MY ONE-DAY MARRIAGE

This article is not one of those biographical items; it is intended to explain the background and details of Maureen's recent front-page activities. But in order to understand Maureen O'Hara's divorce and why it was necessary, you must first understand Maureen. And Maureen is not an easy person to understand.

The thing you remember about her once you've met her is her eyes—large, hazel, steady, sincere. They are the key to her personality.

Maureen O'Hara has never done anything in her life for any reason other than that she thought it was the honest, the sincere, the right thing to do. She is like that, always. Simple, straightforward.

She married George Brown because she thought it was necessary from the standpoint of honesty and sincerity. Four years later, not having seen him at all in the interim, and after thinking it over carefully for a long time, she filed suit for divorce. Again for the same reason. Because she felt it was the honest thing to do.

I saw her the other day at Cal-Neva, a hop and skip from Reno, where she was living quietly, establishing legal residence for the purpose of divorce. She looked up at me, a slight frown on her smooth forehead. She spoke very slowly.

"I suppose," she said, "that a lot of people will misunderstand, but I've got to get this divorce. It's so unfair to him for me to continue being his wife. After all, I don't love him."

When I talked to her that day, she was a few days less than twenty-one. And my mind wandered back involuntarily to a day in Elstree, just outside of London, barely four years ago. That's when I first met Maureen. Only four years ago. She was hardly seventeen and acting in her first moving-picture. She was excited, tense, full of fear and hope and dreams.

I was told that she was a new discovery. A little Irish girl who had been recommended to Charles Laughton by (incredibly enough) Harry Richman. Laughton and his partner, Producer Erich Pommer, were sure she was going to be a big star (*Continued on page 80*)

CHARLES BOYER says:

"I am a man of many loves!"

CHARLES BOYER tells about his newest picture, "HOLD BACK THE DAWN."

"I am a man of many loves in 'Hold Back The Dawn'—a sort of international 'heel'—a man who lives by his wits and his way with women . . .

"Frankly, I was worried about playing a role which could be compared to my Pepe le Moko in 'Algiers.' But when *Mitchell Leisen* told me the entire story...how the rogue, Georges, who has known many loves, is at last taught the meaning of true love by the sweet, unsophisticated Emmy . . . then I knew that the role promised to be one of the best I have ever had. I was sure of it when *Mr. Leisen* cast lovely *Olivia de Havilland* as Emmy . . . and the fiery *Paulette Goddard* to play the role of the dancer who plays such an important part in Georges' life.





"'HOLD BACK THE DAWN' is finished now . . . and I am proud to have had a part in its making, for Paramount feels that this is one of the greatest emotional dramas ever to be put on the screen."

CHARLES BOYER
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · PAULETTE GODDARD
in
"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with VICTOR FRANCEN · WALTER ABEL · Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · From a Story by Ketti Frings · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Hedda Hopper's HOLLYWOOD

Here's a nice hatful of sneak previews from Bob Carl of Pasa-
dena ... "Unfinished Busin..." with Irene Dunne and Bo...





THEY

BY IRVING WALLACE



That's Me

By Sidney Skolsky

HOLLYWOOD,

WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS were printing the stories th...
Roosevelt and Churchill had disappeared to meet at sea, and the...
...ied to track down where and when the rendezvous would tak...
...ce, I thought of Ho...



JIMMIE FIDLER in Hollywood

LLYWOOD,
rymore, as a broken-down Shakespearean acto
to deliver Hamlet's Soliloquy. On the sideline
crew

On the "Playmates" s
guffa[illegible] Lawn's "ha

Gossip columnists live by telling the inside on Gable and Durbin. Now, no holds barred, we're telling on them!

SNOOP TO CONQUER

This is a strange creature. It lives under tables, in closets and at keyholes. It breathes new gossip and old gags. It talks in question marks. It is a repressed cross between Carrie Nation and M. Nostradamus. It thrives largely in Hollywood and may be found mostly on the corner of the lot where leg art is being shot for Film Fun.

What is it?

It is 300 odd—very odd—Hollywood columnists. It is Jimmie Fidler and Sidney Skolsky and Hedda Hopper. It is John Chapman and Harrison Carroll and John Truesdell. It is every Hollywood scribe with a head full of stories that can't be repeated and a heart full of love for the movie business, scribes ranging from big-hearted Louella Parsons, of the Hearst papers, to dynamic Herb Stein, the Hollywood Reporter.

There are so many. And almost all good. But we have room and energy to tell you, in detail, about only three—a trio of very different and very widely read professors of big-time daily pillars. Jimmie Fidler, Sidney Skolsky and Hedda Hopper.

The first up for diagnosis would be Mr. James Marion Fidler, a slight, handsome gentleman well-surrounded by a live-wire Southern accent. Jimmie Fidler may be distinguished largely by his three lawyers who read his every bombast for libel, his taste for Russian caviar and thin toast, his stinging "open letters" via column and radio which have advised (in the old days) Carole Lombard to steer clear of Glenda Farrell's boy friends, Miriam Hopkins to stop burdening studio typists with her fan mail and to please hire her own stenographers, and Tony Martin to please stop overacting in his warbling.

More than any other single thing, Jimmie Fidler's public criticism of stars has brought him fame. Today, 157 newspapers, from coast to coast, carry his verbal wrist-slappings. Publicly, he has advised Alice Faye to watch her health, Greta Garbo to let M-G-M select her stories, Martha Raye to keep out of night clubs, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald to halt their feuding, and he has bawled out Ginger Rogers for being snobbish in Hawaii, Joan Crawford for double-crossing him on a scoop. All this linen, Mr. Fidler has aired. There was only one kickback. When Fidler gave Constance Bennett hell, she fought back by suing him to the tune of $600,000!

Naturally, this rough-and-ready columning hasn't brought Fidler all love and roses. Cecil B. DeMille described Fidler's items as "preying on defenseless people and poisoning the public mind!" Another time, in a trade paper, an exhibitor labeled our hero "Adolph Fidler!"

We mentioned these niceties to Mr. Fidler, across a restaurant table, and he pushed aside his caviar, pulled up his sleeves and indulged in firecracker rhetoric.

"Yes," he said, "I remember when I was called Adolph Fidler. It was a vicious attack and it got me sore, but there was no use fighting about it. I decided the Adolph Fidler tag would only make more persons read my column to find out if my attacker was right or wrong, and when they read my column, they would find out he was wrong."

Jimmie Fidler insisted that, when he criticized an individual or the entire industry, he spoke not for himself alone but for his millions (*Continued on page 84*)

THAT SEE-WORTHY HAYDEN LAD COULD HAVE A DOZEN GIRLS IN EVERY PORT, BUT HE'S HEART-WHOLE AND FANCY-FREE—WELL, ALMOST!



LOG OF A

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Because Stirling Hayden wanted a schooner, he became a movie actor. He prefers the screen to anything else he could find to do ashore, but if some benevolent gene should appear tomorrow and say: "Your contract's off, and there's a sweet two-master waiting for you down at San Pedro," he'd head like a homing bird for the two-master.

Considering the aftermath of his début in Paramount's "Virginia," there's no chance that the gene will show. His single appearance deluged the studio in fan mail. Gary Cooper still has the inside track on the Jordan part in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." But Hayden is runner-up, which tells the story more strikingly than many words.

He's unique in my experience of movie players. He's the only one I know who, with his heart set on another goal, sidestepped into the Hollywood limelight.

He's not ungrateful for what the gods have provided. He doesn't blab of his feelings nor press his viewpoint on you. Whether by temperament or the tradition of the sea, he's laconic about what most closely touches him. But a fish might as easily try to breathe on land as Hayden to suppress the fact that his one pervading passion is for sailing ships. He doesn't suppress it. It's just there, like his nose, for anyone to see.

There was a large scrapbook in his dressing room, which I leafed through as I waited for him, expecting idly to encounter some of the press bouquets tossed at him after "Virginia." The book was stiff with clippings all right—about the ships he'd sailed in—photographs showing the beauty of masts etched against the sky. His eyes lighted when he came in and saw me looking at them. He owns eight such scrapbooks, and there's not a lone clipping about Stirling Hayden, actor in one of them.

He crashed the movies on the strength of his looks. Six feet five of lean brawn, his face presents odd and attractive contrasts—dark eyes under a thatch of hair bleached by sun and wind to the color of ripe corn—white teeth against deeply bronzed skin—an air of gravity older than his years which heightens the effectiveness of his sudden smile. But looks alone can't be held accountable for the impression he made, else every curly-headed Adonis in town would be making his hundreds and directors could stop tearing their hair. Untried, unsung, he brought to his role an ease and authority which he may have been born with or may have mastered through nine years of learning to master the sea.

Hayden is pleased with his movie success. "The way you're always pleased," he says, "when you set out to do something and do it." On the other hand, he's neither elated nor dazzled. If he views his position more clear-sightedly than most, it's for two reasons. Since he was fifteen, he's been coping with realities which have shaped his mind as soundly as his body. Besides, films don't represent to him a dream come true. They're an opportune way of making a living. He gets a kick out of them. Yet, fêted and fussed over at the Richmond première of "Virginia," he bore in mind "that if I'd come through here two months ago, I'd have come through and that's all. Even now," he grinned, "they wouldn't lend me a hundred bucks. It's all part of a bubble, and the bubble's fun, but there's nothing behind it."

It was at Gloucester that the sea laid hold of his heart. Born in Montclair, New Jersey, he and his mother moved to the Massachusetts fishing town after the death of his

father, advertising manager for a New York newspaper, when Stirling was nine. An only child, his interests were those of any normal boy—football, baseball, throwing bricks at windows. Not school. At seven he concluded that he'd had enough of school. Authority kept him in thrall eight years longer.

He spent his summers fooling around the water. One day—he was thirteen—a cruise book fell into his hands and applied the spark to imagination which took fire and began devouring him. He read every book he could lay his hands on about long voyages in small boats. He badgered his mother to let him leave school and sail. At the end of two years she threw up her hands. "If you've got to do it, go ahead and get it out of your system."

He hotfooted it down to the yacht broker who'd promised him a job and presently found himself ship's boy on the schooner "Puritan," sailing from New London to San Pedro. For three months, at a dollar a month, he did all the dirty work nobody else would do. It wasn't like the books. By the time he got home, he thought he'd had enough, retired himself from marine life and went to work in a department store.

His disenchantment lasted just three months. Escaping from his counter to a fishing vessel, he fished the Grand Banks for a year and a half, took a small schooner down to Palm Beach for its owner, shipped as fireman on a passenger steamer for fourteen trips between Miami and Havana. That was almost as bad as working ashore. He has no use for steamers. He has no use for anything but sailing ships. So he heaved a sigh of relief when a berth was offered on the "Chiva," plying among the West Indies. On the second trip out, they fired the captain and gave him command, though he was only nineteen and didn't have his papers yet. At twenty he shipped as a mate on the schooner "Yankee," which took him 'round the world. At twenty-two, he was licensed for sailing vessels up to seven hundred tons. That was a milestone. He planned to go on from there.

"But you can't do this all your life," people protested.

"Why not?" he asked, and they were stopped.

He was happy. He had his adventures but refuses to allow them any large significance. "Things don't happen that make very good reading. The world isn't full of cannibals and shipwrecks. It's a job like any other—like working in a mine or on a ranch. Has its high points and low points. In between, to most people, it would be monotonous. But if you like it, it's your life, that's all."

Whatever his own feeling, the press viewed him as a romantic figure, and publicized his youth, his exploits and his attractiveness. Tom (*Continued on page 75*)

SAILOR

In "Bahama Passage" Paramount's Blonde Bombshell co-stars with his all-time favorite actress Madeleine Carroll. His film wardrobe's practically non-existent, (sneakers and dungarees), and his real life one's valued at under $100



PARTY OF THE MONTH

When half of Hollywood treks 90 miles to see a play, it must be something. It was!—Ingrid Bergman in "Anna Christie"



It's a 2-hour drive to Santa Barbara, but Lana Turner and Tony Martin wouldn't have missed the opening for anything. Lana and Ingrid became good friends while making "Dr. Jekyll."



During intermission everyone whipped out for cool drinks. (Temperature was over 100°.) That's Kay Aldridge with Alfred de Liagre, co-director of the play.



After the play, Ingrid dined with John Houseman, managing director, at Ronnie Colman's eatery, "Harbor House." Her hubby was in Hollywood a few weeks but has returned to Sweden.



Dick Barthelmess' daughter, Mary, is that gal in a million who's actually turned down screen tests! She's working as stage assistant with the Selznick Company.

Bergman was thrilled that the Lobero Theater was so packed, and more than half the 700 customers were Hollywood-ites.



Best friends Geraldine Fitzgerald and Livvie de Havilland left their respective husband and beaux in Hollywood and had themselves a time alone. Geraldine will star in the next Selznick play.



The irrepressible Bob Benchley snored through most of the play but perked up afterwards. He was with Elizabeth McAneny, who's rumored to be the future Mrs. B.

Photos by Staff Photographer Bob Beerman



Crazy, but we Love 'Em

ALTERMANIA, CLAUSTROPHOBIA—YOU NAME IT

AND TEN TO ONE SOME HOLLYWOOD-ITE HAS IT!

Mind you, we are not trying to prove that they are the People's Choice for the Loony Bin. Maybe the things they do are mere whimsies, the light and lovable caperings of childlike spirits. Maybe. We can only suggest that you who read be their psychiatrists, classify the case histories about to be recorded as you think wisest and best.

As a take-off, when Barbara Stanwyck was making "Pioneer Woman" for Paramount last winter, she had, in the old lady sequences, a very elaborate and tedious make-up to put on. It took three hours. To save time, she arose at five-thirty every morning and put the base on at home. On the morning of which we speak, she got up at five-thirty, spent an hour over the preliminary make-up, did what she had to do with her hair, grabbed a hasty breakfast, got out her own roadster and, without waking her lord and master Robert Taylor, slid off to Paramount. She arrived. The gates were locked. *It was Sunday morning.*

Now, that's what we mean. Mere absent-mindedness, no doubt. Still, the Freudian pages are filled with lesser lapses.

Jean Parker and her husband recently bought a small farm adjoining that of Bette Davis in Burbank.

BY GLADYS HALL



They also bought a horse. The trainer from whom they bought him impressed upon them that in order to get the best out of their animal, they must spend as much time with him as possible. So that he would become accustomed to their voices, touches, smell. Jean and her husband were both working, didn't have much time to horse around with their horse. So, one Saturday night they gave a small party. Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor were there, Mrs. Robert Donat, Richard Arlen and a few others. They brought the horse into the living room. He mingled freely with the guests. He seemed to fit in beautifully with the trailing ivy wallpaper. This is the truth, s'help me.

On the set of "Ladies in Retirement" where, if you know the play, you know that each character is decidedly psychopathic, the players, mad Idesy Lupino, mad Louis Hayward, mad Elsa Lanchester, et al., all behaving like fugitives from a padded cell, took their roles very grimly. After each scene, they would retire into their portable dressing rooms and crouch there, hugging their morbid moods, and could not be lured forth again for the next scene. The poor assistant director had himself a time. At the start of each new scene he would go from portable to portable making up little speeches, saying little prayers to induce the Mr. and Mrs. Moonbeams to come forth. This took time, not to mention patience. He finally hit upon a device. He bought him a flute. Then he'd stand in the center of the sound stage and play it, whereupon the doors of the portables would fling open and the cast would burst forth.

In Hollywood there are a few select people more or less known to be slightly "tetched" . . . among this number, Ida Lupino, John Carroll, Marie Wilson, Eddie Albert and Louis Hayward figure rather prominently. In a nice, non-violent way, of course.

Eddie, for example, has a divine faith in Mankind. He says so. He is always investing money in a number of strange experiments designed to benefit it. On a recent trip to Mexico, he met an aged Indian who claimed to have found a herb which, properly brewed, makes the weak strong, the strong stronger, etc. Eddie concluded he would be a guinea pig and drink some of the brew himself. He did. The next day great bumps and humps appeared all over his face, head and elsewhere. He looked, in his own words, like "a man from Mars."

But not to be deterred, Eddie is now said to be interested in a device that, if (*Continued on page 97*)

BY JAMES CARSON

It's rumored that "Life Begins for Andy Hardy" will be her last role opposite Mickey Rooney. M-G-M thinks she should have more adult parts!



She yearns to be a glomour girl like Lana Turner, but doesn't think she's the right type. Bridegroom Dave prefers her just as she is!



Judy's niece (and namesake) posed on her 3rd birthday with her mom Sue Sherwood, grandmo Gilmore and aunt Judy.





Judy occasionally dabbles at painting; last Spring did a portrait of her mom in her favorite gown (right).

My Daughter Judy

DATES, MAKE-UP, CLOTHES — THAT GARLAND GAL HAD PROBLEMS, TOO. HERE'S HOW HER MOM SOLVED 'EM!

We take pleasure in introducing to you Judy Garland's mother, Mrs. William P. Gilmore. We took greater pleasure in meeting her. She's small, gay, gracious and combines the best features of good humor and good sense. Asked to talk as an expert on mother-daughter problems, with particular reference to Judy, she demurred only at the word expert. "Sounds so formidable for a parent," she murmured. "Makes me think of blueprints."

So we'll mention her qualifications informally. She's brought up three girls—Virginia, called Jimmy, the mother of a three-year-old—Sue who expects to marry when Uncle Sam gets through with her young man—and Judy who's just become Mrs. David Daniel Rose.

Since she's in the public eye, we asked Mrs. Gilmore to concentrate on Judy. What's true of her relationship with her youngest, however, is true of her relationship with all the girls. Judy's being a movie star has injected perhaps a minor complication or two, but nothing of any consequence. It hasn't affected Mrs. Gilmore's views, which were established long before "The Wizard of Oz," nor her application of them. She considers Judy an average daughter, herself an average mother. She's dealt with the problems presented to every mother. We believe that her manner of dealing with them will interest the mothers and daughters who read Modern Screen.

"I started," she says, "with the single idea that I'd enjoy having confidence rather than fear from my children. That's still my only yardstick. As youngsters, I never spanked them. I don't believe in it. If they misbehaved, I'd sit them in a corner, face to the wall. Didn't even make them stand. Standing gets pretty tiresome for babies. There they'd sit till I told them to come out, and that did it. To tell the truth, I don't think it was the corner so much as the fact they realized they'd hurt me. They're pretty nice kids.

"Once they grew too old for corners, I'd just go quiet on them. They can't stand that. 'If you'd only rave at them,' their father said to me once. 'When you just shut up and don't talk, it's horrible.' I suppose it is. But that's my way when I'm hurt, and since I'm a natural talker, it's rather noticeable. I don't mean sulking, mind you. If there's anything worse than ranting, to my mind, it's a sullen face. But the girls get the idea. Pretty soon I hear, 'What's the matter, mother?' I tell them, after which it's over and done with. No grudges, no throwing it up to them weeks later. That incident's buried.

"In most cases, I think a flat 'no' is unwise. Automatically, it stirs rebellion in a girl of spirit, starts her thinking, 'Wait a minute now—' I've always talked things over with the girls. We may not agree, but I'm always ready to discuss it. If they're wrong, they admit it, and I'm just as likely to be wrong. Motherhood doesn't necessarily wrap you in wisdom. As a matter of fact, I find myself being pretty careful how I air my views to Judy. She's inclined to lay too much weight on them, which isn't good either. It may be because she was so terribly close to her father, and when he died I had to try to take his place with her as well as my own. She carries our pictures in a double frame wherever she goes. Every few days I've got to clean it up, where it's smeared with lipstick from kisses.

"That's the kind of trust you don't break faith with. Judy knows she can come to me with anything. If she's unhappy, she knows I'll try to fix it. If she's made a mistake, she knows I'll understand it can't be anything so dreadful if Judy did it. So I hope I'm not smug in feeling that I haven't hit too wide of my original mark. Dave, for one, will vouch that my girls aren't afraid of me. 'I can't get over the way they talk to you,' he said once. For instance? Well, if I say, 'Now, listen, girls, you do so and so,' they'll come back with, 'Okay, mother, why don't you do it too?' That's fine with me. I like the comradely sound of it. I never did care for the notion of a little autocrat 'round the house.

"And yet, in fairness to us all, I ought to point out that when I do put my foot down, that's it. There's no argument and no pouting. Something happened here a few years ago—if you don't mind my dragging another daughter in for a moment—"

Sue's very pretty, Sue's a professional dancer, and Sue tends, according to her mother, to be a little lazy. Offered a job as assistant dance (*Continued on page* 77)



Husky 5'6", 193 lb. Johnson's a grandpop in real life. To date his daughter June's scored a family and promising movie career.



Mischa's swapping the mayoralty of Universal City for pound master. Says he already leads a dog's life around Martha!



ON THE SET WITH

You'd think after working in Broadway's screwball saga "Hellzapoppin'" for three years, Olsen and Johnson wouldn't have two coherent thoughts to rub together. However, they really aren't as crazy as they look. They're getting a fat chunk for doing a screen version of their brainchild and a share of the profits into the bargain. In private life they are on the board of directors or are executives of 16 important business corporations. And in their spare moments, they're whipping up a 1942 edition of "Hellzapoppin'"—which has already grossed over $4,000,000. Darned lucrative insanity, any way you look at it.

The celluloid version will be given a plot of sorts, which the stage show did not have. Story concerns two guys—Olsen and Johnson—who score a hit in "Hellzapoppin'" in New York and come to Hollywood to film their show. In Hollywood they are told they can't produce a picture without a story. A plot is written which brings Mischa Auer, Martha Raye, Robert Paige and Jane Frazee into the script, and the picture thus becomes a story within a story.

Lewis Howard and Robert Paige play a young millionaire playboy and a poverty-stricken young playwright respectively. Both are in pursuit of Frazee. Martha Raye is a vaudevillian who plays a Baby Snooks character called Baby Betty. She always carries a doll in the bottom of which she keeps a bottle of Scotch. Martha is in pursuit of Mischa Auer, who plays the part of a real prince masquerading as a phony. He can get more free meals out of people that way because they find him more amusing as bogus royalty than as the McCoy. All of which gives you some idea of the thing.

Off the set nonsense kept the entire cast in good humor from the

B'WAY'S "HELLZAPOPPIN'" WAS A SUNDAY SCHOOL



Jane Frazee (pron. Fray-zee) and Bob Paige are stage vets from way back. She's been singing and dancing ever since she can remember; he played a wicked piano at age of 10.



Clowning didn't stop at mealtime with Mischa and the boys—real names, Harold Ogden Johnson and John Sigvard Olsen. Their library of over 500,000 gags took 20 years to collect.

"HELLZAPOPPIN'"



Between takes, they clown, answer tan mail (Olsen writes 100 letters a day) or just keep their noses to the grindstone.

first take till the fadeout in spite of one of California's torridest heat waves. F'rinstance . . . First day of shooting, the boys received the following gifts, all accompanied by gag notes:—From Mischa Auer, a stuffed crane because Mischa wanted to be the first to give them the bird. From Abbott and Costello, a huge pair of boots with the message "Hope you follow in the footsteps of the Broadway 'Hellzapoppin.'" From the Marx Bros, a Christmas tree. From Bob Hope, a ham, a wash basin and board. From Jack Benny, a squealing pig. From Bing Crosby, a crowing rooster. . . . An auto accident put Martha Raye's leg in a cast. Kept her there about two weeks. After the accident, the boys sent her a note saying they didn't object to a fellow player resorting to arson or mayhem to grab the headlines—but attempted suicide!—that was too much! . . . All visitors on the set were initiated into the "ancient and august order of screwballs" and presented with a pin formed by a tiny screw and ball. Prominent members of the order are Charles Laughton, Wendell Willkie, Shirley Temple, Charles Boyer and Mrs. Lou Gehrig. . . . Olsen and Johnson used to arrive on the set about an hour early every morning so's they'd have time to think up new tricks to perpetrate on the cast and crew. The gang eventually retaliated by converting their dressing rooms into padded cells!

With a bit of luck, the picture will be completed in September and will be rolling you in the aisles at your local theater around October or November. At which time, Olsen and Johnson will be back on their home beat rehearsing that revised edition—which is going to include Carmen Miranda. "And you can bet," says Olsen glancing up from his "Spanish in Ten Easy Lessons," "that we're for that good neighbor policy—and just think, we get paid for it!"



The fadeout shows them recording their footprints in Grauman's Theater. Cement's so soft they go in over heads.

PICNIC COMPARED TO THESE CELLULOID ANTICS!



When Bob and Martha discovered that Jane's birthday came while "Hellzapoppin' " was in the making, they sang "Happy Birthday to You" by the hour; partied her with ice cream.



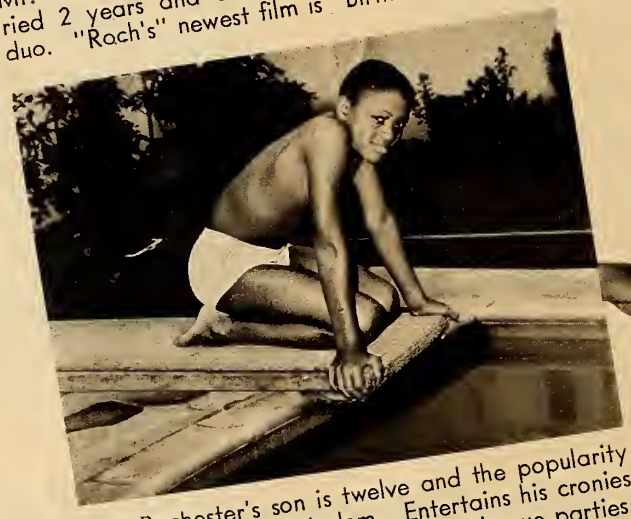
Johnson (left) is a hypochondriac and the dead pan of the combination. Olsen is the sociable quipster. Both own huge cars and homes in Beverly Hills and on Long Island.

yeah man friday . . .

ROCHESTER, THAT MAHOGANY MIRACLE MAN, HAS ACQUIRED A VALET, A YACHT, 13 RACEHORSES AND 40,000,000 FANS. BY HARD WORK? DON'T BE SILLY! JUST A COLOSSAL SUPPLY OF GOOFER DUST!



Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Anderson have been married 2 years and are Hollywood's most blissful duo. "Roch's" newest film is "Birth of the Blues."



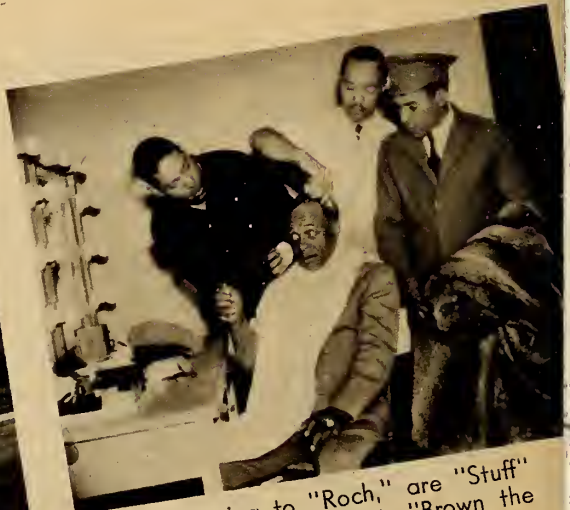


Mrs. Rochester's son is twelve and the popularity kid of Hollywood's Harlem. Entertains his cronies royally with dips in his pool and barbecue parties.





Their 14-room house is always mobbed with guests Telephone exchange is "Rochester," but the maid answers the phone with "Anderson residence."



Above, catering to "Roch," are "Stuff" Crouch, his secretary-valet, "Brown the Barber" and stand-in Gonzales Jones.

One reason why so many tourists return to their homes from Hollywood convinced that it is one of the screwiest towns on earth is because of Rochester, Jack Benny's man Friday. Riding past Benny's Beverly Hills mansion in See-The-Movie-Stars'-Homes busses early in the morning, thousands of sane Americans have spied a queer-looking little chocolate-brown man sitting on Benny's front steps alternately swigging from a quart bottle of milk and waving and yelling yoo-hoo at them. A gregarious fellow, Rochester loves almost any kind of people, even tourists.

Benny holds the first rehearsal of his weekly Jell-o program in his home, and Rochester, who invariably shows up late, won't go in to work until the milkman arrives on his late rounds, and he has had his breakfast. Then he struts in and tries to "loud talk" everybody else in the place, showing not the slightest regret that he is late.

Until a few years ago, Rochester did well to eat his breakfast anywhere he could find it; in fact, he often suffered severely from miss-meal cramps, that universal ailment which comes from a lack of funds and which knows neither race, color nor creed. Today, however, he is in the chips and can afford to eat wherever he chooses. He owns, among other things, a 14-room mansion in the colored section of Los Angeles; an airplane; a Lincoln Zephyr and a two-tone Buick station wagon; a yacht; a wife, who has more sense than he, and a 12-year-old son; four servants; 13 horses, none of which has yet won a race; a Dalmatian; a night club and a cheap camera that he carries everywhere with him.

Unlike many successful people who spend their money for all kinds of gadgets they never intend to use, Rochester thoroughly enjoys everything he possesses, even his nags. He can already fly his plane (with a pilot sitting beside him) and expects to solo this fall; a good fisherman, he spends many a happy day on his yacht with some of his friends enjoying the sport of President and peasant; he rides to work in his station wagon, reserving his limousine for state occasions; at home he is forever tinkering with his wife's new movie camera, barbecuing ribs in his red brick pit or splashing around in his tile swimming pool. Unless he is doing something, he is the most dejected person extant, and if he can find nothing else to do, he runs his mouth, often to the anguish and disgust of his wife who has never succeeded in taming her funny spouse, even when company is around.

Until about four years ago, Rochester, who now ranks among the nation's leading comedians, was practically an unknown figure, familiar only to the habitués of barbecue and fried food joints on Central Avenue, the Harlem of Los Angeles, and to an assortment of small fry colored actors, hoofers and blues singers. When he had a job and a dime, his friends included practically everybody in sight; when he was broke and out of work, which was not unusual, they were virtually non-existent.

A happy-go-lucky cuss who made some kind of a living as a third-rate tap, flash, acrobatic and Russian dancer, he sprang to fame and fortune (*Continued on page 82*)



By Earl Brown

WHY I SAID YES





When Brenda and Bill eloped to Las Vegas, they arrived in the wee hours of July 13th; had to rouse a clerk out of bed to issue their license. Desert nights are so chilly, Brenda wore her silver fox jacket!



EVEN IN THE FACE OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE,

THE HOLDENS STILL LOOK AHEAD AND BELIEVE!

TO BILL HOLDEN . . .

BY DENIS NORD

In Ibsen's play "The Doll's House," a door slammed and a whole social structure crumbled. In Hollywood, in our day, a door slammed and two kids were well on the way toward loving each other.

It happened one night after a dinner party at a friend's house, when, with other guests, Brenda Marshall sat watching Bill Holden.

He had begun to talk about a book he had read called "Johnny Got His Gun." He was excited. He was enthusiastic. He wanted to share his feelings.

As he went on Brenda felt something drawing up and tightening inside of her. Finally she could not stand it any longer.

She flung back her head and her eyes blazed into his.

"I think you're silly," she flashed. "Going overboard about a book."

The room rocked and was strangely silent.

Bill looked at her. He looked at her as if he had never seen her before.

"Have you read it?" he asked.

Brenda stood up. No one moved and no one spoke. She stood very still, her eyes not leaving his face. Then she went out quickly, noiselessly. But the door slammed. And it slammed hard.

Outside in the darkness, Brenda told herself, "I hate Bill for that! I hate him. I hate the way he lets himself go. About a book. It's so childish."

She didn't know that underneath, deep down, so deep she couldn't even sound it out, was her own youth crying to his, her own fervor wanting release in something someone else might label silly. Brenda Marshall, born Ardis Ankerson, felt old. This child of cream-in-coffee skin, of singing blood that makes her voice a low melody, her eyes brown pools of flashing light, her every expression, every gesture an epitome of youth, dared to feel old.

But there had been her marriage to Richard Gaines, actor. She met him when he was assistant at Madame Ouspenskaya's Dramatic College in New York where she was studying. He was twelve years older; serious, scholarly. He seemed to be all she herself wanted to be. She admired him as an actor, as an instructor, she admired him as a man. She married him believing that in marriage she would find complete happiness, and that Richard would help her to be more the kind of person she wanted to be.

If she felt old that night standing there in the darkness, it was because Ginger, her 2-year-old baby girl, was sleeping at home, and one life which she had felt promised so much had come to an end. If she resented Bill's unrestrained eagerness, it was because she had once believed with equal fervor in something so much greater than a book—and it had let her down.

When she thought how different his own life had been from hers, it disturbed her a little. She had always believed a person must stand on his own two feet alone. She saw the fuss his family made over him, and she felt a certain fear for him leap within her. Again something stirred in the depths she could not name. It was a longing for his way of life.

Born on the little island of Negros in the Philippines, Brenda's mother died when she was very young. There was a sister and a father, and Ardis had to learn to take care of herself. She learned that then, and well. When she came to this country at high school age, she saw herself through all those adjustments; she asked help of no one. When she knew she wanted to be an actress, she went to New York alone. She worked hard for what she brought to Hollywood when Hollywood sent for her. She had put in long, hard hours of heartbreaking labor. She admired anyone and everyone who had anything to do with acting. Looking at that handsome face of Bill's, she felt a drawing back, an inability to reconcile herself with what she had always thought was necessary to success.

They talked about it one night sitting in Bill's car on Point Lookout above Laurel Canyon. Before them the lights of Los Angeles glittered, a sea of sequins. Above, a soft blue sky begged for silence and offered dreams. But they rejected both. They sat turned around in the seat facing each other and talked not quietly, but violently, about their work. Suddenly Bill said, "I never want to *look* like an actor. I don't want to go about looking pale, underfed, sophisticated. That's one role I'll never play."

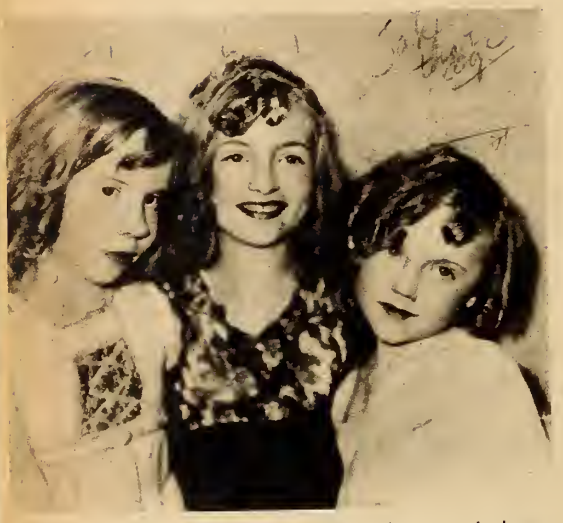
His words sent a wave of anger stabbing through her. How dare he talk like that? She had known actors who were pale, underfed, poorly dressed. But why? Because they sacrificed everything to their work.

Bill wasn't aware of the change that had come over her. He was smiling, remembering. "Know what I always wanted to be, Ardis?" he asked gently. "A chemist, more than anything else." (*Continued on page 67*)

Oh Susanna!

SWEET SIXTEEN, BUT SHE'S BEEN KISSED! HERE'S WHAT SUSY THINKS ABOUT THAT—AND LOTS MORE

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



"Sassy Susy," as this candid coloratura's been dubbed, has sung professionally since she was 11. Here she is at 10 (center) with her sisters.



Jackie Cooper (her co-star in "Glamour Boy") is one boy she doesn't consider a J. J. (Joe Jerk). She's heartbroken he's a Granville monopoly.

By her own process of soul-searching, Susanna Foster's reached her own conclusion about the most important thing in life—not money, not career, not even love in its specific meaning, but kindness.

"They tell you this story," she says, "that if you've got a voice or talent, you should give it to the world, make people happy. I think you can make 'em happier by being nice to them. I think it's above honesty even. I'd lie to be kind. But not to myself," she added promptly. "Lying's okay to save other people's feelings. But you've got to be honest with yourself, or else you're a phony."

Having heard tell of the rough side of Susanna's tongue, I asked her how come. She said: "I was young then. Now I'm beginning to use my head a little."

She's been publicized as a flip, amusing kid. She's so much more, that to call her flip and amusing is like calling a leaf the tree. Seventeen next December, she has the sense of twice her years. Part of it she comes by naturally; the rest she acquired through pressure of painful circumstance. It's said, of course, that a child should be forced into wisdom before her time. But you can't wax lachrymose over anything as spirited, sound and salty as Susanna.

Most striking is her gift, rare at any age and practically nonexistent at hers, of objective self-analysis. She's honest with herself all right, to the point of near-ruthlessness. She used to think she had to be equally honest with others. But excuse it, folks, she was young then. "If I had those years to live over again," says Susanna, "there's one thing I'd change—my superior way with other kids. I didn't mean to be. I just never thought of myself as young. In my own mind, I was always grown-up, so I'd try to teach them. Fine business, huh? I even catch myself doing it now once in a while with Betty. Betty Brewer, you know. She's my best friend. But I stop myself pronto. Betty's a human being herself and has to settle her own problems.

"That must have been why the kids always seemed to shut me out, though. I didn't realize then it was mostly my fault. It hurt like blazes when I was ten or eleven, and they wouldn't let me play baseball with them. But of course I wouldn't show it, so I stuck my nose in the air and a chip on my shoulder and decided the world was against me.

"I carried that chip right out to Hollywood with me. I can't truthfully say it's gone yet, but it *is* shrinking. My first instinct is always this—" She doubled her fists. "Always thinking I'm going to get hit, so why not hit first? (*Continued on page 94*)



Susy's real name is Susanna De Lee Flanders Larson. She's blue-eyed and what she calls "Swedish blonde." Hates orchids; prefers little flowers. She puts perfume on her nose so she can sniff it all day.

"HONKY TONK"

WHEN A SCHOOLMARM FROM BOSTON FALLS FOR A

BY HENRY P. MALMGREEN



CANDY: "I see there's no use trying to fool a bunch of smart folks like you. . . ."
MAN WITH GUN: "Peel off them pants!"



ELIZABETH: "I don't think he can be such an old friend, my dear. Why, you hardly know anything about him."
GOLD DUST: "If I told what I know, he'd be in jail."



BRAZOS: "If nobody thinks his feet are too close to the ground, I'm putting him in jail."
CANDY: "So I can be shot while escaping?"

STORY

Being run out of one western mining town after another was dangerous and unprofitable, decided big, handsome Candy Johnson. He and his side-kick Sniper had just missed a tar-and-feathering by a hairsbreadth, and Candy figured there were safer, surer ways for a smart con man to put himself on velvet.

Yellow Creek, wide open and roaring, looked like the spot. It was. Plenty of gold and suckers—all under Brazos' thumb. But Candy fixed that. He challenged Brazos to a "suicide" duel, broke his nerve, demanded and got $5,000 as a stake for the venture that began to take shape in his card-sharpened mind.

Part of the plan was to buy the allegiance of old Bourbon-soaked Judge Cotton, once a con man himself, now masquerading as a Justice of the Peace. Candy figured he could use the Judge, but he had another more important reason for befriending the doddering old man. Elizabeth—the Judge's lovely, Boston-bred daughter, who had come West after 20 years to join her father—knew nothing of his illicit past. Candy had fallen for her the first time he had laid eyes on her. And Elizabeth was more than interested in the burly, fast-talking gambler—so different from the genteel men she had known in New England.

Candy, as usual, worked fast. As a sop to the town's respectable element, he kicked in enough to build a mission. Then as a challenge to Brazos' crooked stranglehold on Yellow Creek, he threw (*Continued on page 99*)

GAMBLER FROM YELLOW CREEK—WATCH OUT!



CANDY (softly): "You can throw in your hand if you want to . . . only it'll cost you $5,000."
BRAZOS (through his teeth): "It's a bet."



CANDY: "You sure went to a lot of trouble last night to make it Mr. and Mrs."
ELIZABETH: "You were quite agreeable—after the third drink."



CANDY: "Well, you've got a reason for taking the pledge now. You've got to act like a grandfather."
JUDGE: "Just what does a grandfather do first?"



GOLD DUST: "Won't you try to eat something? Sniper's got to talk to you."
SNIPER: "Candy . . . we're heading for trouble."

PRODUCTION

Out on sprawling Lot 3, M-G-M carpenters whipped up the town of Yellow Creek, largest set Hollywood's ever seen—three acres of late 90's streets and buildings, including a City Hall, a mansion, and the biggest tent ever built for pictures. Three hundred of "Honky Tonk's" 500 bearded and booted extras crowd into this canvas colossus for one scene. It houses Clark Gable's roaring Square Deal Saloon and the largest collection of gambling devices ever assembled in one spot: 60 slot machines, seven roulette layouts, seven crap tables, faro, chuck-a-luck and wheels of fortune. All this canny Metro bought up when the Mexican Government expropriated the $5,000,000 Casino at Agua Caliente about three years ago. This was once a favorite Hollywood haunt and is now a military school for boys.

Production headaches: One scene called for a cook to fry steaks for hungry miners. Economically, the studio tried faking it, but the sizzle didn't look real. So off went the supply department for 35 or 40 juicy tenderloins, and all day the extras happily gorged themselves . . . Gambler Gable's three assistants are lady barbers. And even in Hollywood the combination of tonsorial and thespian art is non-existent. So Metro picked out three stock girls, gave them a short, intensive course in hair-cutting and shaving under Studio Barber Jimmy Adams.

Biggest job of Costume Designer Adrian was to keep billowing gowns of the period (*Continued on page 99*)

SCREEN SPECIALISTS

BY JEANNE KARR

Next time you see a horseman go crashing over a cliff in the movies, just give yourself up to the thrill. It's not done with mirrors but with flesh and blood men like Yakima Canutt. An all-round stunter, of whom there are few, Yak dives from high places, overturns speeding cars, skids, crashes, jumps from moving trains to horses, drives exploding wagons, takes three complete rolls with an army tank. At forty-five, he's better than he was in his twenties. Experience has given him such mastery over split-second timing that to the layman his exploits smack of wizardry.

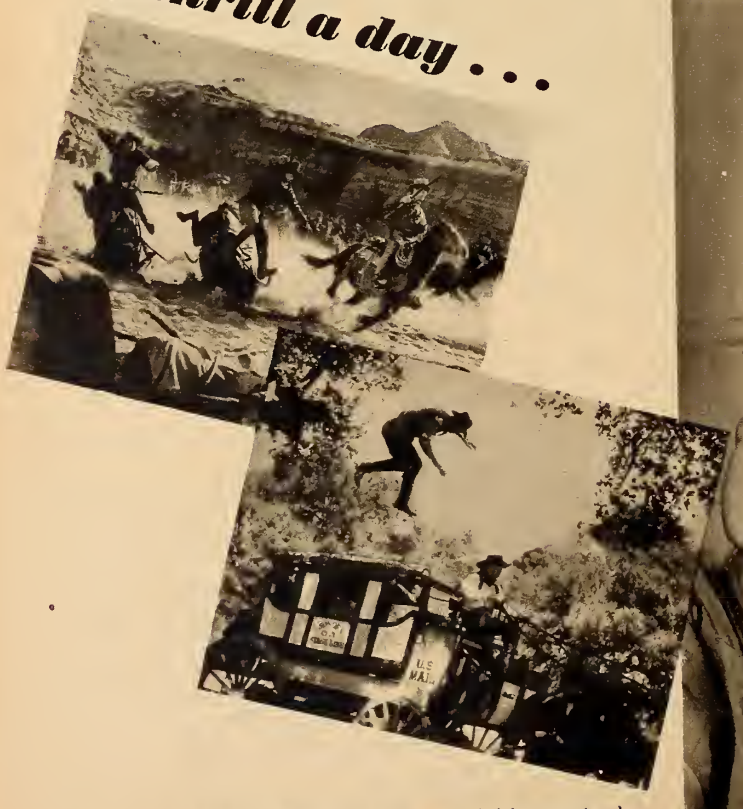
Actually, they're worked out as meticulously as a blueprint. Yak puts his plan down on paper, mulls over it, marks every point at which something may go wrong, figures the way out if it should go wrong, then— "There's only one thing left to do, and you do it," he grins. He admits to having swallowed his Adam's apple once or twice, notably while putting a horse off a bluff with chute and slide for "Last of the Mohicans." Generally speaking, there's no sense of fear. Stunting's his business. He treats it as such.

The insurance companies don't. They charge him higher rates. Neither does his wife. When they married ten years ago, he extracted an agreement that there was to be no feminine weakness about his work. She stuck to it till he met with his only serious accident in "Boom Town." A horse somersaulted and landed on top of him, forcing the saddle-horn into his intestines and sending him to the hospital for three months. The horse came out unscathed. Yak's never had an animal hurt. When he uses them, he insists on the presence of a humane society officer. He can pay for his groceries to the tune of $15,000 to $18,000 a year. Besides stunting himself, he creates and supervises thrill stuff for directors and producers, works for all the studios and specializes in Westerns for Republic Pictures.

Born on a ranch at Colfax, Washington, he started breaking horses without his father's knowledge at eleven. At fifteen, he offered to ride a horse which had thrown several notables. The owners told him he'd have to get his father's consent. Dad gave in reluctantly after watching his son's performance. He wasn't Yak then, but Enos Edward. The name came later, after he'd started following the rodeos. He'd been celebrating with a couple of lads from Yakima, who got bucked off. "I'll build up the name for you, boys," said he but, being a little drunker than he thought, got bucked off too. The photographer caught a swell picture of the spill, which was used for advertising. So Yakima stuck. At twenty-one, he became world's champ. Defeated six years later, he quit and betook himself to Hollywood.

It scares Yak to realize that another two years will bring Edward, his elder son, to the age at which his father started riding bucking horses. He says his kids are going to college, if he has to take a club to them. By the time they're out, he hopes they'll be smart enough to steer clear of stunting.

a thrill a day . . .



YAKIMA CANUTT



Republic's thrill maestro has three children—Audrey, ten months, and a pair of sons, aged four and nine.

HERE'S HOW TO PROTECT THOSE PRECIOUS ORBS OF YOURS

EYE CUES

Eyes are far and away the most important single feature in a girl's face. Their size, shape and color are pretty well settled by heredity, though their expression is decided largely by what you make of your own personality. On the other hand, their depth, clarity and strength depend a great deal upon the care you give your eyes.

Skillful use of eye make-up is extremely important; so much so that the following four pages are devoted entirely to the art of its application. But if you don't first protect that one and only pair of peepers—all the make-up in kingdom come will not make your eyes the things of beauty that they should be.

Strained, neglected eyes just can't possibly look like fathomless pools—or even like normally intelligent, efficient organs of sight. For eyes reflect the status quo of mind and body as well as spirit—and once they're worn out, they can't readily be replaced—so treat yours with proper respect all of the time.

An eye is a delicate, complex, intricate organ, operated by six muscles and divided into two chambers: the front containing a chrystalline lens, the second holding the iris or pupil. Rays of light enter your eyes and produce a chemical change on the retina in exactly the same way that light affects a sensitized camera plate or film. In fact, your eyes actually are marvelous cameras which are constantly taking pictures and relaying them to your brain via the optic nerve.

Under-nourishment, wrong food, a sluggish system, loss of sleep, strain, or any kind of worry show immediately in dull, expressionless, unglamorous eyes. And headaches that appear to come from other causes often are the result of tired, neglected eyes. The wrong kind of light, for example, will seriously affect the efficiency and beauty of your eyes. Glaring sun or electric lights, reflections from large, flat, glossy surfaces—all can cause severe eye strain. Dim or flickering lights are even more injurious. When you work, read or play games, be sure that the light comes from above and behind you. Hold books or the work you are doing fourteen to sixteen inches away and, whenever possible, hold them up in front of you—not down where you have to double up like a jackknife to see them.

Rest your eyes frequently. Look off to the most distant possible horizon or at any far off object. This not only rests but strengthens eye muscles. Blink your eyes often and shift them frequently, too. This rests and at the same time gives needed exercise. Avoid staring in a fixed gaze. This is not only rude and unlovely to look at, but actually injurious to eyes. Beautiful eyes are relaxed and full of motion. They are never stiff or stationary.

Consciously relax your eyes every night before going to sleep. Imagine you are looking into soft, lusterless black velvet or into deep black pools of water. During the day, close your eyes frequently (*Continued on page 71*)



Universal's Peggy Moran smooths delicate eye skin with rich cream.



Peggy cleonses her eyes night and morning with a mild, speciol lotion.



Moistened pads over closed eyes rest not only eyes but also nerves.

BY CAROL CARTER

Eyes Right



MAKE YOUR EYES LOVELIER TO GAZE INTO BY PLAYING UP THEIR BEAUTY WITH MASCARA, SHADOW AND BROW PENCIL

Your eyes may be merry and friendly, soulful and large or fringed with the longest of lashes, but you can always make them even lovelier with the right amount of make-up, expertly applied. It takes only a touch of mascara or an accent of shadow or brow pencil to make them appear larger, brighter, deeper—and very much more exciting and interesting.

In making up your eyes—and every girl really should bring out their beauty—you should strive for an absolutely natural effect. Keep in mind their structural relationship to the rest of your features and to their natural frames—your brows. For instance, if you have a round youthful face with correspondingly round eyes, you can lengthen them slightly with skillful make-up, but don't try to make them look long, narrow and exotic, for that would be out of keeping with the rest of your face, your expression and your personality. The chart on pages 50 and 51 will guide you in using make-up to give your eyes better proportion and will also suggest colors to emphasize their natural hue.

Brows need regular attention if they're to be flattering frames for your eyes—tweezing, brushing and some additional color. Natural brows are the most becoming, so keep yours fairly thick, but do pluck out those unattractive stragglers that clutter the space between brows and those which spoil natural arches. This is just a matter of good grooming. You can also pluck your brows to give your face better proportion with good results, but don't thin them down to a harsh, ugly hairline or make them into an unnatural shape that has no relation to your other features and only gives you a strained or constantly surprised



Keep your brows neat, like Diana Lewis of M-G-M does. Pluck the strays between the eyes and beneath the arches.



Darken your brows subtly with pencil or mascara, using a short, delicate stroke to color each little hair evenly.



After making up, brush your brows with a special lash conditioner cream to give them a healthy, lovely sheen.

expression which looks anything but intriguing.

Before you start tweezing, apply cream or a cloth wrung out in hot water to your brows to open up the pores so the hairs will come out quickly and painlessly. Then, with sterilized tweezers, pull out the strays with a deft, quick movement in the direction in which the hair grows. After plucking, touch your brows with alcohol, astringent or toilet water to close the pores and prevent irritation.

Almost all brows—except very black ones—need subtle darkening. You can use either a well-sharpened brow pencil or mascara and brush but do use light, short strokes to color each little hair naturally. Never make a continuous rigid line or bear down so hard with your pencil or brush that the brows look gummy or artificial. Keep them silken and neat by brushing them free of powder after every make-up job. You can buy a special brush for this purpose. And whether you need brow make-up or not, always smooth a little lash conditioner cream over brows before going out. This gives them a natural, attractive sheen.

Now, apply your eye shadow. For a long time, this was worn only by theatrical people, but today shadow is obtainable in so many subtle, natural-looking shades that it can be worn with good taste any time of the day. And no one can deny its effectiveness in bringing out the color of eyes and making them look larger and more expressive. You can apply eye shadow with either your finger or a very soft brush, but mix it first in the palm of your hand so that it will go on smoothly and delicately. It's a generally good rule to start shadow at the roots of the lashes and blend it upward until it fades into the natural tone of the skin, but if you want to change the apparent shape of your eyes, you can vary this method somewhat—according to the directions given in the chart. But, remember, shadow is always used on the lid above the eye—never below, or it will create a harsh, unattractive circle. If you do have natural circles beneath your eyes, you can do a lot to cover them up by using a foundation base and powder that matches your complexion, then blending your rouge lightly up over the circles.

Modern eye shadows are available in many intriguing colors—blue, gray-blue, blue-green, green, gray, mauve, violet, purple, brown—and their variations, so experiment until you find the ones that are most flattering to you. For daytime, the shades that most nearly match your eyes are most natural and becoming, but for evening, you can make your eyes alluring and interesting by using some of the more dramatic contrasting tones—purple, mauve, green, gold or silver. And if you are the sophisticated or exotic type, you may wear these shades in daytime if you apply them very, very delicately.

Mascara is the answer to the prayers of every girl whose lashes are sparse, short or too light for beauty, for it not only darkens but it also makes them look longer and more luxuriant. And, of course, it does much to enhance the beauty of already lovely eyes and lashes. Whether you use the cake, cream or liquid type, apply mascara with a clean brush, using just a little at a time, and stroke the lashes along their entire length, brushing the top ones upward to give them a slight curl and the lower ones downward. If you use the cake-type, your brush should first be moistened with water. Many beauties like to apply their mascara, as they do their nail polish—applying a light coat first and allowing it to "set," then covering it over with a deeper shade.

You have several shades to choose from to accent your hair, complexion and eye coloring—brown (both light and dark), black, also the more (*Continued on page 96*)

BY CAROL CARTER



Begin your shadow at the lashline and blend it softly upward until it fades into your natural complexion tone.



Mascara should always be applied in a deft upward or downward movement following the growth of the eyelashes.



You can postpone aging lines by keeping the area around the eye well lubricated and massaged with a skin cream.

MODERN SCREEN'S

WEAR THESE SHADES

WITH	FOR DAYTIME	FOR EVENING
BLUE EYES	Wear blue, blue-gray or violet eye shadow. If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown mascara and brow pencil. If brunette, use brown or black brow pencil and mascara.	Wear deep blue, violet, orchid, blue-gray or silver eye shadow. Wear blue, brown or black mascara, and brown or black brow pencil.
GRAY EYES	Wear blue-gray, gray or blue eye shadow. If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown mascara and brow pencil. If brunette, use black pencil and mascara.	Wear mauve, blue, violet or silver eye shadow. If skin is dark, wear green. Wear blue, green, brown or black mascara. Use brown or black brow pencil.
GREEN EYES	Wear blue-green, green or light brown eye shadow. If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown mascara and brown pencil. If brunette, use black mascara and pencil.	Wear green, mauve, brown or gold eye shadow. Wear brown, black or green mascara. Use brown or black brow pencil.
BROWN EYES	Wear red-brown, dark brown, mauve or green eye shadow. If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown mascara and brow pencil. If brunette, use black pencil and mascara.	Wear brown, blue, blue-gray or gold eye shadow. If skin is dark, green is intriguing. Wear brown, black, blue or green mascara. Use brown or black pencil.
HAZEL EYES	Wear red-brown, green or violet eye shadow. If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown mascara and brow pencil. If brunette, use black mascara and pencil.	Wear green, violet, brown or gold eye shadow. If skin is fair, use blue or violet. Use brown, green, black or blue mascara. Use brown or black pencil.
BLACK EYES	Wear gray, dark brown, blue-gray or blue-green eye shadow. Use black mascara and brow pencil.	Wear green, mauve, silver or gold shadow. Use black or green mascara and black brow pencil.



Laraine Day
M-G-M



Hedy Lamarr
M-G-M



Gene Tierney
20th Century



Ann Rutherford
M-G-M



Jeanne Kelly
Universal

Rosalind Russell
Columbia

EYE MAKE-UP CHART

SHAPE YOUR EYES THIS WAY

IF YOUR EYES ARE	PENCIL YOUR BROWS	MASCARA YOUR LASHES	SHADOW YOUR LIDS
SMALL	Keep brows fairly far aport and lower arches slightly by plucking hoirs from upper edges. Accent with brow pencil, slightly heavier on under arch.	Apply moscara only on tips of lashes, ond slightly heavier on outer ones near temples.	Emphasize lids faintly with light-toned shodow, blending from center of lid upward and outward.
ROUND	Keep brows notural, but pluck stragglers. Accent and elongate slightly with brow pencil. Extend outer eye corners delicately with brow pencil.	Apply moscora to upper and lower lashes, emphasizing color from center to outer corners.	Begin shodow at lashline and blend upward, accentuating outer corners.
DEEP SET	Remove hairs from inner ends of brows, also from below brows to make slight orch. Comb downward at outer ends. Accent subtly with pencil.	Apply mascaro evenly to lashes, using more color on lower row than on upper one.	Use shadow faintly along edge of lash line only, and away from nose.
PROMINENT	Keep brows medium thick and fairly close together. Remove hairs underneath to make arch. Accent with brow pencil.	Use more mascara on upper lashes thon on lower ones with emphasis toward center.	Use shadow heavily on lower half of lids and blend delicately upword to line of brow.
CLOSE TOGETHER	Pluck hairs between brows to make forther apart and extend length with brow pencil. Accent entire brow with pencil.	Moscara both upper and lower lashes, concentrating more color on those from the center of the eye outward.	Start shadow ot lashline at center of eye and blend upward and outward.
FAR APART	Taper brows to slim line at outer sides and occentuate the inner ends with matching brow pencil.	Moscara both upper and lower lashes, concentrating the heaviest color close to nose.	Apply shadow at loshline close to nose and blend upward delicately.

Candidly Yours . . .

STOP AND LOOK SEE! SOME BRAND NEW SHOTS IN THE HOLLYWOOD DARK!



High romance for these 3! Greer G.'s given her word to Benny Thau; Irene Dunne sports a 10th anniversary sparkler, and Loretta's spouse crosses a continent to weekend with her!



Linda Darnell's ditched M. Rooney and hails smooth publicity man Alan Gordon her No. 1. Dream Job. He's a slickeroo at dancing, so Linda's been hoofing it up to Arthur Murray Studios!



Tongues wagged overtime when Roz Russell and Hugh Fenwick were spotted together at Ciro's. Roz is engaged to Freddie Brisson, and Hugh will altar-trek with Kay Francis.



Johnny Payne's perpetually tousled topnotch is rapidly becoming a 20th Century Hollywood fable. It's uncombed even on a Ciro-whirl with wife Anne Shirley and Connie Moore!



Despite her recent $20,000 bonus from Paramount, Dottie Lamour sticks to her $15-a-week allowance. Boyfriend Greg Bautzer provides the balance of her entertainment needs!



$10.29, MACY'S SUB-DEB CENTER

Taffeta for you, my pet, if you're about sixteen and going to a party. You like it black with yards of skirt, off-the-shoulders with Irish lace, and—in a word—devastating!

Three Little Wools

Nine times out of ten you'll push up your sleeves because you like to be comfortable. There's not much doubt what you think of the vivid red, opposite; you say V in the light blue below; and the mustard wool speaks for itself.

MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO



ARNOLD CONSTABLE, NEW YORK



By Elizabeth Willguss

YOUNG NEW YORKER SHOP, LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

ALL UNDER $9



GOOD NEWS



Latest charity event was the picturesque Moon Festival for Chinese War Relief, which included a movie star parade. Gene Tierney rode with Ted North.

Abbott and Costello rumored going high-hat!

WHAT, NO INCENSE?

If it's interior decoration you're interested in, cast an optic in the direction of Mary Beth Hughes. Peach-skinned, fair-haired Mary Beth recently became the mistress of an 11-room manse in a beautiful Hollywood suburb. High spot of her little teepee is the shell pink and baby blue bedroom which Mary Beth personally planned and furnished. She calls it her "Movie Star Bedroom," and she's not kidding! The place *does* look like a Darryl Zanuck production with a bit of Madame DuBarry thrown in!. It contains an extra-sized bed—a mere 12 feet square—smothered in a pink satin coverlet and topped by a quilted headboard and canopy hung with six inches of blue satin!

It's the window draperies that steal the show, however. They're interwoven folds of blue and white silk that spiral from floor to ceiling like an old-fashioned barber pole!

"I know it's not exactly conservative," Mary Beth admits. "But what's the use of being a movie star if I can't even feel like one in my own bedroom!"

BEDROOM FARCE

Mary Beth isn't the only girl with a unique bedroom. Carole Landis does her slumbering in a room that looks like a corner of San Quentin! Its windows are completely barred, and a contraption beside the bed holds one button which bathes the house in lights and another which summons the entire police force!

Carole isn't very happy about the prison cell aspects of her boudoir and intends to have the Dick Tracy apparatus removed as quickly as possible. She says she's not nearly as timid as the lady who had them installed, the former tenant of the house—Miss Edna May Oliver!

CHARLIE'S WIVES

Some time ago Cecil B. De Mille ran into Mildred Harris, Charlie Chaplin's first wife, and promised the next time he made a picture he would find a part for her. And De Mille remembered. When he started the wheels turning on Paramount's "Reap the Wild Wind," he sent for Mildred Harris.

"Mildred," he said, "I haven't very much to offer. Just an extra's role. You'll get only $7.50 a day. You'll also speak one line, and on that day you'll get $25."

An act of kindness? Perhaps. For Mildred accepted the job. And when she accepted it, she knew the star of the film would be—Paulette Goddard.

At this writing Mildred Harris, Chaplin Wife No. 1, and Paulette Goddard, Chaplin Wife No. 3, have worked together for almost two months. But they have never met. Which is probably as it should be. What could they say to each other?

HEAD MAN

So you think you've got troubles? Well, consider the case of a well-known leading man who had a wonderful opportunity to bolster his career and bankroll by doing a series of personal appearances. The poor guy had to turn down the much-needed break because he's bald as an eagle and won't wear a toupee in public! He doesn't mind donning the gay deceiver on the set because the camera can always do a retake if it slips. But he does have a mortal fear that his neatly curled headpiece will topple to his toes before an audience and expose his beaming scalp to hundreds of fans who "just wouldn't understand."

Incidentally, it's rumored this same star has $10,000 waiting for the man who can coax a tuft of hair into growing on his barren ivory.

CROP CONTROL

If you can take a little gore with your gossip, just pull up a chair. We have a tale to tell about Fox-contractee Ted North, and a discovery Ted expects will net him a million. It's a hair wash composed of 50% worth of eucalyptus oil and 50% worth of an unknown ingredient—and it's guaranteed to grow hair on everyone from Donald Duck to Benito Mussolini.

Ted has the fervor of an artist for his product, so when he recently encountered a skeptic who gave him the old "I don't believe it—you gotta show me" routine, his dander was aroused. Determined to put his scalp sauce to the severest test of all, he grabbed the disbeliever by the hand and yanked him down to the city morgue. There, with the permission of the authorities, Ted rubbed the stuff into the bald head of an unclaimed corpse. The doubter was still doubtful when they left, but when the pair returned three days later, the oblivious cadaver was sporting wild and woolly locks . . . plus a Lionel Barrymore eyebrow produced by a drop of the liquid which had rolled out of place!

Well, that's the way we heard it.

Incidentally, if Ted will contact us, we'll be more than happy to



The festival—held in Chinatown—lasted 3 days, netted piles of money. Near the head of the parade were Paramount's favorite kids, Claudette Colbert and Jack Benny.



Perched on the back of their car and waving like mad were Ann Rutherford and her 3-nights-a-week beau, George Montgomery, currently the town's most dateable swain.

Marriage changes Durbin's personality!

BY SYLVIA WALLACE

slip him the name of the baldy referred to above. Strictly on the q. t., of course.

DIDJA KNOW

That Ann Sheridan is plagued by sinus trouble . . . That Joan Bennett had her hair cut short to end the Hedy Lamarr imitation talk . . . That Mike Brennan, Walter's son, will have no truck with Hollywood? He prefers being a $30-a-month ranch hand because it's more dependable . . . That Constance Bennett really believes in sweetening her coffee, never uses fewer than ten lumps to a cup . . . That May Robson will play "Juliet" to John Barrymore's "Romeo" in "Playmates" . . . That as "Benjamin Blake," Ty Power will expose his torso in a Lamour-style sarong . . . That strict dieting has mowed 22 pounds off Patricia Morison?

That European actors, Charles Boyer among them, can't get used to American high-waisted trousers and refuse to wear them . . . That Garbo will go torchy and warble to Melvyn Douglas in "The Twins" . . . That despite reconciliation reports, Gene Tierney's marriage still has her in the family doghouse? It's said her brother, visiting from the East, didn't even give her a jingle.

DOUGH GIRL

The magic name of Vanderbilt is always news. So is the magic name of Hollywood. The two combined should make headlines. Actually they do not. For 17-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, now a movietown resident, is doing none of the things that make reporters turn handsprings with joy.

True, she Ciros and parties almost nightly on the arm of Bruce Cabot, Franchot Tone, George Montgomery or Pat DeCicco. True, too, she commits a misdemeanor every time she crosses a night-club threshold (California law holds her too young for such establishments). But that's where Gloria's frivolity stops. For she never hurls champagne bottles in restaurants, never threatens to elope with this playboy or that and never complains about the high cost of living of President Roosevelt.

It's been said most of Gloria's $25,000-a-year allowance has been dissipated in six months. If that's so, she must be buying defense bonds. Certainly she's not tossing it around this town. Her clothes are simple, and so are her plans. To one of our better known leading men, an old friend, she recently confided in true poor little rich girl fashion that she'd like to marry and have babies.

"I've never had a real home," she told him. "The sooner I get one, the happier I'll be."

INCOME FACTS

They do grow them practical out Texas way! It's just been brought to our attention that our favorite Lone Star Stater Ann Sheridan has never paid more than $75 a month for rent!

Annie pulls down one thousand simoleons each week over at the Messrs. Warner's plant, but that's not making her fritter her chips away on swimming pools and 17-room mansions. Or fancy clothes and expensive entertainment, either. No, sir. Not our Annie. She sinks her dough into real estate and annuities, and the last we heard, was laying out a roll for a gas station in Glendale!

DOUBLE TALK

We like the story Universal's white hope, Robert Paige, tells on himself. Seems Bob was bitten by the movie bug long before he was bitten by a movie contract. At the time he was trying to crash films, Bob was working as an Orson Welles of the airways—singing, announcing, writing and acting for a local radio station. But strain and strive as he would, not a single scout would give him a tumble. Till the day he conceived "David Carlyle."

Introducing himself to his listeners as "Your announcer, Robert Paige," Bob would go into a long rhapsodic spiel about the "young artist I am about to present, that brilliant singer, that answer to a producer's dream—David Carlyle." Then "Mr. Carlyle," none other than Bob himself, would deliver a song. When he had finished, Announcer Paige would return and again sing "Carlyle's" praises.

So superb was Bob's salesmanship, a movie executive who caught the program, finally sent for "Carlyle" and offered him a contract. Twisted in his own trap, Bob had to admit the deception. But luckily, the movie exec was a right guy. He laughed the whole thing off, drew up a new contract—and Robert Paige was the name that went on the dotted line.

KID STUFF

Gloria Jean thinks W. C. Fields is the world's finest gentleman. Fields always uses a mouth wash before doing a scene with her in "The Great Man." It kills his martini-scented breath . . . Allen



The parade-loving younger fry adored the Festival, especially Jane Withers and Fred Bartholomew. Janie's now in the throes of a serious romance with a cameraman!



Where there's smoke, there's inevitably Boyer. He smokes at least two packs a day. Irene Dunne calls him "Chuck" — and gets away with it!

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED . . .

Jenkins, the man with the lemon-drop face, is beaming like a cherub these days. His wife will make him a papa in February . . . Joan Carroll's toy bank holds $4.29. She earned the money herself. She used to give manicures backstage to the cast of "Panama Hattie" and charge a penny a finger. She says a handsome chorus boy is responsible for the odd figure. He only had nine fingers!

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

It's probably as false as your Aunt Maude's teeth, but the rumor keeps drifting in that Abbott and Costello are not the sweet, amiable gents they were before success laid its crown on their comic heads. There are those who find the boys pretty curt of late and those who even go around muttering "High-hat."

Well, maybe A. and C. have been giving some people that impression. We haven't noticed it. And it's plain their critics haven't taken time out to consider what the team has been through lately —the unrelenting stream of pictures, exhausting personal appearance tours, the grueling radio shows. Certainly an occasional spurt of temper is forgivable under such circumstances.

Anyway, Universal isn't angry with them. The studio has just presented each of the boys with a shiny new trailer. Lou calls his the Casa Costello, and Bud's monikered his Abbott Manor.

And speaking of Abbott, he has another manner that interests the studio—a romantic one! To everyone's surprise, Bud is beginning to draw down an astonishing quantity of sentimental fan mail in the best Boyer tradition!

And does that make Costello jealous? He says not. "I guess I'm the intellectual type," sighs he.

THE OLD SPELL GAME

Marlene Dietrich is making a picture at Columbia called "Miss Madden is Willing." What we'd like to know is how Marlene finds time for movie work. Ever since Jean Gabin swam into her ken, the sultry Miss Dietrich's been almost too busy to eat. At practically any hour she can be seen walking with Jean and talking with Jean. In fact, our agents report she wields such an influence over the fascinating Frenchman, he's even permitted her to redecorate his house to suit her own tastes.

Marlene has quite a knack for brightening the dark corners where bachelors live. You will recall, she also made some rather drastic interior alterations in Erich Maria Remarque's home—before Greta Garbo came along and changed things back again!

There's one little detail in the Gabin home Marlene is not responsible for. That's the Dietrich photo gallery spread over the place. In two rooms alone, his living room and den, Jean has displayed seven framed portraits of his luscious girl friend. And loose on the piano are duplicates of each one framed. That's what we call friendship!

MARRIAGE AND MISS DURBIN

Love, as they say, is a wonderful thing. It makes old people young, and young people younger. And so it is in the case of Deanna Durbin.

Now that Deanna is well-advanced in matronhood, friends are becoming aware of a radical change in her demeanor. Gone is the air of maturity and excessive dignity with which Deanna awed the world. The new Mrs. Paul obviously has grown more youthful. She mingles and melts when she's in a crowd, is noticeably buoyant and more friendly. At the rate she's going, joshing intimates declare she'll soon be crawling around in didies!

On the subject of didies and those who wear them, Deanna herself has something to say. "No babies for four or five years. Vaughn and I want to have lots of fun while we're young. But you can put us down for 1946. We do want a family."

STRICTLY BUSINESS

Remember, not so long ago when an Earl Carroll bartender asked John Barrymore if he knew what a zombie was, and Barrymore replied: "I should—I was married to one!" That same evening, John made a few unfortunate and ungentlemanly remarks to a young lady at a nearby table and, in the ensuing brawl with the young lady's escort, was tossed out of Carroll's on his ear.

John has never gone back to the restaurant. Which is too bad for it was his favorite hangout, and he's been like a lamb without its baa ever since.

But John can take heart again. He may soon find another night spot ready to welcome him with open arms. None other than Elaine Barrie, John's former wife and the lady so ungallantly referred to above, is planning to open a snazzy club in the San Fernando Valley.

Elaine is a smart girl. She knows no club can exist without publicity. And she knows publicity follows Barrymore. It's our guess Elaine will forgive and forget and possibly even stage a

tender reconciliation with her Puckish ex-mate.

We can just see it now. Soft lights. Sweet music. An intimate scene between a man and his woman . . . with all newspapermen invited!

A MAN WITH A PAST

It's a tough life studio press agents lead. As though it weren't hard enough making dumb dames appear smart, they now have to make smart kids appear dumb!

Over at M-G-M is an example of what we mean. The studio recently contracted a cute little five-year-old named Richard Hall. But Richard is more than cute. He is also a genius.

And is Metro proud of owning the kind of youngster who would make Einstein hide in his own hair? They are not. Metro believes the public finds child prodigies repulsive! So, instead of blowing their horns about Dicky—who, incidentally, was discovered by Tallulah Bankhead—studio publicity men have been instructed to keep his past hushed up.

However, we are not M-G-M press agents. We are going to risk everything and tell all. Here goes:

Richard Hall learned to read at the age of one. He peruses the newspapers daily, foreign news included. He has played the piano since he was two. He composes original music—and it's good. He is currently engaged in doing a smash job in "Shadow of Thin Man." He is said to be giving Bill Powell an inferiority complex.

Are you repulsed? We hope not. In our opinion, Dicky is kind of nice. He just got off on the wrong foot.

WE'RE CONVINCED!

As long as Hollywood feels duty bound to produce an annual crop of Cinderellas, we pray they will continue to pick them as sweet and deserving as Joan Leslie. Joan is the original Miracle Kid, but her indifference to the wonders that have befallen her is so complete, it's weird!

We know. We talked to her just before she set off on a recent trip to New York. She was going, she told us, to see the shows and meet the press. She went on to say she would reside at the ultra-deluxe Ritz Towers Hotel, occupy a plushy suite and wear exquisite clothes while being fêted by scores of celebrities. Which is quite something for a young lady who, the last time she visited the Big Town, lived in a tent outside the city limits!

She was thrilled, of course. But in such a wholesome, Christmasy sort of way, our suspicions were soon aroused.

"Joan," we said, watching carefully for any grande dame gesture. "You're going to entertain a great many people. Have you anything in mind by way of preparing for these meetings?"

Warners' wonder child gulped. "Gosh, yes," she said. "I must remember to take the bands off my teeth!"

WASTE MATTER

Bette Davis has an itch. This time it's to co-star with Franchot Tone. She thinks the soulful-eyed, cynical-smiled Tone is the greatest actor ever to hit Hollywood, not excluding Muni and Tracy. She's even threatening to turn the studio upside down in order to get him for a leading man!

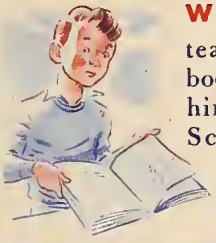
Bette's only gripe against Franchot is that up till now he's been wasting himself. That isn't exactly news to Mr. Tone. Lots of women have inferred that. But this is the first time on record that a female has meant as an actor—and not as a potential husband!

How to keep your Men Happy





WHEN SONNY tears his favorite book . . . mend it for him quickly with Scotch Tape. It is transparent as glass—seals without water.







WHEN JUNIOR'S snapshots scatter like leaves . . . hold them tightly in his album with Scotch Tape. Just a touch of the finger and it's sealed.





WHEN DAD'S golf club windings loosen . . . hand him Scotch Tape. Fastens windings tightly, and protects them, too.







FOR YOURSELF Scotch Tape seals packages quickly, holds shelf paper, mends torn window shades, seals labels on jars and speeds dozens of other tasks.

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

SEALS WITHOUT WATER · TRANSPARENT AS GLASS



FREE BOOKLET
How to save time & trouble. Write: Scotch Tape, Dept. MG-111, 900 Fauquier Ave. Saint Paul, Minn.



"Look for the name Scotch Tape"

25c at Drug, Stationery, Department, Hardware, and 5 & 10c Stores.

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Mrs. David Daniel Rose's marriage hasn't hurt her popularity a bit. She and Bob Young (who's thrilled over his H. M. Pulham role) were mobbed by autograph hounds.



Those erstwhile romancers, Alice Faye and Cesar Romero, are still good pals. Alice and Phil Harris plan to make the whole thing awfully legal by remarrying in September.

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED . . .

MODESTY IN MONKEYDOM

When the Hays office banned the "sweater set," woolen manufacturers jumped to the defense of the victims, beating their breasts and shouting for justice. When heavy drinking and swearing scenes were ordered curbed, beer mug makers and rugged individualists leaped screaming to the fore and wrote their congressmen. In fact, every time the Hays office has issued an edict, someone has risen in anger and denounced it. That is—every time but one.

We learned about the exception to the rule just the other day from a quiet little man named Jake. Jake is the keeper of a chimpanzee called Muk, and we came upon the pair in a Paramount alleyway outside the sound stage where Dorothy Lamour is at present saronging in a picture entitled "Malaya."

Now, there is nothing unusual about a monkey on a studio lot, but what Jake was doing to this one was slightly out of the ordinary. For Muk, an extremely unappetizing-looking dish, was perched atop a beer barrel on all fours—with his rump pointed squarely into Jake's face. And Jake, poor fellow, was slowly and sadly blackening that rump with liquid shoe polish!

When we had recovered from a double take that almost broke our neck, we asked Jake how come.

"It's the Hays office," he told us, gently working his way around a curve.

"The ape family don't have much hair on this part of their anatomy, and the Hays Office says it's indecent for the pink skin to show through on the screen. So we paint 'em," he said, demonstrating with a second coat. "Paint 'em every hour because the chimps jump around so much, it wears off. Silly, ain't it?" We thought we detected a note of embarrassment.

"Uh, huh," we murmured, and we walked away. We felt he'd rather be alone.

MUSIC NOTES

Judy Garland and hubby Dave Rose have co-composed a ditty titled "One Love" . . . Mary Martin has waxed a record library of lullabies. She'll use them on her new baby, thereby saving wear and tear on her vocal chords . . . Buddy Pepper's latest ballad, "What Good Would It Do," is receiving Duke Ellington platter treatment.

(*Continued on page 100*)



Linda Darnell, who's more gorgeous every time you turn around, played hooky from her cough medicine to ride in the parade. Had bad cold, but refused to stay home

IT'S GLAMOUR NEWS!

—in Hollywood



JOAN BENNETT

Star of
20th Century-Fox's
"Confirm or Deny"

—in your own home town!





MILDER!
COSTLY PERFUME!
PURE!
ACTIVE LATHER!

CLEVER WOMEN EVERYWHERE take Hollywood's tip—find ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap a wonderful beauty aid! "Here's all you do," says lovely Joan Bennett—"Smooth the lather lightly in. Rinse with warm water, then cool. Pat to dry." Try this gentle care for 30 days!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Why I switched to **Meds**

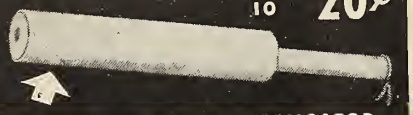


—by a society editor

My job is keeping up-to-date, so I've used *internal* sanitary protection for a long time. But Meds are my latest find! They're the new and improved tampon brought out by Modess—and I do mean *improved!*

Comfort? Why, you hardly know you're wearing Meds! And what grand protection—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And imagine —Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—or 98¢ for sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little.

BOX OF 10 20¢



EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

Meds

THE MODESS TAMPON

Now—Big Bargain Pack, too!

60 Meds only 98¢

20 more tampons than in any other 98¢ package!



Don't Let Surface **PIMPLES** Get You Down! JUST DO THIS...

Use Poslam, as thousands do, it's a concentrated ointment that starts to work right away, no long waiting for results. Apply Poslam Ointment tonight—wash face with pure Poslam Soap—the price is small—the relief great! All druggists.

FREE: Generous ointment sample — write to Poslam, Dept. M-11, 254 W. 54 St, N. Y. C.

POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 17*)

to the swamp with some panther traps. Dana promises, sets off for town with "Trouble," who has reappeared.

He moves into a shack near where Anne lives and proceeds to fall in love with her, completely neglecting his former sweetheart, Virginia Gilmore. Dana returns to Brennan with the traps and learns the real story of the murder for which Walter's to hang. The whole thing was framed, and the actual slayer is Guinn Williams.

Back in town again, Dana attends a meeting called by the sheriff, during which Virginia—jilted and bitter—challenges him to tell whom he visits in the swamp and suggests that perhaps it's Brennan.

The last reels of the film show a thrilling fight in the swamp between Andrews and Brennan and Guinn Williams and his brother, Ward Bond. "Trouble" appears at the psychological moment, and all ends well—with wedding bells for Anne and Dana in the offing.—*TCF.*

THE SMILING GHOST

Rich and lovely Alexis Smith carries the jinx label "Kiss of Death Girl" because all but one of her suitors have died violently. The sole survivor, David Bruce, is in an iron lung. To lift the hoodoo, Alexis' aunt, Helen Westley, hires Wayne Morris for $1,000 and expenses, to court her for a month. Through a mess of ghostly adventures, he wins through but ends up, not in Alexis' arms, but in those of Brenda Marshall, a tenacious girl reporter. The villain? See the picture and find out.—*W. B.*

NINE LIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH

Ronald Reagan, flip-tongued reporter, muffs a chance to solve the case of Edward Abbott, missing millionaire, when Howard da Silva, his city editor, demotes him to a patrol car shift for pulling a half-cocked scoop on a local public enemy. But he stumbles into the case anyway with the help of Police Sergeant Jimmy Gleason, finds Abbott's dead body, and teams up with the latter's daughter, Joan Perry, to prove it was murder, not suicide. He does, of course, but not before there's plenty of shooting, police car chasing, and a couple of juicy plot twists. But Ronald winds up with Joan as wife, and the job of city editor in his own pocket.—*W. B.*

TWO LATINS FROM MANHATTAN

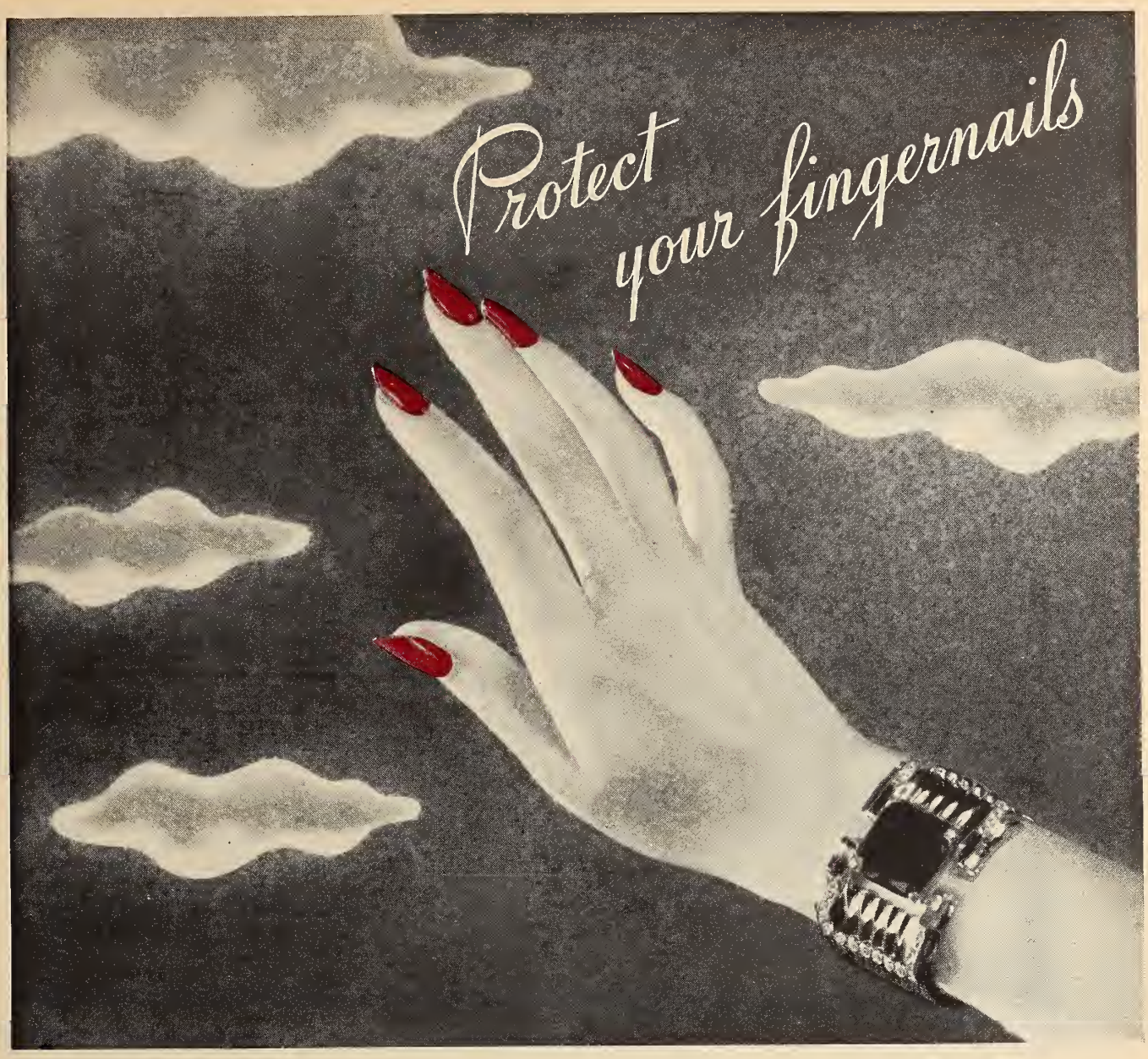
Joan Davis, press agent for a night club, had her hands full. Marquita Madero and Carmen Morales, the South American dancing team she had ordered, vanished right after their plane arrival. Afraid to face Don Beddoe, her boss, she coaxes Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Woodbury, two models, to impersonate the dancers. A complication arises when Fortunio Bonanova arrives, announces himself as their brother and accompanist. The girls are a hit, but the two real dancers arrive on the next night, stage a hair-pulling match until immigration authorities show up to arrest them for illegal entry. When Joan Davis confesses all to Don, they discover that Fortunio had plotted to keep the real dancers from keeping their American engagement. Since Joan and Jinx are already a hit, she further admits all to the night club patrons, and all ends happily.—*Col.*

THREE GIRLS ABOUT TOWN

Put Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes as sisters and hostesses in a convention hotel where a magicians' group moves out to make place for a bunch of morticians—add a disappearing corpse, an-



Chronic honeymooners Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman are the town's greatest matchmakers. Have married off practically all their pals but Eddie Albert.



Make them more beautiful with DURA-GLOSS



3 NEW COLORS
Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades for Fall and Winter
RED PEPPER CINNAMON NUTMEG

10¢
at beauty counters everywhere

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Someday you're going to take the trip of your dreams . . . someday you're going to do something wonderful, spectacular . . . but today, *now*? What are you doing to make yourself the sort of person to whom things just naturally happen?

Your hands, your fingernails, do they invite adventure? Give them a chance—**Dura-Gloss** will give you the most beautiful fingernails in the world, will lend your nails *personality*, high color, brilliance, shimmering, shining, sparkling, beauty, help you find the excitement, the fun that is rightfully yours. There's a big bottle of Dura-Gloss waiting for you in your favorite shop . . . why don't you go get it *now*?

DURA-GLOSS

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

What baby powder is *most* antiseptic?



These photos show standard laboratory tests of antiseptic properties of 3 leading baby powders. Width of the dark area around center of plate shows power to prevent growth of germs. Only the bottom plate, holding Mennen powder, shows definite antiseptic value.

Being antiseptic, Mennen helps protect baby's skin against germs. Made by exclusive Mennen process, "hammerizing," it is smoother, more uniform in texture. And you'll like its new, delicate fragrance.

MENNEN
BORATED POWDER
(Antiseptic)

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How to decorate burnt wood etchings, glorified glass, plaques, mirror pictures, copper and brass craft, etc. Write for catalog B-11.
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Mother's Favorite
BABY SHOES

Soft, flexible leather shoes cuddle feet in cozy comfort. Made scientifically. Room for growth. Snug at heel. Cushioned insole. No seams to rub. Genuine Prewelt construction. Smart styles. From cradle to 4 years. $1.29 to $1.79. Write for literature, name of nearest dealer. A. S. Kreider Co., Lebanon, Pa. Department R



On sale at shoe, department and variety stores

other sister, Janet Blair, a cocky, handsome newshawk (John Howard)—and you've got something. The plot's too good to uncover, but we might as well tell you the corpse is a fake, and Joan gets her John, while Janet winds up with her pretty bottom spanked.—*Col.*

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH

Bob Benchley, New York stage producer, incautiously gifts Rita Hayworth, one of his chorines, with a diamond bracelet. To escape the wrath of his wife, Frieda Inescourt, he cooks up a romance between Rita and Fred Astaire, his brilliant dance director. Being announced as engaged in the newspapers is too much for Fred and Rita, however. She leaves the show. He fakes his weight to get into the army, finds that John Hubbard, Rita's childhood sweetheart is his captain. When Rita comes to visit John, Fred begins to fall for her. Swiping a captain's uniform, he goes A.W.O.L., calls on her, finds John and several other real captains there. John, amused, protects him from exposure. Meanwhile Bob Benchley, desperate without Fred, decides to bring his show to camp for Fred to direct. Wily Fred, now madly in love with Sheila, devises a wedding scene for the show, brings in a real justice of the peace. As a climax, they're really married, just before Fred's dragged off to the guardhouse.—*Col.*

THE BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE

Leif Erikson's adventures with blonde and beautiful Florence Rice, shady pearl divers, a Sultana and her unpleasant son, begin when he's dismissed from the RAF in Singapore for stunting too often. Leif's difficulties crop up in trying to keep and sell a haul of pearls he's gathered honestly. Chief obstacles are Florence, the Sultana, and the British High Commissioner. Though a kidnapping snarl requires a good deal of exciting footage to straighten out, Leif finally gets his jewels, sells them, and wins back his RAF commission.—*Col.*

NEW YORK TOWN

Here's a movie that shows you a cross-section of the Big Town and fleeting glimpses into the lives of about a dozen people. There's an unhappy young married couple, a violinist, a mother and father and their recently-acquired quadruplets. Most important characters are Fred MacMurray—a wise-cracking sidewalk photographer who hails from Indiana—and Mary Martin—a dead-broke heartbreaker from Vermont. They meet when Fred snaps Mary's picture and gets her to fill in her name on one of his cards. He discovers her plight and offers to let her live at the apartment he shares with Akim Tamiroff, impoverished European painter. When she ascertains that the proposition is strictly on the up and up, she accepts, and earns her board by selling portraits that Akim paints from Fred's photos. In this way, Fred tells Mary, she'll meet some rich guy whom she can hook. She does meet the r. g., but meanwhile she falls in love with Fred and vice versa. After innumerable misunderstandings, they finally get together.—*Par.*

FATHER TAKES A WIFE

Adolphe Menjou, light-hearted multi-millionaire ship magnate, chided by stuffy Son John Howard for neglecting business, kicks over the traces completely and marries Gloria Swanson, first lady of the theater. John's wife also disapproves, but the honeymooners go off blissfully on one of Adolphe's boats, pick up Desi Arnaz, famous singer, sole survivor of a shipwreck. At home, Gloria irritates Adolphe by boosting the young musician. They quarrel and separate. To patch things up, John carries off Desi to *his* home, but here the same thing happens. When things look blackest Aunt Julie (Helen Broderick) packs Desi off on a year's tour, with Adolphe and John footing the bill. Their gloom really explodes at the news that they're both expectant fathers.—*RKO.*

MOONLIGHT IN HAWAII

A flop on the radio, Johnny Downs and his quartet, the Merry Macs, escort wealthy Marjorie Gateson and her three nieces, Mary Lou Cook, Elaine Morey, and Sunnie O'Dea to Hawaii. At a Honolulu hotel, Johnny tangles with Jane Frazee, a guest, then he and his boys win a chance on the air from the hotel's wacky ork leader, Mischa Auer. Jane and Johnny make up, plot to get Leon Errol, her rich pineapplecanning father as radio sponsor. Latter is feuding with Richard Carle, who grows the pineapples. Both, to raise money, court Marjorie Gateson. Though she finally marries Mischa instead, all three become amicable radio sponsors for Johnny and the boys. —*Univ.*

GREAT GUNS

Gardener and butler in the home of rich young Dick Nelson, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy join the army to protect him when he's drafted. Sadly enough, Daniel falls for Sheila Ryan, who runs a Post photo shop and is sweetie of a tough sergeant. Believing Daniel's heart to be weak, his two protectors do everything they can to break up the romance —with the sergeant's cheerful cooperation—but Daniel wins through to a corporal's chevrons and a firm half-nelson on Sheila's heart.—*TCF.*

THE FEMININE TOUCH

College professor Don Ameche swears up and down that he's immune to jealousy, proves it by remaining amused when a star tackle falls in love with his wife, Roz Russell. To further his point, he writes a learned treatise, "Jealousy in All Its Aspects and Universal Applications." In marketing the book he becomes on more intimate terms with the green-eyed monster, learns there's much he's left unexplored on the subject, feels actual pangs more than once. Rumpus-raisers are publisher Van Heflin who falls for Roz, and Kay Francis, who pursues Don. Even though Don's impregnable cocksureness is pierced, everybody's blissful in the end.—*M-G-M.*

MARRIED BACHELOR

Robert Young's lack of responsibility almost breaks up his idyllic marriage to Ruth Hussey. After a period of prolonged idleness, he turns bookie, gets into debt and is forced to pose as the bachelor-author of a book he never wrote. The publisher, Lee Bowman, becomes infatuated with Ruth, who's in on Bob's hoax and takes it as a big joke. That is, until he begins to take his fake personality too seriously, when she threatens to leave him. At that point he has to do some pretty fast stepping to win her back via a nation-wide broadcast confession. —*M-G-M.*

WHY I SAID YES TO BILL HOLDEN

(*Continued from page 41*)

The anger went out of her. She saw Bill in that role in real life, white-coated and earnest in a gleaming jar-filled laboratory. She knew then just where Bill had made his final compromise. She looked at him and opened her lips to speak. She found to her surprise words wouldn't come. His face was a blur.

That should have told her, but it didn't. Young stars in Hollywood have so much to think of besides love. The studios would just as soon they wouldn't think too much about it. Besides, there was the divorce decree to be had. That meant for a year she could not marry. But time meant nothing then. She had no thought of marriage. Oh, there were days of course. . . . For instance that day she went with Bill aboard the boat of a friend of his.

The blue Pacific glittered in the bright sun that day. Brenda sat on top of the cabin, Bill on deck, hands clasped behind his head lazily looking up at her. Her hair was very long then, rippling to her waist, and the breeze played through it. As Bill looked at her his eyes narrowed a little against the sun and against something else he must have felt within.

"YOU know you have beautiful hair," he said. There was such reverence in his voice, laughter shook her; but it stopped before it reached her lips. Was it the sun, the salt air . . . the wind . . . or what? She felt suddenly very happy.

Bill grinned. "I'm in love with your hair," he said.

She looked down at him. She cocked her head on one side and studied him. The expression on her face suggested she was thinking, *what is this*?

It took near-tragedy to show Bill Holden what he really felt about her.

Bill loved horses. He begged her to ride with him, and she went. At first she was scared to death.

Then, during the month that followed, she and Bill rode every chance they got. They rode out from the stables into the brush-covered hills that separate the Valley from Hollywood proper. They rode Western. No fancy clothes or bridle paths for them.

Bill was enthusiastic about the way the Pony Express riders swung themselves into the saddle while the horse was moving, and he was practising it one day. Brenda, watching him, thought she might try it, too. She put her foot in the stirrup, gripped the reins and saddle horn with her right hand. The horse started. Brenda tried to pull herself up into the saddle with the horse in motion. She felt her body suddenly a tremendous weight. She heard Bill shout to her, but the clatter and thud of hoofs as he galloped up drowned out his words. She tried once more, but couldn't make it. Her hand slipped, she fell on her back and lay still. Her eyes flew wide open and beyond that vague, stunned feeling of going out, she saw Bill approaching.

That was the last she knew, except for one brief moment when her eyes fluttered open, and she saw Bill's white face, heard him say huskily, "Don't move, Ardis. For God's sake, don't move."

He didn't have to warn her. She was already slipping back into unconsciousness.

Bill summoned help, and they got her to the hospital.

It was no less than a miracle that she

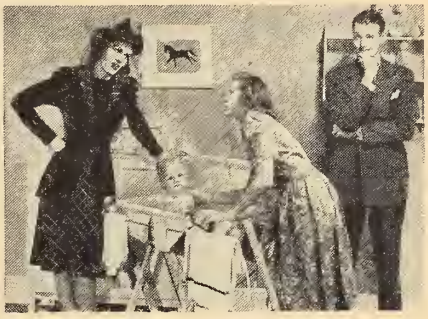


"I won't have your sister interfering with our baby!"

1. My sister-in-law lives near by. And I often wish she didn't. She's really swell and we're proud of her because she's such a successful career woman. But gosh, why do women who have no children always think they're child authorities?



2. Last week, I'd just told Bill off about her interfering, when in she walked. I was bathing the baby. She looked at the things I keep in the bathinette pockets and said (for about the twentieth time this month!), "Lucy Bender—*how* you spoil this baby!"



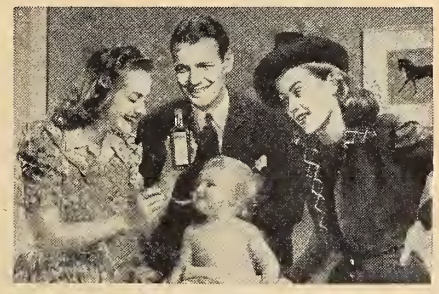
3. "Look at all this stuff!" she went on. "Special diapers, special rubbing oil, special powder, and even—" "Yes," I interrupted, "even a special laxative! *Especially* a special laxative! You *bet* my baby gets special care. I do exactly what the doctor tells me to do for her."



4. "The doctor says you can't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. And you've got to be *particularly* careful of what goes into her little stomach. That's why she gets a laxative made especially for infants and children. The *doctor* recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "There isn't a harsh drug in it. Fletcher's Castoria is mild but effective. And *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system. Tastes good, too. I wouldn't be without it—and when *you* have a baby you'll feel the same way!"



6. Well, she watched the baby take a spoonful of Fletcher's Castoria and when she saw the way baby *enjoyed* it, she said, "You know—maybe you've got something there!" And s'help me, she's *asked* instead of *told* me about my baby ever since! I hope it lasts.



Mrs. Bender Learns to Save Money on Fletcher's Castoria

By buying the large family-size bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, you make a real saving.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

escaped serious injury, the doctors said.

While she lay in the hospital bed, she watched Bill come and go, listened to his voice over the telephone at her bedside, received flowers and gifts from him. He was a new Bill, wearing his heart in his eyes.

She had to face it then and admit it. Here was Bill, coming to her, waiting on her, doing things for her. He was no different from those who came up the hard way now; his sweetness, his sympathy and understanding. It takes living, not coddling, to make people feel like that. Perhaps she had misjudged him.

I'm afraid I'm falling in love with him, she thought. But there are two careers to be considered. No, she told herself, it can't be, it mustn't be.

Before she left the hospital Bill was ordered by his studio on location in Arizona.

Then came the test. After Bill had gone, the world to Brenda became a vacuum. It was as if the sun had gone out of it. She left the hospital glad to be free of physical handicap, grateful for her recovery but wondering what she would do about this new problem—this spiritual hazard.

She returned to work and began a series of pictures for her studio. Bill telephoned every night from Arizona bemoaning the fact





Keep 'Em Smiling

—with Plenty of Swell-Tasting
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM



Men just naturally go for this grand, long-lasting, two-fisted flavor of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Here's real, he-man appeal all right and no fooling. The lively, full-bodied, spearmint flavor takes right hold, freshening up your taste and, just that quick, makes your whole mouth feel cool and comfortable—helps sweeten the breath, too.

And this isn't all—for there's that swell, firm, springy "give and take" to Wrigley's Spearmint Gum which gives a fellow such a lot of extra fun. And the chewing helps keep teeth bright and attractive—also aids digestion.

So be popular with "the boy friends"—keep 'em smiling with plenty of swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum.

The Flavor Lasts V-210

that he could not fly back to see her. His voice coming over the wire night after night made her wonder: Was this thing she was beginning to believe in true, or was it only something that healed over quickly and was already gone, like her body recovering from the fall. . . .

There was only one way to find out. If he couldn't come to her, she would go to him. So Brenda flew to Arizona.

But again work, the careers into which both of them put themselves so wholly, made the hours they spent together unfit for complete relaxation, for more complete understanding. Bill was working hard, he was tired. She had boarded the plane when she should have gone home and rested. The trip told her nothing.

WHEN Brenda returned to Hollywood, she was desperately tired. Her trip had caused gossip. Both she and Bill were asked on every side if they had set the date. Bill looked uncomfortable when anyone asked him. Brenda wearily denied there was anything to the rumor.

She knew a lot could happen before she was free. She knew nothing could persuade her to go to Mexico to be married to shave the time. She decided maybe it was just as well that they didn't talk about it or think too much about it.

When Bill came back from Arizona, he took her with him every Sunday to the rifle range in the Valley where he loved to shoot. He bought her three guns in rapid succession, a .22 rifle, a .20 gauge shotgun and a .22 pistol which he told her always to keep close by for her own personal protection.

They rode again. They took her daughter Ginger places with them. Bill adores her. Brenda, watching them romp together, saw how alike they are; Ginger's blue eyes, that extra-special appealing cleft in her chin.

Brenda's business agent found a ranch in the Valley which he felt would be a good investment as speculation. She asked Bill to take a look at it, and when Bill saw it, he liked it and said he would like to put some of his own money in it if she were willing. They became enthusiastic about this joint investment. Bill had his own small place in the Valley. Brenda had hers. Each one would have liked to have claimed the larger place as home, but upkeep made it a luxury neither one could afford. They had to be content to stand at a distance and look at it through a business agent's eyes.

Then Bill's studio sent him to Texas to make "I Wanted Wings."

When he came back from Texas, he called to see her. "Come out to the car," he said. "I've got something for you."

She went out thinking it was flowers, some special gift. On the way he caught up her hand and put something in it, pressing her fingers around it. A very small box containing a diamond ring!

She wore the ring on a ribbon about her neck. They told no one.

On June 17th her divorce was final, and just before midnight on July 12th they boarded a chartered plane for Las Vegas. The Brian Donlevys went with them.

But because it was Brenda's marriage, it still had its element of the unexpected. The pilot made a forced landing in a sand bank three quarters of a mile from the airport which had been torn up for repairs. Through sand knee-deep the wedding party plodded. Some one was trying to balance the box of orchids. Brian kept asking Bill if he was sure he had brought the ring. Brenda was smiling to herself. Bill plodded along at her side, step by step. She looked at him then, and she found her answer. Come easy, come hard, it made no difference to Bill. It was life. He could take it in his stride.

They had made arrangements ahead, and though they were hours late and Brenda's white linen suit was crushed and the orchids a bit the worse for the juggling, they got the license. The preacher had had faith enough in God and man to wait up, and there, he was dressed in black in the bridal suite at the El Rancho Vegas, the only place in town available at that hour.

AT THE last minute they asked the pilot of the plane that had brought them to give the bride away.

So they were married. The plodding through the sand, all the steps that had brought them through the months to where they stood then, became suddenly sweet, sacred and meaningful.

Next morning they had a champagne breakfast and flew over Boulder Dam. Now Brenda is in Hollywood making a picture, and Bill has gone on location to Carson City, Nevada. Before Bill left, Brenda had to go to Canada and couldn't see him off. But today, Brenda looks at you, her heart in her eyes, and says, "Our future? Oh, our dreams for the future are terrific! We want life at our own ranch—the one Bill and I invested our money in. We've decided to live there. Bill intends to acquire adjoining land and build stables, and we will have our own horses. Ginger adores it."

What is there to stop love like that?

One thing is certain, if it is possible in heaven or on earth, those two kids are the ones who will make it come true.



Exclusive! NOT a comb. Each SPLIT tooth (like tiny spring) grips gently, holds firmly, keeps hair secure — GRIP-TUTH's patented principle!

ANN MILLER, starred in "Time Out for Rhythm" A Columbia Picture . . .

uses GRIP-TUTH to keep her coiffure lovely!



Catch a few strands in Grip-Tuth. It won't fall out or work loose.



It's true! Grip-Tuth holds *any* style hair-do lovely longer! Slipped into place in a jiffy, each split tooth grips your waves, puffs, curls — holds them gently but firmly, so they keep looking perfect for *days* longer. And it's ideal for ribbons, bows, flowers, hair ornaments!

NOTE: *If notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card (two retainers). State hair color.*

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YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse operas"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your new revised chart is as good as lassoed!

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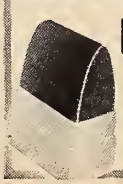
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Go modern with the completely different HAMPDEN'S rouge. This wonderful color cream is so easy to use • blends off to nothing • gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like 'nature's blush.' It's the rouge plus!



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Marjorie Woodworth, lovely Hal Roach star in "All-American Co-ed"



What Lovely Hair!

THANKS TO NESTLE SUPERSET

NO need to envy the girl with naturally wavy hair—not when you use Nestle Superset. Work—play—dance—your curls and waves will stay soft and lustrous. No straggling ends or limp, dangling curls to spoil your attractive hair-do.

Nestle Superset is fun to use—dries so amazingly fast—and never, never leaves embarrassing white flakes. There are two Nestle Supersets to choose from. The regular (green) and the new Number 2 which is transparent and extra fast drying. You'll find them both at your beauty counter—in addition to Nestle Colorinse—the nation's leading rinse!

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SUPERSET
10¢ at all 10¢ stores



MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)	3★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia)	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners)	2½★
Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount)	C 2½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)	C 3★
*Appointment For Love (Universal)	3★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Store, The (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M)	C 3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blandie Goes Latin (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blondie in Society (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M)	4★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Buck Privates (Universal)	C 2½★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO)	4★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Devil and Miss Janes, The (RKO)	3½★
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (M-G-M)	3★
Double Date (Universal)	2★
Dressed to Kill (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal)	3½★
Flight from Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Footlight Fever (RKO)	2★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners)	3★
Forced Landing (Paramount)	2½★
Free and Easy (M-G-M)	2★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Getaway, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO)	3★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Go West (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners)	3½★
Great Mr. Nobody (Warners)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Hello Sucker (Universal)	2½★
Here Comes Happiness (Warners)	2½★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)	4★
Her First Beau (Columbia)	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal)	C 2½★
Hold That Ghost (Universal)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners)	3★
Horror Island (Universal)	2★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Happened to One Man (RKO)	3★
*It Started With Adam (Universal)	4★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount)	3½★
Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount)	3½★
Knockout (Warners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
*Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	4★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount)	3½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal)	3★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)	2★
Life Begins for Andy Hardy (M-G-M)	C 3★
Life With Henry (Paramount)	C 2½★
Little Faxes, The (RKO)	4★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia)	2★
Love Crazy (M-G-M)	3½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Major Barbara (United Artists)	C 3½★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Man Made Manster (Universol)	2★
Manpower (Warners)	3★
Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universol)	3★

Picture	General Rating
Meet Jahn Doe (Warners)	4★
Melady for Three (RKO)	2½★
*Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Men of Boys Town (M-G-M)	C 3★
Million Dollar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attarney (Republic)	2★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Model Wife (Universal)	3★
Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount)	2½★
Maan Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*My Life with Caroline (RKO)	3★
Nice Girl? (Universal)	3½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
*Nathing But the Truth (Paramount)	3★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★
One Night in Lisban (Paramount)	3★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
Parson of Panamint (Paramaunt)	3★
Penalty, The (M-G-M)	3★
Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
Pot O' Gold (United Artists)	3★
Power Dive (Paramount)	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramaunt)	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M)	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	C 2★
Reaching for the Sun (Paramount)	3½★
Reluctant Dragan (RKO)	3★
*Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Ringside Maisie (M-G-M)	2½★
Road ta Zanzibar (Paramaunt)	C 4★
Road Show (United Artists)	2½★
Roakies an Parade (Republic)	C 2½★
Round-Up, The (Paramount)	3★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sea Wolf, The (Warners)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Scattergood Baines (RKO)	2½★
Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Scatland Yard (20th Century-Fax)	2★
She Knew All the Answers (Calumbia)	3★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramaunt)	3½★
Shining Victory (Warners)	2½★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
Six Lessons From Madame La Zanga (Universal)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Strange Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Strawberry Blonde (Warners)	3½★
Sunny (RKO)	3★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Suspicion (RKO)	3★
Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia)	2★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
That Hamilton Woman (United Artists)	3½★
That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	3★
There's Magic in Music (Paramaunt)	2½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia)	2★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Met in Bambay (M-G-M)	3★
Thase Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Tight Shaes (Universal)	3★
Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia)	2½★
Tabacco Road (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Tom Brawn's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO)	4★
Tao Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Topper Returns (United Artists)	3★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Two in a Taxi (Columbia)	2½★
Underground (Warners)	3½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners)	3★
Washington Melodrama (M-G-M)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M)	3★
Waman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
*Yank in R. A. F., The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Yaung As You Feel (20th Century-Fax)	2★
You're The One (Paramount)	2½★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★

EYE CUES

(Continued from page 47)

if for only a second or two at a time. Relax them now and then by cupping your hands over each one to shut out all the light. After a hard day's work or before getting dressed for an extra-special date, wring out a square of cotton in ice cold skin freshener or a special eye lotion. Place one over each closed eye and relax for ten or fifteen minutes. Or use some of those handy little specially-prepared eye pads that come in jars ready for use. You'll feel rested and refreshed all over after using them. A rich emollient cream massaged with a rotary motion into all the delicate skin surrounding the eyes is another beauty trick which smoothes out wrinkles and relaxes tired nerves.

Of course, outdoor exercise, especially games which require your eyes to follow some small object like a golf, tennis or ping-pong ball is excellent for eyes.

Don't forget to eat for eye beauty also. Butter, cream, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits are full of the essential Vitamin A.

Wear good, dark ground-lensed glasses when you must spend much time out in the glare of sun or snow or water. There are such good-looking dark glasses everywhere these days that they are as ornamental as they are beneficial.

EYES should be washed out night and morning with salt water, boric acid solution or one of the excellent specially-prepared eye washes. These relax, stimulate and strengthen as well as cleanse out dirt and accumulated secretions.

Remember that the smaller the area on which you fix your gaze, the easier a time your eyes will have. Don't try to see everything at once. Focus your eyes on one object at a time, then move and shift them often. Roll your eyes to right and left, then all around slowly every time you have a few spare moments by yourself. Look up as far as you can, then down. Open your eyes wide, then close them tightly. Alternate these little exercises and repeat them frequently.

And if you ever find yourself with a foreign body—a speck of dirt, cinder, etc. —in one of your eyes, here are a few helpful tips to follow. First, do *not* rub it in. Hold both eyes wide open as far as possible, without blinking, until the tears begin to flow. If this won't work, take the small corner of a *clean, dry* kerchief or tissue and try to dislodge the offending object. Hold the lid away from your eyeball by grasping the lashes gently but firmly. Don't wrap your kerchief around any hard object such as a pencil, match or toothpick. You're likely to damage your eye permanently by just such a trick. If all these resources fail, hie yourself to the nearest drug store or doctor for more expert ministrations.

There—we've outlined the basic care to strengthen and protect those orbs of yours. Now you can safely concentrate on make-up. Follow the tips in "Eyes Right" and in the chart following. You'll go out and slay the stag line.

No eyes are truly lovely unless they are clear, bright and healthy-looking, so whenever yours feel tired and strained or are inflamed, soothe them with Eye-Gene lotion. You need just a drop in each eye and they appear clear and refreshed in seconds. Use it as frequently as you like, although twice a day is the usual routine. Eye-Gene is stainless so you don't need to worry about soiling hankies or clothes.

What a Baby dreams about..



"Look here—you dream-angel!" Baby said.
"You know I ought to be home in bed.
Why, what if my parents could see me now!
Say—where are you taking me anyhow?"



"Oh dear, what's wrong with him? Can't we help?
It's awful to see an angel yelp!
By Jove! I see! It's a clear-cut case
Of *wing-chafe*. Look at this tender place!"



"Good thing my Johnson's was here at hand.
For chafes and prickles that powder's grand!
It's soft and silky, and what it's got
Makes angels of babies who are not!"

P.S. *If you've got a baby who's prickly or hot,*
Try Johnson's! It doesn't cost a lot!



Johnson's Baby Powder

"IT'S HEAVENLY SOFT"

HALLOWE'EN PARTY BY MICKEY ROONEY



Courtesy of Dennison Manufacturing Co.

BY HELEN HOLMES

All Hallow's Eve, that night of strange supernatural happenings when you may catch a glimpse of a witch flitting past the moon on her broomstick or dimly see a ghost lurking in the shadows, is celebrated the world over by traditional rites and festivities. On such a night, with its extraordinary possibilities for games and stunts, you may be sure that Hollywood's most popular young people, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Ann Rutherford, are planning a grand Hallowe'en party.

You can imagine Mickey's exuberance thinking up weird stunts for his guests and arranging the settings for the old time Hallowe'en games. In the rumpus room of his home he's planning to set up tubs of water for apple ducking and to hang apples from the ceiling by strings so that everyone can vie for the biggest bite.

Ann and Judy are helping Mickey's mother with the party. They are planning to set up a large table in the kitchen, cover it with a crêpe paper tablecloth and load it with all kinds of Hallowe'en party foods. Each person is to be provided with a tray and may select what he or she wishes and take it to small tables set up in the living room and dining room. Ann just adores making party favors herself, so she is decorating these tables with easy-to-make but clever little Hallowe'en figures and fun makers.

If you wish to make Ann's favors, mail the coupon which we are printing at the end of this article. And to help you further, at the top of the page there are little pen and ink drawings to show you just what they will look like.

And now for what still remains the best part of the party, even on Hallowe'en. Mickey wants doughnuts and fresh country cider, his mother thinks that sandwiches and coffee would be nice, and the girls want to try the Hallowe'en cake for which we are giving the recipe.

HALLOWE'EN CAKE

¾ cup cocoa
1¼ cups scalded milk
⅓ cup sugar
⅔ cup shortening

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
1¼ teaspoons soda
2 cups sifted flour

Mix and sift cocoa with ⅓ cup sugar. Add scalded milk gradually and stir until smooth. Cool. Blend shortening, salt and vanilla. Add 1 cup sugar gradually and cream well. Add eggs, singly, beating well after each addition. Sift soda with flour 3 times. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with cocoa mixture, mixing after each addition until smooth. Bake in three 9-inch greased layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. To substitute chocolate for cocoa, use 4 ounces chocolate. Cream 1⅓ cups sugar with shortening, salt and vanilla. Beat in eggs, singly: add melted chocolate and blend. Add sifted dry ingredients, alternately with milk.

HALLOWE'EN FROSTING

4 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon grated orange rind
4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
5 tablespoons orange juice (about)
7 chocolate creams

Blend butter, salt and orange rind. Add ½ cup sugar gradually, creaming well. Add remaining sugar, alternately with orange juice, beating until smooth. Add just enough orange juice to make a nice spreading consistency. Tint with orange coloring. Spread frosting between layers and on top of cake, reserving a little for making candy faces. Arrange chocolate candies around rim and in center of cake, pressing gently into frosting. On each candy make eyes, nose and mouth, using a toothpick dipped in frosting.

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send directions for making Hallowe'en Party Favors.

Name.....

Address.....
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Coupon may be pasted on postcard.
This offer expires Dec. 31, 1941.



"Now we will use Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Dirt is a destroyer . . . as this wise, young matron knows. The need to preserve the lovely things that suddenly are hers is as keen as the joy of ownership. As naturally as breathing, she plans to keep this new home *clean* with Fels-Naptha Soap.

No more shabbiness . . . This man of hers shall have the whitest shirts to wear. Her precious linens shall sparkle like new. Paints and porcelains must gleam, endlessly . . .

. . . and so that this bright dream shall reach reality, she has already told her grocer—"Now we *will* use Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



EX-LAX MOVIES

COLD LOGIC



JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.

JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

MARY: You won't hate *this*, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.

JIM: Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

MARY: That's the nice thing about Ex-Lax. It gets results — without upsetting you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX *The Original Chocolated Laxative*

"GAS"? HEARTBURN? For fast, *longer* relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts, due to excess stomach acid, try JESTS! Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

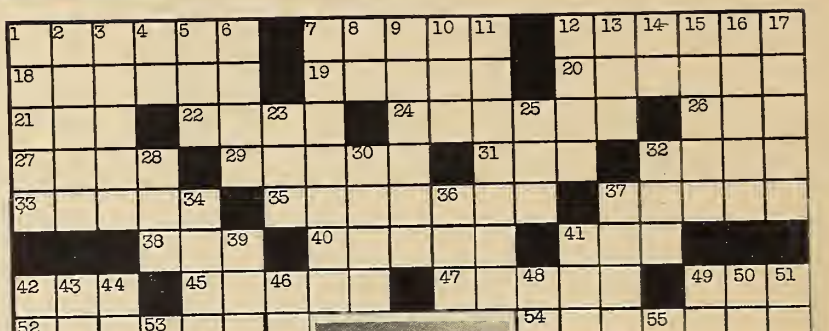




NEW! LATEST MODEL! POCKET RADIO! NO TUBES BATTERIES

DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS DUAL BANDS — MICRODIAL. Fits your pocket or purse—Wt. 6 ozs. ABOUT CIGARETTE PACKAGE SIZE! PATENTED FIXED POWER CRYSTAL! No upkeep—OWNERS REPORT 2-3 YEARS OF SERVICE!—THOUSANDS SOLD! M. L. of Ill., says "MIDGET RADIO WORKS FINE"! ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE. Shipped complete ready to listen with instructions and Tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed etc. NO ELECTRICITY REQUIRED! Send only $2.99 (M. O., Cash, Check) for postpaid delivery or GUARANTEE to pay postman $2.99 plus postage charges on arrival. PRICES MAY GO UP—GET YOUR MIDGET NOW! "MAGICTENNA" ELIMINATES OUTSIDE WIRES. MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. W-11, KEARNEY, NEBR.

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 100

ACROSS

1. Popular Warner Brothers' star, pictured
7. Shirley Temple's birthmonth
12. Last name of 1-Across
18. Grandmother of "Lydia"
19. Judge in "Life Begins for Andy Hardy"
20. Admission
21. - - - i Parrish
22. Designs Deanna's gowns
24. Parted
26. Exist
27. Level
29. Marjorie - - - - - r
31. Cushion
32. Glenda Farrell's birthplace
33. Sacred memento
35. "Belle Starr"
37. Myrna's mother in "Love Crazy"
38. Tough guy in "Badlands of Dakota"
40. Part of a stair
41. Tiny film part
42. Birthplace of 1-Across: T - - - ico, Ill.
45. Brod Crawford's mother
47. Songstress Merman
49. Femme in "Out of the Fog"
52. "The Great Man's Lady"
54. Romantic lead in "Charley's Aunt"
56. Dancer in "Lady Be Good"
57. With Jeanette in "Smiling Through"
58. French actress: init.
59. "The Pen - - ty"
60. Afternoon film showing
65. Feminine name
70. Love to excess
71. Star of "The Men in Her Life"
72. Actor in "The Getaway"
73. Star of "Dive Bomber"
76. Apart
78. Sigmoid worm
79. Peruvian plant
80. Producer of "Tanks a Million"
82. Vivien Leigh's home-land: ahbr.
84. Lead in "They Met in Bombay"
87. Our star's infant daughter
89. Auriculate
93. Range
94. Project
95. Servers
97. Top Western star
98. F - - - da Inescort
99. Edible root
101. Kind of meat
103. Luzon savage
104. Charlie McCarthy's better half
106. Character in music writing
108. Our star's role in "Santa Fe Trail"
110. She's in "Flight Patrol"
111. Vital elements
112. Stains

DOWN

1. Ann Sothern's husband
2. "Popeye The Sailor's" gal
3. - - - - - Bruce
4. "Sl - - e Ship"
5. Famed as "Dr. Kildare"
6. Babe in "Our Wife"
7. Dancer in "You'll Never Get Rich"
8. Liquid measure: abhr.
9. Star of "Tom, Dick and Harry"
10. Stage and screen beauty
11. Alice Faye's real name
12. Villain in "Aloma of the South Seas"
13. Conclusion
14. Near
15. Star of "Suspicion"
16. Bird's home
17. Requires
23. A movie stage
25. "Crime Does Not - - -"
28. Nothing
30. Fissure
32. Consume
34. George M. - - - - -
36. By birth
37. Outlaw Robert Taylor plays
39. Roman emperor
41. Sinister man in "The Black Cat"
42. Man's nickname
43. Mrs. Ray Milland's nickname
44. Hero in "Night of January 16th"
46. Our star was in "Million Dol - - - Baby"
48. Pronoun
49. Set apart
50. Lead in "Kiss Boys Goodbye"
51. "Blood - - - Sand"
53. Screen's "Sherlock Holmes"
55. Idol
60. Among
61. Deanna's mother
62. Feminine relation
63. Radio's "Henry Aldrich"
64. Always: poet.
65. Arabian name
66. Portend
67. Leading femme in "Unfinished Business"
68. "- - A Date"
69. "- - - Vegas Nights"
74. Haranguing
75. Comic in "Hold That Ghost"
76. Genus of maple
77. Bundles
79. R - - - nd Young
81. Star of "The Devil and Miss Jones"
83. Joke
84. Swedish star
85. What Elaine Barrie was called
86. "The Bad Man"
87. Mire
88. Pheasant's brood
90. Western heroes "line"
91. Penetrate
92. Precious ones
94. Our star's lovely wife
96. Pouches
99. Corded fabric
100. Witness
102. Comedian in "Dreaming Out Loud"
105. Opposite "Ringside Maisie": init.
107. 2,000: Rom. num.
109. Compass point

LOG OF A SAILOR

(Continued from page 29)

Horgan of the Associated Press was especially interested. "You're wasting time, kid. I know Director Ned Griffith. Want me to write him a letter?" It developed into a running gag.

Horgan covered Hayden's first real command. He took a 96-foot brig from Gloucester to Tahiti and had the time of his life. The crew were all amateurs, all friends of his, all working for a dollar a month and the hell of it. The owner gave him a free hand to buy what he needed and put in where he had to. It was more like a cruise than work, and it gave Stirling the idea of running a schooner commercially between Honolulu and Tahiti. After two delectable months on the island, he returned to raise money for his project.

It was rough going, but eventually he found a man with money and a synthetic yen for the sea. They formed a corporation to be known as The Viking Cruisers and made a down payment on the "Aldebaran," a 163-foot beauty built for the Kaiser in 1902—"the third biggest two-master in existence," says Hayden, a nostalgic light in his eye. Picking her up at Panama on December 10, 1939—another milestone—they rode into a real Cape Hatteras buster the day before Christmas, took a stiff shellacking and limped into Charleston with an exenthusiast aboard. "He wasn't a real sailor," says Stirling with moderation. "He quit. I borrowed enough to pay off the crew and went to New York to raise more money."

HE HAD thirty-five dollars. A sailing friend named O'Toole had thirty. They pooled resources and paid four dollars weekly for a furnished room which was kept habitable by liberal sprinklings of roach powder. Nobody wanted to invest in a commercial schooner. But Tom Horgan still wanted to send Hayden's photograph to Ned Griffith.

Stirling agreed. "Maybe if they took me on for a while, I could get enough out of it to buy the schooner." Their immediate problem was getting enough to put into their stomachs. A windfall helped. Velvet Tobacco paid Hayden, the mariner, a hundred and fifty dollars for a testimonial. They lived on that for a long time. Of course they could always have gone to sea. But Stirling had nailed his heart to the dream of his own ship. Sailing other men's ships would bring it no closer.

Mr. Griffith was New York bound and would see Hayden on arrival. They met one Sunday afternoon. Paramount has Griffith to thank for Hayden. He was sold from the time he laid eyes on him. He talked the studio into making a test, picked the material for it and coached the novice. According to Stirling, he must have talked them into a contract, too. "Because only a blind man would have signed me on the strength of the test. It smelled to high heaven."

He did a love scene from "Café Society" and a fight scene from "Anna Christie." He shook as with ague and had to keep rocking his legs to hold himself upright. The minute he stopped, his knees started beating an obligato to his terror. Worse than any storm he'd ever faced, the ordeal lasted through the day, and not till he'd had a few on the house at nightfall was he able to drag himself home to O'Toole and the roaches.

A few weeks later the contract came

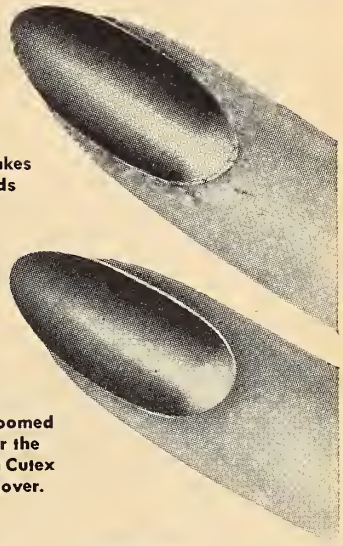
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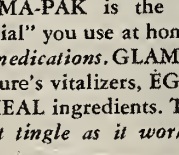
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along. Baffled and broke, Hayden borrowed two hundred dollars to get to California, which was three thousand miles closer to Tahiti anyway. He sent for his mother, a superlative housekeeper, and thereafter he ate well.

With Griffith's return, things started humming. He insisted on Hayden as his second male lead in "Virginia." First they told him he was crazy. Then they shrugged. "It's your own neck you're sticking out." So Stirling went with the rest of the cast to Virginia where most of the picture was shot. As luck arranged it, his first scene had him on horseback. Once signed for the part, he'd been treated to an intensive course in riding. But he still had his doubts as to what made a horse stop and go. Sweat poured down his back. "Sweat's not a good word, is it?" he inquired gravely. "But I don't know any other." His shirts flapped like white gulls under huge drying fans, for he had to change between every two takes. That scene marked the climax of his panic. Having mastered four legs before the cameras, he found it comparatively simple to continue on two.

What happened as a result of "Virginia" startled and gratified the studio. It startled Hayden and confounded him. Bound by a seven-year contract, he admits the impracticability of navigating a line to Tahiti on the side. He admits there's nothing he can do at the moment but ride with the current.

"How about a small boat?" somebody asked him.

"That," he replied, "would be like getting a trailer."

He's saving his money so he can buy the schooner if his career should droop—an unlikely contingency. Should it continue to flourish, he'll still buy the schooner and put her in shape for future use. By preference, Hayden shuts his mouth over his plans. You can extort a reluctant word or two, but the pattern is better divined by indirection.

You discover, for instance, that he doesn't ride or golf or play tennis. He's not interested in music. He reads a lot, but only about the water. "The trouble with going to sea," he says, "is that you get pretty much one-track." His use of the word "trouble" is merely a convention.

He's made no close friends among the movie crowd. Their life isn't his. "Back home," he recalls, puzzled, "we'd get a gang together and gab. Here they're always having parties." He used to like dancing but not to the crazy music they play now. As for liquor, he drinks when there's an occasion but doesn't consider it the indispensable adjunct to a good time. He quit smoking because he couldn't smoke normally. It was either three packs a day or nothing.

HE landed in Hollywood with one suit and has since expanded his wardrobe to include another, for which he paid forty-five dollars, and a thirty-dollar coat. He was wearing a pair of duck pants the day I saw him, an open shirt with sleeves rolled all the way back to the armpits, no socks and a pair of weary tennis shoes. "This isn't costume," he informed me.

He and his mother still live in their first small house. Mrs. Hayden enjoys the climate, the few friends she's made keeping house for her son. Asked how she spent her time, he was for a moment taken aback. "I don't know. How do women spend their time? At the Farmers' Market from all I can gather. She cooks for me," he added, brightening.

When it came to the delicate question of women, Hayden stiffened. "The papers," he said with a certain grimness, "can probably tell you more than I can. They hook you up with anyone who suits their fancy." Then his natural good humor rose to the surface. "I don't mean to be a sorehead. I know girl stuff's important. If I read a story, that's probably what I'd want to read about. Well, there *is* a girl, but she's not in the business, and the papers don't know anything about her, and they're not going to. I'm sorry. I just can't get myself to talk about it—"

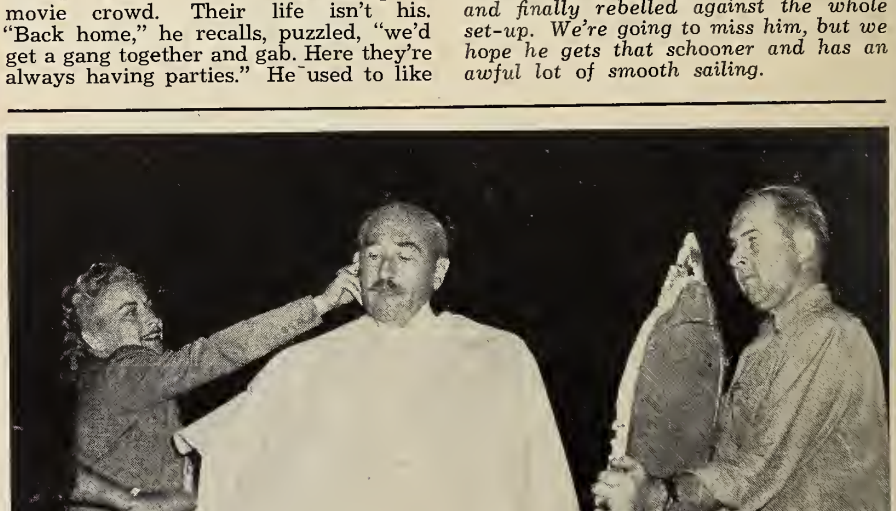
Which seemed fair enough, and we settled for that.

In his second picture, "Bahama Passage," he plays opposite Madeleine Carroll again. She's the star. He's featured. Or as he put it, "I take up the slack. What's a star, anyway?" he wanted to know. "What do you get out of being a star that you don't when you're not?"

"More money, for one thing—"

"Now you're talking," he chuckled. "More money, more schooner."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As we go to press, Stirling has given Hollywood the go-by. He hated the gay life, the lack of privacy and finally rebelled against the whole set-up. We're going to miss him, but we hope he gets that schooner and has an awful lot of smooth sailing.*



Adolphe Menjou sprucing up before joining forces in the Comedians vs. Leading men boseball fray, onnuol chority event for Mount Sinoi hospitol fund.

MY DAUGHTER JUDY

(Continued from page 35)

director on a Metro picture, she sniffed at it. "Why bother?" said Sue. "I'm going to be married soon."

Mrs. Gilmore's theory is that every girl should be trained to earn her own living. "Some day you may have to take care of yourself and a child. Even of your husband, Sue, who knows? These things happen. If you were going to marry a millionaire, I'd still think you had no right to turn down a job." Having said her say, she waited for a day or two. Sue made no move. "Very well," said her mother, "then no allowance, Sue. Obviously, you don't need money very badly, if it's not worth making an effort for."

"Mother, you wouldn't be so mean!"

"From my point of view, it's not meanness, it's common sense."

Sue sighed, took the job, loved it and is now busy trying to find herself another.

Judy was fifteen when she started using lipstick. That was all right with Mrs. Gilmore, who considers make-up a matter of taste and judgment. She thinks that girls of fifteen or sixteen, whose lips are pale, look more attractive with lip rouge—providing they choose the right color and don't smear it on. Judy worried about it more than her mother in those days. At her own plea, she'd been transferred to the school attended by her best friend. The principal was anti-lipstick, so Judy would retire every so often to wipe hers off on her petticoat.

SHE still uses only lipstick—no rouge, no mascara, no eyebrow pencil. Mrs. Gilmore thanks fortune that she likes herself better natural and keeps her hands off. It's Judy who does the interfering. "I don't like the way mother does her mouth," she said to her studio make-up man one day. "Will you fix it for her, Bill?"

"Now wait a minute, Judy. On a person as old as I am—"

This is the point at which Judy always cuts her mother off. "Let Bill do it, mother," she said firmly. Bill did it under Judy's supervision, and Mrs. Gilmore had to hand it to them for a nice job.

"But Bill uses a brush, and I use my finger. I'll never be able to do it this way."

"Bill," said Judy, "is nice. Bill will make you a form. Then all you have to do is go round inside it."

Far from brushing off Judy's advice, Mrs. Gilmore seeks it, especially with regard to clothes. "I'm not terribly clothes-conscious, and I hate shopping. What I wear doesn't make a great deal of difference to me, but I'm Judy's mother, and I know it's important to her that I look nice. Anyway, I think the modern girl has more style sense than her mother. By and large, our tastes coincide, which does simplify things. We both like plain clothes on me—no bows, no ruffles. We agree that my most becoming dress is a certain black crêpe with accordion pleated sleeves. Where we chiefly disagree is on color. Judy keeps fussing at me to wear bright colors, which I don't care for because I'm too short. I daren't say too old, or she's on my neck. 'What's the matter with you, mother? You're not an old lady.' Just the same, I avoid the kind of thing that starts people wondering, 'What's she trying to do, look as young as Judy?'"

By the same token, she likes mother-daughter clothes on young mothers only

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So Mary got a handy, flat, flavor-tite package of Dentyne — and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is *my* chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.



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HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

"When Jimmy, who's twenty-three, rigs up herself and the baby in twin dresses, they both look adorable. On Judy and me, it would be absurd."

At sixteen, Judy pined to be twenty-five and wear slinky dresses. What she wore was the schoolgirl's uniform—pleated skirts and bright sweaters bought by her mother. Occasionally, to satisfy what she looked on as a normal yearning, Mrs. Gilmore would pick up a slightly more sophisticated number and give Judy the thrill of wearing it where no one would see her. "By no one," she laughed, "I mean close friends. That way, Judy would get it out of her system and no harm done.

"When she was eighteen, I decided she ought to start shopping for herself. She went overboard a little at first, let the salespeople talk her into buying exactly what she wanted—which was generally something about ten years too old for her. Well, we kidded her out of that. I must say she's a reasonable child and never did more than sigh when the stuff went back. As a matter of fact, the loveliest dress she ever owned was one she found herself before she was eighteen."

Judy had been invited to join the Hollywood immortals whose hand-and foot-prints adorn the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese. Her mother, leaving for a week-end, had told her to look around for a new dress. Up to then her top figure had been thirty-five or forty dollars. On Sunday Judy phoned. "Mother, did I find the most beautiful dress! All white net and silver, and a huge silver bow in the back. Only one thing. It's pretty expensive—"

"Just what do you call pretty expensive?"

"Well, it's over seventy-five—"

"How much over?"

"It's a hundred and twenty-five."

Since this was an occasion, and since Mrs. Gilmore fell equally hard for the dress, she bought it. And thought ruefully a few nights later of the designer's warning. "This is a dress to stand up in, Judy. Don't sit in it."

AND there was my child, not sitting but kneeling on a dusty block of cement in a hundred and twenty-five dollars worth of silver and net."

Their sharpest cleavage came over a dinner frock that Judy ordered for a trip to New York last spring. "It can't be," her mother moaned as Judy held it up—long, black and severe, with long tight sleeves and a slinky bustle.

"Why, mother, it's beautiful—"

"For Theda Bara in the old days, maybe. Not for you. You can't wear it, Judy. And from now on, you take Sue or me shopping with you."

Speechless with woe, Judy packed and left the dress out. Mrs. Gilmore's heart failed her. "Well, you might as well put the thing in. Maybe it'll look different on. The point being," she added, "that it did. She looked stunning in it—a little older than she should, but stunning just the same. After which I decided to mind my own business."

Judy's no longer in a hurry to grow older. Since her marriage, in fact, she's had a complete change of heart. Distressed over the separation of two young friends, she asked her mother why she thought it had happened.

"Partly it may have been having the baby too soon. They weren't ready for it. A baby does separate young people in the superficial sense, Judy. They can't do the same things together, and that's maybe how it started. There's nothing more wonderful than having a child, but I hope you and Dave will wait a few years. By that time you'll be sure you belong together, and until you're sure, it's not fair to the baby."

Earnestly Judy agreed. "Anyway," she mused, "I want to be the baby myself for a while."

In Hollywood, the term "movie mother" carries certain implications, all disagreeable. Mrs. Gilmore is the mother of a movie star, not a movie mother. She figures that expert directors and wardrobe women know their business better than she does and leaves Judy, the movie star, to them. Her concern is with Judy, her daughter. She brings her lunch to the dressing room so that, instead of waiting in the crowded commissary, Judy can lie down and rest for half an hour. She takes care of her clothes. Judy has no personal maid. The kind of snobbery which puts on a front for the world is absent from the make-up of both mother and daughter. Carrying a dress from the wardrobe department to the set, Mrs. Gilmore bumped into one of the hairdressers. "That's bad," said the girl.

YES, isn't it awful how hard I work?"

"I'm not kidding, Mrs. Gilmore. It doesn't look good for you to be doing that. Judy should have her own maid—"

"Now wait a minute—" (Mrs. Gilmore's phrase when she finds herself in opposition) "I've been carrying Judy's dresses since she was a baby, and I hope to do it a great many years more."

By temperament and training, Judy shares her mother's level-headedness. One problem Mrs. Gilmore has *not* been obliged to face is any tendency on her daughter's part to go Hollywood. Far from being cocky, Judy harbors a healthy inferiority complex. "Not good, but loud" is her commentary on her own singing. As for acting—"If there are two people I wouldn't give two cents to see, they're (a glamour girl whom we'll keep nameless) and Judy Garland. I get so tired," she wails, "of watching myself going bright and sparkly all over the place." This is no act put on to extract praise. So humble is Judy about her talents that, despite her success, she refused until recently to sing for Dave. "He knows so much more about music than I do."

On the all-important subject of dating, Mrs. Gilmore's views are definite without being dogmatic. "I never forced the chaperone business. Either you trust your daughter or you don't. If you do, watching is an insult. If you don't, watching does no good. When Judy was fourteen or fifteen and traveled with her gang, I'd go along on beach picnics as a matter of course, if only to take care of the food. At home I tried not to intrude on them. I'd come in, say hello and make myself scarce unless I was specially invited to join them or they joined me—as they frequently did.

"Judy's always been thoughtful of me. When she began dating, I always knew where she was going and how late she'd be. It wasn't a question of keeping tabs on her but, after all, accidents do happen, and mothers are a notoriously nervous tribe. If she and her friends decided to eat after the theater, she'd phone me. In fact, they sometimes overdid it. I'll never forget one night when she went to a show with Jackie Cooper. As a rule, I go to bed late, but I hadn't been feeling well that day and was sound asleep by eleven. The phone woke me. 'Hello, mom. This is Jack. Judy and I just got out of the show, and we're going to a drive-in. We'll be home very soon.' I drifted back to sleep. The phone woke me again. 'Hello, mom. This is Jack. The drive-in was crowded, and they just took our order, we'll be home in half an hour.' Well, you can guess the rest. When that dratted phone rang for the

third time, I knew what was coming. 'Hello, mom. This is Jack. We met some kids, but don't worry, we're leaving right now.' I wanted to tell him my splitting head was all that worried me at the moment, and maybe he'd better call the whole thing off. Naturally I didn't have the heart to say anything of the kind."

Judy doesn't drink. Give her enough orange juice and milk, and you can keep the rest. To Mrs. Gilmore, the principle involved in drinking is one of good taste. "As the girls reached eighteen, I allowed them a glass of sherry or a mild cocktail with guests, if they wanted it. Judy didn't. As for anything more than that, well—we've all seen people who drink too much. We'd talked about it at home, and we're all agreed that, while men are bad enough, there are few more disgusting sights in the world than a woman who's had too much to drink. It's just a bad habit that none of us wants to be associated with—like not cleaning your fingernails.

"I'm inclined to be old-fashioned about certain things. I think this business of being modern can be carried too far. Even after she was engaged to him, Judy wasn't allowed to go to Dave's house alone. One day she asked me to drive her over there to dinner—"

ON THE way over, Mrs. Gilmore said: "I won't make an issue of it this once, Jude. But you've got to explain to Dave that it mustn't happen again—"

Judy was hurt to the point of tears. "It sounds as if you didn't trust me, mother."

"You know I do. But one has to live according to certain conventions. Engaged or not, nice girls don't go to men's houses. It wasn't done when I was your age, and it's still not done as far as I'm concerned."

It was Dave's mother who greeted a red-eyed Judy in the living room. "Why didn't you tell me your mother was going to be here?" she reproached Dave. "Then mom wouldn't have scolded me for nothing."

He proved singularly unsympathetic. "She was perfectly right to scold you, and you should have known there'd be somebody here. Now go and phone her."

From the first Mrs. Gilmore liked Dave. "I'd always hoped Judy would choose an older man. She's more mature than her years, and I had the feeling she might not hit it off with a boy of her own age. As for Dave—from the day he came to me and said: 'You can be sure of one thing. If you ever feel that I'm hurting Judy or her career, I'll go away and get lost'—from that day I hoped he and Judy would marry.

"They'd planned it for September, you know, hoping they'd both have time off for a honeymoon then. When they found they wouldn't, there seemed no reason for waiting. I'd just arrived home from a week-end in Las Vegas when they told me they wanted to be married that night. So Mr. Gilmore and I flew back with them, saw them married and returned as happy as we'd left them.

"You'll understand how I feel about Dave when I tell you that if anything happens to this marriage, I believe it will be Judy's fault. He's so kind and gentle, he worships her so, and what's more, he understands her. She's younger and impulsive—too young to have the same kind of understanding. But I hope—I believe—he has enough for both."

She looked away for a moment. "What it amounts to is this. Her happiness comes first with him as it does with me. And what mother," she smiled, "could ask more of the man her girl marries?"



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MY ONE-DAY MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 24)

someday. I was told that they had, as a matter-of-fact, given her the lead in a picture they were producing at that time, "Jamaica Inn."

I met Maureen. I talked to her a few minutes, the usual banalities. I wished her luck in her new enterprise, and I said, half joking, "Well, I'll see you in Hollywood some day, I suppose."

SHE shook my hand heartily. As though she really meant it. She nodded her head soberly. And she said, "Yes, of course, I'll see you in Hollywood very soon."

And I looked into her eyes. And that was the first time I took her seriously. Because I knew she meant it.

Less than a year later I met her for the second time, and it was indeed in Hollywood. And there was no longer any doubt in anyone's mind about her right to the privilege of playing leading roles. And she was a married woman—although none of us knew about this. It was a secret.

Why had she married? Whom had she married? I think I was the first Hollywood newspaper man to know—but I couldn't talk about it. Maureen has a cute way of handcuffing newspapermen. She simply looks at them quite candidly, quite as though she trusts them all implicitly—and tells them the truth.

"I wouldn't like to see this printed," she says, "but here are the facts."

And, of course, you're licked. You can't break faith with a girl like that.

The way I found out about her romance was rather amusing. It was on the RKO lot in Hollywood. Maureen had made the big jump. Her first movie was already in the theatres around the world, and she had been rushed to Hollywood to make another. Again, a very important assignment—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Imagine being handed the leading female role in a big picture like that with only one other film under your belt! Well, she was working away at it, and Director Dieterle called "Cut," and it was lunch time. Maureen and I went to the commissary to chat over lunch.

That's when she told me the story. It began by my teasing her. In the usual Hollywood manner, the publicity boys had gone to work on her. To help build her up, they sent out one item after another. Maureen O'Hara was seen at the Trocadero with Tom. She was seen at the race track with Dick. She was dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with Harry. She was tied up (in publicity notices) with practically every eligible young man in town.

And I happened to know that she was a simple little eighteen-year-old who did not smoke, drink or go to night clubs. Those places didn't appeal to her (they still don't, by the way), and she had never learned any of the attributes of sophistication.

So I teased her. I said, "Which of your many suitors are you going to marry?"

And she turned those startled hazel eyes on me and said, quite sincerely, "I can't marry anybody. I'm already married."

She made me promise to keep her secret—I fought against it a little but gave in—and then she told me about George Brown. He was a young man she had met at the studio in London. She could not remember exactly what he did. A technician of some sort, she thought. He was a nice lad, she said. Sweet. The dearest dark brown hair, and a sort of wistfulness about him. Well, she didn't know very much about him, as a matter of actual fact. She had seen him around the studio. And they had talked a bit. And they had gone to a cinema a few times.

Nothing important. Nothing serious. It was boy and girl stuff. Only she was not quite eighteen. And all sorts of strange and amazing things were happening to her. Barely a couple of years back she had been a little girl in Ireland, playing games, dreaming dreams. And now she was in London reading incredible things about herself, a movie star.

Then came the day when she was told she was going to America. It was the big moment. The big chance. The miracle. But it happened, suddenly, amazingly. The contract came, and the details were arranged, and she was told to pack and catch a boat—all within the space of a very few weeks, a very few days, actually.

And the boy who had never even kissed her asked her to marry him.

And she, because it was romantic and dramatic, said yes. And yielded her lips to him for the first time.

Telling me about it, her eyes welled with tears and she pushed away her fresh salad greens.

"I don't know why I did it," she said. "It just seemed so right, sort of. I mean to say—well, I was going off to America, a new country, a new world, and he would be left behind there in London. If we were married he could grieve for me, and I could grieve for him, and we could write letters to each other, and—well, that's about all there is to tell. We got married."

THEY got married. George Brown, twenty-two, a technical assistant at Gaumont-British, and Maureen O'Hara, seventeen, a star-to-be. They got married, and they kissed (that was the second time she kissed him), and she ran off to pack her trunk while he waited secretly nearby because it was important to them and their romantic dreams to keep this all very secret. And she got into a taxi to the station to board the boat train.

He didn't even go to Southampton with her. But at the station she impetuously pushed her friends and well-wishers aside and rushed over to him and kissed him once more. The third and last time their lips ever met. And her friends and relatives wondered for a moment who the strange young man might be but didn't get a chance to inquire, because then it was time for Maureen to say good-bye and make a mad dash for the train.

So that's the story. As simple as all that. A little girl trick. An impetuous, crazy gesture. A mad half hour.

I listened to her that day at RKO while she dawdled over her salad, not eating it, ("Why don't you eat your lunch, Maureen?" "Oh, I can't; I hate this stuff." "Well, why don't you get something else?" "I'm not supposed to; I'm on a diet; I've got to watch my weight.") and wondered. Could this possibly be true? Could there be anything as simple and direct in this world gone mad? I looked at her eyes, and I knew she was telling the truth. That's all there was to it.

"Why don't you get a divorce—or an annulment?" I asked her. "You never

lived with this fellow; you were never, in fact, his wife, were you, Maureen?"

"No, I was never his wife, actually," she said with that same disquieting honesty. "But we were married. I should keep my vows, shouldn't I?"

"Would you?" I asked, "if you were in London now—if you were seeing him regularly?"

She thought this over silently for a moment.

"You know," she finally said in a hushed voice, picking the words slowly, as though they were as much a revelation to her as to me, "if I were still in London, I don't think I would ever have married him in the first place."

At about this time a bunch of other people came over to the table, other people from the company. There were introductions—general chatter; the mood was gone—the confidences over. I thought about it a number of times. Once I wanted to write a thesis on the subject of 'Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder,' using her experience as an indication that this is not necessarily true. Once I wanted to write a piece—well, there were any number of times, and it was never possible because of the thought of her looking at me hurt. I couldn't betray her confidence.

There is just one more thing to point out right here. We are not especially close friends, Maureen and I. We barely know each other in the way that Hollywood people do. It was just that I happened to be there when she felt like talking. The point being that she is still, as she was at nineteen, as she was at eighteen, so thoroughly simple and direct that it never occurs to her to wonder about other people. Will they respect her confidences? Can they be trusted to hold her secrets? Of course they can. She assumes this. And thereby it almost always becomes a fact.

And so that is the background. When I read in the paper the other day that she was in Cal-Neva establishing residence with the idea of getting a divorce, I drove up there immediately to talk it over with her. I wanted to know a lot of things. Why had she finally gotten around to clearing her marital status? What were her plans? What did the future hold? And so forth and so on.

Again I found her thoroughly straightforward, honest. She had decided about a year ago to get her divorce. But it had taken all this time because she had experienced a great deal of difficulty in locating her husband.

"Naturally," she explained. "I had to write him—explain it all to him and get a letter from him saying that he agreed, before I took any action. It wouldn't be fair otherwise."

The reason he was hard to find was that he is a member of the Royal Air Force, "somewhere in Britain." It takes a very long time for letters to go back and forth across the world under those conditions. But finally she reached him, and he agreed, and she went to see her lawyers.

But why, Maureen? Why, now, have you finally decided it is time?

Well, in the first place, she does not think it is fair to him—she says this quite naïvely.

"After all, he may fall in love with someone else; he may want to marry; why should he be tied down to a wife he never sees?"

"And you, Maureen?" I asked. "Are you, perhaps, in love with someone else?"

She ignored the question.

"Another reason is that I happen to have the time just now. There will be seven weeks between my last picture and my next, and I may not get that much time again for a year or more."

"I understand you've been seeing a good deal of Will Price recently. Is he the one?"

"This is my first vacation in years." She sighed and stretched elaborately. And there was a bit of the mavourneen in her eyes as she smiled mischievously. "I've answered all the questions you intend to ask me," she said. "Haven't I?"

But later that evening she relented. She told me about Will Price. He is a young assistant director. She thinks he has a very great talent. He directed most of the tests for "Gone With the Wind." He has been a dialog director in a lot of pictures. Maureen met him on her very first picture in America, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." He was dialog director on that.

"What's he like, Maureen?"

"Well, he is about twenty-eight, and he is tall, and he—well, he's nice."

The word "nice" can mean so much!

I tried again to get a direct answer. "Do you intend to marry him, Maureen?" I asked.

She was very careful in her reply.

"I was impetuous, impulsive, once. I shall not repeat. I think that love is a very wonderful thing, and I think marriage is not something to be played with lightly, casually. And besides—" (the impish look in her eyes again) "—a married woman can't talk about future marriage plans, can she?"

She laughed. A full, hearty, cheery laugh. Then she got earnest again, sincere. There was that "you must believe me" look in her eyes again.

"Ask me that question again," she said, "In a few weeks. When I am a respectable divorcée."



Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna and Dorothy Lewis, starring in Republic's "Ice-Capades of 1941".

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YEAH MAN FRIDAY . . .

(*Continued from page 39*)

overnight through the mediums of Benny's Jell-o program and the movies. Anxious to have a colored comedian play the part of a Pullman porter in one of his Jell-o skits, Benny sent his agents out one day to beat the bushes of Central Avenue, and among the possibilities they rounded up was spindled-legged knock-kneed, garrulous Eddie Anderson. Eddie emerged victorious in the auditions, something he attributes to the fact that he always carries a full supply of goofer dust somewhere on his person; and Benny, because it struck him as being very funny, hung the monicker "Rochester" on him. "Whenever I think of the name Rochester and look at the guy who owns it, I have to laugh," Benny says.

ROCHESTER impressed his boss so much in his first appearance on the Jell-o program that he recalled him three or four times, finally taking him on regularly four years ago. A confirmed believer in the mundane and spiritual powers of goofer dust, Rochester, with an occult look in his eyes, said that he used up so much of his dust on Benny before he landed a permanent eating position with him that he had to send all the way down to Louisiana for a fresh supply. "Boy, it almost took all of the dust in Louisiana to convince Mr. Benny that I'm the greatest comedian in the world and that he'll always need me," Rochester says apologetically.

When Rochester was taken by his parents to San Francisco from his native Oakland, California, he was a talkative, carefree, half-fed, half-clothed, smart-alecky 10-year-old kid. Far from being fond of school, he jumped at the chance to quit it in his first year in high school to take a job as an errand boy to help support his family. Because he is a born clown, he was forever in hot water. Stage-struck since he was a shaver, he spent all of his spare time from running errands, hanging around stage doors and on street corners tapping, singing in his peculiar pipsqueaking voice and "cutting the fool" generally. His brother Connie and his pal "Stuff" Crouch, who is now his valet-secretary-receptacle-of-all-of-Rochester's-woes, invariably accompanied him on his clowning expeditions, often to the disgust of the good colored church people of the Golden Gate City, who enthusiastically predicted that all of them would wind up in hell. Folk who knew Rochester in Oakland and San Francisco say that he has always been a clown and that there's no hope for him now.

In 1923 he got his first break on the stage as a chorus boy in a colored vaudeville show in his home town, and he was a total flop. Because nobody paid any attention to him and his tomfoolery, he simply couldn't dance; and even today he becomes terribly depressed if he can't get his friends to listen to his endless flow of comical jive, feeling on such occasions that he hasn't a single pal.

More determined than ever to make good on the stage after his initial flop, Rochester and his brother formed the ambitious, if not too good, dance team of "Connie and Eddie." After many foodless days and other personal privations, performing before 10-cent crowds in whistle stops on the Coast and in the Midwest, the team finally worked its way up to the Pantages and Keith circuits. Their success was short lived, unfortunately, for not long after they had become accustomed to feeling the comfort of a dollar bill in their pockets, the bottom fell out of vaudeville and the seats out of their pants. Except for an occasional bit part in the movies and a week now and then in a greasy spoon cabaret, Rochester was hopelessly caught behind the thespianic eight ball until Benny rescued him and made him his shadow. "During those dark days pork chops were scarcer than hen's teeth and chickens roosted only in Heaven," he often reminisces.

In spite of the gold and glory he has acquired as Benny's man Friday and as a screen comedian, Rochester is the same guy he was when he used to walk down Central Avenue with a mile-wide smile on his map but not a biscuit in his stomach. Because he was born and bred in the North and most of his boyhood chums were white, he is unlike most Negro Dixie-born actors; he had to learn, for example, how to speak Southern Negro dialect which was about as foreign to him as to a white comedian born above the Mason-Dixon line. More adept at reading lines than the average actor, however, Rochester can now speak with as much of a Southern drawl as an inhabitant of any Mississippi town. Benny, who says that Rochester can pick up a cold script and read it as it should be read, contends that he is the best reader of lines he's ever known.

A man who loves to live on a 24-hour-a-day schedule, Rochester thoroughly enjoys the real life role of a successful radio-screen artist with an estimated income of $75,000 a year. Effecting the purposefully informal but gaudy attire of the traditional Hollywoodian, he owns some 30 pairs of odd pants-coat get-ups, plus a plethora of more conservative suits, which, like his Lincoln Zephyr, he reserves for special occasions. An imaginative as well as an ambitious fellow, his secret ambition is to become a big shot movie director some day; and now he often dresses like one, thinking of himself when so bedecked as an Alfred Hitchcock or a Rouben Mamoulian.

SINCE he stands only five feet six and one-half inches in his socks, but weighs a hefty 175 pounds, Rochester's tailor hides many of his anatomical sins by building him up at certain sections and down at others. Although his tailor's sartorial measures are somewhat successful in that they hide some of Rochester's most unseemly points from the human eye, he still reminds some people of something of a cross between an oversize fighting cock and a chocolate-brown teddy bear. His dimpled moonface is fortunately perennially wreathed in smiles, and when he is happy, which is most of the time, he is liable to break into a tap, flash, acrobatic or even a Russian dance out of the sheer joy of living.

Currently going in for aviation in a big way, he can hardly wait until he qualifies for a student's license this fall before he begins his new picture with Benny at the Paramount Studio. "Flying," he says, "is much easier than driving a car. I don't have to look out for the other guy, and I'm much closer to Heaven up there in the sky."

An ardent, but unlucky, race-horse bettor, Rochester still tries to beat the entire card whenever he finds time to go to a

track. By employing his Louisiana dust for all it was worth one day last winter at Santa Anita, he succeeded in beating the first six races, running a two-dollar bill into $390. Unfortunately, however, his dust failed to function properly in the last race, for when he plunged his roll on a "good thing," it ran out of the money. Whenever one of his potential glue pots runs out of the money, a not unusual occurrence, Rochester shadow boxes at breakneck speed wherever he happens to be—on the set, in the studio, church or home. "I get my revenge for losing by socking the ozones," he says.

A man who will try anything once, Rochester recently bought himself a lightweight pugilist, who travels under the name of Billy Metcalfe, to go along with his 13 platers and other gadgets. Having sparred with his hopeful a few times, he is already boasting that Billy will surpass Henry Armstrong before somebody knocks his block off. Soon after he acquired Billy, he took him to a town not far from Los Angeles for his first fight, and Billy, wading into his opponent for all he was worth, kayoed him in the first round. Now Rochester can't get any more fights for his hopeful and says that he'll have to teach him to be a better actor or they'll both starve.

Listing among his friends the top Negro actors and actresses and some of the whites, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson is loved by thousands of members of both races: he has, Negroes aver, been a credit to his group as well as to his profession. Regardless of the company he is in, however, he is always the same clowning guy with a pipsqueaking voice and an insatiable curiosity. He asked Oscar Levant one day in Hollywood what he had to do to get on "one of those whiz programs." "You mean 'quiz' programs," Levant replied. "Whiz, quiz, what's the difference?" Rochester asked. "You quiz me the questions and ah whiz you the answers."

During the filming of "Buck Benny Rides Again," the troupe went on location to Arizona. Rochester, who always has ants in his pants, used to disappear for hours at a time, thereby making the director fighting mad. He tailed him one day to a dude ranch for colored people, where Rochester was learning roping and other cowboy stuff. An expert horseman, he refused to ride the broken-down critter provided for him for a parade in Chicago before the première of "Buck Benny Rides Again." Mounting the friskiest horse available, he nearly caused the Paramount studio executives to die of apoplexy. "My, my! Ah's been doing little things like that all mah life jes' for the exercise," Rochester boasted as he strutted around in his chaps and sombrero.

IN Mrs. Anderson, however, her clowning husband has his match. Whenever he comes around the house disrupting her domestic tranquillity, she shuts him up immediately; and on such occasions he comes in the front door, rushes out of the back and plunges into his swimming pool to cool off. "Me and the missus get along fine," he says, "but I have to do most of the getting."

Regardless of what Rochester says about his domestic accord, however, he and his wife are crazy about each other. Mrs. Anderson, who was a stenographer in a Los Angeles court before she married her "little oozie-boozie," had known him since both of them were youngsters. A woman who prefers to rear her son, manage her home and to make life as comfortable as she can for her busy-body husband, Mrs. Anderson is Rochester's number one guide and advisor. Wherever he is he always calls her up at night and tells her what he did that day.

During his pork chopless days, Rochester often dreamed of building a mansion for Mamie; and one of the happiest moments in his life was when he moved her into their new home, a show place of Los Angeles' colored section, last spring. While his home was being built, a Los Angeles columnist printed that it was going to be a replica of Jack Benny's. When he read it, Rochester hit the ceiling, complaining that he didn't want his people to think that he was going high hat. He explained that his house was just a small one, while Benny's was quite large. "Besides," he declared, "mah furniture couldn't possibly be like Jack's since I'm making all of mine."

Now only 35 years old, Rochester is looking forward to at least another decade in radio and screen. In his serious moments he often recalls the past when sledding was pretty tough. He is determined, however, to be prepared for a rainy day, and therefore, he saves some of his munificent earnings every month. He also gives part of his income away each year, from two-bit hand-outs to the down and outers on Central Avenue, to neat little sums to both white and colored charities. A person with a great deal of race pride, Rochester is always willing to do whatever he can for his own people; but whatever he does he makes certain to keep it off the record.

A regular guy, an excellent comedian, Rochester is a good example of what ability, determination and a sunny disposition can do. "And," he says, "won't Benny be burned up when I get my license as a first class aviator!"

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THEY SNOOP TO CONQUER

(Continued from page 27)

of readers all over the country, too.

"My daily column," he said, "unlike any other, is a daily forum. I state the opinions of my readers more often than I do my own. About 50% of my column reflects reader sentiment. Ordinarily I receive 700 letters a week. When I'm on the air, I get from 3,000 to 5,000 letters a week. All voluntary letters. From these I form half my opinions—against double-features, against extravagance on the lots, against propaganda and war movies. Sometimes letters pour in boosting a Veronica Lake or a Lana Turner. Then, merely reflecting my mail, I boost them, too. Sometimes letters say Crosby is getting too fat or so-and-so is too stuck-up. I print this under my name, taking full responsibility myself, with the purpose of helping individuals concerned or the industry and not for the sake of pure sensationalism!

"Of course, in recent years I've softened. When I was younger, I wrote a rougher column. I remember once writing an open letter to Frances Drake, an imported English actress. She was having a dress fitting. An elderly woman fitting her accidentally stuck her with a pin. Miss Drake pushed the old woman over, bruising her, and in a childish rage, ripped two dresses. I bawled Miss Drake out in print. But I've mellowed. Today I don't think I'd even touch the story."

WE had an itch to ask Mr. Fidler if any of the more solid characters in filmdom had ever punched him in the nose.

"Not exactly," he said, "but almost. Some of the things I say have put me in physical danger. It's the price of truth. But while I've never actually been in a brawl, I've been on the verge."

However, sometimes when he is frank, Fidler pointed out the stars are appreciative. He cited Bing Crosby's case.

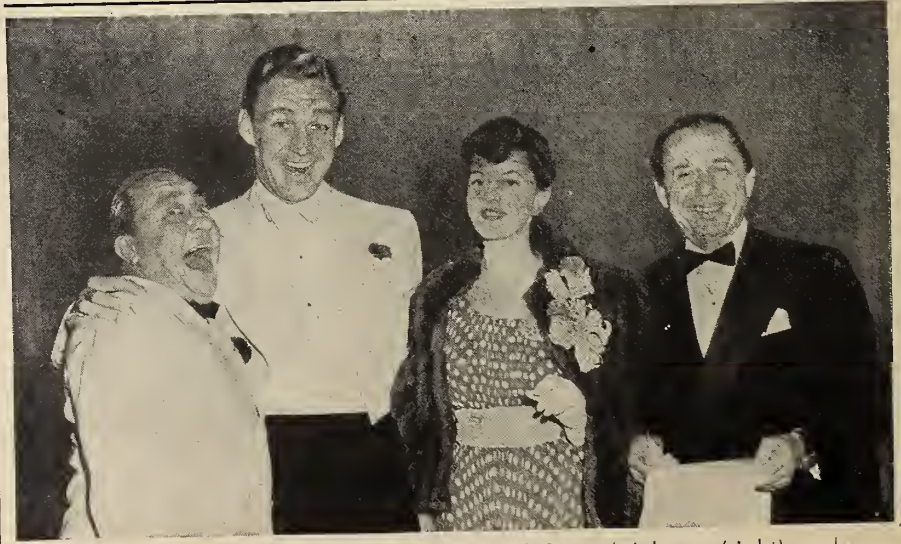
"Bing Crosby was making 'Mississippi,'" explained Fidler, "and the studio sent me a preview of his recordings. Crosby was a good friend of mine, and I enjoyed his work so I promptly placed the songs on a victrola. They were terrible. Bing's singing was sloppy. I felt positive if they came out in his picture they'd do him tremendous harm. So I sat down and wrote an open letter to Bing. I told him he was neglecting his fans, that they'd made him famous, and now he must continue giving them their money's worth. Of course Bing got angry. In his place I might have been angry, too. But fortunately, he got angry enough to record the songs over again. In a week I received a new batch of records. They were swell! And the picture, when it came out, was swell! And Bing, realizing I had only tried to do him a good turn, made up with me."

JIMMIE FIDLER also mentioned the case of Tony Martin. Fidler felt Martin was a good singer but that lately his delivery wasn't natural and that he was being too dramatic and overacting with his voice. So, in his daily column Fidler advised Tony Martin to be careful. Tony Martin took heed. It seemed someone had illy advised him to put more sex into his voice, and it had been spoiling his work. Now he listened to himself again and saw Fidler was correct.

"And to top it off," said Fidler, "last night I was in a nightspot, and Tony walked up and extended his hand. He wanted to thank me for bringing him back to his senses. And I knew one thing—that if a young man could take advice like that, he'd go far!"

Aside from his open letters, the Mississippi-bred columnist (who as recently as two years ago was making $3,500 a week) has acquired his greatest fame through news beats and scoops. His offices, in a private bungalow off Hollywood and Vine, are set up like a newspaper. The girl on the city desk is Ann Pareneau, who used to be with O. O. McIntyre. Also, Fidler hires four crack reporters to help dig gossip and pays nine studio contacts for inside tips. Today he is paying $890 a week to these human bloodhounds.

This thorough Fidler coverage has been responsible for scoop after scoop. Fidler was first with the item that Paulette Goddard was Mrs. Chaplin. He was first with the report of Dorothy Lamour's split with Herbie Kay. He beat all newspapers by two full days on Clark Gable's divorce from his second wife. He was ahead of everyone on the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone rift but held it back until all New York papers had gone to press, then long-distanced his own Daily



Forrest Tucker, sandwiched between Olsen (left) and Johnson (right), makes up this quartette of smiles along with—no, not wifey, but Lorna Gray

Mirror. It immediately became front-page news.

Fidler told us about several of his scoops.

"There was the time Al Jolson came in and informed me Ruby Keeler was leaving him. I locked Jolson in my office for five hours while I phoned all my key newspapers with the scoop. I didn't release him until I was sure my papers had the story first!

"I jumped all my colleagues on the Frances Langford-Jon Hall wedding. I suspected something was in the air, and every day phoned each of them for news. Then, one day I phoned Frances, and was told she was on a trip. I phoned Jon Hall, and was told he was also on a trip. Two and two meant marriage. I called all border police and got information the duo were seen driving through Needles. I finally got hold of them, told them I was printing the story. They denied it. But I knew I was right, and I told Jon, 'I'm announcing it on the air in ten minutes, and I'm giving you a chance to call Louella Parsons and tell her so she won't think you double-crossed her and gave me the story.' You see, Frances Langford worked on the Parsons radio show. Boy, that was some scoop!

"There was the Priscilla Lane affair. I had a hunch she was married, but couldn't prove it. One day, in the mail, I got a note scribbled in pencil. It told me to look at the latest divorce proceedings in San Bernardino. I sent one of my men down. Sure enough—there was the record of Priscilla Mullican—Miss Lane's real name, being divorced after a day or so of marriage. I had a clean scoop on her marriage *and* divorce!"

We learned a good deal about Jimmie Fidler, just by listening to him. He had been a silent actor in 1919. Later a press agent for Rudolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson. Today, at 41, he owns a huge home and swimming pool in the Valley, and owns also 11,000 shares of Warners stock and 4,000 shares or $35,000 worth of Twentieth Century-Fox stock. Today, he never visits studios, sits with his secretary for hours thinking up cute cracks for his column, is happy with a gorgeous wife, the former Bobbie Law.

Before leaving Jimmie Fidler, we listened to one last sincerity he had to offer:

"Certain people tried to call me pro-Nazi because I fought against propaganda pictures. A silly thing. I did that for Hollywood's own good, as Hollywood is now learning. I am not pro-Nazi. And I am not pro-British. I am fuliy, entirely and only pro-American. And on the day I can't be pro-American, on the day I can't speak my mind, can't speak what I consider truth, can't say what I wish to say, I will retire from the press and the radio!"

From fast-moving, sensational Jimmie Fidler, we turned to an entirely different flicker journalist in easy-going Sidney Skolsky, once known as "The Little Black Mouse of Broadway," whose very literate daily stint straddles America from the New York Post to the Hollywood Citizen-News.

Short, dark-haired, bespectacled Sidney Skolsky, addicted to scented handkerchiefs and nightly poker sessions with cameraman Jules Buck and fellow columnist Herb Stein, has devoted so much time to item-grubbing in his eight years in Hollywood that he hasn't had time to learn to drive a car!

Skolsky's chief claim to immortality—aside from the fact that he gives birth to the most readable column born of Hollywood trivia—is his almost psychic ability to create phrases and stunts that catch on. It was Skolsky who first used trade words like "preview" and "take" and injected them into everyday lingo. It was Skolsky who recently by repetition started the game of gin rummy across the nation and who, after viewing the buxom Miss Lana Turner in "They Won't Forget," decided they wouldn't and coined the label "Sweater Set" for those shapelies like Lana and Betty Grable who sidestepped sophisticated attire for the preppish almost skin-tight slipover sweaters.

He was also the first to name the annual Motion Picture Academy Award the "Oscar." Time Magazine even credited him with that coinage, which would place the matter beyond dispute.

"It happened the year Katharine Hepburn won the Award for 'Morning Glory' and Laughton won for 'King Henry VIII,'" Skolsky enlightened us. "Everyone kept writing and prattling about the gold statuette and the gleaming statuette and everyone invested the entire Award with too much dignity . . . So I decided to give the statuette a simpler name, and also one that would kid it good-naturedly. I thought of the most unlikely name, Oscar, and referred to it as such. The name caught on."

Realizing that Skolsky, unlike the run of columnists, rarely boasted about making sensational star discoveries, we were anxious to know his ideas on the ability of a columnist to help others.

"Of course," he admitted, "we can help people by plugging their names. But I try not to over-plug people. It makes your selections lose their value. When I have a good story and a really big opportunity to aid someone who needs it, I pitch. Do you recall the Open Letter I wrote to the Department of Immigration in Washington, D. C.? I asked them not to deport old Albert Basserman, an exile from Hitler. Some society picked my

(*Continued on page 88*)

HOW 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS MAY WIN

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INFORMATION DESK

Charting those unsung movie heroes and heroines who'll make tomorrow's headlines!

NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.*

NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WT.	COLOR EYES	HAIR	MARRIAGE
BUD ABBOTT	William Abbatt	Coney Island, N. Y.	Oct. 2, 1900	5′ 11″	150	blue	brown	married
DANA ANDREWS	Carver Dana Andrews	Collins, Miss.	Jan. 1, 1912	6′ 0″	168	brown	brawn	Mary Tadd
DESI ARNAZ	Desidero Arnaz	Santiago, Cuba	Mar. 2, 1917	5′ 10½″	160	black	dark brown	Lucille Ball
ALBERT BASSERMAN	Albert Basserman	Mannheim, Germany	*1865	5′ 10″	170	blue	white	Elsa Schiff
BRUCE BENNETT	Herman Brix	Tacoma, Wash.	May 9, 1906	6′ 2″	192	blue	blonde	Jeanette Cannan
LEE BOWMAN	Lee Bawman	Cincinnati O.	Dec. 28, 1910	6′ 1″	160	brown	brown	Helene del Valle
EDDIE BRACKEN	Edward Bracken	Astoria, N. Y.	Feb. 7, 1920	5′ 10½″	165	blue	brown	Cannie Nickerson
MARY BRODEL	Mary Brodel	Detroit, Mich.	Sept. 27, 1917	5′ 4″	118	hazel	red	unmarried
DAVID BRUCE	Andrew McBroom	Kankakee, Ill.	Jan. 6, 1914	6′ 1″	165	blue	dark blande	unmarried
JACK BUETEL	Jack Buetel	Dallas, Tex.	Sept. 5, 1919	6′ 0″	160	blue	black	unmarried
JUDY CANOVA	Juliette Canova	Jacksanville, Fla.	Nov. 20, 1916	5′ 5½″	128	grey	red brown	div. Carp. James Ripley
JOHN CARROLL	Julian La Faye	Mandeville, La.	July 17, 1913	6′ 1″	196	brown	black	div. Steffi Duna
JACK CARSON	Jack Carson	Carmen, Manit.	Oct. 27, 1911	6′ 2″	195	blue	brawn	Kay St. Germaine
DON CASTLE	Don Goodman	Beaumont, Tex.	Sept. 29, 1918	6′ 1″	171	brown	brawn	unmarried
DOROTHY COMINGORE	Dorathy Comingare	Los Angeles, Cal.	Aug. 24, 1915	5′ 4″	115	green	red	Richard Callins
LOU COSTELLO	Lauis F. Cristello	Patersan, N. J.	Mar. 6, 1908	5′ 4″	190	brown	black	married
JOSEPH COTTEN	Jaseph Catten	Petersburg, Va.	May 15, 1910	6′ 2″	186	blue	blonde	Lenare Kip
JAMES CRAIG	James H. Meadar	Nashville, Tenn.	Feb. 4, 1912	6′ 3″	190	brown	black	married
BOB CROSBY	Geo. Robert Crosby	Spokane, Wash.	Aug. 23, 1913	6′ 0″	185	brown	black	June Kuhn
ALAN CURTIS	Harry Ueberrath	Rogers Park, Ill.	July 24, 1911	6′ 1″	180	blue	brawn	Ilona Massey
DAN DAILEY, Jr.	Dan Dailey, Jr.	New Yark, N. Y.	*	6′ 1″	165	blue	blande	Esther Rodier
ALBERT DEKKER	Albert Dekker	New Yark, N. Y.	*1904	6′ 2½″	190	blue	blonde	Esther Guerini
GABRIEL DELL	Gabriel Del Vecchio	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Oct. 4, 1919	5′ 10″	150	brown	brawn	married
RICHARD DENNING	Richard Denninger	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Mar. 27, 1916	6′ 1″	180	blue	dark brown	unmarried
PHILIP DORN	Frits Van Dongen	Scheveningen, Halland	Sept. 30, 1905	6′ 2″	179	blue	brown	Marianna Van Dam
EDITH FELLOWS	Edith Marilyn Fellows	Boston, Mass.	May 20, 1923	4′ 10″	80	hazel	dark brown	unmarried
GLENN FORD	Gwyllyn Ford	Quebec, Can.	May 1, 1916	6′ 1½″	155	grey	dark brown	unmarried
SUSANNA FOSTER	Susanna De Lee Flanders Larson	Chicago, Ill.	Dec. 6, 1924	5′ 3½″	110	blue	blande	unmarried
JEAN GABIN	Jean Moncorge	Paris, France	May 17, 1904	5′ 10″	170	blue	grey	divorced
LEO GORCEY	Leo Gorcey	New Yark, N. Y.	Feb. 6, 1921	5′ 7″	145	hazel	brown	Katherine Marvis

* Data unavailable

NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WT.	COLOR EYES	HAIR	MARRIAGE
ANNE GWYNNE	Marguerite Gwynne Trice	Waco, Tex.	Dec. 10, 1918	5′ 5″	117	hazel	red	unmarried
BILLY HALOP	William Halop	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Feb. 11, 1920	5′ 10″	160	brown	black	unmarried
REX HARRISON	Rex Harrison	Liverpool, Eng.	*1909	6′ 0″	170	brown	blue	married
STIRLING HAYDEN	Stirling Hayden	Montclair, N. J.	Mar. 26, 1916	6′ 4″	210	blonde	blue	unmarried
MARGARET HAYES	Margaret Ottenheimer	Baltimore, Md.	Dec. 5, 1918	5′ 4″	111	amber	titian	unmarried
JOHN HUBBARD	John Hubbard	E. Chicago, Ind.	*1914	6′ 0″	165	blue	brown	Lois Golder
MARY BETH HUGHES	Mary Beth Hughes	Alton, Ill.	Nov. 13, 1919	5′ 4″	120	blue	blonde	unmarried
RUTH HUSSEY	Ruth Hussey	Providence, R. I.	Oct. 30, 1915	5′ 5½″	125	grey	black	unmarried
DEAN JAGGER	Dean Jagger	Columbus Grove, O.	Nov. 7, 1903	6′ 2″	198	brown	brown	Antoinette Lowrance
BOBBY JORDAN	Robert Jordan	New York, N. Y.	*1923	5′ 9″	150	blue	blonde	unmarried
JOHN JUSTIN	John Justinian Ledesma	Norfolk, Eng.	*1916	6′ 1½″	180	grey-brown	blonde	unmarried
ARTHUR KENNEDY	John Arthur Kennedy	Worcester, Mass.	Feb. 17, 1914	5′ 11″	162	blue	blonde	Mary Chaffey
VERONICA LAKE	Constance Keane	Lake Placid, N. Y.	Nov. 14, 1919	5′ 3″	98	blue	blonde	John Detlie
CAROLE LANDIS	Frances Ridste	Fairchild, Wis.	Jan. 1, 1919	5′ 5″	117	blue	blonde	divorced
CHARLES LANG	Charles Lang	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 15, 1915	6′ 2″	190	brown	brown	unmarried
FRANCES LANGFORD	Frances Langford	Lakeland, Fla.	Apr. 4, 1910	5′ 3½″	100	brown	brown	Jon Hall

* Data unavailable

(*Continued on page 102*)



YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

THAT'S right . . . *all* smokers sometimes inhale . . . knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

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CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

(*Continued from page 85*)

column up, reprinted it in pamphlet form and eventually it got to Washington, D. C. My column, among other things, contributed to keeping Basserman and his great talents among us. And, you know, I'd never met the fellow—but after that column, I received a wire and a letter from him.

"Another case would be that of Gloria Swanson. A year or two ago I was plugging hard for her to return to the screen and for producers to give her a big break. Even my favorite astrologer, Blanca Holmes, thought she should and would return. And when Gloria did, I said she finally had to return and play herself because there was just no one to take her place!"

WE wondered if Skolsky had many friends among the movie colony. He said yes, some, but he didn't want to have too many.

"I try not to associate with movie stars too much socially," stated Skolsky. "It's bad for a columnist to know the subjects he writes about too well. In the end, it plays havoc with the column itself for two reasons—you can't be truthful in writing about your best friends; and also, you get to know them so well that you finally lose perspective.

"Sure, I have good friends among the girls like Alice Faye and Betty Grable. Take Betty. Not too long ago when she was utterly busted, when she was broke and discouraged, I, among others, took her aside and talked to her, and I spoke to big people like Buddy De Sylva about her. We've been real friends.

"My very best pal is Jim Cagney. One regular man. In the old days on Broadway when I was a press agent, before I got jobs handling the late Sam Harris and Earl Carroll, and Jim Cagney was an actor with an empty stomach, we used to trudge the streets together looking for work. We have years and hell in common."

The story of Sidney Skolsky's rise from a Park Avenue realty agent and Broadway press agent to one of the most popular columnists in the trade is really a saga that plays tag with fiction.

Before 1933 he was doing a snappy Broadway column for the New York Daily News. His co-workers were Ed Sullivan and John Chapman. At the time, Skolsky learned people were interested in Hollywood gossip, so he used to pick up reams of it second-hand at Lindy's over a cheese blintze and print it. At last, in 1933 when his annual vacation came up, he decided to visit that place he was always writing about but had never seen —Hollywood. He went for three weeks. But the day before Labor Day, Jean Harlow's husband, Paul Berne, killed himself. Skolsky was on the spot and on the story. The stories kept coming up and so did Skolsky. The three weeks stretched into one year. Then he returned to New York.

One afternoon J. M. Patterson, publisher of the Daily News, tapped Skolsky on the shoulder and said, "Get ready. You're going back to Hollywood for another year."

This time Skolsky stayed four years. Eventually a wire reached him. It seemed Ed Sullivan wanted a crack at Hollywood, and would Skolsky please return to his old Broadway stint.

Skolsky answered with this historic line:

"Sirs, Broadway columns are as passé as Broadway!"

He quit. Went over to Hearst. Lasted a very short time. One morning Louella Parsons, boss of the Hearst movie pages, came out with a front page scoop that Greta Garbo and Leopold Stokowski were getting married. And, a few pages back, Skolsky led off his column saying Garbo and Stokowski were *not* getting married.

"My Garbo contacts were infallible," Skolsky told us, "and I knew Louella was wrong. But she got very angry at me for my item contradicting her, and we didn't speak for a long time. Then one evening at Ciro's after a preview of 'Irene,' Louella Parsons asked me to dance with her. Now I couldn't dance a step, but it was a chance to bury the hatchet, so I grabbed Louella and we waltzed or did some version of the same. Everyone stopped dancing to watch us. It must have been a sight. I'm small. Louella towers over me. The next day the papers said, 'At Ciro's last night Parsons and Skolsky were the floor show!' But we've been pals ever since."

Meantime, Skolsky left Hearst for the New York Post, to which he has been hitched ever since.

Today Skolsky has his job down to a routine. He visits two studios a day, has dozens of friends among directors and writers and stars to collect hot tips and items for him. He writes his column at two in the morning when it is dark and quiet and he can't go anywhere. Sometimes he writes it in the emptied office of a major studio. He rarely gets kickbacks or time bombs from his column. Only one irate phone call in the last three months. He insists he is not interested in scoops but rather in presenting an accurate picture of pictures. He never gets excited about marriage stories, explaining, "What the devil, so if I miss a marriage, I'll wait with my column for the divorce!" He conducts his column like a vaudeville show, every day attempting to present a different and colorful act ranging from his "Gossipel Truth" on Mondays to his "Review of the Week" on Saturdays. His pet aversions are those visitors who come to Hollywood for a short time and then run home and yell that the town is as wild as it was in 1928.

TODAY, Skolsky has become a sort of animated Delphic Oracle of Hollywood. All visiting firemen like Kyle Crichton, Dick Watts, Alva Johnston, make a beeline for Skolsky before cornering customers for copy.

Before leaving him, we begged Skolsky to give us an oral lesson on "How To Conduct A Column." He obliged, to wit:

"I can only tell you how I run my column. I don't want to be a guide, a phony prophet or a Beatrice Fairfax. I just want to wander about Hollywood and put on paper what interests me with the hope that it will interest others. Then, too, I feel there should be more in a movie column than who's going with who. Movies are a fine and big thing, and the public should know more about them!

"In my column, too, I try to show the trend of the times. And when I find something definitely harming the movies, I take time off to don my verbal armor and crusade. You see, underneath it all, I have no gripes about Hollywood. I may sometimes pick on it, but please don't get me wrong—I love Hollywood.

"Yes, I love the movies, the people, the industry, and I love being a part of so giant and influential a parade. And so it hurts me, almost physically, to go into a movie house and see two clashing films on the same bill or hear stars' names maliciously gossiped about. Hollywood should and must mean more than that!"

After we left Sidney Skolsky, we mentioned that we had seen him to an



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M-G-M gagman, Willkie Mahoney. And Mahoney said, "Listen, I'll tell you how to end your stint on Skolsky. You know, every so often he does a biography of a famous film star and calls it a Tintype. His last line always tells how the film star sleeps. He tells that Ginger Rogers sleeps in cotton nightgowns or Errol Flynn without drawers. I think you should end your Tintype of Sidney Skolsky by telling how *he* sleeps. Make it a gag. Just write—'Sidney Skolsky sleeps in the pocket of his pajamas!'"

And so, that is where we leave Skolsky and set out in search of Hedda Hopper!

If brown-haired, handsome, 124-pound Hedda Hopper were a man, we might call her the Joe Louis of the columnists. She hits that hard!

The fifth wife of DeWolfe Hopper, who got the name Hedda from a numerologist, who acted in two pictures with Greta Garbo in the early days, is a human perpetual motion machine. Besides three radio programs a week, about eight pictures a year (currently Paramount's "Reap The Wild Wind")—Hedda Hopper also gets out a daily newspaper column that reads as if written by her fists.

Slangy, breezy, full of healthy prejudices and few inhibitions, Hedda Hopper has found time, also, to raise a six-foot-three actor son named Bill and scoop all Hollywood on James Roosevelt's divorce, getting Roosevelt out of bed to verify it!

Hedda Hopper revealed to us her outstanding trait. "I am very definite about the people I meet. And I don't make bones about those I don't like!"

The charming lady digressed:

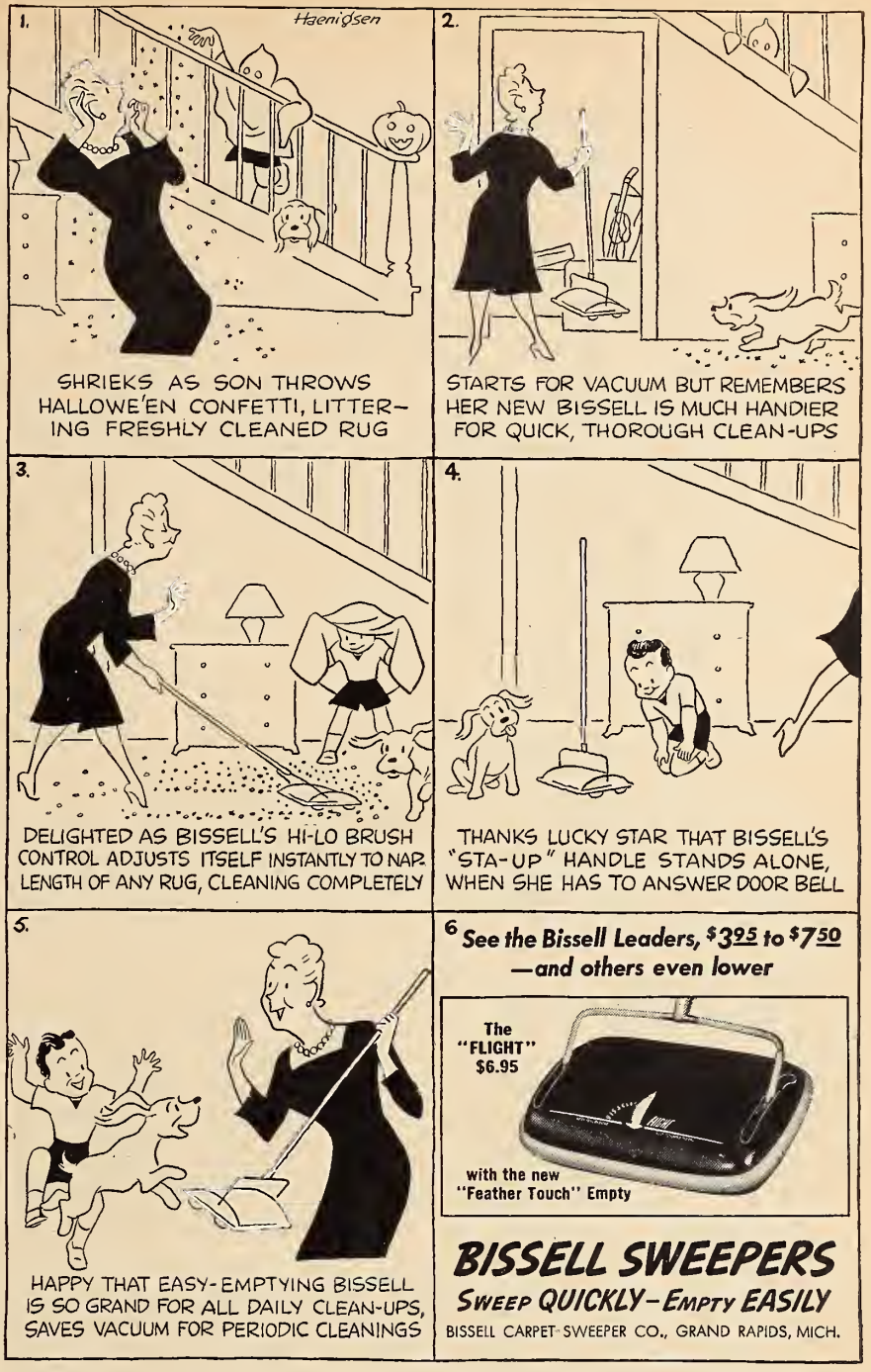
IT'S a tough life. Day after day sizzling stories come in, stories I know I can't publish now. I know they're true, because I know the people involved. So what I do is write these stories down in a diary which I keep under lock and key. That diary is worth a fortune. And some day when it is opened—wow!

"I told you I was definite about people, and the ones I am most definite about are the English in Hollywood. They are constantly griping about the United States, and yet all they do for their embattled mother country is make long-distance patriotic speeches and salt all their big money away in homes, furniture and safe investments! Believe me, I give credit to Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, to Dick Greene, David Niven, Leslie Howard and even old George Arliss for being where they should be—in England!

"And some of the English here, so damn tight! A man came to me directly from London. He needed $1,000 to build a small clubhouse for poor shopgirls who'd been bombed and blasted from their boarding houses. I took him to a rich American who said, 'Go to your English in Hollywood and get contributions. I'll make up whatever is left.' The London visitor went to three prominent English stars. They each contributed —one dollar! I was raging. I took him back to the American who promptly handed him a check for $1,000 cash!"

Hedda Hopper admitted, though that there was a good share of sweetness and light in movieland. And that when she could, she liked to help the stars.

"Sometimes," she said, "I am able to do much for the stars. You see, some nasty columnist with indigestion will slam a star with an untrue item. The star has no comeback, no way to answer. So the star phones me and I, knowing the personality involved and the truth, will the following morning deny the rumor and combat the dirty crack in my column. Remember, I like to keep my column open to members of my first profession.



"Actually, I'm sure I don't write a daily column for money. I feel I write it to help others, and that's so soap. It's the only way one can keep square with one's conscience. I'll give you an idea. Nils Asther returned to town. A good actor and handsome as ever. No one would touch him. I saw him at a preview, mobbed by fans. I talked to him. He confessed sadly that he couldn't get a job. I wrote about it. Somebody saw it and gave him a tumble. He's been working regularly ever since!

"Another case in point. Benny Rubin. A great Jewish comedian. Really great. But his ex-friends won't give him a break. He told me that in one week he had two movie offers and one stage offer. In an hour they all fell through! I'm going to plug him in my column with the prayer it'll get him a break one day soon. Which reminds me of Orson Welles. The dopes around town, pigmy minds, called Orson a lot of names. Yet Orson, just a youngster from New York, had sense enough to hire Benny Rubin for his radio shows whenever there was a spot!"

We wondered about Hedda Hopper's attitude toward the stars she worked with. She grinned cheerfully and tore in.

"The most cooperative star? Give me Clark Gable. He's so damn real. Listen, my step-son, Jack Hopper, a short, rolly fellow, a New York banker who knew nothing about movies, came to town. I took him on the rounds with me. We went to M-G-M. I introduced son Jack to Clark Gable. I had to leave for a short time. So Gable sat Jack down and man to man chatted with him for twenty minutes. When it was time to leave, Gable said goodbye to Jack as one says goodbye to a friend, and he meant it. Yet later in the day, I introduced Jack to other famous stars—they were polite, and whenever we left, they said goodbye to me, Hedda Hopper, but not to Jack, because all *they* were interested in was a plug or two in my column. But Gable didn't give a damn what I said about him. He's a man. You can have the

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others. But give me Gable anytime!"

Hedda Hopper also remarked that she liked Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck. Both genuine and also cooperative. She mentioned Margaret Sullavan as being friendly. We protested. We mentioned once trying to get an interview for MODERN SCREEN, but la Sullavan was refusing to grant interviews. Hedda Hopper explained:

"You've got to understand Maggie Sullavan as I do. She's afraid to be interviewed. She's shy and only interested in her career, her husband, her kids, and she's afraid she'd be dull and make a bad impression during an interview. Maggie is swell. You should see her and her youngsters in their backyard, running around under the sun in G-strings, having the time of their lives! You only have to know her to appreciate the woman!"

We asked Hedda about the mechanics of her own work. She rattled off her schedule. At the office nine every morning. There she goes on the phone for last minute material. Then she dictates her column. Has never touched a typewriter in her life. Then a visit to a studio or two. "But," she said, "the real gossip doesn't come from studios but from cocktail parties, when the girls get tight and tell on each other in the powder room, then phone frantically the next morning to find out what they said and if they talked out of school!"

HEDDA HOPPER wanted to get one big item off her bosom.

"It's this," she said. "They speak about the caste system in India. What a laugh! It's much worse and more cruel in Hollywood, which is for some reason referred to as a democracy. Imagine a $5,000 a week actress even saying hello to a five dollar a day extra—even though the actress may have been an extra the year before. And the highest rung of the caste system is to marry a producer!"

One last thing from Hedda. Her infamous feud with Queen Louella Parsons. Was it fact or phony?

"I'm not feuding with Louella," insisted Hedda Hopper. "We get along fine. It was only natural the talkers would build up a feud. In fact, once before a big affair at the Cocoanut Grove, I took Louella aside and suggested we end the feud before it began. I suggested we get a writer to write a little play in which, at the Grove, we would call each other names from our tables and then rush onto the floor, about to tear hair, and suddenly kiss and make up, and that would end all the talk forever. Louella liked the idea. She suggested Edgar Allen Woolf write our little skit. I called him and he liked it, too. Well, two weeks before the Grove affair, Louella phoned me. 'Hedda,' she said, 'the doctor, my husband, says I don't feel well enough to go through with it.' That got me sore. I said, 'But how does he know how you'll feel in two weeks, Louella?' Anyway, we dropped the stunt and our chance to kill the feud talk. So it goes on. But I swear, we're the best of friends, Louella and I!"

And so, with that, we leave Hedda Hopper and her two fellow custodians of the keyholes, Jimmie Fidler and Sidney Skolsky. We have made history. And we may be famous. Because—we did it!—we actually gossiped about the gossips, we really told on the tattle-tales!

In the December issue:
Intimate glimpse into Deanna Durbin's marriage diary!



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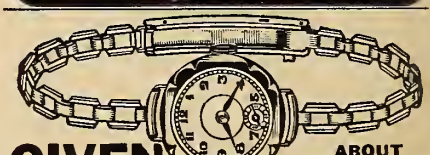
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FROM HILLBILLY TO HERO

(Continued from page 9)

is, it almost didn't happen. He kicked around Hollywood for years before anyone said, "Here's a find." And it's highly likely that no one would ever have said it if Roy hadn't stuck his foot in a studio door that was closing against him.

But maybe we had better begin at the beginning.

Roy started life with the name of Leonard Slye. He was born November 5, 1912, in Cody, Wyoming—far enough West to make him an authentic Westerner, even if he didn't grow up on a ranch.

His father was, and is, a bootmaker. When Roy was 7, his dad decided that maybe he could do better by his growing family—there were three girls (Mary, Kathleen and Cleda) besides the boy—if they moved East. So East they went and lighted in a little hollow called Duck Run in the hills in the southern part of Ohio, 13 miles out of Portsmouth, where his dad worked in a big shoe factory.

"That's real hillbilly country, so I guess that makes me a real hillbilly," drawls Roy with a grin. "I didn't wear shoes till I was about grown. Nobody around there wore 'em—especially kids. The bottoms of my feet used to be like elephant hide. I'd run over stubble and not feel it.

WE LIVED on a little old run-down farm up at t'other end of the 'holler' where there was a house only about every mile or two. And right from the start I got my share of the chores. Dad would come home from Portsmouth every two weeks and see how we were makin' out. But most of the time I was the man of the house.

"I milked the cows and took care of the pigs and chickens, and when I got big enough to handle 'em, I hitched up the team of mules every spring and did the plowin'. I've planted plenty of corn in my time, and I've hoed plenty, too. In the wintertime I'd go up on the ridge and cut down trees and drag 'em out, and me and my sisters would saw 'em up for firewood. I used to ride a horse bareback down to the little red schoolhouse so that I could get home sooner. A little black mare—the fastest thing in that country; she'd been a sulky racer before we got her. I'd sure like to know if she's still alive and get her if she is and pension her off in some nice green pasture, because what I learned about ridin' horses I learned ridin' that mare."

Roy's boyhood heroes, so he claims, were Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Ken Maynard. "I didn't get much chance to go to shows," he says, "but I used to play like I did."

When he went into Portsmouth to go to high school, he developed his first real ambition. "It sounds funny maybe, but I wanted to be a dentist. I thought dentists made a lot of money. Why, they got a dollar or two dollars just for pullin' a tooth. But I gave up that idea the same time I gave up high school, which was right after the second year. And the reason I gave up school was that the quarter dad was givin' me every week just wouldn't stretch. I got a job in the shoe factory along with him.

"I kept at that about a year and saved about $90. Dad saved up some money, too. One day he said, 'Let's you and me drive out to California and see Mary.' That's my oldest sister. She had married and come out here to live. So dad and I set out in this old 1923 Dodge. Six miles the other side of Magdalena, N. M., we burned the bearings out, and we walked into town to a junk yard and got some more bearings, and they didn't fit, and we had to file 'em and cut 'em till they did. But we finally got to California and stayed about four months before we drove home again.

"We hadn't much more than got back when my brother-in-law's father decided to drive out, and I talked him into lettin' me ride out with him. And that time I stayed.

"My first summer in California, I went north to Kingsburg and picked peaches and met a lot of people that everybody else met a while later in 'The Grapes of Wrath.' When I came back down this way, I got a job drivin' a dump truck. I helped put in a long stretch of state highway up beyond Castaic. That was in 1930 or 1931."

And he still might be putting in state highways if, back in Duck Run, he hadn't taken part in the local outbursts of music.

"Mom used to play the mandolin, and dad had a guitar, and we all went in for a little hillbilly harmonizin'. Mom and dad played at all the square dances 'round about, and I'd go and watch, and when I was about twelve, I started callin' the dances. I called 'em before I ever danced 'em.

"On this road job I got mighty lonesome, so I saved up and got me a guitar. I picked out two or three chords on it, and when I went down to visit my sister, I'd sing and play at beach parties. There was a little radio station in Inglewood that had a midnight frolic every Saturday night. Anybody could get on it, so just for the heck of it, *I* got on it. They took my name and address, and a fellow came to see me and asked me how I'd like to be on the radio. There wasn't any pay attached to the offer, but he thought I ought to be able to have some fun. So I talked it over with four other fellows, and we organized into a harmonizin' outfit."

They called themselves "The International Cowboys"—just why, Roy can't remember. Not one of them was a cowboy. One of them was married and had a steady job, and the other four bunked at his house paying for room and board

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when able, which wasn't often. Jobs—even odd ones—were beginning to be scarce.

"We got starved out and busted up," Roy recounts. "But three of us started another gang, 'The Rocky Mountaineers.' We got on the air, but we still didn't get any pay. Along came an agent and said, 'Boys, I can make you some money.' He said he'd go out and arrange some bookings for us through Arizona and New Mexico. He got us bookings, all right, but most of the deals he made with theater managers were for us to get fifty per cent of anything over the average 'take.' Our first stop was Miami, Arizona, which turned out to be a ghost town; the copper mines were shut down. We had to hock a watch to get out of the auto court there."

(Incidentally, it was out of Miami that he was pursued by that girl in the "borrowed" car.)

"The next stop was Stafford, Arizona, where we made four dollars apiece. From there we went to Wilcox, Arizona, which was the home-town of one of the boys. It had a stovepipe theater with foldin' chairs. We decided we'd get rich sooner if we put on a dance, so we took out all the chairs and waxed the floor and advertised an old-fashioned square dance. We got a big turnout, too—but 'expenses' ate up most of the profits. The fellow who owned the car wanted to head for California while we still had enough money for gas, but I talked him into going on to Roswell, N. M., 200 or 300 miles away. We landed in Roswell with just fifty cents apiece and learned we had a week's layover to play another fifty-per-cent deal. We talked the local radio station into lettin' us go on the air every day to advertise our show, and we borrowed a rifle and went and shot cottontails for something to eat. That was another time when I lived like in 'The Grapes of Wrath.' When we did put on our show, we didn't make any money, but we hung around another week and put on a dance. We got a nice crowd and made $90. We had visions of becomin' millionaires. We went on to Lubbock, Texas, where we called ourselves 'The Texas Outlaws.' We sure were awful because we went flat-broke in a big hurry.

"When I got me and my one pair of pants back to California that time, I bumped into two fellows named Bob Nolan and Tim Spencer, and we formed a trio and called ourselves 'Sons of the Pioneers.' That was just when 'The Last Round-Up' came out. We made a nice arrangement of that, and we started gettin' plugs. That was the turnin' point."

They started out harmonizing, gratis, on Radio Station KFWB. But when the radio editor of the Los Angeles Examiner started listing them among his daily "best bets on your dial," KFWB decided they were worth hiring—and started paying them salaries. They added a fiddle player, Hugh Farr, and became the most popular cowboy outfit on the California air for more than two years. The movies became conscious of them, and they got quite a bit of picture work as a unit. They were the singing cowhands around the campfire in a long string of pictures, beginning with "The Old Homestead." They worked in Westerns starring Gene Autry, Dick Foran, Phil Regan, Charles Starrett and others. They worked at a variety of studios, all of which, except Republic, are now in a fine position to kick themselves for never sensing the movie possibilities of one Leonard Slye. Republic discovered him as follows:

"It's sure funny how the break happened," says Roy ruminatively. "I was in a little hat store over on Western Avenue one night when a fellow rushed in and said he wanted a cowboy hat for a screen test in the morning. He and I got to talkin', and I asked him where the test was goin' to be. 'Republic,' he said. So early the next morning I rode out there. At that time, the pedestrian entrance to the studio wasn't through the main gate; it was through the administration building. And the guy at the door wouldn't let me in. I made the mistake of admittin' I didn't have any appointment. I kept hangin' around the door hopin' I'd see somebody I knew from workin' in pictures there. Finally a party of four people went through the door. I was gettin' desperate by then.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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What stories or features did you enjoy most in our November issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice.

My One Day Marriage (O'Hara) ☐
They Snoop to Conquer (Gossip Columnists) ☐
Log of a Sailor (Hayden) ☐
Crazy, But We Love 'Em ☐
My Daughter Judy (Garland) ☐
"Hellzapoppin'" (On the Set) ☐
Yeah Man Friday (Rochester) ☐
Why I Said Yes to Bill Holden (Marshall-Holden) ☐
Oh Susanna! (Foster) ☐
"Honky Tonk" ☐
Screen Specialists ☐
Good News (Gossip) ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like least? .....
What 3 stars would you like to read stories about in future issues? .....
List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....
.....

What do you think of Modern Screen's movie reviews? Too funny? Yes ☐ No ☐ Hard to follow? Yes ☐ No ☐ Helpful? Yes ☐ No ☐ Your Rating? Excellent ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐

★ Name the star whose autographed portrait you want .....

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Before the door could close after 'em, I stuck my foot in it and stepped through. Right inside I bumped into Sol Siegel, who was a Republic producer. He asked me if I wanted to see him. I said 'Yes,' and he led me to his office, and I asked him if he thought I could get a test.

"He leaned back in his chair and said, 'I've tested eighteen singin' cowboys, and somehow I never thought of you. Have you got your guitar with you?' I told him I could sure get it in a hurry and rushed out to the car and rushed back all out of breath. I couldn't sing for ten minutes. But when I found my voice again, I sat on his desk and sang him three numbers, and right then and there, without any test, he handed me a contract!"

THE reason why Republic at that particular moment was interested in finding another singing cowboy, despite the fact that they already had one in Gene Autry, was that Gene was threatening to go on strike for more salary. And if he carried out his threat, they wanted a substitute handy. For four months the new find sat around the studio doing nothing except one solo song number in a "Three Mesquiteers" picture and wondering if he liked the name Dick Weston which the studio had handed him. The studio decided the name could be improved and rechristened him Roy Rogers—just before Gene took his famous walk. The studio's immediate answer to Autry's stroll was to put "a great new find, named Roy Rogers" into the role intended for Autry in "Under Western Stars." The picture was voted the best Western of the year. The public—especially the female portion of it—immediately accepted Roy as a star. Now, as aforementioned, he's No. 3 among all Western stars with a long-term contract to do eight pictures a year.

The fact that Roy is frankly married and frankly the proud papa of a 14-months-old adopted daughter named Cheryl Darlene doesn't seem to dismay his feminine fans. They write asking for photos of him with the baby. Maybe he's their idea of what a husband and father ought to be like.

He met his wife "when I was practically starvin' to death"—in Roswell, N. M. "That week we were on the radio there; a woman called up and said if Len Slye woud sing a Swiss yodel song, she'd bake him a couple of lemon pies. Boy, did I yodel my lungs out! And sure enough a car came around to our motor court, and this woman piled out with two lemon pies. I guess she didn't have to look twice to detect the signs of hunger. She invited all three of us to a chicken dinner. In the back of the car there was a pretty girl—the woman's daughter—named Arlene Wilkins. And when we went over for that chicken dinner, Cupid took aim. Arlene and I corresponded steady after that, and we got to know each other better when she came to Los Angeles to business college the next year, and I went back to Roswell to visit the summer after that. We were married the next fall."

THEY live on an acre in the San Fernando Valley in a cozy six-room house that has all kinds of Western atmosphere.

Roy wears his trousers inside his boots to be different from Autry, who wears his outside. Again to be different from Gene (who, incidentally, is a good friend of his), he never wears jackets; only fancy shirts. His boots are made by his father, who still keeps his hand in at his old trade at a bench reserved for him in the back room of "Roy Rogers' Ranger Post," the complete Western outfitting shop that Roy opened a few months ago in Studio City.

Roy keeps fit by staying away from night clubs, going 'coon-hunting up around Calabasas, working out with his horses, swimming, improving his archery (he has been known to hunt with a bow-and-arrow—it's the Indian in him) and deep-sea fishing. He won the Southern California salt water fishing tournament last year with a catch of a 245-pound hammerhead shark. Another hobby of his is training homing pigeons. But his biggest achievement in the training line is his training of Trigger.

Trigger, raised by Roy from a colt, is a golden Palomino with white legs up to his knees, a blaze face and a white mane and tail. According to Roy: "You can trust him around children, he's that gentle. And he's mighty smart. I taught him a new routine for the Philadelphia Rodeo. The announcer builds up a word picture of a cowboy ridin' across the badlands on his horse—suddenly a shot rings out—I fall out of my saddle, wounded—Trigger stops, comes back, lies down beside me so that I can struggle onto his back—then he stands up and carries me off toward home. It brought down the house, showin' the love of a horse for his master. Now I'm workin' up a new finale. As I start to ride away, another shot rings out, and Trigger carries one leg up in the air as we go out of sight."

Up to now, most of Roy's pictures, including his newest, "Bad Man of Deadwood," have been laid in the Old West with Roy a two-gun cowboy. But from now on they're going to be more modern with more music and comedy. Roy will sing more, and his movie sidekick, Gabby Hayes, will clown more.

We watched Roy work the other afternoon on the Republic back lot. The script called for him to run up to the door of a farmhouse, look back over his shoulder to see if he was being followed, then stealthily enter the house. The director wasn't satisfied with the first take; there wasn't enough "business" in it. He recommended some dramatic touches for Roy to add. The director said: "I certainly have a time keeping you on the screen. Give some of these old-time leading men a scene like this, and they'd make it stretch for five hundred feet of film." Roy said, quick as a flash: "I tried that once, but it landed on the cuttin'-room floor, so I figured I was wastin' my time." In other words, he'll just be himself.

Well, that seems to be paying big dividends. Especially with the women.

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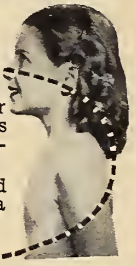
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OH SUSANNA!

(*Continued from page 43*)

For instance, when I went into "Glamour Boy," right away I didn't like Jackie Cooper—thought he was fresh—typical callow boy coming in with his pipe and his car and all these sharp-cracks. 'Hello, Frizzy,' says he. 'Oh, a comedian!' says I. 'A boy who talks like a man—'

"Well, I was wrong. Jack and Bonita were the first kids I ever met who brought me in with the crowd, just ignored my prickles, invited me down to the beachhouse with the rest of the gang. Of course, one of my troubles is I don't like parties. I like about six kids toasting marshmallows, but crowds scare me, and I *hate* to dance. I never go any place where I'd *have* to dance, makes me feel self-conscious.

THAT was another thing about Jack. I had to dance with him in "Glamor Boy." He took me off the set and showed me how not to stumble, how not to look stiff. Then—he's a good actor, and I'm not. He'd say: 'Foster, you smell in that scene,' and tell me why and how to improve it. Which I appreciated a darn sight more than if he'd said: 'Foster, you're swell,' and gone about his business, which doesn't include helping me."

"Foster, you're swell," doesn't go down easily with Susanna at any time. Praise to her face makes her squirm, and she brushes off compliments hastily with a wisecrack. "You wouldn't know *how* to get swellhead," an admirer told her.

"No," she cut in drily. "I'm only a female with a female's heart, and females never get swellhead, but my feet are killing me—"

"Suzy, you grow better-looking," said a friend who hadn't seen her for a while.

"Yeah," quoth Suzy. "Lamarr should start worrying right now."

Two years ago, after struggling through a long siege of incompatibility, her parents separated. Old enough to make her own choice, Suzy went to live with her father. Her mother has custody of the two younger girls. Her early maladjustment must have been due, at least in part, to the cleavage at home. But her father, a wise man, has helped her to keep her perspective clear. She realizes now that one swallow doesn't make a summer nor one mismated pair give the institution of marriage a black eye.

She and her father go to movies and the opera together, discuss everything under the sun from politics to boys. "There's just one thing about him that gets me so *mad* sometimes," says his daughter. "He's too easy-going, he lets people step on him. I'm easy-going, too, up to a point. But let that point be passed, and I scare myself. I don't see red, I go cold—absolutely icy." There's nothing about Suzy that gets her father mad. Though he does write her doggerel, peppered with careful insults. Like the following:

"Why don't you have more dignity? Don't be a social dud.
And please, oh, please, say, 'Father dear' instead of 'Hi there, Bud.'
Won't you quit buying shoes and shoes before they drive me woozy?
Instead of Suzy for a name we should have dubbed you Shoozy.
These are all minor matters, true—they wouldn't mean a thing—
Oh Suzy, I'd forgive them all—if you could only sing!"

She adores her sisters and talks about them like a grandmother. Kathleen's fifteen, Adelaide thirteen. "Only she's just at that age where she'd rather be called Vicki and runs around telling everyone she's fifteen, so they think I'm lying, and I have to pull out my birth certificate every ten minutes. She has a dozen boy friends and snubs them all, fixes her hair every two seconds, paints her toenails, has the prettiest legs I've ever seen on any human being, and knows it. Oh, a sub deb but definitely, right out of Cosmopolitan! Kathleen's quieter with a wonderful sense of humor and a grin that would slay you and the loveliest hair between gold and red. She's quite domestic, she'll probably marry some nice young struggling doctor at eighteen—anyway, I hope so. They're both more dependent than I am, though at that I'm sort of a cross between the two—in some ways idealistic like Kathleen, but like Vicki, I also realize the frailties of human nature."

This young psychologist was born in Chicago, spent her childhood in Minneapolis and sang practically from the cradle. At five she fell desperately in love with Jeanette MacDonald after seeing "The Love Parade" and drove the neighbors to thoughts of mayhem by caroling "Dream Lover" like a phonograph record that refused to run down. Still an ardent MacDonald fan, she saw "Naughty Marietta" forty-one times and is waiting for its seventh-run release.

MARY McCORMIC came to town when Susanna was ten. Suzy's account of what happened is elliptical. "Mother always had a lot of courage, and Miss McCormic's a darling, so she listened to me sing three songs written by *me*—I'll never live it down."

"Have her take piano and violin lessons," she advised Suzy's mother. "But no voice for a while yet, and I'd like to hear her a year from now." She took neither voice, piano nor violin lessons. Black '29 had come and gone, taking most of her father's bond business with it. But Carl Johnson, orchestra leader at the Palace, heard her sing, coached her for a couple of weeks and put her on the bill. Out she came on pipestem legs under blue taffeta and rendered—that's the word—the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet," with two tangible results—ten dollars and the admiration of Merle Potter, drama critic, who had Suzy make a record which he shipped to Metro.

It took the Metro talent scout a year to float it, and he timed his arrival to coincide with a phone call from Mary McCormic in Chicago, who offered to pay Suzy's way to that town so she could sing for the vice-president of Warners'. Torn between gratitude to Mary and excitement over the contract stuck under their noses by M-G-M, they finally plumped for the bird in the hand. Suzy and her mother set sail for Hollywood. Six months later her father and the younger girls joined them.

Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's right hand, met the new songbird at the train. She'd been told to expect a child of twelve and had to look twice at the vision that minced down the platform, high-toned as anything in stilt heels and a black fox wreathed round her gray tailored suit. Next day Suzy was led downtown by the ear and togged out in sports clothes, flat heels and a hat with streamers.

"I was ornery, green as anything,"

didn't know anything about being diplomatic. I'm not making alibis for myself. They called me to the office one horrible day months later, and said, 'Suzy, you have a bad singing voice, your high notes are thin. You're a good little actress, but we have enough actresses, we can't use you.' It was almost funny, though it took me a while to laugh. I was a *punk* actress. But I felt I could be a good singer if I got the chance. I'd begged them to let me take lessons. My voice was what I *lived* for.

WELL—I can generally talk back pretty well. But I knew if I opened my mouth, I'd bawl. Twice in my life I've felt like crying, and that was one of them. So by a pretty heroic effort I kept all the snappy comebacks in my throat till he got through talking, then I walked out. When I got home, I was over the sob-stuff—reached the 'heck-I'll-show-'em' stage.

"The next move was mother's. Energetic as she is, she steered me to Milo Marchetti's agency, and he signed me. I wanted to hug him when he said: 'What you need is voice lessons.' And I'll never be thankful enough that he took me to Gilda Marchetti, his sister. She's the only teacher I ever had or hope to have. She knows her job, that's all—instead of saying: 'I've taught so-and-so and so-and-so, so please pay me ten dollars a minute.'"

Time passed, and she auditioned for "The Starmaker." Linda Ware got the job, but Leroy Prinz, the dance director, followed Suzy out. "I'm going to call you," he promised. "Thanks," she said sweetly and laughed up her sleeve. She'd heard that one before. Three months later Marchetti told her that Prinz *had* called, and that she was to try out for Andrew Stone's "Victor Herbert."

Mr. Stone differed with Metro. He thought she was a fine singer and a lousy actress, but he took a two-week option on her, pending William LeBaron's return from the east. Mr. LeBaron raised cain. "What the hell goes on here, signing fourteen-year-old singers? Why not do a Durbin with Lamour and really panic 'em?" He backtracked, though, after hearing Suzy sing. Or as she puts it, "Mr. Stone was left holding the bag. My heart went out to him. This gawk with hair like a Shetland pony's, screeching 'Muh-thuh!' at Mary Martin all over the place.'"

The general verdict approved the gawk and her singing. Paramount handed her a long-term contract, handsomely substituting yearly for six-month options. Then came "Magic in Music" now "Glamour Boy." "And please, no predictions," begs Suzy. "Let come what comes."

Music is the god of her idolatry. She'd rather sing than eat and thinks she performs better in the bathtub than on parade. She's getting her piano lessons at last, practices two hours daily, takes five voice lessons a week and caterwauls—don't look at me, she said it—round the house for the pleasure it gives her. She used to sing to herself on the lot, but some kind friend told her she sounded like a conceited little jerk, so she quit.

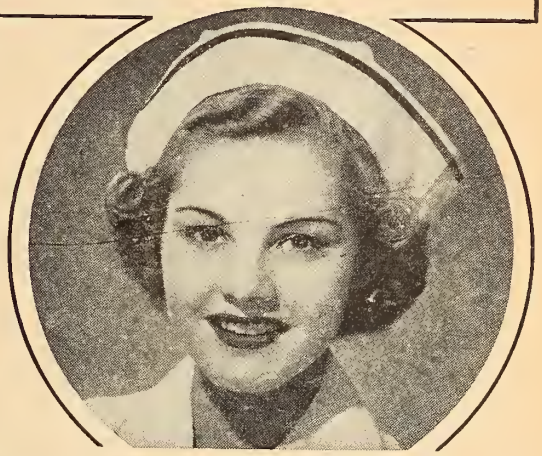
Her ideas about make-up and clothes have changed since her "youth." "At thirteen, I'd smear it on, mascara my lashes, wear gobs of rouge. You know, I don't think mothers should worry about things like that. Every girl goes through it when she first gets her hands on the stuff. It doesn't mean a thing. Myself, I just suddenly realized what a fool I was and cut it out. Only lipstick now. Which reminds me, I've got to get a new one. My dad doesn't like this color.

"It's the same way with clothes, too. First, I couldn't get 'em fancy enough. Now I like 'em plain. Too plain, my dad

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- √ Enlarged pore openings?
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thinks. Blue jeans and white sweatshirts, for choice. I bought a red formal to wear to the opera, but it sits in the closet. One thing I'm fussy about is hair. I don't care what you've got on, your hair ought to be combed and brushed and fixed right. Just because a girl wants to look casual, her hair doesn't have to hang over her eyes like a gorm's. And, oh yes—I despise sweaters with no bras."

Boys don't mean much to Susanna at the moment. She prefers to swim and play tennis with her girl friends—Dolly Loehr, the little pianist of "Magic in Music," Barbara and Julie George, who aren't professionals, and Betty Brewer, who's only fourteen but has sense. She and Betty love to motor along the ocean-front and eat at a drive-in. Suzy's so crazy about driving that she often goes alone. It's her cure for the blues. "Once when I did a rotten broadcast, messed up 'Traviata' as it's never been messed up before, I got dramatic and thought of jumping into the ocean. But my dog got into a fight, which drove suicide straight out of my head."

In her feeling about boys, Susanna reveals herself as more emotionally mature than the average sixteen-year-old. She's passed through the early phases. She's been kissed, didn't like it and sees no point in doing what she fails to enjoy. She's had a wild crush on an older man. It lasted for months without his suspecting. They never said more than hello to each other, but she trembled at sight of him, wove her dreams round him and cried herself to sleep the night he married. Then she lectured herself out of it. "Now listen here, goon, where's the percentage—?"

Being human, she says, she's interested in the opposite sex. "But when I kiss, I want it to be for keeps. Besides, there's so much else I'm interested in. Once I sat down with myself and said: 'Look, you've got just a few years on this earth. What do you want to do with them?' Well, I want to travel, I want to really see the world—Tahiti and the source of the Amazon and Italy and Siam. It makes me shiver with excitement just to say the names—

"On the other hand, I'd like to marry young. My dad's for me in that. I want about a dozen kids, and we both feel people should have their children early, not wait till they're a hundred and two and then have one. I wouldn't care what the man did as long as he wasn't conceited and wasn't dumb. I've always said I wouldn't marry an actor, so I probably will. What I mean is an actor at heart. There's a difference between a man who acts for a living, and one who can't live without acting. I don't think I could go for a jazzhound, either. He wouldn't have to love music as much as I do, but I'd like him to be able to sit and talk to me about it without getting bored—"

She chuckled. "Of course the ideal thing would be to fall in love with a fiddler who owns a tramp steamer. Then we could have music and see the world. The kids would be all right, too. They'd have to be American citizens, that's all I care about. Otherwise, I'd just as lief bring 'em up on the high seas." Her chuckle faded into earnestness. "Home," said Susanna, as one who knows, "isn't a house, but where the people live who love you."

EYES RIGHT

(*Continued from page 49*)

exotic blues and greens. The latter two are most suitable for evening make-up, but if applied with skill and if you are going to a festive function, you can get away with them at high noon. We wouldn't advise your wearing blue or green mascara with business or sport costumes, but they do look charming when a hat, veil, flowers and dressy clothes are worn. For formal occasions, some girls use two shades of mascara—tinting the lashes one color and the tips another. This takes a bit of extra skill but is strikingly effective.

Whatever shade of mascara you choose, be sure to keep your lashes looking always silken and natural. Brush them after applying mascara so that each is separate from the other, and brush them free of powder after every make-up job, too. Touching them with a little lash cream will not only keep them soft and healthy but will add a nice sparkle to your eyes.

If your lashes aren't the kind that curl of their own accord, use a curler to give them a flattering upturn that makes them look longer and your eyes bigger. The curl will stay in longer if you touch them with lash cream or apply mascara before using your curlers.

Make-up will make your eyes more beautiful, but if you want to keep them healthy, bright and youthful, be sure to follow common sense rules for care of your eyes. Crow's-feet and dry, shrivelled lids will detract from their beauty, so keep your eyes young and lineless by lubricating and massaging them regularly with a special cream. Every night before you retire, tap the cream gently around your eyes, using the pads of your fingers, working from the inner corners outward, above and below the eyes. Be careful never to pull or stretch the delicate tissue around the eyes in your massage routine.

Remember there are no eyes so lovely that they can't be enhanced by the subtle use of make-up, whether it's just a touch of mascara or an accent of shadow. Experiment with all the shades and kinds recommended for your type until you find the ones that suit you best. Then take plenty of time to apply them so as to look both natural and flattering. Your reward will be well worth the effort.

If you've always longed for lovely fringes of lashes, why not let Maybelline Cream Mascara make yours look longer, darker and more luxuriant. You'll find it the ideal consistency for easy application—neither too runny nor too thick—and it comes in three lovely shades—brown, black or blue—to accent your eyes and harmonize with your coloring. Maybelline Cream Mascara doesn't require water for application and comes in a handy purse-size tube, so it's easy to carry about for emergency make-up jobs.

You fastidious girls will be delighted with Djer-Kiss Lipstick. It comes in a new-type case which has a patent lock to keep the inner cylinder spic-and-span clean. Your fingers won't get smudged when you use it, and your purse will stay neat as you like. Djer-Kiss Lipstick is available in five radiant shades, from a warm natural to a daring brilliant red. It goes on smoothly and evenly, making your lips brighter and lovelier, and it lasts for hours.

CRAZY, BUT WE LOVE 'EM

(*Continued from page 33*)

perfected, will change the color of your eyes and hair, the tone of your skin, even the shape and size of your features. So that if you get tired of your same old last year's face, all you have to do is press a button and, lo, some mystic properties will transform you!

JOHN CARROLL'S house is literally an arsenal. Guns are stacked in his kitchen, bedroom and bath. Under his two grand pianos stand two machine guns. Moreover, John, as even his best friends will tell you, is Hollywood's biggest liar. They are not talking behind his back. He knows it. He will entertain rooms full of people with the most fantastic adventures. When, breathless, they ask him, "Is that really true?" his answer is: "Well, hell, no, but it's amusing, isn't it?" Some would call this a border-line case.

Of course, there are some among us here in Happy Hollywood who recover from their phobias, paranoias and the like and are as good as new. Joan Crawford is a notable instance:

Joan, until quite recently, suffered, really suffered from *alter-phobia.* Which means, the fear of height. Her earliest memory is of being hustled into a cyclone cellar in Oklahoma when she was a mere moppet. The fear of being whirled upward accounts for the neurosis. She was never really happy unless in a cellar or on a firmly laid first floor. When she stayed in New York, she was in a quandary because the places she liked to stop, the Ritz Towers, etc., have their best suites up near the angels. And poor Miss C. could not rest easy above the fourth floor. So when, two years ago, she was invited to the Critics Award Party to be given at the Rainbow Room in Radio City, that meant the *69th floor,* if you know your Rainbow Room. It was so important for Miss C. to attend this function that the publicity woman in charge of the Crawford activities omitted to tell her where the party was to be held until she stepped into the elevator. Then, fearing collapse, she was told "69th Floor." "I can't possibly do it," said shaken Miss C. "You've got to," said the P.A. "Maybe, if the elevator would stop every tenth floor so I could get out and feel the floor under my feet, I might make it," quavered Joan. The entire system of an express elevator was disrupted. It stopped at the 10th floor. Miss C. got out, walked up and down the corridor, felt better, got back into the lift. At the 20th floor, the same shenanigans. At the 30th—then said Miss C., convalescence already apparent, "Tell him to make the whole slug to the 69th!" The payoff is that the next time Joan visited New York, she camped out in the 34th floor at the Ritz Towers!

Joan has been, from time to time, various bundles of fears, neuroses and complexes. Some while ago she had a hand-washing mania. She washed her hands fifty times a day. She took four to six showers a day. She wore gloves whenever she handled anything. She sent her clothes to the cleaners if she had only worn them for half an hour. She always opened a fresh package of cigarettes for herself and if, during the evening, a guest inadvertently took one from her package, she threw it away. When it was pointed out to her that she was behaving in what psychiatrists term an "excessive fashion," she got very mad. Like all victims of a true phobia, she denied it. "I'm just *clean,*" she maintained. She has since recovered, and no one would ever know she had been so afflicted. There was also the time when she took an organ on the train with her when she went to New York. She wanted to practice. Joan, no doubt about it, has had much to overcome. And has.

BARBARA JO ALLEN, better known to us all as Vera Vague, suffers from a very curious complex. She lives in continual fear of a match famine. If she drops a match anywhere, used or unused, she will search for it until she finds it. No matter where she is or with whom. A lovely lady of the most sterling integrity of character, she is a kleptomaniac when it comes to matches. She can clean out a friend's house, a hotel lobby, leaving it matchless in a minute . . . Joan Bennett collects scrap iron in the streets. If she is motoring and hears the clang of metal, the chauffeur must get out and pick up the scrap hit by the tire. Joan once lugged home fifty pounds of scrap and found she had collected the sundry parts of an old washing machine. She explains her compulsion neurosis by saying that she thinks the hunks of metal fall out of her car. That's what she says.

Nat Pendleton may not look right bright on the screen. But he is known among his intimates as a fellow of scientific turn of mind, a great reader and a rival of Raymond Gram Swing when it comes to sound commentaries on world events. *Nevertheless*—between scenes on the sets, Nat conjures up screwy millinery, if you please, using any object or objects handy. For instance, he'll take a funnel-shaped spotlight shade, tie a huge dresser scarf around it, drop a prop flower in the open end. Or for a floppy brim effect, he'll arrange a script on his head, the book held intact by a hairnet borrowed from one of the feminine players on the set. Nat's latest creation, dreamed up on the set of "Terror Of The Islands" over at Universal, is a cluster of bananas whipped into the semblance of an aboriginal chief's go-to-battle headdress. He wears the bonnets he designs. It is for you to decide whether there are bees in them or not.

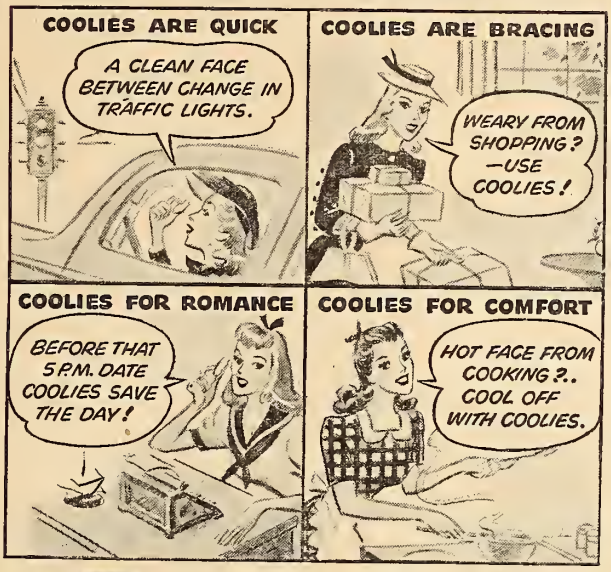
Irene Dunne has a compulsion neurosis about busses. The form it takes: She must ride a bus in any city she is visiting. And she must ride—alone. She says she simply makes it a point to see places from bus tops and what's crazy about that? Well, nothing. That is, unless you have a limousine from the privy precincts of which the same end can be achieved. Besides, there are penalties. She has to give fellow bus boys and girls autographs, of course. She can't very well keep her eye on Chambers of Commerce and Village Greens while signing, "Sincerely, Irene Dunne," now can she? Or maybe I'm wrong . . . and there is Myrna Loy who HAS to ride in the *left* side of the *back* seat of a car. She doesn't know why.

Dottie Lamour can't let men's neckties alone. Her escorts get a hunted look in their eyes, clutch their throat decorations when Dottie advances upon them. If she likes a man's tie, she'll ask him where he got it. Then she'll go to the shop named and buy ties to send to men whose ties she doesn't like, if you follow me—or her. The ties she doesn't like are, meanwhile, stowed away in Dottie's Old Tie files.

There are the Hollywood beds. . . . Zorina sleeps in a boat-shaped bed. Mounted on rollers, it sways gently during the nights. Zorina likes to go down to the sea in ships. Get it? . . . Geraldine

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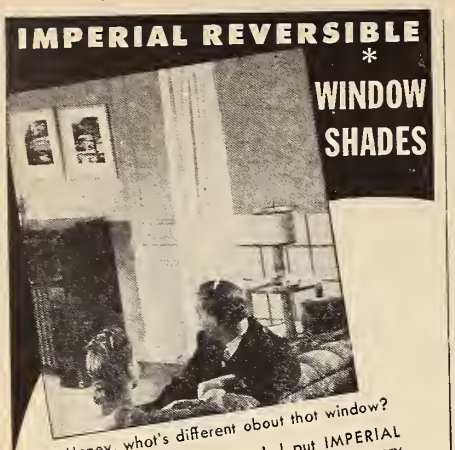
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Fitzgerald sleeps in an adjustable hospital bed . . . Humphrey Bogart gets his shut-eye in an ordinary garden hammock—says it is a throw-back to his Navy training . . . Dick Powell, Cary Grant and Warren William had beds made to their own design. They are of gargantuan dimensions. The headboard of each contains book cases, radio, telephone, medicine cabinet, magazine rack and a place for a midnight snack.

AND speaking of beds, when Hedy Lamarr moved out of her Benedict Canyon house after her divorce from Gene Markey, she auctioned off her furniture, was left in the house for the better part of a week with nothing but a mattress and a make-up box. One of the things we still can't believe we ever saw was Hedy squatted, tailor-fashion, on her floored mattress, her make-up box serving as her dressing-table, breakfast tray and tea table. But we did.

One Saturday night at Ciro's, Lupe Velez appeared, gowned gorgeously. Periodically she disappeared into the Powder Room and each time came forth with a new hair-do. One time the hair was pompadour, the next time in a Grecian knot, again a long bob and so on. It was Mrs. Ray Milland who, justifiably curious, investigated, found that Lupe had brought her coiffeur along with her, installed her in the Powder Room. Between numbers, they created new hair styles for the Velez.

Some stars suffer from Animal Complexes. Or enjoy them, depending on the point of view. Among these, Jean Arthur is one for the books. When she was making "Arizona" and was on location *in* Arizona, she worried herself sick about the poor little animals used in the picture. After each scene was shot, she would untie the dumb creatures, whereupon they would scatter over the mesa. Production was held up, and a Bring 'Em Back Alive committee had to be organized to perform a round-up. Nor was that all: Between scenes and of an evening, Jean would take the poor little dogs, cats and other quadrupeds out for a ride in her car. She also took them up to her hotel room and there attended to the creatures' creature comforts.

The following anecdote, Jean might claim, merely testifies to her thoroughgoing craftsmanship: She had a scene in "The Devil and Miss Jones" where she had to talk back to a policeman. Jean decided to make a practical experiment so as to give the scene the proper authenticity. She drove up and down Hollywood Boulevard, barging through signals, overdoing the speed limit, etc. Eventually, John Law pulled her into a curb. She sassed him good and plenty. He escorted her to the Police Station. Her husband was sent for, and Miss A.'s antic was explained as best it could be to a baffled officer. "It's an occupational neurosis," explained husband Frank Ross. Miss A. was subsequently released upon payment of a fine and with a reprimand which made frequent reference to the "psychopathic ward."

Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward's Sunday Nights At Home are Hollywood-famous. On one Sunday night we have in mind, Ida was ill in bed. At 9:30 the doctor arrived, and Ida insisted that everybody (Frances Robinson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Olivia de Havilland, etc.) have their blood pressures taken. "Just a courtesy of the house," said the prone Ida, wanly but warmly. Indeed, students of abnormal psychology might do worse than spend a few social evenings at the Lupino-Hayward ménage. They present a fantastic study of the combustion of the social atom. There is a recording machine in one corner of the playroom where Ida will, likely as not, be making a record of "Marie Rose." Louis may be behind the bar, learning his lines for the next day. A guest or two will be on Ida's bed. On one occasion, Louis whipped out his .22 because he spied a prowler going through his clothes-press. The prowler turned out to be John Garfield, one of the guests. John explained that he owns only four suits and was so fascinated by Louis' collection of *sixty* that he was "just sort of fingering them." And speaking of Louis reminds us of animalophiles again. Louis picked up a stray kitten on Hollywood Boulevard recently, stopped traffic in doing so, found kitty ailing, took it to a Cat Hospital and had a special crib made for it. For three weeks, he stopped in twice a day, before and after work, to "set a spell" with it. Ida insists that he also sent flowers.

Then there is the Christmas worship of Marie Wilson. She worships the Christmas festival to such an extent that she can't bear to take down her Christmas tree, leaves it up practically the year 'round. It stands on a revolving musical stand which plays "Silent Night" as it spins. During the earthquake last July, the blankety-blank thing began to revolve, and "Silent Night" rang out incongruously in the midst of chaos. (There are eye and ear witnesses to this phenomenon.)

ORSON WELLES works all night when producing a picture because he doesn't like the way people look in the daytime here in Hollywood! . . . Paul Muni feels so akin to The People, so compassionate of them that when, for the first time in their married lives, Mrs. Muni decided to go a little elegant and hire a butler to serve dinner, Muni, in old sweat shirt and overalls, jumped up and said, "Maybe he'd better sit down while I wait on table!" And did. And when Mrs. Muni blew herself to a chauffeur-driven limousine, Muni would have none of it, tailed her around in his old roadster, making of a Muni excursion, a cavalcade. . . . And there is Laird Cregar who, when chatting with friends, apparently intent on what they are saying, suddenly gives out with some devastatingly witty and quite unprintable couplets about them, which he has been making up while seemingly with them in spirit as well as in (300 pounds of) flesh! . . . Cesar Romero, who has a charming house replete with Early Americana, fine silver and linens, persists in using a ghastly set of dishes because his Filipino house boy won them at an Ocean Park shooting gallery and proudly presented them to Cesar as a housewarming gift. In silent protest, whether he likes it or not, Cesar's friends, the George Murphys, Ray Millands, Roger Pryors and others, carefully and "accidentally" crack or chip a dish each time they dine at Romero's. But some phobias drive deep roots. Next time, dinner is served on the same dishes plus cracks and chips!

Not long ago, to strike a lighter vein, Ann Sothern sat at home one evening, playing bridge with Cesar Romero, Bob Sterling and Frank Milan, who were keeping her company while husband

Roger Pryor looked at the preview of "Ringside Maisie." Suddenly Ann remarked that she could hear "the patter of little feet" on her bedroom floor directly above where they were sitting. Cesar, with a sympathetic pat on her hand, offered to go up and investigate. Ann's bedroom door was locked, as it has been kept ever since she was robbed by a jewel thief. Cesar tried the key, and—it was red hot! He managed to open the door, and sheets of flame burst out at him! The flames crisping the rugs were "the patter of little feet" Ann had heard. Now, at times like these, Ann is wont to be as cool as an April morning. She was then. She went composedly to the telephone, dialled the fire department, said graciously, "This is Miss Ann Sothern at Number 703 —— Street. My house is on fire. Could you come over?" While waiting for the engines to arrive, Ann spent the time worrying about where she would hang the stuffed head of the 265-pound marlin she had recently caught, which arrived during that incendiary interval. A respect for fact compels us to add that, when the fire was quenched, Ann promptly and completely fainted. Indicating that all her reflexes are really perfectly normal.

If Lou Costello ever clamps down on his screen partner, Bud Abbott, for a settlement of Bud's card debt to him, the dour-faced member of the riotous team will not only be homeless but shirtless as well. Abbott owes the roly-poly Costello a cool $356,942.58 as of noon yesterday. The rummy game, which had its inception the day Lou and Bud first met backstage in a Brooklyn burlesque theatre, has been in almost continuous operation for eleven and a half years and is responsible for the sensational debt. Lou has kept a record of his daily winnings—and very occasional losses—throughout the entire period. But maybe that's just being practical. Maybe, but we have our doubts!

But then there is the true story of the Lana Turner fan who wrote and asked Lana to meet him at a certain restaurant on a certain day and hour. Lana kept the requested appointment. The fan did not. Lana learned later that he didn't get his release. The State Asylum wrote her about it. So as I say, there are two sides to every fence. And mind you, again, these are merely a few notes jotted down about case histories with which we are familiar but about which no clinical deductions are made in print.

"HONKY TONK"

STORY

(*Continued from page 44*)

from hiding Lana Turner's streamlined curves. For rowdy dancer Claire Trevor he sketched out a dilly of an ensemble almost entirely made up of vari-colored ostrich feathers . . . Lana watched Gable closely during entire shooting to get acting pointers. A Rummy fiend, she played endless games between scenes with her hairdresser for lunches, lost consistently. After one week the latter had gained six pounds, so they switched to mythical money stakes. At picture's end, Lana owed the girl $8,000,000. . . . Frank Morgan, who had promised himself a post-shooting fishing trip on his elegant "Corsair," inspected wares of sporting goods salesmen between scenes, incurred Director John Conway's ire by trying out swordfish tackle.

Though Sweater Girl Lana Turner plays a prim Boston schoolmarm who tricks Gambler Gable into marriage after succumbing to his muscular charms, Marjorie Main is more appropriately cast as a lady who conducts a mission. In private, tall, gaunt Marjorie neither smokes, drinks nor swears, says, "I come from the Middle West where people don't like women who do those things." For the first time in her life, she broke down and bought a car at beginning of this picture. She drove it twice, sold it, explained she preferred buses.

One hirsute extra did a slow burn after Dead Shot Gable had "killed" him. The camera moved off on a truck shot, and the extra lay "dead" two hours thinking it would come back. It didn't.

Tensest moment in the whole pic is a scene in which Gable and his favorite screen enemy, Albert Dekker, indulge in a "last bullet" duel. Emptying a gun of all but one shell, Gable twirls the cylinder, and they take turns snapping the trigger at their temples. When only two cylinders are left, Dekker weakens, exposes his basic cowardice. Climax of the scene is Gable's revelation that there had never been a bullet in the gun. Sleight-of-hand expert that he is, he had "palmed" the bullet before they started.

PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 45*)

up a monster tent to house an honest saloon and dance hall, with Gold Dust Nelson, an old flame, as hostess.

The cards were with him—all the way down the line. As his power grew, Brazos' declined. And Elizabeth loved him. Knowing nothing of his past, she expected a proposal of marriage. But Gold Dust disillusioned her on that score. And the old Judge tried to warn her.

That didn't stop Elizabeth. She got Candy drunk, tricked him into marriage. And after his first anger, he began to like it. Judge Cotton's final, futile attempt to save his daughter was to make a clean breast of his own and Candy's past. But words couldn't hope to alter Elizabeth's love. She believed in Candy—even when he had Yellow Creek in the palm of his carefully manicured hand, and money poured into his pocket from gambling, vice and tax graft set-ups.

The lid was bound to blow off some day. And it did. Judge Cotton, learning that Elizabeth was going to have a baby, swore that the child should not grow up in such a corrupt environment. He exposed Candy's graft ring to indignant citizens. Brazos, now a Candy henchman, furious over the tip-off, killed the Judge. Elizabeth, shocked by her father's death, lost her baby, and Candy woke to a belated realization of what he had done to his lovely young wife. Before leaving with Sniper for new fields, he killed Brazos, broke up the gang that had formed to battle the townspeople.

Candy didn't get very far, however, before Elizabeth caught up with him. She had learned what Candy had done, why he was leaving, and to her it was a final proof that he had changed permanently for the better. Her father and her baby were dead, victims of the lawless reign that had existed for so long in Yellow Creek. Candy might protest that he had done nothing noble and that he was no sucker. But Elizabeth knew that he would never go back to his old ways. She loved him and believed they would forever after go along together.

How modern are you when it's—"that time of month?"



"MODERN?" you say. "Of course, I'm modern!" But are you, *always*, young lady? Being modern, remember, demands being *active*—so if you still give-in to periodic pain, there's cause to think again!

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 62)

THE BEST POLICY

If Rosalind Russell states she is not going to marry Freddie Brisson, this scribe is willing to believe her. For if there is one thing that can be said of Roz, it is that she is the absolute soul of honesty.

After all, who but a complete worshipper of the Shining Truth could confound an interviewer by remarking sweetly: "We are all overpaid in Hollywood!" Yep, that is exactly what Roz did!

And if you think that was just a slip of the tongue, swallow this one! In a recent statement to a member of the national press, Miss Russell had the following to say about herself and her Art:

"Why shouldn't I like to be an actress? Forty seconds or so in front of the old movie camera, and I'm ahead another swimming pool!"

As far as we are concerned, that is proof enough. No wedding, says Roz. No wedding, say we.

ROCKY ROAD TO GLORY

Paulette Goddard is riding for a breakdown. In the past year a burning desire to push her career has made her insist on doing a half-dozen pictures without so much as a day-long pause between them. If the taut nerves and weariness she's exhibiting on the "Reap the Wild Wind" set are any indication, she's in for a crack-up before many weeks.

At present her only relaxation is walking with Anatole Litvak (yes, that's still on) in the vicinity of the beautiful Beverly Hills home she owns and occupies—without Charlie Chaplin. Her next residence, however, will be a local hospital. She checks in for a rest cure as soon as "Wild Wind" is finished.

DISA AND DATA

Errol Flynn personal-appearanced when a new five-and-dime opened in the South Pasadena building he owns . . . Brawny Stirling Hayden is literally a "white-haired boy." The Bermuda sun, under which he made "Bahama Passage," did the bleaching . . . Victor McLaglen, the old toughy, has turned to poetry! His first composition is an epic poem about his own life . . .

Note to Mary Beth Hughes: Lupe Velez' new bedroom is done in black velvet and white satin. And she's also installed black and white twin beds for her pair of Chihuahuas! (Tiny Mexican canines to you). . . .

Veronica Lake's baby is cradled in an old-fashioned clothes basket, padded and covered by Veronica herself . . . Keye Luke is painting the Chinese murals to be seen in "Shanghai Gesture" . . . On the heels of the announced silk shortage, Marlene Dietrich plunked down her dollars for sixty dozen pairs of hose . . . Charles Laughton receives less fan mail than anyone in Hollywood. He regards the slight as a tribute to his talent, claiming no right-minded fan would write to the kind of characters he so realistically portrays . . . Ilona Massey wound up "International Lady" by gifting fellow set workers with $300 worth of clothes . . . Picture business can wait for Bing Crosby when the ponies are running. Bing's annual movie schedule is always figured out so it won't interfere with the racing season at his Del Mar track.

Prediction of the Month: Texas A. and M.'s Johnny Kimbrough will be the town's next escort sensation. In the few weeks he's been here, he's set all the sweet young things a-twittering. But, ladies beware! He's got a girl back in Houston . . . Mickey Rooney's admiring glances are falling on Harold Lloyd's daughter, Gloria . . . Edgar Bergen owns a ceramics factory in Pasadena . . . Because she's a word-scrambler, Martha Scott's husband, Carlton Alsop, has pet-named her "Mrs. Malaprop—1941" . . . Milton Berle owns a slice of the Hollywood Coast League Club . . . Maureen O'Hara has received over 100 proposals of marriage since her divorce proceedings were front-paged . . . After viewing the first Quiz Kid short, youngest Kid, Gerard Darrow, turned to a reporter and whispered: "If actors are hams, we ought to be kept in the smoke house!"

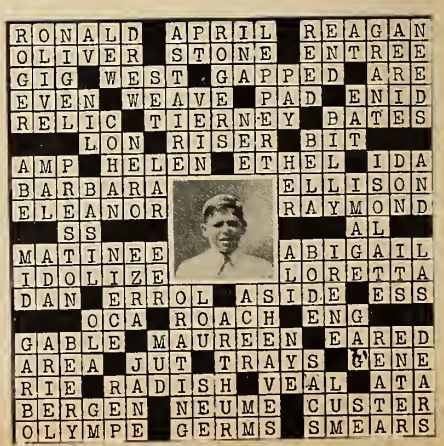
HOME OF THE BRAVES

The word has gone out. Any studio desiring an A Number One Indian story should contact Warner Bros. They'll shoot one over by bow and arrow and will even throw in a complete set of unused wigwams for good measure!

And all because the studio biggies forgot that G-string-and-feather-headdress redskins went out with the bustle and the shaving mug!

Here's what happened: 16 of America's choicest aborigines were hired from a nearby reservation to work in "They Died With Their Boots On." To make sure they'd be happy, the studio back lot was transformed into a regular forest preserve, with individual tepees, wild deer loping about and everything else in true James Fenimore Cooper style. When the Ugh-and-How boys were escorted to their temporary Hollywood home, they got one look at the drafty diggings with the droopy door flaps and rebelled. Ringleaders Raymond Hairy Chin, Robert Elk Voice and Frank Shooter sat right down and held a pow-wow with heap big studio chiefs. They had to have comfortable hotel rooms with modern plumbing and valet service—or else! They got 'em, all right, but the payoff is that after two weeks, the pace of studio work and night life proved to be too much for the blood brothers of Sitting Bull. Sadly they packed their peace pipes and autograph albums, hopped a fast train East and gave the town back to the Hollywood Indians!

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle
on page 74



GOOD NEWS (Continued)

NAVY BLUES

Claudette Colbert has Navy Blues. Ever since Husband Dr. Joel Pressman was tapped for duty at San Pedro Naval Base, he and Claudette have been unable to see each other more than two or three evenings a week.

Being a defense widow holds little charm for Claudette. Her affection for her husband is famous, and when she can't see him, she misses him. Just like that.

The other evening Claudette was particularly lonesome so she dialed the Naval Base and asked for Dr. Pressman.

"Hello, darling," she said excitedly when he came to the phone. "How are you feeling? Are you thinking of me? When will you be home again?"

Through the wires, Claudette heard her husband freeze. His answers came, curt and sharp. Finally, he interrupted her mid-sentence.

"I'm sorry, madame," he snapped. "I am unable to help you at the moment. I shall be happy to return your call when I have the information you require." And he slammed the receiver in her ear!

Claudette was stunned. Fifteen minutes later she was still wondering what had happened to change the man she married when her phone rang. It was Dr. Pressman.

"Honey," he gasped. "Why did you do it? Do you want to get me in Dutch? My superior officer was in the room! If he knew I was receiving personal calls, he'd cancel my leave!"

Claudette still doesn't like the way the Navy operates. But she's a good wife. Now when her fingers yearn to call Dr. Joel, she raises the receiver—and dials Information!

HELP THY NEIGHBOR

Movie kings and queens, who would blithely slit the throat of anyone threatening to rob them of a snitch of publicity, might do well to take a lesson from Olsen and Johnson, two of the zaniest—and swellest—guys this town has ever lamped. Olsen and Johnson like publicity themselves, but they don't writhe in torture when the other fellow gets some. On the contrary, they'll go out of their way to help a brother actor grab a few columns in a newspaper.

Like the time, not too long ago, when Jack Benny premièred Paramount's "Charley's Aunt." Olsen and Johnson went out and bought a block of tickets for themselves, their kids and their uncles and their cousins and their aunts—and then marched the whole gang over to a tailor where they ordered each and every one of them fitted out as little Charley's Aunts! It was their plan to roll up to the première in a bus and pour into the theatre, two by two, togged out in duplicate Benny costumes, complete with corkscrew curls and seven underskirts! It would be a great gag, they figured, and a swell send-off for Jack's new effort.

And it could have been, too, if Universal hadn't gotten wind of it first.

"Universal publicizing Paramount!" they screamed. "M'Gawd!" And nixing the stunt quicker'n a wink, they sent the boys home to dope out a way they could come as little "Hellzapoppin's"!

SHORT SHOTS

Echoes from the East have Norma Shearer and Ronald Balcom looking dreamy-eyed as they dance at the Sky Gardens of the Hotel St. Moritz . . . Lupe Velez is taking stretching exercises guaranteed to make her grow . . . It takes two dozen pairs of hose a month to keep Alice Faye's legs trimly sheathed . . . If you own a ten-year-old photo of Clark Gable, note the resemblance to Vaughn Paul. It's amazing . . . House-hunters Judy Garland and Dave Rose may settle on the late Jean Harlow's home . . . Bad break for Olivia de Havilland and Carole Landis. Their mutual escort, Gene Markey, reports soon for naval duty in the Canal Zone . . . Ginny Simms is quitting Kay Kyser's band to concentrate 100% on films . . . Cole Bros., the circus maestros, are attempting to lure Mae West into their fold. They're offering healthy compensation, but Mae hasn't yet said "aye" or "nay."

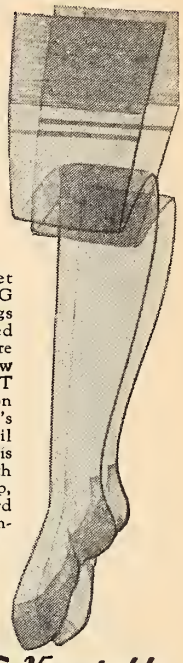
Sylvia Sidney's sister-in-law, Stella Adler, will probably be Hollywood's next feminine director . . . An enterprising citizen has whitewashed a huge "V" on a Hollywood hillside. It's visible for miles around . . . By the time you read this, Ralph Bellamy and Frank Morgan will be headed for the South Seas on Frank's boat . . . John Justin, handsome Prince of "The Thief Of Bagdad," is bedded in a London hospital. His plane was shot out of the skies by a Nazi raider . . .



Favorite New York haunt of magazine-cover gal Honeychile Wilder's the Sidewalk Cafe of Hotel St. Moritz. Says it beats anything in Hollywood!

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(Continued from page 87)

NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WT.	COLOR EYES	HAIR	MARRIAGE
CAROLYN LEE	Carolyn Copp	Columbus, O.	June 5, 1936	40"	42	hazel-brown	brown	unmarried
MARY LEE	Mary Lee Wooters	Centralia, Ill.	Oct. 24, 1924	4' 11½"	100	brown	brown	unmarried
JOAN LESLIE	Joan Brodell	Detroit, Mich.	Jan. 26, 1925	5' 4"	118	hazel	auburn	unmarried
OSCAR LEVANT	Oscar Levant	Pittsburgh, Pa.	*1905	5' 10"	170	brown	brown	June Gale
JIMMY LYDON	James Lydon	Harrington Pk., Pa.	May 30, 1923	5' 3"	115	blue	red	unmarried
VIC MATURE	Victor John Mature	Louisville, Ky.	Jan. 29, 1916	6' 2"	198	blue	dark brown	Martha Kemp
PATTI McCARTY	Lois Patricia McCarty	Bakersfield, Cal.	Feb. 11, 1921	5' 2½"	110	brown	brown	unmarried
ANN MILLER	Ann Miller	Chireno, Tex.	Apr. 12, 1919	5' 5"	114	hazel	dk. brown	unmarried
CARMEN MIRANDA	Maria de Varma da Cunha	Portugal	*	5' 0"	107	brown	brown	unmarried
MARIA MONTEZ	Maria Mac-Feeters	Dominican Rep.	June 6, *	5' 7"	122	brown	red-brown	unmarried
GEORGE MONTGOMERY	George Montgomery	Brady, Mont.	Aug. 29, 1916	6' 3"	190	blue	blonde	unmarried
TED NORTH	Ted North	Topeka, Kan.	Oct. 3, 1916	6' 1"	170	blue	blonde	unmarried
LARRY NUNN	Larry Nunn	Marshfield, Ore.	Aug. 23, *	5' 6"	130	blue-green	light brown	unmarried
MARTHA O'DRISCOLL	Martha O'Driscoll	Tulsa, Okla.	Mar. 4, 1922	5' 4"	115	hazel	blonde	unmarried
WILLIAM ORR	William Orr	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 27, 1917	5' 10½"	155	green	blonde	unmarried
JUNE PREISSER	June Edward	New Orleans, La.	June 27, 1917	5' 0"	100	hazel	blonde	engaged to Gar Wood, Jr.
GEORGE REEVES	George Bessolo	Ashland, Ky.	*1916	6' 0"	175	hazel	black	Eleanor Needles
PHIL REGAN	Philip Regan	Brooklyn, N. Y.	May 28, 1908	5' 10"	165	hazel	black	married
GENE REYNOLDS	Gene Blumenthal	Cleveland, O.	Apr. 4, 1925	5' 8"	145	hazel	brown	unmarried
JANE RUSSELL	Jane Russell	Bemidji, Minn.	June 21, 1921	5' 7"	122	brown	brown	unmarried
SABU	Sabu	Karapur Jungle, India	*1923	5' 8"	152	brown	black	unmarried
GEORGE SANDERS	George Sanders	St. Petersburg, Russia	Feb. 3, 1906	6' 3"	215	grey-green	light brown	unmarried
MARTHA SCOTT	Martha Scott	Jamesport, Mo.	Sept. 22, 1916	5' 4"	105	hazel	light brown	Carleton Alsop
JOHN SHELTON	John Price	Los Angeles, Cal.	May 18, 1914	6' 1"	170	brown	brown	Kathryn Grayson
RED SKELTON	Richard Skelton	Vincennes, Ind.	July 18, 1914	6' 2½"	190	brown	red	Edna Stillwell
GENE TIERNEY	Gene Tierney	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Nov. 20, 1920	5' 5½"	115	green	reddish-brown	Count Cassini
REGIS TOOMEY	Regis Toomey	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Aug. 13, 1902	5' 11"	158	grey-green	light brown	Kathryn Scott
BILL TRACY	William Tracy	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Dec. 1, 1917	5' 8½"	130	blue	dark brown	unmarried
CONRAD VEIDT	Conrad Veidt	Berlin, Germany	Jan. 22, 1893	6' 2"	182	blue	black	married
MARJORIE WOODWORTH	Marjorie Woodworth	Inglewood, Cal.	June 5, 1921	5' 5"	118	blue	blonde	unmarried
COBINA WRIGHT, JR.	Cobina Wright, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 14, 1922	5' 8"	120	blue	blonde	unmarried
JANE WYATT	Jane Wyatt	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 10, 1913	5' 2"	109	brown	brown	Edgar B. Ward

* Data unavailable

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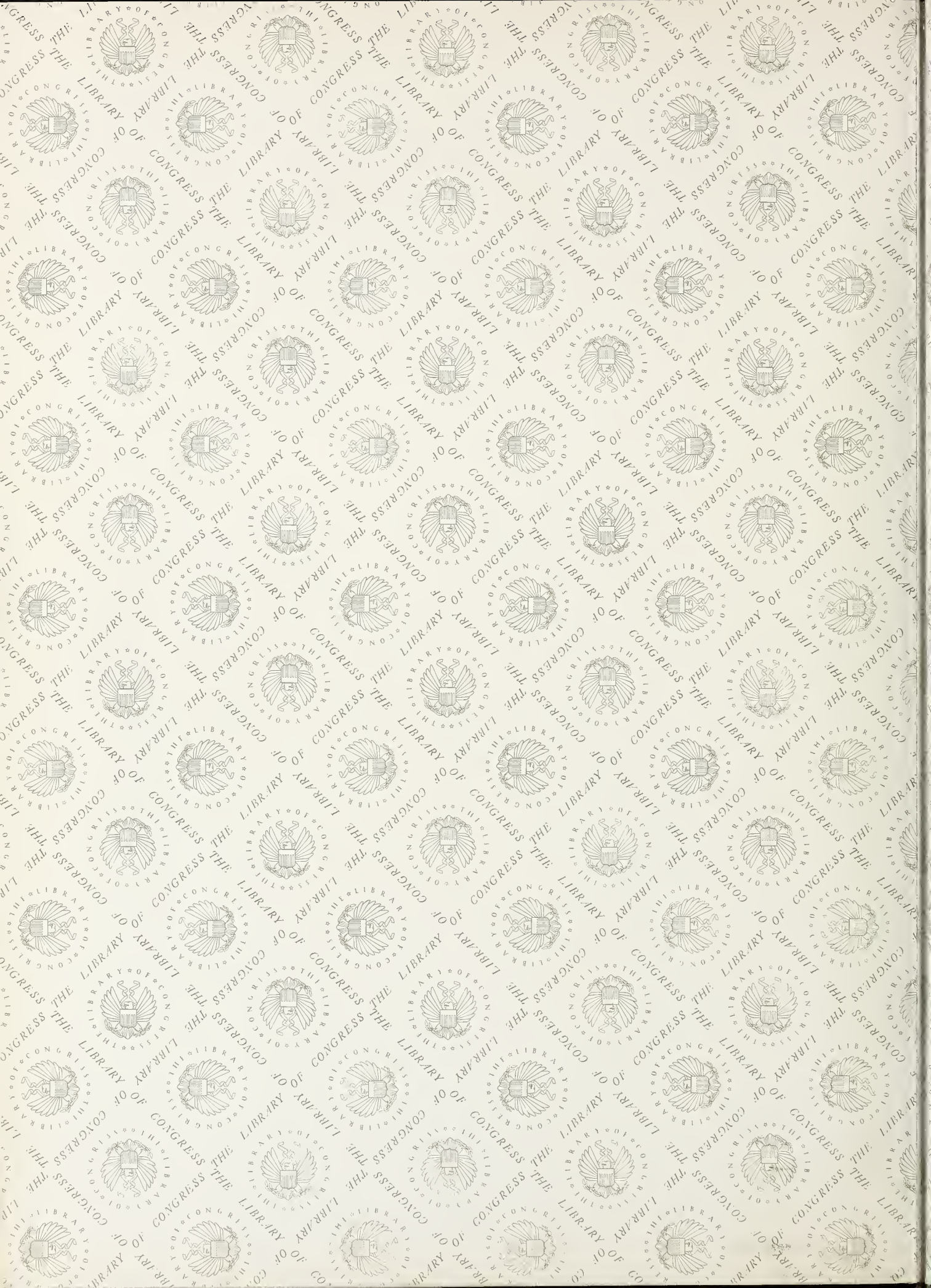
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